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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

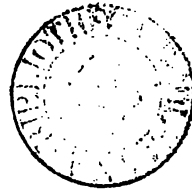
Οι Θεοὶ οὐκ εἰσανθρώπων ἐπιπονοὺν πέφυκος γένος, τὰς Μῆσας  
καὶ Ἀπολλῶνα καὶ Διονύσου ξυνεορτάστας ἐδοσαν.

PLATO DE LEGIBUS, l. 2.

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JANUARY TO JUNE.

VOL. III.



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# THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. III.] JANUARY, 1840. [No. 13.

## THE WORKING CLASSES AND THEIR RELATION TO THE STATE.

THE Chartist outrages—the question of the Corn-laws—the rate of Wages—and the interests of Manufacturers are now of such pressing urgency, that we must devote a large space in our present number to political discussion. Perhaps no calumny has been more industriously circulated than that the aristocracy of a country are the natural enemies of the lower and middle orders. It is easy to prove that the true noble is their best friend. While the lower class of politicians make wealth, either in explicit terms or by implication, the basis of right, it has always been the doctrine of the higher aristocratic class, that so far from having a less, the labouring man has a greater stake, if possible, in the country, than even the owner of the soil himself. What principally entitles the holder of the soil to its possession? Only the industry of his ancestors or his own. His fathers, by much labour, brought the land which he possesses to its present state of fertility and value. The strongest right to property in land rests upon the ground of improvement having followed occupation, in other words, that by labour and skill it had been deservedly appropriated to an individual trustee for the public benefit. Where no improvement takes place, the right of property loses considerably in strength, and is only supported at all by the consideration that in improvement there are many gradations, as also in occupation, and that it would be difficult to fix the precise amount of either; and that as the very occupation of the land may be taken as the first step of improvement, improvement must be supposed to have begun, and length of time allowed to complete it; the languid improver not being, for obvious reasons of expediency, to be arbitrarily removed for one more active.

So far, also, from the labourer being a mere citizen of the world, in the sense intended by some writers who profess to take the poorer classes into their especial keeping, he is in, perhaps, no sense entitled to such character. More than any man probably, he is, by circumstances and necessarily, a patriot, and attached to the soil of his birth; nay, so disinclined is he to bear with him to another market that stock-in-trade of his, on which so much stress is laid—namely, his capacity for labour—that, frequently, he would rather starve in his native land, than seek a foreign shore in the way of colonisation, even at the expense of government. He feels it as a sort of indignity offered to his person that he should be carried, however beneficially for himself or his country, to a

strange land; as if he were of no service in his own, and removed as a burthen from the scenes of his daily life. More than all, revolutionary movements reach him earliest. Whoever may preserve himself, the labourer suffers first, and, at the very beginning of the outburst, he loses his *all*, while his wealthier neighbour loses but a part only, which part, too, he often finds means, in what remains, to recover.

We resist every such view of the question, as the one on which we have animadverted. First, because, though adopted by some Tory writers, fond of conceding to Radical or Whig dogmas, it is injurious to the cause of constitutional principle, of which we are advocates; humble it may be, but, we trust, not mistaken, as we are sure we are sincere. We resist it as a concession to the enemy, who has charged such in the way of objection—however much he may, on other occasions, advocate the view himself—to the ascendancy of that principle which we are anxious to maintain. The stronghold of the enemy has been in an appeal to the passions of the people, by asserting, (how falsely!) that the interests of the rich and poor were diverse, and that the latter were considered by the former as outcasts of the state. This was, is, and ever will be, to assert a lie! Yet, this lie—or, perhaps, the word *fallacy* would be liked best by the quarter intended—has formed the basis of Jeremy Benthamism in reform. What says the Jurisconsult in his *Plan and Catechism of Parliamentary Reform*? “In the Peers, great landholders, and as yet uncoronetted Commoners, styled *country gentlemen*, and others, is the chief property of the country, and with it (for, in the language of the aristocratic school, *property* and *virtue* are synonymous terms) the *virtue* of the country.” Oh no! we confine not thus the ornament of virtue to the superior classes of society, though the very possession of property is indicative of virtue at some time existing, by which it was obtained or preserved; but we extend it to the poorest man, and find it, as we have found it, not seldom, in the humblest cottage. Nay, among the inmates of such we recognise some of the finest specimens of humanity, and adore the Godhead in labouring independence and purseless piety! Such is the feeling of every truly noble mind towards the lower orders, as they are called; and hence it was that Burke expressed so strong an indignation against the use of the phrase “Labouring Poor.”

Whoever really wishes well *to*, pleads *for* the poor man; mere trading politicians plead *to* him. They plead *to* him to excite him to revolution, by which they may profit; but, whosoever may escape, the poor man must suffer. The former pleads *for* him, because thereby he cannot but benefit him in his circumstances, and improve the condition of his existence. Such are the feelings and motives by which the different parties are actuated, and such are the results of the efforts of one and the other.

Secondly. We resist the view on which we have animadverted, because it is a libel upon the inherited constitution of England—a libel too, of which its enemies have made but too effective a handle. In their cry for Universal Suffrage, they have exclaimed that the poor man was excluded from representation—was cut off from the state. He paid his taxes, but his voice was not heard—he worked for the rich proprietor, but his interests were not consulted—he laboured worthily in his

vocation, but his opinion was unasked. We may, perhaps, thank the patrons of the present Reform Act for having made manifest, and brought into distinct consciousness, the truth on this matter, and for having demonstrated the mendacity of all such declamation to the prejudices of the uninstructed. Yes, the promoters of the present law have to be thanked for this good consequence, though unmeant by them. We never knew so much, and so much good, of the old constitution of Old England, as the discussion on that subject made known. We had been inclined to think that the apparent anomalies therein might be real defects, but we have been taught now to understand, that they were useful make-weights, conservative of the due balance of the constitution. We have also been taught, that the old constitution recognised no difference between the classes and orders of men, but admitted them *all* to a due share of the representation—in a word, that it granted **UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE** in the only way in which Universal Suffrage can at all be granted—namely, that every rank should be actually represented, and that every individual, by means of one or more of the order to which he belongs, should be virtually represented. In resisting the wild schemes which usurped the name of Universal Suffrage, we had well-nigh forgotten, what, upon this ground, might be said in favour of that condition of society, which we had the blessing to inherit, though not to bequeath.

**VIRTUAL UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE** was all that Bentham himself considered fit and proper, and constituted his *ideal* of a constitution; but, by some perversion of intellect, he failed to perceive its realization, in all practicable measure, in that of England. Take his own words:—

“Applied to the name of the quality *Universality*, the use of the adjunct *virtual* is—by the limitation of which it gives intimation to distinguish it from *unlimited* universality of suffrage—*unlimited* or *absolute*, being the *degree of universality*, which, but for the application of some limitative adjunct, would, according to the correct import of the word, be to be understood. Of absolute universality, if admitted, the effect would be to admit to the exercise of the franchise in question persons of various descriptions, none of whom would be capable of exercising it, to the advantage either of others or of themselves. *Idiots*, and *infants* in leading strings, may serve for examples. By ‘*virtually* universal suffrage’ what I mean is, that which will remain of absolutely universal suffrage, when from the number of individuals designated by the word *universal*, all such *defalcations* shall have been made, as, by specific considerations, shall have been shown to be productive, each of them of a benefit in some special shape; that benefit being at the same time *preponderant* over every inconvenience, if any such there be, resulting from the limitation thus applied—a limitation, viz., to the operation of the principle, by which the comprehension of all interests, as far as practicable, is prescribed.”

The only sort of Universal Suffrage allowable, therefore, is the *virtual*; and a *virtual Universal Suffrage* was that which belonged to our inherited constitution. And this was the first principle of Englishmen, which the misnamed Reform Act, lately foisted upon the country, proceeded to break down. It was an impious attempt—an infamous attain-



ment—an iniquitous grinding of the faces of the poor. It was an insidious attack upon hereditary rights, when they were most in want of protection, and may yet work its way upwards until it shall make desolate the halls of the aristocracy, and the seat of royal power. "Our ancestors," as the Marquis of Bute well observed,\* in that grand debate, which will be the glory of the House of Lords to the end of time, "took especial care that the hereditary principle of representation was observed. The right of voting has been wisely handed down from generation to generation, and whatever interfered with that hereditary principle would prove injurious to the aristocracy. Thus it is that the respective interests of the poor and the peasant are identified." "The interests of the peer and the people," said Lord Mansfield, "were inseparable. Hence it was not only the duty, but the interests of their lordships, that the people should be in full possession of liberty and of the other blessings of the constitution; and it was impossible that the liberties of the people should receive any augmentation, without deriving it in a great measure from the lords. It was true the peers had legislative places assigned to them peculiar to themselves; but they must come in at last with the great mass of the population. The tie, in fact, was indissoluble, and the people should know the strength and value of the connexion."

The strength and value of that connexion had been proved in the preservation of their hereditary rights even to the lowest of the people, which was attempted by the aristocracy, and for awhile not in vain. Upon that great occasion noble lords undertook manfully the consideration of the question, as it stood in relation to the bill of reform, as it then existed—"the Bill—the whole Bill—and nothing but the Bill." They adverted to the means of tyranny of which it would possess the middle classes over that immediately beneath them. They considered the middle classes, as they are, in themselves, as also their relation to the orders above and beneath them. They showed how both were sacrificed to an accumulation of power in the centre. The Bill—the new Bill—and anything but the Bill, however, sought to remedy this defect. The ludicrous attempt to confine the ten-pound privilege to half-yearly rent payers, will not readily be forgotten. Anon, a change came over the spirit of the ministerial dream—and, behold, the same privilege is to be extended yet further, instead of being contracted, and the weekly tenants of three shillings and tenpence a week were to be included. This, they no doubt, in their wisdom, thought would obviate the objection, which they could not but feel to be just, namely, that society, by the original Bill, was classed into invidious distinctions, founded upon mere property, such as it was, and however ludicrous the amount. Still the principle of the Bill remained. Every man not renting a house of ten pounds a year was excluded from all right of voting.

But while the principle remained, its effect, by this modification, was essentially, and for the general interest, injuriously altered. If it be the object of the constitution to bring all classes of the community into the representation, then ought there to be different rights of voting. Such rights, as to boroughs, belonged to burgage tenures, freeholds, and free-men. Now, it was proposed to get rid of these, and to bring in the

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\* Debate in the House of Lords, Friday, 7th October, 1831.

lowest species of householders. A man might be a householder without any property whatever—he might be a bankrupt, but still he could vote at an election. To this point, Lord Wynford\* called the attention of Lord Brougham; for a man might be an uncertificated bankrupt and still vote, if he were a ten-pound householder. “He asked, where was the improvement, if a man whose property was his creditors’ could vote, while he could hold a ten-pound house in which he might have a joint stool and table as the instruments of a great constituent power—the materials of a pauper vote? On the subject of paupers, he begged to say a few words—Rent and taxes being paid, the householder was in a capacity to vote. A freeholder and a possessor of burgage tenure had property, and a freeman had served an apprenticeship in the town. But there was necessity neither for service nor property with respect to a householder. So far from transferring the representation of the country from borough proprietors to the wealth and loyalty of the nation, many persons of great respectability and intelligence would be deprived of the right of exercising the elective franchise. Persons residing in the inns of court, though treated by the law as householders, and paying considerable rents, would nevertheless acquire no right of voting under this Bill. The constituency under the Bill would not include the wealth and knowledge of the country—on the contrary, its general principle seemed to him to be, to get rid of the respectable representation, and to throw it into other hands. It appeared from the Parliamentary Returns, that the number of householders valued above ten pounds a-year was 378,280, and of these only 52,000 were householders rated above twenty pounds a-year.”

Such, then, has been the effect of this new scheme of voting, that—while, in the most invidious, impious, and contemptuous manner, declaring every man who pays not ten pounds a-year rent to be an outcast from the state, and not even worthy of *virtual* representation in the person of some one or other of his own class—it introduced so great a number of the poorest and meanest and most objectionable of the qualified order, as to produce all the evils of a system of *absolute* universal suffrage, without any of the benefits that might belong to such. And all this arose, forsooth, from the desire of the framers of the measure to proceed on a principle of property as well as of population. This point has been much misunderstood, even as regards our inherited constitution. The Commons House of Parliament, when first called together, was not constituted on the ground of wealth, respectability, or commerce—but members were sent for from places where the king could depend on their fidelity. The extent of commerce, or wealth, or population, had nothing to do with their being summoned. And, in good truth, a money qualification is, of all the sorts of qualification that can be invented, the very worst. It never can fix the kind or degree of individual respectability, which it is proposed to admit. In the 8th of Henry VI., such a mode was indeed resorted to, to insure people of substance and worth as the constituency for the election of knights of shires; and forty shillings a year was presented as the value of the property in land or tenement requisite for the qualification. Now, those said forty shillings were equal to forty pounds of money of the present day, and implied quite a

\* Debate, 7th Oct., 1831.

different class of voters. In the same way, a ten-pound rate-payer of the present day may, in process of time, come to represent a far lower degree of property than can now be calculated upon. This fact ought to make the framers of a measure of this kind pause before they adopt so uncertain and variable a standard of worth and substance as a money qualification. Better, far better, is the hereditary right, which grounds the respectability of the voter on the basis of his parentage, or his apprenticeship, and, in the latter, provides for his aptitude as an elector, by the fact of his having received an education in some trade or handicraft—a practical knowledge superior in itself to any speculative intellectuality, induced by instruction in mere letters, and not at all to be substituted by the latter, though by the latter it may be improved and rendered of yet greater utility and wider application.

Every one acquainted with corporations must be aware of the advantage of this sort of qualification. Lord Eldon\* bore witness of it in his own person in the House of Lords, thus:—

“My Lords, the humble individual who now stands before you had some connexion with one of those corporations in which the noble duke at the head of the table is interested. I desire to ask any one who knows the practice of that place, with respect to returning members to Parliament, whether there is any place in the world which has sent more proper members to the House of Commons than that? Well, then, my Lords, what is this sweeping disfranchisement that you propose? It is, first, to put an end to all the boroughs in Schedule A; second, it is to destroy all the corporations in the country; and third, if it does not destroy the corporations, which, to a certain extent, it does, it introduces persons who have no connection with the corporation to vote along with the corporators, and then destroys the rights of those corporators, which they have enjoyed for so many years, and destroys them for no other reason than that they live about seven miles from the town. My Lords, I am a freeman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. I hold it to be one of the highest honours which I possess, and I consider it ought to be an encouragement to all the young rising men of that place, that any man in this country possessing moderate abilities, improved by industry, may raise himself to the highest situations in the country. For God’s sake, my Lords, never part with that principle. You may ask me, what application I make of this argument? My Lords, I will tell you the application. I received my education in the corporation school of that town on cheap terms. As the son of a freeman, I had a right to it; and I had hoped that, when my ashes were laid in the grave, where they probably soon will be, I might have given some memorandum that boys there situated as I was might rise to be chancellors of England, if, having the advantage of that education, they were honest, faithful and industrious in their dealings.”

Such an instance as this could not fail of being impressive, and accordingly it was received with cheers. Considering the character and age of the speaker, had it not its own appropriate sublimity? It had—it had. Such an association, we venture to say, is barely possible under the new system.

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\* Debate in the House of Lords, Friday, October 7, 1831.

So much for the boroughs and towns—and no more; for it is not necessary to go into the question of Nomination Boroughs, so often already discussed. The county representation requires, however, a few remarks. Defeated in their attempt to restrain what they too late perceived to be the democratic tendency of the Bill, in the question of the half-yearly tenancy—nay, and even compelled, in order to obviate certain too glaring facilities for the influence of bribery and corruption during elections, to grant the right of voting to weekly tenants, whether they had paid their rent and taxes or not—the most able and efficient Whig ministry, to whose cruel tender mercies the destinies of this great empire have for a while by a wise Providence, and doubtless for wise ends, been entrusted, were next driven to introduce or accept certain modifications in the county representation, for the purpose of trimming the balance which was so out of all measure and reckoning disturbed. In spite, therefore, of the clamour of the fourth estate, the seditious newspaper press—in spite of individual discontents among the members of their own party—in spite of the dissatisfaction felt and expressed by the Radicals and Reformers, in whose good graces they wished to continue—nay, in spite of their own real disinclination to adopt any such modifications considered by themselves, and in respect to the county representation alone, without regard to that of the towns and burghs—in spite of all this—and more, much more—they were fain to allow Tenants at Will, provided they paid fifty pounds a-year rent, to vote for the counties, and to provide, as far as might be, for another set of nomination boroughs, in favour of the landed proprietor, by dividing the large counties into districts, each freeholder in a district voting for the members for that district only.

And now at length the Bill had taken its final shape; and behold, it was a Monster! Its parents were astonished, and desired its strangulation as soon as it was born. What said Earl Grey? \* Listen to what he said, and be the wiser, ye Radicals and Reformers!

“In addition to the existing right of voting in counties, it has been also given to copyholders, or holders by customary tenure, to the annual value of ten pounds; to lessees for twenty years, of the annual value of fifty pounds; and also to persons holding any lands of which they shall have been in possession for twelve months; though without leases, for which they shall pay a rent of fifty pounds. *That is certainly a regulation I would not have introduced*; it was, in fact, introduced by those who were not connected with the government, and I trust it may be found to operate beneficially; but my objection to it is this, that if landlords should exercise the power they will thus exercise, in such a way as it has been exercised in places I cannot name, it might produce a general demand throughout the country for a regulation to which I feel opposed, and in favour of which there is not, as I believe, one petition on your lordships’ table—I mean the vote by ballot.”

Doubtless it would—and it is confessed that such a provision is an evil only to be justified, as it was enough justified—by the necessity of its introduction to counteract another evil; namely, the democracy of the weekly tenancy. One evil was brought in to balance another. Such

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\* Debate in the House of Lords, Monday, October 3, 1831.

was the Bill, that no other course was possible; and whatever evil there might be in it, must be chargeable upon the framers of the Bill, from whom the offence originally came. Thus was Earl Grey frightened at the monster of which he laid the germs. What said Lord Brougham? \* Listen to what he said, and be the wiser, ye radicals and reformers!

“ Will your Lordships, or will any man in his senses, venture to assert that, in the county representation, population is the basis of that representation? If any man will tell me so, let me ask him what he calls a freehold qualification—is that property or is it not? And if it be property, which I contend it is, where does the argument of the noble Earl rest? Why even copyhold property, is *bona fide* and absolute property; and if there be one exception to this rule, the real and true basis upon which the Bill is founded, it is that which is formed by the admission of the right of tenants at will to vote at elections. But whose fault was this, my lords?” &c.

His Lordship went on to charge the fault, as he called it, on the Duke of Buckingham. We have already put the saddle on the right horse. Not on those who introduced the clause was the fault chargeable, but on those who created the necessity for the introduction. Our purpose is served, which was only to show that the measure as it stood, and must have passed, would have been as little satisfactory to the one party as to the other—to the Whig as to the Tory. The Bill professed to be based on property as well as on population: and, indeed, in regard to the boroughs and towns, imposed a money qualification, where our inherited constitution wisely required none, and broke down the property principle where it was wisely recognised of old, and had been up to the date of that Bill.

The Constitution of England provides for the adequate representation, equally of property and of no property: the County Franchise for the former, and the Borough Franchise for the latter. The Landed and the Personal interests were equally taken care of. The inhabitants of cities, towns, and sea-ports, linked with the great body of their agricultural fellow commoners, who supply their markets and form their principal customers, are included in the latter interest, and, as rather aspirants after, than possessors of, property, are called upon for no other qualification than that of honesty and industry, as implied in a recognised calling, and in connexion with a trading Guild.

He is an enemy to his country who would place in opposition the classes of society; the true citizen will love to reflect on and set forth, that harmonious union in which all orders of the state exist, or ought to exist, and by which the interests of each are identified with one another. The native lover of this great country will find no difficulty in demonstrating that, by the history and constitution of England, those interests are not opposed, as by some political socialists is erroneously taught, either in principle or fact, but that their strength and their continuance consist, and consist only, in unity of purpose and universality of relation. It is the One in All, and the All in One, in which every man feels himself safe in the security of his neighbour, and all gather assurance from the protection which each affords to the other. The very prohibition

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\* Debate in the House of Lords, Friday, Oct. 7th, 1831.

which prevents to any man the unlimited acquisition of liberty, or property, insures him the inviolable possession of that which he has already; any possibility of his proceeding without restriction in the path of attainment with regard to either would arm (and justly) his kind against him as a growing enemy, whom it would be lawful, as a measure of self-preservation, for every man to rise up against, and slay for the general benefit. Indeed, he could not be in such a situation without an act of treason, which would, by law, be punishable with death. It was with an intense feeling of this inter-community, this common and indivisible interest, that Burke characterises what he calls "a natural aristocracy" as "the voice of a grand chorus of national harmony."

The two bases on which the right of individual suffrage is founded are industry and intelligence. Of industry, property may be taken as the exponent—of intelligence, the acknowledgement of religious faith. The scale, however, of either, should not be taken at too low a rate, lest the number of voices should be out of proportion to their quality, and injury result not only to the state in general, but to those by whom they have been made audible. He is the best friend of the less intelligent, who precludes them from doing injury either to themselves or others, in obedience to the impulse of low prejudice or narrow opinions. The right of suffrage should descend very low; so low that every thing ought to be open, but not indifferently to every man. Wherever a due degree of virtue and wisdom shall be actually found, let all have, in whatever state, condition, possession, or trade a clear stage (as they have the passport of heaven) to human place and honour. But the road to eminence and power, says our wisest legislator, from obscure condition, ought not to be made too easy, nor too much a thing of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honour ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be opened through virtue, let it be remembered too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle. The notion, moreover, of every man having a right, whatever his condition, physical or moral, to authority in rotation, or appointment by lot, cannot be for one moment admitted, because the man should be selected with a view to the duty, which no mode of election, operating in the spirit of sortition or rotation, has a tendency to consider.

Great as is the danger of a country's madly and impiously rejecting the ministry of the talents and virtues, civil, military, or religious, that are given to grace and to serve it; still more perilous is the opposite extreme to that nation which considers a low education, a mean contracted view of things, or a sordid mercenary occupation, as a preferable title to command.

A principle of exclusion must, therefore, obtain from the very necessity of the thing, and in order to good government. Political privileges cannot be granted to all, though they may be open to all, upon certain conditions. The son of Sirach draws the line of exclusion more strictly, perhaps, than in these days it would be advisable or expedient to observe it. The principle on which he proceeds implies that the labour of the craftsman, whatever it may testify of his industry, is such as to preclude the intelligence requisite to enable him to become, either as constituent or representative, a counsellor and legislator for the public weal. And

undoubtedly, in certain stages of civilisation, the classes alluded to, are incompetent to such privileges and duties. How they have gradually risen from this condition in England, is matter of history.

At the time of the conquest, the inhabitants of England were divided into five several classes—the barons, the free tenants, the free soccages, together with the villains and the slaves, who formed the great body of the people. With the annihilation of the ancient nobility, the Saxon people were reduced to villanage. Norman William distributed the whole kingdom to about seven hundred of his principal officers, who afterwards divided among their followers the spoils of the vanquished, on such precarious tenures, as secured the submission of the lower orders. The great charter of John made no alteration in public law, nor any innovation in private rights: and though it conferred additional security on the free, it gave little freedom to the slave. In the reign of Edward III., a considerable revolution appears to have taken place in the condition of labourers, who are accused by the legislature of preferring “their ease, and singular covetise,” to the ordinance of the king respecting certain regulations to be observed by labourers, and of withdrawing “to serve great men and others, unless they have wages and living to the double and treble of that they were wont to take the twentieth year of the king that now is.” The confirmation of these statutes (which were of a tyrannical kind) by Richard II., gave rise to the memorable rebellion of Tyler and Straw.

There existed in England, at the conquest, no *free hands*, or free-men, who worked for wages; since the scanty labour of times warlike and industrious was wholly performed by villains or by slaves. The latter, who composed a very numerous class, equally formed an object of foreign trade for ages after the arrival of the conqueror, who only prohibited the sale of them to infidels. But the slaves had happily departed from the land before the reign of Henry III. This we may infer from the law declaring, in 1225, “how men of all sorts shall be amerced;” and it\* only mentions villains, freemen (though probably not in the modern sense), merchants, barons, earls, and men of the church. Another order of men is alluded to, rather than mentioned, during the same session, whom we shall find, in after times, rising to great importance, from their numbers and opulence: and a woollen manufacture was regulated by the Act† which required that, “there should be but one measure throughout the realm.”

During several reigns after the conquest, men laboured because they were slaves. For some years before the statutes for labourers of 1349 and 1350, men were engaged to labour, from a sense of their own freedom, and their own wants. It is extremely difficult to ascertain the time when villanage ceased in England, or even to trace its decline. The Edwards, during the pressure of their foreign conquests, certainly manumitted many of their former villains for money. Owing to the previous paucity of inhabitants, the numerous armies, which, for almost a century, desolated the nation, amidst our civil wars, must have been necessarily composed of the lower ranks; and we may reasonably suppose, that the men, who had been brought from the drudgery of slavery,

\* 9 Henry III. c. 14.

† 9 Henry III. c. 25.

to contend as soldiers for the honour of nobles, and the rights of kings, would not readily relinquish the honourable sword for the meaner ploughshare. The church and the law, moreover, were not ready in enforcing the master's claim to the servitude of his villains; and, in the progress of events, it was discovered that the purchased labour of free-men was more productive than the listless and ignoble toil of slaves.

There were accordingly few villains in England at the accession of Henry VII. A century before, the manufacturers of wool, with their attendant artificers, had fixed the seats of their industry in every county. Like his two immediate predecessors, that monarch turned the attention of the parliament to agriculture and manufacture, to commerce and navigation, because he found the current of the national spirit already running toward all these salutary objects: hence, says Lord Bacon, "it was no hard matter to dispose and affect the parliament in this business."

The numerous laws that were enacted by the parliament of Henry VIII. for the paving of streets in various cities and villages, prove how much industry had gained ground on idleness, and that a desire of comfort had succeeded to the languor of sloth. But an absurd practice obtained very early, of promoting manufacture by monopoly instead of competition. Sir Thomas More's speech (if correctly reported), however, in the parliamentary debate of 1523, regarding the circulation of money, may be regarded as an anticipation of a real science of political economy; a subject in which much yet remains to be effected; if the science itself be not, as we hold, yet to be desiderated. An Act of Philip and Mary obliged every parish, by four days' labour of its people, to repair its own roads. Indeed, agriculture, manufactures, fisheries, commerce, distant voyages, had all been begun, and made some progress, previous to the reign of Elizabeth; yet so little opulence had been accumulated by the people of England, that *that* princess was, on her accession, obliged to borrow several very small sums of money in Flanders, which had grown rich by its industry.

The Act of 5th of Elizabeth, c. 4, contains orders for artificers, labourers, servants of husbandry, and apprentices—villains had ceased to be objects of legislation. It recites, "that the wages and allowances, rated in former statutes, are in divers places too small, and not answerable to this time, respecting the advancement of all things belonging to the said servants and labourers." Another Act declares, that "great multitudes of cottages were daily more and more increasing in many parts of this realm." The system of villanage being now quite suspended, that of the poor laws became necessary; part of the old leaven, however, remained in the provisions that confined the labourer to the place of his birth.

The two and twenty years of uninterrupted peace, during the reign of James I., produced the most salutary effect on the industry of the people, which was further promoted by the Act against monopolies, and foreign commerce was extended by the law enabling all persons to trade with Spain, Portugal, and France. The agricultural interests of the nation were insured by the Act for confirming the possession of copyholders; and still more, by the law for the general quiet of the subject, against all pretence of dormant claims on the land, which had descended from remote ancestors to the then possessors. Nor was the shipping



interest neglected. Honest Stowe asserts, that "it would, in time, be incredible, were there not due mention made of it, what great increase there is, within these few years, of commerce and wealth throughout the kingdom; of the great building of royal and mercantile ships; of the re-peopling of cities, towns, and villages; besides the sudden augmentation of fair and costly buildings." The great measure of the reign of James was, the settlement of colonies beyond the Atlantic. An equally flattering picture is exhibited of the condition of England during the peaceful years of Charles I.

Previous to this reign, the people had but occasionally contributed to the necessities of the state. Before the end of the civil wars, however, the taxes which they had paid had amounted to the enormous sum of £95,512,095; the price of all things was accordingly raised, and the legal interest of money reduced. The resources of the country were now discovered, and the restoration of Charles II. induced the people to transfer the energy of which they had been found capable, to the profitable occupations of peace. The several manufactures and new productions of husbandry that were introduced from foreign countries, before the revolution, not only formed a new epoch, but evinced a vigorous application to the useful arts, in the intermediate period. Highways, turnpikes, rivers, navigation, foreign trade, all were regulated by law; while the change of manners led to marriages between the higher and middle ranks. The gentry, and even the younger branches of the nobility, by apprenticing their sons to merchants, invigorated traffic by their greater capitals, and extended its operations by their superior knowledge. Never, in any former age, did the commerce and riches of England increase so fast as in the busy period between the restoration and the revolution.

During the war of the revolution, England suffered great debility. The practice of hoarding in times of distrust prevents circulation, an evil which was greatly augmented by the disorders of the coin. The Government issued tallies of wood for the supplying of specie. To crown these disasters, if we may believe the ministers of William, "Nobody knew one day what a House of Commons would do the next." In this state of things, we need not wonder that our trade complained of want of protection. But when the pressure of war was removed, it rebounded with augmented energy. Meantime, internal traffic flourished. In 1689, the manufactures of copper and brass were revived rather than introduced. The Sword-blade Company, which settled in Yorkshire, "brought over foreign workmen." The French refugees improved the fabrics of paper and of silk, especially the lute-strings and a-la-modes; which were so much encouraged by Parliament that the weavers, being greatly increased in numbers as well as in insolence, before the year 1697, raised a tumult in London, against the wearers of East India manufactures. The establishment of the Bank of England, in 1694, by facilitating public and private circulation, produced all the salutary effects that were originally foretold. By giving encouragement to fisheries, in 1695, a hardy race must have been greatly multiplied; and by encouraging, in 1696, the making of linens, subsistence was given to the young and the old.

From the Peace of Ryswick to the accession of Queen Anne, the foreign traffic and navigation of England doubled. Public credit revived,

and the productive capital and annual gains of the people were greater at the commencement of her reign than they had been during the preceding or any former period, and continued still to increase, notwithstanding the greatness of our imposts and the magnitude of our debts.

The practice of borrowing, on behalf of the State, had commenced with the pressures of King William's reign. This policy was continued and extended during the wars of Anne. In this debt, though due by the nation in its collective capacity, individual creditors had acquired a large capital, which, besides yielding an annual profit, was commodious for all the uses of life, since it could be easily pledged or transferred. It enabled landowners to improve their estates; manufacturers to carry on their business; traders to extend their commerce; and the whole people to pay their taxes. The industrious classes, in particular, derived advantage from the active motion which it gave to the circulating value of all things. No greater proof of the general prosperity of English commerce, during the reigns of Anne and the first George, can be given than the great growth of its manufacturing towns—such as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham.

The debt, which was left at the demise of Queen Anne, remained undiminished in its capital at that of George I., though the annuity payable on it had been lessened about a million. An additional debt had been, meanwhile, incurred. But the current of wealth which had flowed into the nation, during the obstructions of war, continued a still more rapid course, on the return of peace. The taxes produced abundantly, because an industrious people were able to consume liberally. The establishment of the corporation of the Free British Fishery, in 1750, must have promoted population; and the Voluntary Society, which was entered into, in 1754, for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, must have animated the passion for experiment. The genius of English commerce prospered amidst the hostilities which succeeded a captious peace. The consumption of the great body of the people was not lessened in consequence of the war; but there was, on the contrary, an increase of revenue, without an addition of duties. Other countries suffered innumerable calamities. England cultivated, unmolested, her manufactories, her fisheries, and her commerce, to an amount which has been the wonder and admiration of the world. When, by the treaty of Paris, entire freedom was again restored to foreign commerce, the traders once more sent out adventures of a still greater amount, to every quarter of the world, though the nation was supposed to be strained by too great an exertion of her powers. No little reason is there to fear, even though apprehended equally by a Hume and a Blackstone, that the magnitude of our national incumbrances far exceeds all calculation of commercial benefit. Let it be granted that enormous taxes have been raised upon the necessaries of life, for the payment of the interest of the Debt. Hitherto, it has not been found that those taxes have weakened the internal strength of the State, by anticipating the resources, which should be reserved to defend it in time of need. While one class of subjects are fighting abroad, do not those classes which stay at home acquire more occupation for their industry; and those find work who would otherwise be without it? **ENGLAND WITH AN INDUSTRIOUS POPULATION HAS NEVER REASON TO FEAR WAR** at any time; only let the cause be

just. A truth this, expedient at the present day to be borne in mind. But to return.

Having carried conquest over the hostile powers of the earth by her arms, Great Britain next saved Europe from bankruptcy, by the superiority of her opulence, and the disinterestedness of her spirit. The failures, which happened at Berlin, at Hamburgh, and in Holland, during July, 1763, owing to the prevalence of depreciated coinage, communicated dismay and distrust to every commercial town on the European continent. It was at this crisis, that the British traders showed the greatness of their capitals, the extent of their credit, and their disregard of either loss or gain, while the mercantile world seemed to pass away like a winter's cloud. They trusted correspondents, whose situations were extremely unstable, to a greater amount than they had ever ventured to do in the most prosperous times; and made very large remittances to those commercial cities where the deepest distress was supposed to prevail, from the determination of the wealthiest bankers to suspend the payment of their own acceptances. The Bank of England, also, discounted bills to a great amount, when every bill was suspected; and the British government, with a wise policy, actuated and supported all.

The resources of Britain arise chiefly from the labour of Britain, and it might be easily shown that there never existed, in this island, so many *industrious people* as at the return of peace in 1763. The withdrawal by many of these, who neglected the possessions of their fathers for a portion of wilderness beyond the Atlantic, of millions of productive capital from the agriculture, and manufactures, and trade of Great Britain, to cultivate the ceded islands in the other hemisphere, must have enfeebled a less vigorous land. Fortunately, however, for Britain, there is a spirit in her industry, an increase in the accumulations of her industrious classes, and a prudence in the economy of her individual citizens, which have raised her to greatness, and sustained her power, notwithstanding the waste of wars, the blunders of treaties, and the tumults in peace. The people prospered at the commencement of the reign of George III. They prospered still more when our colonies revolted—nay, whatever may be said, or appear to the contrary, notwithstanding our wars and our debts, they prosper still. During every operation of finance and war, the gains of our enterprising people have been beyond calculation. Commerce has been enlarged—ships have accumulated—the surface of the island has been improved.

The resources of a nation which thus, in spite of the pressures of conflict, and the infelicities of seasons, possesses all the means of acquiring wealth, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, shipping, are almost inexhaustible. Its wealth has been obtained by industry amidst wars, taxes, and debts. Every war has left the people more industry—more manufactures—more commerce, and more wealth, than they enjoyed at the commencement. Besides, here the foe never sets his foot, never profanes our hearths, or our altars. Every one, during war itself, pursues his avocations, as if hostilities did not exist. Our agricultures, manufactures, and trade, run on in their several channels—public as well as private works, which, at any rate in the expense bestowed upon them, and sometimes in merit, emulate the Roman labours, are carried on, with as little interruption amidst “fierce alarms,” as if “the European world lay hushed in peace.”

War, too, calls forth appropriate energies, and unfolds mysterious powers. Like necessity, it is the mother of invention. Our present manufacturing system is the child of the conflict, which it enabled our nation to support. Only by the skill in machinery, which that system produced, were we enabled to send out every year myriads of brave men and millions of specie, to deliver Europe from the yoke of military despotism. Still war is an evil; and but for war, England might have been greater still. The discovery of steam, however, may, as the laureated Southey, in his *Colloquies*, predicts, "do more towards the prevention of war than any or all other causes. If, on the one hand, neither walls nor ramparts can withstand a continuous shower, or rather stream, of bullets impelled against them by steam, on the other, such modes of defence by the same great agent are to be devised, that the open city may be rendered more secure from assailants than the strongest fortresses are at this time. Minds like that of Archimedes will now have means at command equal to their capacity, and to their desires. And men will not be induced by any motives to face such engines as may be brought into the field. This will first be felt in maritime war, in which there is reason to apprehend, that a change as great and not so gradual, as that which the introduction of cannon occasioned, will soon be brought about. The empire of the seas will be to be fought for; but the same qualities whereby we have won it in the old mode of warfare, will again win it for us in the new. Bring into the battle what weapons you may, it is by the arm of flesh and the heart of proof that the victory must be decided. I fear nothing for England from foreign enemies! There is, however, an end to naval war, if it be made apparent that, whenever two ships engage, one, if not both, must inevitably be destroyed. And this is within the reach of our present science. The chemist and mechanist will succeed where moralists and divines have failed."

In the order of progression implied in these historical recitals, the population of England has become, it must be confessed, more and more worthy of being the recipients of political power. Only in such proportion can they have become a People. The distinction between a mere Population and a People must be borne strictly in mind. Wandering tribes are no people—neither a stationary population, until brought into a church-estate of existence. A body of *irreligious men* is not entitled to—cannot sustain—the character. In Scripture terms, they who are not God's people are no people. The Matter is there out of which to constitute a people, but it is in a chaotic state. The Form is yet to be induced. It is Religion only which can give that Form, and its presence is required as an exponent of the Intelligence which, equally with Industry, is expected of him whose voice is demanded in the councils of the state.

This required exponent of intelligence may exist with very different degrees of knowledge; for it is the moral life which is thereby regarded rather than the amount of intellectual acquisition. This kind of intelligence is consistent with the severest degree of labour, and the exercise of the strictest duties of the social life. Indeed it is at one with them, and supposed by them in all their operations. Modern religionists have not sufficiently considered this view of the subject. It was, however,

well understood by the elder divines of the church of England. In harmony with this principle, the constitution of England never, previous to the Reform Act, required any other qualification for political privileges than that the candidate should have conformed to the ordinances of the church, and have proved that he had acquired the rights of one "whom the truth had made free," by having secured his own independence in the industrious acquisition of freehold property, or performed his relative social duties, as testified by his union with some public corporation recognised by the state. In these qualifications, by whomsoever possessed, or whatever his condition in life, it determined the required coincidence of intelligence and industry to reside. Such an one is of the People—all others are yet of the Population. Though admitted into the church, they have neglected to complete their connection either with it, or with the state, in the offices and duties of which only can the *practical* effect, and realisation of religious Faith be embodied and apprehended.

It must, however, be confessed that, in the course of time, other modes have arisen of manifesting the relation which every individual bears to the state. Since the time of Elizabeth and Charles I., that relation is especially marked by the share which a subject may directly contribute to the public burthens in the payment of the assessed taxes and the poor rates. By the payment of the latter, he is at once taken out of the class of the dependent. But, in the same progress of society, a stricter degree of intelligence has been required in the candidate for political privileges, than what is implied by a man's success in his business. A higher rate of intelligence is reasonably sought, than what is necessary to enable a man to fulfil the ordinary relations of life with so much religion as is implied in a prudential course of conduct; and truly, though the intellectual man is not necessarily a religious man, yet the standard of religious morality increases with the degree of intellectual acquisition. The religious man who is intellectual, is the more religious for being so; and, "for the soul to be without knowledge is not good," even when piously disposed. Moreover, the man should be fitted for the duty he is expected to perform. The civil interests of mankind, in an advanced state of society, are of a very complex character; and they who are called upon to decide thereon, whether remotely or directly, should be of competent information. Not only moral intelligence is required, but the knowledge of good and evil; that they may eschew the one and adopt the other, in relation equally to the affairs of the public and their own.

Hence Burke has laid it down as a rule, that nothing is a due and adequate representation of a state, that does not represent its ability as well as its property. But we are inclined to think that he errs in divaricating between them so largely as he does. Ability, he says, is a vigorous and active principle, but property is sluggish, inert, and timid; therefore it can never be safe from the invasions of ability, unless it be, out of all proportion, predominant in the representation. It must be represented, too, he contends, in great masses of accumulation, or it is not rightly protected. Now we are ready to admit, that the characteristic essence of property, formed out of the combined principles of its acquisition and conservation is to be unequal, and that the great masses,

therefore, which excite envy and tempt rapacity, must be put out of the possibility of danger. But we apprehend that no such distinction is made between property and ability in the actual constitution of the country. Property is not thereby supposed to be the opposite of ability, but rather its exponent. Without ability, it could not have been acquired; without ability, it cannot be maintained. The state can have, in the first instance, no pledge for a man's capacity to do it service, other than his capacity to serve himself. He who has not been successful in the little, how shall he be entrusted with the much? No; it is not that sort of ability which is armed against property—not that rapacity which is envious of the great masses of accumulation—which the State requires; but that ability which supposes property, or is induced upon it. It asks, or should ask, for the complex conditions of an advanced stage of society—for ability of a higher grade than is merely necessary for private acquisition or prudential preservation—but, at any rate, it demands that degree and kind of moral power.

This is, indeed, all the state can require—it can deal only with the kind—the degree of merit is a subject of individual animadversion. It is the philosopher who would elevate the political recipient into a higher form of manhood, and fit him, in the very last appointments of wisdom, for the duties which the state has imposed upon him. The duties of a member of parliament, it is said, are great—to be a good member of parliament is no easy task. But it is not sufficiently inculcated, that the duties of a constituent are also great, and that to become a good one, requires art and pains. Political knowledge comes not by inspiration; yet it is well that the constituent, even as his representative, should consider that he is but a “member of perhaps a rich commercial city”—that that city, however, is but a part of a rich commercial nation, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate—that that nation is but a part of a great empire, extended by our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and of the west—that all these widespread interests must be considered; must be compared; must be reconciled, if possible. He should reflect, that he is a member of a free country; and that the machine of a free constitution is no simple thing, but as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable:—a member of a great and ancient monarchy, and he should therefore feel solicitous to preserve religiously the true legal rights of the sovereign, which form the keystone that binds together the noble and well constructed arch of our empire and our constitution.” The information which all this implies should be within the reach of the People, whose voice is to be as the oracle of heaven. But, until very lately, the education received by the great body of electors in this country has been utterly incompetent to furnish them with any thing like the knowledge requisite; and to such of them as belong to the labouring class, that “opportunity of leisure,” which the son of Sirach demands as the condition of “the wisdom of a learned man,” is denied from the cradle to the coffin.

It is observed by the eloquent Coleridge, that “those institutions of society which would condemn me to the necessity of twelve hours' daily toil, would make my soul a slave, and sink the rational being in the mere animal.” Mr. Godwin has also, in his “Thoughts on Man,” devoted an essay to the subject of leisure, and shown how advantageous it

is to the development of the intellectual character. On Mr. Godwin we look as an adversary—but we are not of those who disdain to learn wisdom, even from an enemy.

The ends of leisure this writer supposes to be promoted by convivial meetings at the public-house—but they might be much better answered by mechanic and agricultural institutions, if properly conducted on conservative principles, and other similar associations, for the exercise and improvement of the intellectual powers among all classes of persons. Still, however, sufficient leisure is not accorded, in this country, to *any class*; and yet, owing to the introduction of machinery, leisure in abundance might be accorded to the operative. Labour being less in demand, many hands are thrown out of work. How much better would it be to divide the labour which exists among all the hands, and, by employing all, give to every one a share of labour. But machinery is altogether perverted from the substantial good which it might effect, by the accidental evil which accompanies its introduction.

Since the invention of machinery, as things desirable to have can be made more easily and abundantly than before, it would be reasonably expected that the people should get the benefit of such surplus supply. Over-production ought to be beneficial. If there be more clothes made than people can wear, no one ought to be in rags; if less labour be required, every man ought to have more leisure to cultivate his moral and intellectual being. It is to be hoped that the education which is almost universally diffused, will correct the evil which, in all the improvements of society, has been transitory, while the good remains permanently. Education will instruct every man how to make these advantages of an inventive age available to individual enjoyment, instead of being, as they now are, engines of oppression in the hands of the selfish, and the occasion of distress to the ignorant.

All improvement, hitherto, has been never for the generation that is, but for that which is to come. But this need not be, if legislation kept pace with the progress of invention. Provision should be immediately made by the State for those thrown out of employment, and they should be rendered participant of the common benefit by a public act.

Too much, indeed, under the present systems of government, is left to private exertion and to private interest. Government is too fearful of exercising a *paternal* character. Those who, for the public good, fall a sacrifice to new invention, should be taken up into the care of the State, and provided with the improved means of production. They should not be suffered to lose their hold on society; and since, through the operation of machinery, their ordinary labours have been suspended by which they were able to get food and clothing, they should be provided, at the public expense, with the machinery whereby they might still procure them.

We have said, at the public expense—but in fact, such a plan might be carried into execution without any ultimate expense at all. A commission might be delegated to ascertain the number and condition of persons whom, in a certain district, mechanical invention had deprived of employment: of these a community might be formed, provided with machinery for the benefit of the whole; and since all the hands would not be wanted to work it, even with due allowance of leisure for self-improvement to those actually employed, those not otherwise engaged

might be set over the polity of the community, and cater, by attention to a small library or a school of instruction, for the intellectual improvement of the rest. The quantity of produce sent forth from the machine, might be made to exceed considerably the immediate necessities of those dependent on it; and, besides in time paying the first outlay of the institution accumulate a joint stock capital for the future purposes of the company. Government, by thus taking advantage of the new powers developed in the progress of society, might rear up a race of respectable families, whose religious as well as worldly welfare might be secured, by thus connecting them with the state. This plan, we repeat, would cost *nothing* in the end, but would pay itself, while it prevented distress and crime, and promoted industry, intelligence, and virtue. As things are permitted to be, these families are an expense—they come upon the poor rates.

But this plan would increase the numbers of the people, and the political economists of modern times no longer look upon the number of a people as the wealth of a state. But we leave such men as the late Mr. Sadler to battle the watch with these calculators of the means of subsistence, against the level of which it is fit that population should continually press, that by elevating such level, it may urge society through advancing stages of prosperity, by the strong and resistless hand of necessity. Upon the theory of Malthus we never could bring ourselves to reason. We *felt* it to be false. We never could *believe* that the Author of Nature had so disproportioned the means to the end, that his prime creature, man, should be commanded to increase and multiply in a globe whose limits were too small, whose measure of sustenance was deficient.

But population has never yet exceeded the limits and means of the earth. Nature has been no niggard—she has been prodigal in her gifts. The God of Nature has been no miser, and still continues bounteous in his promises, and blessed in his Providence. Has not man ever had enough, and to spare? A luxurious animal—to him every luxury has been awarded. Little has been denied either to his body or mind. His wants, as an animal, his desires, as an intellectual being, have been gratified. As the first, life, and the means of life, have been granted to him. As the second, immortality has been presented to his prophetic hopes, and the method provided to his religious faith. Earth has hitherto been sufficient for the sustenance of the one, and Heaven is promised to perfect the other. With an increase of population, much exceeding that of former ages, man yet has a superfluity—not only sufficient for his wants, but more, infinitely more, than sufficient for his luxury. In this country, now, the consumption is less than the supply. Our insular situation would most probably have subjected us to the apprehended inconvenience long ere this, had it been in the nature of things, and so written in the laws of nature. Ere this, we should have crushed each other to atoms, or pushed the outermost into the ocean. Even then there had been the ocean for a home—a nation—a kingdom—a people—a liquid road for the majestic ship, a town upon the waters, moving with a buoyant colony upon the heaving bosom of the great deep. The sea-breeze sings in our shrouds a song of triumph over the theory of Malthus—the waves laugh in their beauty—in the face of Harriet Martineau.



THE PEOPLE ARE THE WEALTH OF A NATION. Being all dependent on each other, every man is the support to his fellow. Such is the wise constitution of society. Further, the people are not only the wealth, but THE STRENGTH, THE BEAUTY, THE WISDOM of a nation. Shall we, for the feeble argumentation, and iniquitous logomachy of the Malthusians, resign this support—throw away these Riches, like pearls to swine—mar this Beauty—enfeeble this Strength—despise this Wisdom? It were folly—impotence—the odiousness of theory—the poverty of philosophy—the abandonment of hope and faith! Shall we, for their absurd sophisms, break a positive and Divine command—task Providence with carelessness—Nature with extravagance—and the God of Nature with folly? For such mere words, shall we avoid beauty as a loathsome thing, or make it one,—“loveless, joyless, unendeared”—and crush or preclude, in the loins of the present, the Shakspeare, or Milton, or Newton, of a future generation?

. And by whom is beauty to be avoided? In whose loins is the seed of genius to be crushed? Name it not, Charity! Hear it not, Religion! See it not, Heaven! The POOR—the POOR—the POOR MAN is to resign the only enjoyment in his power! In poverty, yea, under circumstances of total privation, wedded love may exist, and bless both man and woman :—

If Love can make the worst wilderness dear,  
Think—think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!

Is the poor man's wilderness to be deprived of this blessing, and the Cashmere of the rich to possess it, in addition to every other? Are the rich and great to marry, and be given in marriage, but the poor man's life to be a desolation, and he a blasted barren tree, whereon no sun ever shines, no dew ever falls, whereof no fruit can ever proceed?

It would not be for the benefit of a country that this should be so. Progressive civilisation, more or less, brings on corruption. Providence aforetime provided a fresh supply of rude barbarian virtue, which it poured out, like the waters of the Nile, to freshen and invigorate the worn-out soils of ancient states. There is a large supply of this barbarian virtue still existing in the lower dregs of population in this country, even among its rabble, its criminals. The very *energy* which leads to crime is in itself good; of which good might be made, if to legislators might be given knowledge, and governments would listen to wise counsel. Our transports have become already the fathers of mighty states in the new world; and the same men might have been colonised without guilt or punishment, had a better feeling, or a more generous Providence animated the mighty of the earth, towards those whom they have degraded by the terms, “the labouring poor,”\* or towards those who were poor without labour.

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\* Burke is very indignant on this topic: “The vigorous and laborious class of life,” says he, “has lately got, from the *bon ton* of the humanity of this day, the name of the *labouring poor*. We have heard many plans for the relief of the *labouring poor*. This puling jargon is not as innocent as it is foolish; in meddling with great affairs weakness is never innoxious. Hitherto the name of poor (in the sense in which it is used to excite compassion,) has not been used for those who can, but for those who cannot labour—for the sick and infirm, for orphan infancy, for languishing and decrepid age; but when we affect to pity as poor, those who must labour, or the world cannot exist, we are trifling with the condition of mankind. It is the

It is not our place, in this paper, to discuss the question of the efficacy of capital punishments, or, indeed, of any punishment; it might easily be proved, and has been proved, that they are of no avail against the goads of necessity, or the pride of lawless courage. It is the part of a wise government to prevent crime rather than to punish it. A wise government would provide for the moral education and religious instruction of every individual under its care; it would not wait until application was made by those by whom such aids were wanted, because it would know that such persons are the last to discover their wants; but it would provide responsible ministers, to seek out those who "were in the hedges and lanes and by the way-side." Neither did our constitution, as anciently established, neglect this necessary duty. For this purpose it set apart an order of men, who were commissioned to preach the Gospel to the poor. For this purpose it appointed a Church, and laid its foundation broad and deep. It desired that it might take root in the *soil*, and provided that its spires should ascend, in calm grandeur, pointing towards heaven! From certain causes, these designs failed of perfect success; but the praise of good intentions must be awarded to the projectors.

For this, at least, our forefathers must be commended; they never conceived so infamous a design as shutting out any man from the state on account of his want or deficiency of property. All that they guarded against was the unfair preponderance of the *greater number*, composing the aspiring classes, who, in all matters decided by a majority, would be *numerically* stronger than the professing classes, unless some arrangement were made by which their *numerical strength* should be fairly balanced. This was attempted by the selecting, in the least invidious manner, from the more populous order of a certain *proportionate* number, so that, not by mere numbers, but rather by the collision of

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common doom of man that he must eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, that is, by the sweat of his body or by the sweat of his mind. If this toil was inflicted as a curse, it is, as might be expected, from the curse of the Father of all blessings—it is tempered with many alleviations, many comforts. Every attempt to fly from it, and to refuse the very terms of our existence, becomes much more truly a curse; and heavier pains and penalties fall upon those who would elude the tasks which are put upon them, by the great Master Workman of the world, who, in his dealings with his creatures, sympathises with their weakness, and, speaking of a Creation wrought by mere will out of nothing, speaks of six days of *labour*, and one of *rest*. I do not call a young man healthy in his mind, and vigorous in his arms, I cannot call, such a man *poor*; I cannot pity my kind, as a kind, merely because they are men. This affected pity only tends to dissatisfy them with their condition, and to teach them to seek resources where no resources are to be found, in something else than their own industry, and frugality, and sobriety. Whatever may be the intention (which, because I do not know, I cannot dispute), of those who would discontent mankind by this strange pity, they act towards us, in the consequences, as if they were our worst enemies."

Again:—

"Nothing can be so base and so wicked as the political canting language, 'the labouring poor.' Let compassion be shown in action, the more the better, according to every man's ability, but let there be no lamentation of their condition. It is no relief to their miserable circumstances; it is only an insult to their miserable understandings. It arises from a total want of charity, or a total want of thought. Want of one kind was never relieved by want of any other kind. Patience, labour, sobriety, frugality, and religion, should be recommended to them all, the rest is downright *fraud*. It is horrible to call them 'the once happy labourer.'"

intellectual forces, the result should be determined. No method less invidious, and more just in principle, could have been adopted, than to declare, as qualified individuals, such only as had taken care to secure a recognised rank in the social order, as members of a legally constituted body, pledged to the state for the Encouragement of Industry, and Talent, and the Production of Wealth.

It seems not to be known generally that the division of the counties, adopted by the Whig Reform Ministry, is an *old radical plan*. It is proposed by Jeremy Bentham, in the work from which we have already quoted. Says he:—

“In any all-comprehensive advance made towards this species of equalisation (he is speaking of what he calls Practical Equality of Suffrage) would evidently be included the breaking down of the several counties, each into two or more *less extensive* electoral districts.

“In no edition of *moderate reform* have I been able to observe any such decomposition advocated. By Mr. Brand—whose edition, together with that which was once *Earl Grey's*, may be stated as being the two by which the advances made towards *radical* reform were most extensive—this decomposition is, indeed, distinctly brought to view, but no less distinctly is an *exclusion* put upon it,” &c.

From the violent opposition which this part of the measure, on its original introduction, met with from the fourth estate, it would appear that Time, the great innovator, had not passed by even the democratic party, but had introduced changes even into the “spirit of their dream.” By-the-bye, the stale argument, that Time was the great innovator, and made changes necessary, was used by Lord Brougham, in his celebrated speech, on the occasion alluded to. We wonder that his Lordship did not recollect that this stale remark is placed by Bentham among the fallacies which he condemns, as may be seen upon reference to the *Book of Fallacies*, pages 148--153. It is, however, one so frequently adduced, that it deserves some consideration.

This so called fallacy is only such by reason of the way in which it is applied—in itself the assertion is true. It is true that *Time is the arch innovator*; but it is an incorrect application of its truth to assume, therefore, that a proposed measure “is in fact no change; its sole effect being either to prevent a change, or to bring the matter back to the good state in which it formerly was.” The axiom, nevertheless, is capable of a correct application. What? Why this--that the wisdom of ages producing silent revolutions in states, has rendered unnecessary any explicit change in constitutions by legislative enactment. They talk of the Tories being wedded to old prejudices, resisting improvements, and rejecting the teachings of time! Why it is they, themselves, who, by their own confession, are guilty of these charges. It is they who wish to break down all that Time has built up, to abrogate all the changes that Time has introduced, and go back to a period when the soil was barren and houseless, or while as yet our institutions were inchoate, or but half-formed. Time, while it has increased the strength of the democracy, has also built up checks and barriers against its undue spread and fatal over-balance; and these wise-acres, who hail with joy the maxim that “Time is the arch innovator,” disdain to listen to his counsel, and will have none of his reproof. No—they care only to undo the wise

work of his heaven-directed hands, and their cry---their only cry---is *overturn ! overturn ! overturn !*

Yes, Time is the arch-innovator ! and it is decreed that the institutions of society shall, for the purposes of improvement, continually undergo a process of change. But Time does his work like an artist—he is a genius in his way—and his productions are unsusceptible of improvement. To this law of nature and of society, the human mind is conformed, by a sort of pre-established harmony ; and hence the idea of Progression is inherent in every awakened understanding. But this idea is, in general, without form and void. It *possesses* the many, but is *possessed* by few. In the former, it operates like madness ; driving them on, as by an obscure feeling (the obscure feelings are always the strongest), to seek refuge in whatever schemes may, in its name, be broached by more interested, though not more ambitious, madmen than themselves. To them reform is but change, and every change reform. They look not at the details of any measure ; it is sufficient for them that it is something new. However much, nevertheless, we may deprecate this blindness, we cannot but respect the sentiment ; yea, the exhibition of a whole People possessed with an idea, though vaguely apprehended, is a grand and noble spectacle. It partakes of a sublimity and beauty, which cannot fail to charm the philosophic mind. We looked on the passed political contest, and shall look on that which will attend any great and important measure of Church Reform, with high emotions of reverence for our countrymen. Nay, in spite of the excesses of which some were, and will again be guilty, we have never ceased, and shall not cease, to admire the power and the magnificence of the Idea by which they were, and are, and will be influenced. We see also in it that which, when properly regulated and understood, is destined to lead all states on to ultimate perfection. But we call upon all men, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, before they pronounce any particular Measure, whether in church or state (for the state machine will be yet remodelled) to be a Reform or not, to examine well into its details, to be satisfied whether it will guide to good government or not ; and, above all, to reject it, if it should conduce, in the least degree—for a week, a day, or an hour—to the subversion of government, whether ecclesiastical or civil, in the abstract. A bad government is better than none, whether despotic or limited ; a truth so readily to be acknowledged, that Grotius makes the evident care, which Heaven has taken for the preservation of governments, an argument in favour of the existence of a Divine Providence.\*

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\* We cannot conclude better than, by way of note, in the words of that great author:—

" *Providentiæ divinæ circa res hominum non leve argumentum et Philosophi et historici agnoscunt in conversatione rerum publicarum: primum universim, quod ubicunque ordo ille regendi parendique receptus est, manet semper: deinde sæpe etiam specialiter in longa duratione hujus aut illius formæ imperii, per multa sæcula, ut regii apud Assyrios, Ægyptios, Francos; optimatum apud Venetos. Quamquam enim humana sapientiâ aliquid in hoc potest: tamen, si recte consideretur multitudo malorum hominum, et quæ extrinsecus nocere possint, et agnatæ quasi rebus vicissitudines, non videtur tam diu imperium aliquod posse subsistere, nisi peculiari quadam Divini Numinis curâ, quæ evidentius etiam spectatur, ubi Deo visum est mutare imperia. Nam quibus ille, tum ad eam rem, tanquam sibi destinatam, in-*

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BEAUTY.

(FROM THE AURORA MSS.)

If we look only at the beginning and the end of a career of infamy and wickedness, the space that is passed over appears a gulph, which the delinquent has overleapt at a single bound. But if we examine into the particulars of an individual life, we shall seldom fail to find, that the interval has been passed and the goal attained step by step, by little and little, from good to bad, from bad to worse. The pride of human reason may whisper in our ears, that *We* can never become like the guilty Edith, whose career we have been portraying, but as poor Ophelia says,

"We know what we are—but we know not what we may be."—*Anon.*

## CHAPTER I.

'Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,  
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
In bodily form.—*Wordsworth.*

EDITH HAMILTON was a beauty—a blonde of the most exquisite delicacy—a violet, breathing its sweetness beneath the shadow of village innocence, unseen, unsullied and unknown; her mother had lived in the service of the lady of the manor, and contracted notions above the station in life which she held; above all things, it was her pride, that Edith should be *educated*. Alas! how many mothers, like her, look upon education as a measure rather than a means,—as an end, not a beginning;—and alas! how many, like Edith, live to suffer for it.

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It was a beautiful evening,—the sun shone with a warmth and mellowness unusual to England—the air was fresh, and all nature seemed beautiful, but in the cottage of the Hamiltons every thing was otherwise;—a stranger passing it might have thought it the home of happiness; it was the abode of death. Edith's mother was dying—the red tints of declining day fell with a sickly aspect, through the window curtains, into a chamber scrupulously neat and clean,—homely yet comfortable: it was the room Mrs. Hamilton had slept in for years, and now her husband, her child, her friends, were around her—but care was on every face; for

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strumentis utitur, puta Cyro, Alexandro, Cæsare dictatore, apud Tartarus Cingis apud Sinenses Namca: his anima etiam quæ ab humana prudentia non pendent fluunt supra votum magis quam fert solita casibus humanis varietas: quæ tanta eventuum similitudo, et ad certum finem quasi conspiratio, indicium est providæ directionis. Nam in alea Venerium aliquoties jacere casus esse potest: at centies si quis eundem jaciatur; nemo erit qui non hoc ab arte aliqua dicat proficisci."

respect and esteem were ever accorded to the Hamiltons, though wealth was not with them—and all were silent in grief. Edith was differently attired from those around her. She had been summoned from London to her mother's dying bed; and her travelling habiliments were not yet gone; and, as she knelt to receive the blessing of an anxious parent, her fashionable attire contrasted strikingly with the homely garb of her village friends. Hamilton himself was wholly wretched—to him his wife was life's greatest treasure; and when the doctor entered, his anxious look silently breathing more anxiety than words could compass,—his lips moving in silence, as if afraid to speak—his outstretched hand—all told how overpowering was his grief—how deep-seated his emotions.—Alas! there was no hope—a few short hours and this restless slumber would cease for ever! and Mrs. Hamilton was sensible of it, for she seemed to try to arouse herself now that Edith was come,—or as if she felt another tie to earth, whilst she clasped the hand of her child. There was silence indeed—the clear hum of the bees, returning laden with their spoils, and the occasional note of a feathered songster, fell deeper on the ear than all the sounds of animated humanity—for in death there is something so appalling—something that strikes home upon the hearts of all around—that they seem fearful of a sound, so silently do they await the coming of its final pang.

Edith was on her knees praying; supplicating heaven for a parent; and that parent was silently breathing her wishes to heaven for a child. O, the silence of this world, when removed far from the busy haunts of men, is beautiful indeed! It must be sweet to die in—at least sweeter than that noise which is all worldly. The dying woman spoke; and, though her words were slow and her voice faint, I could have heard them had they been softer. “Edith, my child,” said she, “I am going to leave you, and I thank God that He has left one to protect you—you have been my pride and my comfort—and though it pleases Him to take me from you, He will be a Parent and a Friend to all who love Him. Edith, dearest Edith, be a good girl,—be dutiful to your earthly father, and you shall be rewarded by your Father in heaven—could you tell, Edith, how I have loved you, and prayed for you, and thought about you when you have been far—far—away from me,—how I have thought about the temptations you will be exposed to—and how sorely you must be tried amidst the gaieties of the world; and then, Edith, I have thought if it should be as it now comes to pass,—that I should be taken away from you, and you should have no mother to counsel you, no friend to advise you, and your beauty should be a snare for temptations and peril. Then, Edith, think what a mother's fears have been. Forsake the gay world—be a friend to your father; he wants some one now to solace his old age, be good, and for my sake, Edith, do nothing that my spirit may not look upon.” The dying woman seemed almost exhausted—and although Edith essayed to speak, her tears choked her utterance; for a time sobs—brief, stifled sobs—and those only were audible,—then there was a brief silence: it lasted not long when the clergy-

man entered—he conferred for a moment with the doctor; and as he said in a low solemn voice, “Let us pray,”—every one present knelt humbly and reverently whilst he offered up a supplication to heaven for the sick, for the suffering woman, for the parent, for the child, for mercy unto her who was about to depart, and for grace unto them who were still left to contend against the vanities and passions of their mortal career—that the parent might be received into the heavenly rest of a blessed Redeemer,—that the child might follow her, and that they might all be reunited in a happier world where there shall be no more partings from those we love.

The pastor faltered as he administered the sacrament to the dying woman—he had known them long as an upright example of lovely merit; and much as he approved the principle which induced a lady to patronise the pretty Edith, he feared that from the school of frivolity and affectation, the heart could not escape to return as free and as pure as it had once rambled in the fields around her village home. Hamilton himself was overcome—lost in that deep-seated wretchedness of heart: that finds no sympathy in ostentatious compassion; and as his pastor and friend pressed his hand and bade him “be of good cheer, for not one sparrow fell to the ground without the knowledge of his heavenly Father,”—the old man did return that pressure, and would have spoken but he could not; for his voice failed him—and a tear ran down his furrowed cheek. For an hour the spirit of the dying woman flickered as if unwilling to depart. Her strength was ebbing fast: she looked as if she would speak, and took the hand of her child; but the silent motion of the lip, and the anxious eye were all that her dying energies were equal to. Edith had never witnessed aught like death before; and it bore down upon her with more poignancy, that the first she should ever witness was of that being she most loved; wildly pressing the hand of her mother to her lips, she prayed earnestly and sincerely, that this cup might pass from them; but with a sob she added, “Oh God, thy will be done!” and when she had ceased—that hand was stiff and lifeless, those eyes were glazed with the mists of eternity, that cheek was blanched with the pallid hue of death,—yes! the visitor of the mighty as well as the humble had summoned another spirit to the world unseen.

Words will but faintly picture out the sorrows of an everlasting parting; and they who had sought to soothe, retired to let the sufferers give vent to griefs they felt were exquisite. Edith and her father were alone; and the long dull silence of twilight was not broken by a word. Sometimes a half suppressed sob, a stifled sigh, or a tear fell upon the floor, and again all was still. Evening came, and then night; the minister returned, and offered to lead Hamilton from the chamber of death: but when he went up to the old man to rouse him from his lethargy, he shrunk back when he touched his hand, and he drew his own across his forehead as if to be certain of his consciousness; and again he laid hold of the hand that had fallen from his grasp—it was cold as marble—and, when he

procured a light, he found that from him too life had departed, for his spirit had sunk into sleep—and he was dead.

Edith Hamilton was an orphan.

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CHAP. II.

No, no, that picture suits thee not,  
    Sketched for a maid of yore ;  
She lives no more, or, darker lot !  
    Her virtues live no more.  
Wild flowers, they sought life's ruder air,  
Contagious blastments met them there;  
Where is the maid—the virtues, where ?  
    Thou art not she !—*Ismael Fitzadam.*

The Opera was crowded—Sontag in all her glory : the public conceived it impossible that higher glories could be achieved by the human voice ; and the acclamations of a proud and noble assemblage, the praise of the high-born and enraptured audience fell sweetly upon the gratified ears of the songsters, sated as they already were with almost superfluous commendation. In a box on the second tier, there sate a young female of surpassing loveliness ; she was neatly, yet so elegantly attired that she seemed to be of a different stamp from those around her. It was Edith Hamilton : at her side sate her lover, alas, a lover no longer ! Captain Marden : he was evidently proud of his companion ; and the battery of upturned glasses from fop's alley amused him ; for Marden was pleased that he could outvie every one in possessing so lovely a victim. To him it had been an easy conquest : how many such are constantly occurring ! how many more such *must* occur ! Mrs. Marden had taken Edith from a lowly station of innocent happiness : she had cultured the intellect, improved the taste, and embellished the understanding of the rustic ; but it was all superficial—much to adorn, but little to improve. In the humble situation for which providence had designed her, Edith might have been admired, contented, and happy. A fashionable education had implanted much good and much evil : it had placed the flowers of the hot-house on the brambles of the heath ; and although the plant had become more showy, it was less sweet. Mrs. Marden had chosen a fashionable school for her protegee, and her education was made up of accomplishments : there was, of course, a result of some good points, some bad ones. Of which, gentle reader, could fashion implant the most ?

On her parents' death, Edith had become the companion of her patroness. An introduction into society during this period, and the flattering commendations bestowed on her person, had rendered her presuming ; and after she had been initiated into the observances of fashionable life, Mrs. Marden was attacked with a severe and sudden illness that rendered her life despaired of in a few days. Her de-



pendent situation emboldened Captain Marden in his addresses to the favourite. Shall I say it, that for months he had secretly offered the incense of admiration at the altar of his victim, until Edith loved? He had offered her youth, beauty and unconquerable love: and before the remains of his mother were placed in the tomb, he had promised Edith his protection, or threatened to send her forth an insulted outcast into a harsh and cruel world. Edith had not a friend: she had no one to fly to, none to counsel her. On the one hand she saw the gratification of every wish; on the other, wretchedness and suffering. Here, she looked forward to the cold pity of a heartless world; and there she beheld the society and protection of one whom she loved, and who she fondly believed loved her. It was a task to decide; but with fashionable principles only, could she think twice? It was soon over. She had become a thing she had once hardly dared to think upon: she was the guilty object of a licentious passion; and on her first appearance at the opera, she was gratified at the sensation she produced; for she was talented, imaginative and vain. She had learned to think "whatever is, is right;" and she consoled herself in her infamy by a sophistry so specious!

There was another individual whose happiness was somewhat influenced by the fascinations of the beauty. It was Ryland Percival: he had been performing the duties of assistant to the parish doctor at C——, when he first saw Edith at her parents' funeral. He was struck with her beauty, captivated by her manners, and enraptured with her society. In a word, he was in love: yet before he had defined his passion, even to himself, Edith had departed for ever from C——; and many months elapsed before his duties allowed him to visit London. In that period, the decease of an uncle had placed a competence within his reach; and after many fruitless endeavours to discover the enslaver of his reason, he saw her at the opera on the evening of his first visit. The presence of Marden, whose character he knew, and the look of Edith, conjured up surmises that he hardly dared to think upon; for being possessed of strong feelings, he had cherished in secret a passion for the beauty, that now tinged his character with the melancholy sorrows of hope deferred. He hardly dared to believe that she had fallen: he could scarce trust his senses with a thought unworthy of one beloved; he waited therefore the conclusion of the performance that he might trace her home.

After a short and secret watching, Percival felt the dreadful conviction forced upon him, that she was fallen indeed. But who that ever loved can cherish harsh feelings against the object of that overwhelming passion? He knew her to be guilty in the eye of a world whose goodness is little but veiled guilt; yet he wished to know whether Edith was indeed the same, and he lingered at the door of the house till he saw Marden lead her to a carriage; and, waiting to catch the footman, he learned her address and retired.

The scene was changed.—He was alone in a boudoir, whose meanest object was calculated to please. Edith's idea of the beau-

tiful had been carried into effect as far as limitless extravagance could conduce to perfection. The light fell through a painted window, and disclosed an assemblage of all that is coveted or admired: it was an apartment that contained every thing that could dazzle the senses or subdue the understanding. Books of the rarest beauty—pictures of the best schools—sculptures of the finest taste—and the boudoir opened into a conservatory, whose choice exotics made the air redolent with perfume. Percival looked around him with a pang. If Edith had been bought, she had certainly fetched a price: but alas! what price can redeem a ruined soul? and as he listened to the rippling of water and the warbling of birds, he lamented that one so favoured should now be degraded to be only the minister to illicit desire. He shuddered when he thought of the prostitution of so much taste; and he was lost in thought when Edith entered. She was changed, though still the same—more lovely perhaps, though less innocent. She saluted him as a friend; and, as she reverted to old times, a tear trembled in her eye, and Percival's voice was less strong than usual. He felt the early wounds of his heart were already opened. Bleeding forth a flood of anguished feelings, and seizing her hand, he imprinted one kiss upon her cheek, breathed one "God bless you!" and tore himself away.

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## CHAP. III.

I ne'er without a sigh beheld the tear  
On beauty's cheek to love and pity dear!  
Nor has the muse e'er framed a fabled lay,  
To show the world how woman goes astray;  
I would not give a guileless bosom pain,  
Nor on unspotted honour cast a stain.  
Though time has graved his wrinkles on my brow,  
And rudely chilled the heart's enraptured glow,  
I once could love—still highly prize the fair;  
A friendly monitor, I cry "Beware!"  
For them I write, for them record my tale,  
As angels lovely, but as mortals frail.—*Balfour.*

Percival had resolved on continuing his medical studies, and had passed a season at the Hotel Dieu; and during the summer vacation he made a tour of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. He had ever thought of one whom he had loved; and he would have given worlds for an invisible cap, that he might be conveyed whither he would. How often then would he have watched the course of Edith Hamilton! In his own mind he had often contrasted the race after pleasure, enervating, intoxicating, and debasing, with the serene course of retired life, where a due exercise of the senses produces enjoyment, whilst over-exertion invariably leads to weakness of the spirit, and a yearning after excitements still more cloying.

At length he was at Florence, gay sunny Florence—the city of palaces and pictures—the resort of the idle and the luxurious—surrounded by vine-clad mountains, decked with innumerable villas,

and washed by the meandering Arno. Here he rested for awhile, examining its architecture, its sculptures, and its beauties, reveling in a continued excitement of intellectual delight. One evening he was sauntering upon the Prada, wiling away an hour in witnessing the sun setting gloriously behind the Tuscan hills. In a fit of musing, he heard his native tongue spoken with elegance unusual in a foreign clime; and looking round, he beheld a party of English walking on the delightful spot he had himself chosen. Percival was pleased to find himself near those who reminded him of England. As they passed, he thought them some of his country's aristocracy; for they bore with them the air of conscious rank and station: and when Percival looked upon the lady who formed the belle, and who seemed the fascination of the group, he recognised the well-known features of Edith Hamilton.

She knew him too: and, with a look that none witnessed but himself, she placed her finger on her lip. In a few moments they had passed; and Percival returned home to discover what was now the fate of the beauty. Summoning an inquisitive fellow, whom he had occasionally employed, and who fulfilled the office of valet, courier, messenger, or lacquey (many of whom are to be found in every place where English wealth is spent), Percival gave him directions to trace out the fair one, and learn what he could of herself and her companions. He then went to the opera, and found the object of his first love decked out in the fullest elegance of capricious fashion, and forming a source of attraction equal to the Prima Donna herself. During the performance, he refrained from noticing her more than common curiosity for a reigning belle might have prompted, and he retired early to learn from his inquisitive attendant, that Lady Altonmore, and his lordship, were staying a few weeks at a villa in the campagna with a party of English. He learned also that his lordship was "*un magnifico*;" and that his residence was a continued scene of every species of merriment and diversion.

For a time, Percival wavered in his mind whether he should watch her progress, or fly from her fascinations. He had nerved his heart sufficiently to feel no regret that another revelled in the possession of those beauties which had once enslaved him; but his was no transient passion: he felt that her presence even now possessed a power of entrancing his senses; and he feared lest he should be again sufficiently unmanned to become the slave of passion. Weighing his own feelings, therefore, he resolved to fly from the presence of a being whose power over him was too great for his comfort; and, taking a last walk on the banks of the Arno, he started to find himself in company with the assumed Lady Altonmore. She was alone. "Is it you, Edith?" he enquired as she approached him, and by her blush of recognition, told that his appearance at least was unexpected. "Is it you, Edith, or am I suffering from mental delusion? Am I speaking to Miss Hamilton?"

"You are right, Percival," said the lady, "I am the same being, though I am changed in name. You know in whose company I am staying?" "I do," replied he. "I know him for one that never let female innocence stand in the way of his libertine passions,—as

one that never yet shewed the nobleness of nobility, nor the honour of high birth. Are you his wife, Edith, — or —” Percival lingered on the word.

“Heaven forbid!” ejaculated the unblushing Lady Altonmore. “Wives are quite unfashionable in the present state of society. The march of intellect has taught the *élite* of the world, that temporary marriages are by far the most agreeable.”

“Is this your opinion, madam?” enquired Percival, “or is it a tale with which you would amuse me?—There was a time when these were not your sentiments, Edith. But you are changed now. I see but little respect for the lesson of a dying parent. Do you imagine,” and Percival’s voice grew serious, “do you imagine that you will ever meet that parent again, if the commencement of your life be in the company of the libertine Lord Altonmore. Forgive me, if I create a momentary pang in your bosom; but I cannot endure to see you participating in the licentious orgies of which common report announces you high priestess. There was a time, Edith, when I would have given worlds for your companionship,—but now——” He paused, for Edith was in tears, and Percival’s cheek was blanched with mental suffering whilst he spoke; but after a momentary effort, she resumed her gaiety. “Come, come, Ryland,” she exclaimed, “no more of this; you blame me because you have never been subjected to the same temptations. You think yourself good because you have not yet fallen. Take care of yourself.—You may live to pity me more than you condemn. I am too old to take advice, you too young to give it. Let us part friends. Addio!”

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#### CHAP. IV.

Faded and frail the glorious form,  
And changed the soul within,  
While pain and grief, and strife, and storm,  
Told the dark secret—SIN!— M. J. J.

Two years are fled, and where is the beauty now? Time has sped on with rapid pinion since Lady Altonmore was the belle of Florence; and though I shall not seek to follow her through all her protean forms, or the labyrinthine mazes of duplicity and deceit, I shall recount her next meeting with Ryland Percival.

Shall I confess a boyish admiration to account for any interest I might feel in the fate of one so lovely and so loved? I trust that, for the sake of human nature, it will not be necessary for me to do so. Would that on earth there might be an interest created in the bosoms of ninety and nine for every one that wanders from the path of rectitude. Would that every man now breathing could see into the deep recesses of the human heart, whilst he thoughtlessly ministers to the gratification of his own licentious passions, and supports a course of life that he ought to recoil from with horror. Tear off the mask of duplicity that hides human nature, and we find the world pouring forth all the vials of its indignation at the course of life led

by those who have been more sinned against than sinning, yet secretly feeding the flame of indulgence, that burns upon a shrine already so polluted. Would to God that I could write upon men's hearts in characters of living fire! And I would pray for strength to write "Charity," till every soul was softened. I care little for that mockery of goodness, which tells me I am vicious because I sympathise with a race so outcast and forlorn. I care little for the worthless principle that sets me down as depraved, because I choose to think it no sin to examine the condition of the reckless and abandoned outcast. HE came to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and shall man neglect thousands perishing hopelessly around him? No! I would ask, What difference is there in human hearts, that those who offend should be considered alien to our nature. I would tell those who blame me, to go out into the world—to image to their own feelings the wretchedness of being outcast from all that is good—to be scorned by some, and reviled by others—to endure the sorrowful consciousness of being more sinned against than sinning—to know that all reputable ways of earning bread are denied them—and if they do this—if they combat prejudice boldly and fairly, and then do not pity more than they condemn; then I say, in the words of St. Paul, "If ye have not charity, ye are but as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal."

In a fashionable street, leading into one of our fashionable squares, a neat equipage was standing. The door-plate exhibited the name of Dr. Percival, our old friend Ryland, now happily married and settled in life. He was not a fashionable doctor; his own good sense taught him to despise the affectation of servility, which is but too often accorded to station. And as Percival recognised only an intellectual or a moral superiority in mankind, it is hardly to be wondered at, that his success in practice was slow, although in the end it would be certain. He was married too, to an amiable, elegant, and accomplished woman; one whom he valued for the quiet possession of those virtues which adorn the domestic circle. Here was no wondrous beauty to captivate his soul, no blandished spells of fascination to throw around him the witchery of sensual captivation, but there was that unwhispered love, founded upon a proper estimation of honourable virtue, that afforded more real happiness than could ever emanate from the most passionate regard. His wife looked upon his high and lofty character with almost reverence. She adored him as a husband, and venerated him as a friend; and although the magic word of "love" had never passed Percival's lips, she set a higher value upon his esteem than she could have placed upon any thing that bore the name of passion. And Percival was happy,—happy in the enjoyment of that felicitous intercourse of thought, feeling, and sentiment, which being founded upon the best and noblest feelings of human nature, ever leads to a long and an unruffled course of mutual happiness.

Evening was closing in, and Percival had not yet left the dinner-table. He was not a fashionable doctor; for he could not endure the restless frivolity of *ennuyé*d patients—to him,

"The ever nameless—ever new disease"

was a monster that he detested. But if he slighted those who were ill at ease, no one ever applied his energies with greater skill than he did, when disease and distress were his antagonists. To him there was something exciting in the struggle when he could bring the whole of his experience to the contest, and by a liberal exercise of his purse and talents, grapple boldly with disease and vanquish it. It was for this, that his name was almost worshipped by the poor who knew him. To them he was ever kind, his services ever ready; and his carriage was now waiting a summons from a poor and wretched being, who was forsaken and abandoned by every one; yet he was ready to start as soon as he received word of any change occurring to her, and no one was ever more liberally rewarded than he felt himself to be by the honest convictions of his own bosom. It was on this evening, when he had witnessed one of these scenes of squalid misery, that he buried as it were beneath the superfluities of London society, that as Percival was being driven slowly up the Haymarket, he set his eye upon a figure that seemed familiar to him, and as he passed, the light fell full upon her face and revealed the flushed countenance of Edith Hamilton.

Percival looked again to convince himself: he could hardly believe that the bold and impudent air of wanton levity which sat upon every feature, could ever have assumed a place upon one whom he had once thought more beautiful than the boasted Florentine Venus, to which he had compared her. But he saw that there was no error: he could not be mistaken in a face whose dimly defined characters were still shadowed upon his heart; and his pulse beat with a wilder throb than usual, while he communed with himself how he might best hold forth the hand of charity. Emerging from his carriage, he directed his servant to walk slowly homewards; and looking round him for a policeman who was not far off, he directed his attention to Edith; and, presenting his card and a handsome donation, Percival requested him to find out who and what she was, and report to him on the following morning.

Policeman A. 37, was punctual and particular; he told Percival all that he had learned—the flash name and residence of the fair one, and all that he could pick up of her acquaintances. Percival determined to visit her that night: his heart was sick and could not rest. It was a November night, wet, foggy and dismal; the streets were nearly clear, none but those who were obliged by absolute necessity would leave the shelter of their own fire sides, and Percival hailed these as good points, for he thought he should be sure to find the fallen one at home. Wrapping himself, therefore in plentiful appliances for the protection of his health, Percival penetrated his way into one of the back streets of the Strand; and, having gained the house, he looked about to reconnoitre those outward visible signs of inward and *spiritual* doings, which are but too common in this great metropolis.

It was a snuff shop that he was directed to; and he scrutinised its external appearance before he entered, as he wished to preserve his incognito. In the window, were the usual variety of segars and boxes, curled and twisted pipes, a blackamoor, the play-bills of the

day, and few indecent snuff-boxes. The shop had been partitioned to make a small back room; and this was partly of glass, curtained with dirty red stuff, occasionally moved by those within, as they were impelled by curiosity to look at an occasional purchaser. Percival thought that, disguised as he was, it would be a chance if any one could recognise him; so he walked in boldly and selecting a few "prime Havannahs," he was politely requested by the lady in waiting to walk inside: her customer, however, preferred being nearer the air, and he lit one of the twisted weeds and sat down to wait the rain over. To his own heart he acknowledged that he dared not enter: he had already heard the voice of Edith in conversation with some fancy friend. He smoked in silence and listened to what was said.

"But I say, Fred, where the devil have you been this long while?" It was Edith that spoke.

"Why Luce, to tell the truth, I've been down in the country."

"Well, and what the devil took you down there?" enquired she.

"O the coach—went to see the old un—raise the wind—get some brads—flare up, have a lark, eh."

"Yes," replied Edith; "you are always out upon your larks. When are you going to treat me to the play?"

"O the Lord knows, I dont," was the reply: "but how have you been? and where have you been? W. wouldn't blab—where's your ticker? Uncle? eh, nice man—friend of mine sometimes—deuced queer go—how is it."

"Why," returned Lucy, "I've been regular down upon my luck, cleaned out, every thing gone, and my body in quod."

"In quod! you!" ejaculated Fred.

"Yes," replied Lucy, "I was something peckish one night. I'd been chaffing and lushing, not above half drest, Sal and I went down to the ham and beef shop to get some supper—passed the old cobbler's shop just below. He was just come home drunk, and caught hold of me. I slapped his face and ran on for the grub. When I came back, the ugly mouthed beggar gave us both in charge for being out without bonnets. I was half drunk, so I kicked the lobster, got in the cage—locked up—next morning got a month of it, tramp, tramp, tramp—let out on Monday, and here I am."\*

"Pleasant," remarked Fred.

"Pleasant!" said Lucy. "Yes——pleasant! and while I was away, W. seized all my things for rent. You must let me have a trifle, Fred; I hav'n't a rag to put on. Lend us a sovereign."

"A'nt worth it, 'pon my soul. Ten o'clock: so I'm off—see you on Sunday. Post the browns then. None of your gammon; here's a crown for you. Bye, bye, where's W? Give us a weed. I say, old cock," here he addressed Percival; "Why you're a reglar chimley, eh, passage for smoke! Toss ye for a go of gin? Wont I—my eyes! a'nt you a blessed shirk! [puff, puff], good night, Luce."

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\* Fact; one of nature's blighted flowers was recently served so in the sight of the writer—the framers of the "New Police Bill," will have much to answer for.

Percival had witnessed all this in silence and dismay. Memory pictured out what Edith had been, Lucy pictured out what she was. She approached him with the meretricious air of a courtesan; and when Percival looked her full in the face, she said not a word, but fell into a chair, and wept. Percival went not away alone; he took the weeping fair one to an institution where she might yet be redeemed to good conduct, if there existed one green spot, one little relic of olden time, one feeling not yet prostrated at the dreadful shrine of infamy and pollution.

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CHAPTER V.

Turn, turn again! there yet is time  
To offer up one heartfelt prayer :

Yes! HE who perished died to save  
The lost, the fallen, the outcast few,  
HE conquered hell and death and grave  
For sinners—HE can pardon you.

Then turn again—The Uncreate  
Hath opened Heaven's eternal gate,  
And saints and seraphs join in prayer,  
To hail repentant sinners there.—*Eustace Fleming.*

The life of Edith Hamilton, is a tale that might soften the heart of a stoic. To trace man in his long career of vice and infamy, to look upon the lord of the creation, bowing his nobler attributes to the foul shrines of intemperance and dishonour, or to trace the blight of each higher feeling in a course of libertinism and debauchery, each, all are bad; but dreadful as it is, man if it wills him so, is able to contend with the thraldoms that bind his spirit, he knows that the world will forgive the errors of youth, he feels that libertinism is a species of recognized and allowable failing; but with woman it is otherwise: she has no holdfast to throw round her when she has once launched on the ocean of dissipation. The world makes no allowance for her errors, and refuses to palliate her weaknesses, the first step taken she can rise no more. How damning then must be the curse attached to him who takes advantage of one unguarded moment to plunge woman into sin, and to render her future life one of bitterness and regret.

Percival was rejoiced, as all must rejoice, that Edith had not been wholly sacrificed. It afforded him pure and heartfelt satisfaction, that she had been snatched as a brand from the burning; and he endeavoured by every means that the warmest interest could dictate to revive the old tastes and affections that once existed in her heart. He endeavoured to present new objects and new excitements to her mind, and, by affording her intellectual enjoyments, to wean her from regretting the loss of those sensual indulgences from which he had weaned her. At times, indeed, he fancied that he perceived her sorrowing, though he knew not why; and when the news reached him, that she had fled from the protection he had



afforded her, he lamented his ill-requited labours more that they had failed in giving happiness to *her*, than that his own eudeavours had been sacrificed in vain. A few days after, he received from her an apology for her doings, so touching yet so true, that it unfolded to him a page in the human heart, which as yet he had never read :—

If mine were a tale of fiction, I might seek to unravel those mysterious threads that make up the strings of human feeling, those chords of exquisite sensibility, and but too often (like this) of mistaken feeling, from which arises so much of the false sentiment that pervades the whole atmosphere of society ; but mine is a true tale, neither wrought up into bright scenes of happiness, nor deeply shaded in its dark career of sin :—a picture of life is all that I have aimed at. Should the reader require stronger food for his imagination, he must seek it in the page of fiction : mine is that of truth.

Percival's heart bled whilst he read the following :—

"Percival! the world would have deemed me an ungrateful wretch for flying from your bounty : but you will not do so ; for you are always more ready to forgive than to condemn. *You* will excuse me for leaving a station of constant wretchedness, although to many it would have been one of happiness. Percival, I assure you, that every gratification with which I was surrounded, was embittered by the thought, that it was undeserved. You, who have not trodden in a career of reckless vice, can hardly judge of the fierceness and strength of every passion which it engenders : you cannot be aware of the loathing it produces for every thing that is noble and good ; your kindness snatched me from a headlong course of infamy and guilt, you placed me in a station to be envied, you endeavoured to draw me back to virtue, and plant anew the seeds of religion and virtue ; but you were casting your seed upon a barren rock. You little thought to sow good wheat and to reap tares, or that one whom you knew in happier hours could be so utterly lost ; but so it is—Percival, since childhood, I never had any strict principles of virtue taught me. I was taught the follies of the world, the admiration I might command, the superiority of pleasure. I became vain and arrogant. Circumstances threw me upon the world. I could not give up the indulgences I had become accustomed to ; and I was soon lost to virtue, then to honour, then to feeling, lost utterly but for you. Percival—when I first fell, my mind was so veiled with the dazzling glare of imagined pleasure and anticipated delight, that I had not sufficient reason left to know that I was falling, until I was too far gone to recede. It was then—when I awakened from my dream to a full sense of my wild career, when I felt all those pangs of anguish and remorse that steep the soul in a lethargy from which nothing but new excitements can awake it—when a pause in the course of dissipation awakened me to the damning torment that ensues from an unrestrained pursuit of forbidden pleasure—pleasure did I say, phantom rather—hideous phantom created in the sinning imagination, and invested with charms by the spirit of its maker, which at length overpowers its

creator and leads him into wilder abysses of guilt than ever Frankenstein was led by the monster he created :—so was it with me. The phantom followed me like a shadow—the blandishments which first invested it are forgotten, and the hideous outline of its lineaments remains, and then, when the racking brain and the aching heart tell of wasted hours and wanton desires, what remains to banish thought so maddening, but new excesses, new excitements and a new awakening to wretchedness and sin.

“Percival, I dare not offer you the polluted thanks of a wretched and licentious being. I shall soon be lost in the degradation that waits me. In death I have a secret to tell, will you be a friend to me then ? I know you will, seek not to find me till then ; but forget and forgive the truant

“EDITH HAMILTON.”

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## CHAP. VI.

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### Smiles

Play'd, meteorlike, upon a hundred cheeks,  
As if contagiously ; while sparkling lamps  
Pour'd forth a deluging lustre o'er the crowd,  
And music, like a siren, weaned the heart  
From every grovelling and contentious thought,  
From every care.

But all was like a mask  
That seemed to veil the features of the damned.

For some months Percival heard nothing more of her ; and he had almost lost sight of one to whom, in spite of her errors, he would have offered every comfort his purse could afford : for he would have rejoiced more over one repentant sinner, than over ninety and nine who need it not. Her image was then suddenly conjured up before him by the warbling of a song that he had heard her sing in happier hours. Percival had been visiting one whom he had known in better times, an industrious woman, who had been married to a man that had broken her heart ; and he was walking from the court where she lived, when he passed one of those taverns technically termed “night-houses.” It was in full illumination, and a loud burst of clamorous applause awakened the doctor from the current of his reflections. For a moment he listened ; and he felt convinced that it was Edith's voice ; and, in a few minutes, by the payment of a few pence, he was seated amongst the motley group assembled. To the casual spectator, the idler, or the careless, such a scene would have been passed over. To *him* it was full of interest ; for during his pilgrimage he had learned to read much in the countenances of men, and he could judge from outward manifestations much of what was passing within. Percival shuddered as he surveyed the easy path that sin presented to her victims. Here was a girl hardly seventeen, yet her eyes were brightened with intoxication, her cheeks bedaubed with paint, and her manners of wanton levity formed a strange contrast to the innocence that ought

to accompany such years. "Probably," thought he, "she was once a parent's pride : she may now be his cursed child." Again, near him he saw a youth whose countenance he knew : his language told him to be a medical student ; and his dress betokened mourning for one dead—it might be a parent, a sister, a friend,—and his sorrow was such, that whilst to the world he bore the outward tokens of regret, to himself and to his God, he shewed only a heart worthless and depraved, and daily becoming more attached to the enervating orgies of folly and excess. Percival had some little knowledge of him ; and when he remembered who he was, and thought of his widowed mother, and his sisters who looked up to him for protection from the rebuffs of life,—when he considered all this, and the arduous struggle necessary to maintain a professional career, he saw before him a shadowy vista of disappointed hopes and wasted energies ; and he hoped that he might be deceived in the youth's identity. But there were other things to be learned in that school of infamy. There was a girl, a mere child, whose showy dress set off a person of juvenile sweetness. Close to her was an elderly bloated woman. Percival read their situation in a moment. It was a mother sacrificing her child to the passions of the heartless and dissipated. And for what ?—To enable her to indulge in habitual intoxication at the price of a child's prostitution ! Who would have thought that those sounds of revelry and riot were but the delusive covering for scenes like this ? Who would have thought that beneath the mask of joy and gaiety which every thing assumed, so much vice and wickedness should lie concealed ? But so it was.

Percival knew that vain would be any attempt of his to awaken the beauty in her career. He knew that it would be useless to exercise generosity or pity : but he thought of the hour when she would be laid a livid corpse without a friend to offer her the last rites of humanity. He shuddered as he saw the havoc time and dissipation were making on her beauty ; and he thought that soon she might need a pauper's pittance to consign her to the grave. At her side Percival perceived one whom he recognised as "Fred," a partaker in scenes like this ! Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote as follows :—

"Edith,—A day must come when you will need a friend. I do not now ask you to leave the life that is killing you ; for I have often asked you in vain : but promise me, that when misery and privation have taken the place of these scenes of hollow-hearted joy, that when the cold pity of a heartless world leaves you to death and destruction, you will send to me : even then, Edith, I will befriend you. Send to me when you want help. Scruple not to send for me, even if you will not be turned from a career so wretched. He, whose I am, and whom I serve, forbids me to forsake you."

As he folded the paper and gave it to the beauty, she spoke not a word ; but her rising bosom and speaking eye told Percival that gratitude was not altogether lost. He departed, a sadder yet wiser man.

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## CHAP. VII.

For never was a story of more woe  
Than this."—*Shakspere.*

Let us pass over two short years more. Another span in the duration of human existence ; a lapse that we look forward to as an age, or look back on as a dream. Time, in its changeless cycle, moves on with steady step though stealthy. To some, how quick has been his flight ! to others, how slow its progress ! To some, the pomps and vanities of the world have rendered life an intoxicating torrent of continual revelry ; to others, its every step has been attended with the dull pressure of affliction, or marked with the iron grasp of anxiety and doubt. To Percival the time had been beneficial. He was rising in his profession ; and his path in life was smooth and changeless. Wholly occupied in professional duties, or sharing in the enjoyments of the domestic circle, his felicity was without those strong exacerbations of joy and grief that leave their imprint behind them. He moved on in the even tenour of his way, doing good whenever he had the opportunity, feeling abundantly repaid by the earthly rewards he received, and looking forward to a distant period, when that happiness should be rendered everlasting.

But there was one to whom those years were ages. One whose very soul seemed consumed by the corroding canker of inward misery and outward guilt ; to whom days were as years—nights almost endless, and who felt every thing embittered by the rank poison of sin, that seemed to have been circulated through every vein, till her whole being was like a tree scathed by lightning and left to perish ; daily rotting and mouldering, useless and neglected ; yielding at night-time a ghastly phosphoric light to show what she had been and what she was. She was now a living mouldering trunk : a human dry-rot had attacked her body, soul, and spirit, and she was now lingering without energy and without hope ; cursing her existence, and blasting with horrid imprecations the punishments entailed by a reckless abandonment to infamy and vice.

Edith Hamilton was on her dying bed, in an unused closet of one of the vilest dens of infamy that the dark obscurities of London only can contain. There—all unregarded and alone, racked with bodily torment and mental misery, till her brain whirled round with the maniac ferocity of unquenchable disease. With her dying cries hushed by brute force, and the few comforts that might have softened death, withheld by the wretched hands that sometimes tended her. There, a victim to a life of wickedness, lay the remains of the beauty ! A sad spectacle, even to those who had witnessed wretchedness from their youth upwards ! Her long auburn tresses had been despoiled in an unseen moment of sleep—her few articles of worn-out apparel stolen ere she was dead—and without a single human being to receive her last sigh, or to recoil from her last curse, there she lay, dying slowly and fearfully, with all the accumulated consequences of disease and neglect. Yes ! there was

all that was mortal of Edith Hamilton! without one to moisten her parched lips—without one to perform even the meanest offices for her—without one to receive her dying wishes: and yet but a few short years before, she had been the admired of all admirers; a few short years before she had been bowed to and adored! The noble and wealthy contended for the honour of protecting her, and pampered every wish of her heart, until she had become the petted child of folly—the willing votary to illicit gratifications. Here was the consummation of that life. Abandoned to the care of that God, whose mercy she so long had scoffed at.

But there was one near her who looked up to her as a mother, and that one was a little child, the offspring of a prostitute, to whom Edith had been a friend in brighter hours, and who bequeathed her child to her care. The child looked up to her as a mother, and running into the room—such as it was—awakened Edith from a transient lapse of half sleeping rest, which worn-out nature had at last conceded.

“Mummer, mummer,” exclaimed the child, “look here; pretty picter Charley got! Mummer, kiss Charley.” Edith turned to look upon the child. She had pitied an infant whom fortune had consigned to such a scene for stamping the first impressions of life; and as she turned, she felt conscious that she had been long sleeping, dreaming, or insane. Feebly did she whisper to the child to fetch a packet of letters from a drawer. And then she clutched them eagerly, as if those memorials of the past could ease the pangs of death. She unfolded the letters, and seeking out one, she sent the child for a pen, and directed it to Dr. Percival. The child took it to the woman of the house. She knew that Edith had seen better days: she thought, too, that from its being to a doctor, it might bring some comfort to the house, or at least remove Edith to a hospital to die. Then the woman thought of the funeral, and she sent the letter, lest Edith should die first.

The letter was sent, and Edith was again conscious,—she hoped that she might remain so till Percival came. She knew he would come, but the minutes seemed like hours. She would have prayed to God for help and support, but her tongue clave to her mouth, and her sorrows choked her. Then the hot scalding tears seemed dropping around her like liquid fire. She would have given—but she had nothing to give, so she did not get it—but had she possessed worlds she would have given them for one cup of cold water to cool her parched mouth. She could scarce speak, and her throat was hoarse with the cries which her tortures forced from her. At times when any one came near her, it was but to curse her noise, or to threaten her with the gag. Then they bound her with cords to prevent her violence; and after her moments of delirium she was sane again. Then the minutes seemed endless. She thought that Percival too had forgotten her, and she looked back at the period of her life when her path had been strewn thick with flowers. She felt their thorns now; and she thought till a new fit of madness came, and again she was worn out in vain attempts to break the cords that bound her.

At last Percival came. He had been from home, but on the receipt of the summons, he had set out; and when he reached her bedside, he could hardly believe that the worn and altered woman before him was the ill-fated beauty. At the sight of him, her madness returned with three-fold violence. She cursed every thing that was good, every one that was near her; and she intermingled her ejaculations with mutterings about those who had forsaken her. Percival shuddered at the violence of her manner. He ordered those who had intruded to retire. He tried to open the window, but in vain. He bathed her temples with vinegar, and sat by her for hours. But no consciousness returned. During the early part of the night she lay in a state of insensibility, rocking her head backward and forward on the pillow without ceasing, sometimes muttering names that Percival knew not: at others, she would start up for a moment, gnash her teeth, and throw the few bed-clothes back; then tear off her garments, and with furious menaces sink down exhausted. Then again she would laugh with a wild hysterical chuckle, hollow and forced, a laugh worse than dreadful. Percival knew that life's fitful fever drew near a close. Her pulse accelerated; fits of madness followed in rapid succession; her features grew horribly distorted, and muttered curses revealed to Percival the horrid anguish of her being, that even when uncontrolled by reason gave vent only to curses.

There were none in that haunt of reckless vice, that cared to bestow a single thought upon the dying woman. Sometimes, when a lapse of silence occurred, Percival heard those signs of concealed iniquity, that are but little seen by the casual spectators of the vicious and depraved. Doors opening at all hours of the night; the stealthy step of the slyly cautious man; the loud laugh of the intoxicated prostitute; the constant supplies of liquor, and the lavish expenditure of money—lightly got and lightly gone. After a while Percival thought he perceived a moisture appearing on her forehead, and he argued it to precede a change. He had scarcely observed it, when he heard a heavy footstep ascending the stairs, and the confused sound of voices, as if in opposition or reproach.

"I will see Lucy," said a strong manly voice.

"Do be quiet, Fred," exclaimed one. "You can't see her—she's very bad," said another. "He's deuced wild when he's got a drop," said a third. "I tell you, I will see her," repeated the man. "So — you infernal old faggot. I'll down with you if you don't let me pass."

"She's dying, you brute, she is," returned the woman.

"Dying!" ejaculated he. "You be ——. It's a cursed lie." "It's true, Fred," interposed one of the fainter voices. "Then, by — I will see her. So move, you confounded old ——" Then arose more remonstrances, followed by a scuffle. Percival went to the door just in time to hear a heavy fall, a loud scream, the cries of one or two women, and the heavy step of some one rapidly ascending. Keeping the door in his hand, he awaited the coming of the stranger. At first sight he recognised "Fred," now wildly and brutally intoxicated, degraded in manners, person, and sentiment.

"Who —— are you ?" was his first enquiry of Dr. Percival.

"Be silent," said Percival calmly. "She whom you seek is already in the hands of death. Go away, and let her die in peace."

"I suppose you're the doctor, are you?" returned Fred. "Then I tell you what it is; its all —— lies. Luce, Luce! give us a kiss, girl. You'll be well soon."

Percival tried to turn him away, but in vain.

"Look here, Doctor," he exclaimed. "When I first knew Lucy, I was as innocent as a child. She led me into vice—I called it pleasure then. She helped me to spend more than I earned; and for her sake I robbed my employers. For her I cheated my parents, broke my poor mother's heart, forged on my poor old father; and all for her; and yet you want to turn me out now she is dying. Why, Doctor, for her I have been degraded from society—made an associate with outcasts and wretches. Driven from good to bad—bad to worse—worse to worse—from that to the last extremes of vice, till I am what you see me—the bully of a brothel! Doctor, doctor! don't let her die! She must say, 'God bless you, Fred!' Why, I have given up all the world for her. Lucy, Luce!"

Percival perceived that it was useless to attempt to stop the torrent of his words. The reckless ruffian went up to Edith, and roughly awaked her. "Lucy, I say, Luce!" Edith stared round her wildly—returning consciousness seemed to awaken her to those who were around her.

"Fred, is it you?" she enquired in a low voice. "I am dying."

"No, no, —— that. Not all up yet; eh doctor?"

"It is, it is!" raved Edith, suddenly seized with delirium, as she started up in bed. "Its all over, Fred: but come—one song more." Here she attempted to sing. "Ah, Marden taught me that—Marden—hell fire seize him. Percival!" and she seized his hand with the energy of madness. "Percival, go to Marden. Swear it. Go to him, and curse him with all the damning curses hell ever taught me. Blast him with all the evil wishes that ever burned in a maddened brain!" Here she tore from her bed, looked round with the fury of madness unrestrained, and seizing Percival by the hand, she took that of the suddenly sobered Fred.

"Fred," she exclaimed, "forgive me. Percival, you told me this would end me. Give my last curse to Marden. Tell him he murdered me. Tell him——"

Here with a fit of uncontrolled passion she sunk down exhausted. After a few moments she recovered.

"Fred," exclaimed she, "I see hell and devils dancing round me; and there's my poor old mother trying to scare them off! Ha, they'll have me—they'll have me! Help, help!"

Tears were streaming down the cheeks of the now sober Frederic, but he was awe-struck with the death scene of her he loved. For a few moments Edith was hushed—all was still. The dim grey light had just begun to render the flame of the candle ghastly. The clock chimed four, and again all was repose.

"O God," exclaimed Edith, vainly attempting to rise. God help and pardon me! Father of mercy! Fred, Fred—look at me, and

repent. God of Heaven—" At this moment she fell down on the bed—blood was gushing from her mouth and nostrils—there was a faint gurgling hiccup—a slight tremour of the flesh—and again all was still.

Neither Dr. Percival nor Frederic spoke a word. They were silent and dismayed ; humbled in spirit and in heart at witnessing the last scene in the life of a Beauty.

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READER, my tale is done. Would to God that I might have painted out the death-bed of a repentant sinner : but truth must take the place of fiction ; and I leave it to the novelist to portray what experience rarely sees. My readers of the fair sex may charge me with violating the duties of society, in dragging forward the dark features I have outlined. Alas ! nearly one-twelfth portion of their number in this great metropolis are as lost, as fallen as Edith Hamilton. And must the scenes of incarnate horror—the impenitent deathbeds—the thousands plunging into eternity without one effort to save them—must all these scenes of awful wretchedness be veiled for ever ? No, lady, the wound must be laid bare—it must be probed and cauterized, or it can never be healed. The Christian must light the lamp of active charity, and search diligently for the lost pieces of silver,—those souls lost in moral darkness and destitution. And vice too must be painted without the false sophistry of the novelist, or it can never make the soul recoil with horror. I know well that there exists among women a great and insuperable prejudice against the frail and erring sinner ; and least of all men, would I desire to weaken the natural repugnance that a modest bosom must feel for scenes like those my pen has sought to picture. But I would teach them to regard the outcast as *still* possessing a soul to be saved ; and I would paint to woman the hallelujah choir of angels, outpouring hymns of joy over one repentant soul. I would tell them that HE "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." That "they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And, above all, I would remind them that "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." I would tell them that "out of the heart's abundance the mouth speaketh." And if the tongue revile, can the heart have mercy ? No, lady ; charity dwelleth in the heart, and not upon the lips. Look at the first step of vice—then the last. To stop between is impossible ; and I must paint the end if I would guard any from the beginning. To readers of my own sex I need say little. On the seducer's head must one day recoil the tortures of his victim ; but to those who minister to the support of such a career, I tell them they are filling up a lava draught, that sooner or later must fill the soul of woman with all the fury of irrepressible remorse. And should these pages happily meet the eye of one frail sister of beauty, I would entreat her—pray her to pause : the past can never be reclaimed, but the future may be amended. Error may give place to penitence—sin to repentance. An atonement for human weakness has been offered in the



blood of HIM who perished on the cross; and through him, "the sins that be as scarlet shall be whiter than snow." Repent then! While there is life, there is hope.

There is a plague-spot upon society—corroding and cankering its very vitals—fostered by its indulgencies, and undiminished by its punishments. The young and the lovely wither beneath its blight, and all around them are contaminated by its influence. How few are they who cannot tell of a daughter or a friend undone, a son or a neighbour led into ruin by the fearful fascination of some erring beauty? Alas that human nature should be so fallen! but so it is. The ruin of woman's honour fills the earth with sin, and hell with victims. Legislation can afford no remedy. The only corrective is in a moral education. I would teach every Christian mother, that she may weave around her child a bulwark more impregnable than hardened steel—that virtue, as a principle of action, will place around her child a defence like a circlet of living fire, dismaying the libertine, and disarming the vicious. I would tell her that an empty mind can ill withstand the attacks of the tempter; that in the long catalogue of female ruin, but few are found who have been distinguished for moral or intellectual cultivation. I would have her teach her child, that happiness is only compatible with goodness, that a swerving from rectitude is a voluntary embracing of misery and death; that vice is never so deadly as when arrayed in the colours of virtue; and that the first moment when she can look on vice without detestation she is lost for ever. I know my words may appear superfluous; but when I think upon the thousands hurrying on in their career of sin—when I think how the daughter of a house is its honour and its grace—when I think of the father and mother that loved her—the brother who made her his pride, and the sister on whose bosom she slept—how all of them are utterly lost and dishonoured by a daughter's degradation—when I think of these things...that I am writing to assist the cause of woman's redemption—that I am seeking to gather souls from among the tares that have choked them—I feel that could I dip my pen in everlasting fire, and trace my thoughts in words of burning, they would even then be far from extravagant.

That a record of truth may awaken one to forgiveness—that it may lead many to follow HIM who condemned not, but bade the sinner sin no more—that it may affect the heart with something deeper than a mere passing influence, is the earnest and unvarying prayer of  
IQN.

#### SKETCHES OF THEOSOPHY AND FREEMASONRY.

Few subjects connected with the history of literature are more universally discussed, or less generally understood than Theosophy and Freemasonry. They present a vast and open field of speculation, where truth and error lie mixed and entangled in most disastrous confusion.

A few illustrious authors have thrown an intellectual ray across this chaos of conjectures ; but most of the uninitiated scribblers have doubled its obscurity, by their own hallucinations ; and thus Freemasonry

Has puzzled even by explanation,  
And darkened by elucidation.

Having been, in the days of our youth (*calida juvena Consule Planco*), urged on by a curiosity of knowledge, a regular *cacoethes sciendi*, if not *scribendi*, we availed ourselves of all the ways and means of getting at the truth ; or, as Freemasons call it, *the light*. And being blest with that singularly amiable and diffusive charity which inspires all truly great philosophers (among whom we of course place ourselves, in the very highest rank), we mean to bring *the light* before the public ; for the very same disinterested reason that induces a lad to offer you a link in a November fog.

We perceive that at every stage of our luminous and sparkling progress, we shall have to encounter the sneers and objections of uninitiated and profane cowans ; who, like bats, owls, and other unclean birds, will doubtless be dazzled by the unusual flare-up, and very probably singe their wings in the flame. To all such we say, with Father Orpheus—*Procul, procul, profani*—begone, ye profane babblers, you iniquitous eaves-droppers ! away with your idle jabberings, and unconscionable clamours !

We have used the words Theosophy and Freemasonry as common and nearly synonymous terms ; but in truth Theosophy is by far the best word of the two, as it is far more ancient and more universal. It defines the exact science with which studious and speculative Freemasons are conversant—it embraces the whole history of initiations, in all ages and nations—it includes every denomination of initiated adepts, and every form of the occult sciences.

What then is this Theosophy ?—is it the same as Theology ? No ; it is rather the same as theologic or divine philosophy, properly so called. Theology is a science that belongs to Churches. Theosophy is the broad and varied developement of that science which has been in all ages cultivated in lodges of initiation, among professed initiates esoteric and exoteric.—(*Vide the Theosophical Transactions, published in London during the 17th century.*)

The use of the term Theosophy, as including the whole range of divine philosophy and the occult sciences, is very ancient. Thus, the Jewish Rabbins, of the Cabalistic schools, cultivated their Alhakame. The early Christian Fathers, especially Clemens, Alexandrinus, and Dionysius, the Areopagite, continually use it as implying divine learning and philosophy. Thus we find Scapula defines *θεοσοφία, rerum divinarum scientia* ; and *θεοσοφος, rerum divinarum consultus, in divinis peritus*. We find also Dr. Johnson, on the authority of Coles, Selden, More, Brocklesby, and others, defining it to be “divine wisdom.”

So noble and sublime was this ancient system of Theosophy cultivated in the lodges of initiation from time immemorial, that Kircher, Meursius, Reuchlin, and Dr. Henry More extol it to the skies. The latter, especially in his “Defence of the Philosophic Cabala,” eulogises this great Cabalistic or traditional science of initiation, including the whole range of what are called the occult sciences and arts.

Theosophy, therefore, is the most inclusive, universal, and generic term which we can apply to the learning connected with the initiations in all ages and countries. It comprehends, in the ample sphere of its investigation, cabalism, mythology, astrology, freemasonry, theurgy, magic, alchemy, hieroglyphics, and a great variety of collateral doctrines not easily embraced under any other word.

The extent to which this system of Theosophy pervaded the ancient world is amazing. It was this which formed the central bond of science to all the soothsayers, magicians, mythologists, and mystagogues of the oriental empires. It was the science of Zoroaster, Hermes, Orpheus and Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, Philo, and Origen, and all that were called mystics.

In the middle ages, likewise, this Cabalistic theosophy had immense power and domination. It was patronised by Rufinus, Synesius (the suppositious author of the works that are popularly attributed to Dionysius, the Areopagite), by Photius, Psellus, Paulinus, Alcuin, Geber, Rabanus Maurus, Scotus Erigena; and subsequently by Maimonides, Aben Ezra, Alchindus, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon.

Again, on the revival of letters in Europe, Theosophy was cultivated by Mirandola, Dante, Cornelius Agrippa, Reuchlin, Paracelsus, Riccius, Pistorius, and Postellus. From the writings of these illustrious men it was handed down to Selden and Kircher, Campanella and More, Cudworth and Rust, Glanville and Ashmole; not to mention many others.

Brucker, in his history of Philosophy, very justly observes that "many traces of the Spirit of Theosophy may be found in the whole history of Philosophy." But he confines his own notices of Theosophy to that particular and recent developement of this universal science which sprang up under Paracelsus, and, assuming the name of Rosicrucian Philosophy, was especially devoted to alchemical researches.

The enlarged study of Theosophy has become more imperatively a matter of obligation to the whole body of Freemasons. Let them remember that Theosophy, properly so called, is their own catholic and universal science. It unfolds "that doctrine concerning the Deity, his theophanies and filiations, and their mutual fraternity," which includes the great secret of the initiations.

For want of a more extensive knowledge of Theosophy, and the mythologic and initiated learning, which forms the proper medium between theology on the one hand, and philosophy on the other; both theology and philosophy are placed in apparent opposition and incessant conflict. None can remedy this evil so well as Freemasonic initiates, if they avail themselves of their peculiar resources. They are not the same as theologians; they are not the same as philosophers. But they are bona-fide and essentially Theosophists. And, like all other Theosophists, they cultivate the science of sciences, the art of discovering new arts, through a system of initiations; which is the great distinguishing feature of all Theosophic sects.

Under the name of Theosophists, they would find a vast range of interesting studies laid open before them. They could publish Theosophical magazines and periodicals, like the famous "Theosophical Transactions" edited by Ashmole. They would be able occasionally to open their lodges and clubs to a number of learned and cultivated gentlemen, who

are yet unwilling to bind themselves by the forms of Freemasonic initiation.

In this way, we conceive the whole moral and political power of the Freemasonic body might be vastly exalted in respectability, and extended in efficacy. It would then be better able than it is at present to promote the sacred cause of *Syncretism*, or religious and political coalition and harmony, so dear to the heart of the Freemasonic brethren. This has become more intensely desirable in an age when theological schisms and political factions threaten to overwhelm our country in ruin.

But while we uphold the name of Theosophy, as the exact ancient and universal study of Initiate, we are far from dishonouring that particular branch and section of Theosophic Institution, which passes under the denomination of Freemasonry.

We are among those who believe this identical word, Freemasonry, to have been applied, in very ancient times, both in Oriental and European nations, to signify that science of metaphysical and physical edification and architecture, which in fact involves the whole doctrine of harmonic numbers and proportions, whether intellectual or material.

The Freemasons derive the word masonry from the Hebrew *Makan*, to adapt, whence the Greek *μηχανη*; the Latin *machina* and the English words, machine and mechanics. The word is used in the Hebrew Bible to imply the fabrication of the universe. "Thus, (says Pike, in his *Philosophia Sacra*,) the universe is one vast *mechanism*, as appears from the 8th Psalm:—'When I view thy heavens, which thou hast *machined*.' Again, in the Proverbs:—'In his *machining* the heavens I was there.' The Hebrew word *kan* or *kun*, from whence the foregoing words are formed, properly signifies to place and adapt things together in such a manner as to become fit for operation."

Now the profound science of metaphysical and physical *mechanics*, by which the Deity himself regulated creation—the subtle doctrine of universal edification, adaptation, and harmony, by which all things were originally established and are still maintained, in number and measure, could not fail to mingle itself with the most sublime of mythologic mysteries, revealed in the ancient initiations. These theological mathematics of the ancient theosophists, were as superior to the physical mechanics of our mathematical schools, as the theoretic arithmetic of Pythagoras and Philo, developed by Meursius, More, and Taylor, is to the Cocker in the counting-house.

This grand and all-inclusive system of *mechanery*, from which Lemon and the best etymologists derive the word "masonry" was ever an initiated science, perfectly superior to the common craft or trade of the same name. The very term *free*, implied that it was essentially a liberal and intellectual science, and its professors were those who were freed or emancipated, by the process of initiations, from the enslaving bondage of materialism, in which the uninitiated were supposed to be imprisoned and degraded. All this is implied in the synonymous use of the terms, *free* and *speculative*, among the initiated fraternity of the present day.

Thus the identity of Theosophy and Freemasonry, and the extreme antiquity and universality of both, are allowed by all grave authors who have discussed the subject. One vast and comprehensive system of

theosophy and freemasonry has been common to all times and all nations handed down in a series of initiations, preserving the same essential features under a great variety of names, and conversant with the same occult and mythological sciences, under innumerable forms of exhibition.

This fact is fully confirmed by Oliver, Warburton, Selden, Kircher, Maurice, Bryant, and Faber. They have inseparably connected the history of theosophy and freemasonry with the history of initiations common to the lodges of all ages and nations. No blunder, therefore, can be more gross than the statement that freemasonry is a mere name without a science, and that it is a mere club of recent origin.

Yet the cause of this error is perfectly clear; it consists in names and words. Men seldom look to the essential reality of things; but they perpetually turn their attention to the forms and modes of letters and syllables, the most deceitful of all deceivers. As Cowley happily expresses it:—

We're ill by these grammarians used,  
We are abused by terms—most shamefully abused.

And thus it has fared with theosophy, and especially with freemasonry. The comparative rarity of this identical word in the ancient initiations and its frequency in modern institutions, have induced superficial reasoners to conclude that freemasonry never existed till the middle ages, forgetting that all which constitutes the essence of freemasonry, exists in the oldest books in existence. In fact, they confound this immemorial and universal science, with some of its particular developments in modern Europe, and drop the substance of the truth to snatch at the shadow of a name.

This antiquity and universality of freemasonry, may be proved by all the tests the subject can admit. It is proved by the proper and specific science of theosophy, which has in all ages been the peculiar study of freemasons. The science of theosophy, comprehending all the mythologic and occult sciences and arts, has in all times been connected with initiations, in the most emphatic and distinct sense. It has an idiosyncrasy and distinctiveness about it which cannot be mistaken. It is neither the theology of the church nor the philosophy of the schools, but it is the theosophy of the lodge, which harmonizes and reconciles both. And this theosophy of initiates is so real and *bona fide* a science, that it has swayed the theology and philosophy of all nations, ancient and modern.

You have nothing to do but to look into freemasonic books to be convinced of the truth of this statement. Do you find them books of theology? No! Do you find them books of moral or physical philosophy? No! You find that they are books of theosophy; that peculiar cabalistic and mythological science, which occupies the great chasm or gulf between the theological and philosophical doctrines, and which enables the initiates of the lodge to harmonize those subtle relations of things which strike the uninitiated as incongruous and discordant.

It is no wonder, therefore, that all freemasons should boldly assert the antiquity of their science. And we sympathise and correspond with the declarations of that fine old enthusiast, Preston, when he declares with all the audacity of a game-cock, "from the commencement of the

world we may trace the foundation of masonry. Ever since Symmetry began and Harmony displayed her charms, our order has had a being." Hutchinson, in his "Spirit of Freemasonry," is hardly less magniloquent: "The first stage of masonry took its rise in the earliest times, was originated in the mind of Adam, descended pure through the antediluvian ages," &c. With equal confidence, Town, in his "Speculative Freemasonry:"—"If from our moral principles we date the origin of masonry, we must fix its era co-existent with the Almighty." "Certainly (says Smith, in his Use and Abuse of Freemasonry), the art is coeval with man, the great author of it. Nay, it may well be styled coeval with the creation, when the Sovereign Architect raised, on masonic principles, the beautiful globe." And so

Our first father, Adam—deny it who can?—

A mason was made as soon as a man.—AHIMON REZON.

But as most people are by no means inclined to swallow such startling *ipse dixit* without a grain of salt, we would consider a little more nearly, the proof of the antiquity of freemasonry, derived from the ceremonials of the lodge, and shew that these contain many of the precise terms and forms that were used in the most ancient cabalistic and classical initiations.

Thus Reuchlin, Selden, Kircher, Cornelius Agrippa, and other cabalists, have proved that many of the masonic institutions are essentially cabalistic, and are derived from the cabalistic Jews and Syrians, as clearly as those of the Druses of Mount Lebanon.

From the cabalistic theosophers, are evidently derived the freemasonic stories about Solomon's temple, Jacob's ladder, Hiram, Adoniram, Jachin and Boaz, *et id genus omne*. These are plainly deduced from the initiations of the Syrian cabalists and gnostics, in whose books we find the very same traditions.

Again, if we attend to the theosophic initiations of the Brahmins, the Persians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks, and the secret doctrines respecting the Deity, his theophanies, and divine developements, and filiations, so largely discussed by the mythologists, do we not find the very same species of learning pervading the freemasonic initiations and freemasonic books. For an ample proof of this, we need only refer to the works of Mr. Oliver, the most learned writer on Freemasonry in the present day, and the Freemasons' Quarterly, a periodical of high talent.

If we were asked whether the moral effect of the great system of initiations had been *on the whole good*, we should decidedly answer in the affirmative. Indeed it could not well be otherwise. For the initiations have always contained the chief points of the catholic and universal religion of mankind: and therefore Theosophy and Freemasonry have been almost equally applicable to Jews, Mahomedans, Pagans, and Christians. Theosophists and Freemasons are essentially syncretists; they always agree in the grand elements of theology—the doctrine of moral obligation and fraternal charity; and they agree to differ on those minuter shades of opinion which must be modified by the circumstances of age, rank, and education.

A few of the grand theologic doctrines common to all the initiations, ancient and modern, are the following:—All the initiations conspire to

exhibit one true God and Father, in his universal Theophanies and divine developments. They set forth the great Logostic Theophany restoring mankind by the most divine heroism and self-sacrifice. They illustrate the vast system of filiations that bind all creatures together by laws of fraternity. They confirm the saving doctrine of atonement and sacrifice, and stimulate all the initiates to the heroism that dares and bears all things in the cause of truth and virtue. They show that it is by a system of severe discipline and purgatorial refinements, that the lapsed soul is to be cleansed from the corruptions of materialism; and they impress the belief, that, by these means, we shall attain a glorious and happy immortality. See these doctrines of initiation illustrated by Kircher, Warburton, Oliver, Ash, Hutchinson, Maurice, Bryant, and Faber.

Now there can be little doubt, that, next to the theology of the Church, this theosophy of the lodge has been of eminent service in the world. For ages it preserved the sublimest doctrines of religion, and was cultivated by the greatest and holiest men of the oriental and classical nations, as the chief discipline of education for immortality.

And thus in periods when the Church was confined within narrow and rigid limitations, or driven into the wilderness by the persecuting tyranny of apostates, the Theosophy and Freemasonry of the lodges kept alive the spirit of heroic piety, and inviolable liberty.

M. Mailly has confirmed this view in a spirited sketch of the ancient initiations connected with Freemasonry, which is worth translating.

"The initiations," says he, "hold a distinguished rank in the august order of Freemasonry. They characterise its antiquity and sublimity—they preserve its primitive fervour, and declare its durability. These initiations were practised among ancient peoples, who were our masters in the exercise of civil and moral virtues. The Greeks derived them from the Egyptians, and the Romans borrowed them from the Greeks. This antique and inestimable patrimony has descended to us; and we regard it as one of the most precious possessions of Freemasonry.

"It is a fact recognised by history, that Moses himself was skilful in all the wisdom of Egypt; and the immortal legislator of the Jews doubtless transplanted into his own institutions whatever he found true in the moral, political, and physical sciences, which were symbolised and shadowed forth in the mysterious rites of the Egyptians.

"Let us penetrate, therefore, the Temple of Osiris and Isis; and here we shall behold the first traces of the initiations. Here they rendered their secret adoration to the beneficent Deity—the Author of the vast universe, the Supreme Essence of wisdom and order—whom the initiated worshipped under many names, free from the idolatries of the vulgar million.

"And behold all Asia adoring the god of fire, under the title of Mithra. The splendour of this vivifying emblem still glitters in our temples.

"Would you take a wider survey of the propagation, the development, and the perfection of these allegorical and symbolical practices?

"Let us travel then in the agreeable company of Homer, Hesiod, and Plutarch, and other illustrious investigators, who sought for truth with such ardent enthusiasm among the nations of Asia and Europe.

"And first of all, let us examine those august mysteries celebrated in Samothrace, in honour of that Universal Spirit who is entitled the Mother of the Gods. At a remoter distance, we behold the Indian Bacchus, venerated with gorgeous ceremonials.

"On a sudden, the most majestic music bursts on the ear. Let us listen in silence. Ah! I recognise their harmonies. These are the brave and illustrious Cretans, who solemnise in their full choirs the sacred mysteries of Jupiter, the ruler of deities.

"Not far from thence, you hear a soft and delicate harmony, which swells from a consecrated fraternity, in a region dedicated to social happiness. These are the inhabitants of Amphissa; who in their allegorical rites pay homage to the spirit of Concord, under the name of Castor and Pollux.

"But, behold, mysteries still more delicious and attractive await us on the banks of the sweet streams of Cyprus. Thy altars, O Venus, here glitter with a purer flame; and from all nations, thy worshippers hasten, to pay their solemn devotions to thy sacred and voluptuous initiations.

"Let us thus descend from age to age, borne on the wings of Time; let us become initiated in all the ancient institutions which present us with points of similitude to the sublime order of Freemasonry.

"Already are we arrived at Athens; before us stand the sacred doors of the Temple of Ceres and Proserpine. What do I behold? What a reunion of sages and enlightened men do I see, under these majestic arches. 'Tis not a blind fanaticism which draws them hither: for nature has endowed them with intelligences too noble for hypocrisy. The desire of perfecting mankind by practical morality, was with them no less than with ourselves the great object of union.

"And observe what vast multitudes hasten from the most distant nations, to participate in the famous mysteries of Eleusis. They are called Initiates; and from them the same title has descended on us.

"In this mighty congregation, the respect for virtue is so great, that the Emperor Nero dared not present himself as a candidate for initiation.

"Discretion was here so strictly maintained, that the head of Diogenes was forfeited for having revealed the secrets of the mysteries.

"The doctrine of the initiates was founded on the elements of reason and experience. The illustrious Pythagoras unfolded it in his immortal works.

"The language of Syria and Egypt is very figurative, and full of hieroglyphic signs—it has transmitted to its students the cabalistic and magic style of its symbolic expressions, which still form a distinctive characteristic of our sublime institution.

"In the celebration of the mysteries, we have rapidly traversed, the essential motive was to purify and ameliorate social man: and this is also the object of our masonic labours.

"Thus were the initiates united and confederated under a common banner, around which there rallied the most intelligent portion of society (*ce qu'il y avait d'hommes instruits, surnageant au dessus des flots du vulgaire*).

"The orgies themselves were instituted as a critical *exposé* of polytheism, in order to lead the multitude to the unity of the great Active Principle, the animator of all beings.



"We discover in the primitive mysteries of the Egyptians, celebrated in honour of the Cabiri, sons of Vulcan, and inventors of the arts, that the initiates employed in their laboratories, as allegorical emblems, instruments adapted to the craft of metallurgy.

"I will not here enlarge on the similitude of the forms of initiations, as handed down by the ancients. The initiate made his confession. He wore a scarf, on which was traced a name—the ineffable object of his worship.

"The Greek initiates known under the name of Orphiques, in devoting themselves to their mysterious rites, entered into communion with the divine nature, by refining the soul from all the passions which could oppose an obstacle to this privilege, or overshadow the rays of the divine light, which communicated itself to every mind susceptible of its inspiration, and emulous of its purity.

"A series of ordeals and trials brought the aspirant successively to the knowledge of the mysteries, even to the highest degree of perfectionment. Before he could be admitted to these, he must prove that he was endowed with an heroic and gallant soul, inaccessible to fear and temptation. These ordeals were both moral and physical.

"Amid the ruins of time, we find an invaluable monument of initiations—'tis the reception of Pythagoras among the esoterics. The initiators (say the Greek historians) plunged the candidate into a vault of darkness and shadows. There he heard the noise of winds and tempests, the howling of wild beasts, the hissing of snakes, and the crash of thunder. Invisible hands precipitated him seven times into a river. He was surrounded by serpents that coiled about him, but did not wound him. He passed rapidly from the profoundest gloom to the most intense light. He was hurled from the summit of a lofty tower. He was transported through the air in a chariot of fire. At last he was admitted into the sanctuary, where he learnt the immortal verities which are only presented to men under the veil of symbols.

"How can we doubt the antiquity of freemasonry, after a series of genealogies so constant and so well authenticated. The hand of time has impressed her with the seal of immortality. In all ages, in all theocracies and empires, there have existed initiated associations of enlightened men, lovers of truth occupied in her subtle researches, and depositories of her high mysteries. Whatever has been their denomination, the form of their institution, and the variety of their practice, it is certain that the improvement of social man is the chief object of their solicitude.

"It is absurd, then, to attempt to fix the precise epoch in which our sublime order was founded. Freemasonry is not the conception of an individual—it is the product of moral combinations, confirmed by experience. Like a well-directed vessel, she has weathered the storms and tempests, and escaped the rocks and shoals that threatened her safety; and now she approaches her haven, freighted with the treasures of untold ages.

"It is for the plighted friends of truth to imitate the wisdom and beneficence of the great men who opened their noble career. Let us pursue the traces of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, who, under other denominations and with a different liturgy, were in reality no more or

less than true and illustrious freemasons." So much for the speculations of M. Mailly.

This system of theosophic initiations was carried on during the middle ages, by the Druses, the Paulicians, the Cathari, the Gypsies, the Halywark-men, and a variety of Vehm Gerichtes and secret societies, whose history is very interesting, and very obacure.

The initiations received a new development under the superintendence of the knights templars, and the gorgeous institutions of chivalry. A little information on this branch of their history may be found in Ramsay, Rosetti, Sismondi, and Mill; but the subject is still involved in the most tantalising mystery.

Another developement of these theosophic initiations was accomplished among the Theosophists, Alchemists, and Rosicrucians of Germany in the fifteenth century. Concerning these, we have all the information we can desire, in the works of Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Behmen, Helmont, Fludd, and Ashmole.

We stated, that the Logostic character, example, and sacrifice, illustrated in the ecclesiastical sacraments of baptism, confirmation, and the eucharist, had been likewise indicated in a much more figurative and dramatic form in the three stages of initiation, both ancient and modern. In every one of these do we find the same doctrine concerning a Divine Mediator, at once the pattern and the atonement of men, set before the initiates, under an infinite variety of names and symbolisations.

The references to the character, example, and sacrifice of the Divine Mediator in the successive dispensations of religion, have become so marked in the more modern forms of freemasonic initiation, that they are particularly insisted on by Oliver, Ashe, Smith, and Hutchinson.

"Thus (says Hutchinson in his *Spirit of Freemasonry*) by the apprentices' order is implied the first knowledge of the God of Nature in the earliest age of man. By the craftsmans' order reference is had to the Mosaic legation, and Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. As also to the light which men received for the discovery of the Divine Wisdom by geometrical solutions. But the order of master-masons is analogous to a dispensation, which is far more perfect and sublime."

To the same purport (*Webb's Freemasons' Monitor*). "The initiation into the two first orders, is attended with rites of great solemnity; but those attached to the third degree are calculated to leave a far more lasting impression on the mind, than those which belong to either of the preceding. During the performance of these last ceremonies, of which none but those admitted to the degree of master-mason can have any conception, the soul is struck with reverence, and all the spiritual faculties are called forth to worship and adoration. This order is therefore a positive contradiction to those who know not God, and gives the most irrefragable proof of the resurrection of the body."

The same doctrine is confirmed by the Rev. Dr. Ashe, in his excellent Masonic Manual. "Masons (says he) describing the deplorable estate of religion under the Jewish law, speak in figures. 'Her tomb was in the rubbish and filth cast out from the Temple, and the Acacia spread its branches over her monument.' The Greek name for innocence being similar, implies that the corruptions which crept into the

old law had hid religion from those who sought her, and she was only to be found with Innocence, under the banner of the Messiah, the tree of life: and in regard to masons themselves, it signified that they ought to be distinguished as true Acacians, or innocent people.

"The acquisition of the doctrine of redemption (continues Ashe) is expressed in the typical character of Huramen (the Greek for *I have found*); and by the application of that name with masons, it is implied that we have discovered the knowledge of God and his salvation, and have been redeemed from the sin of death, and the sepulchre of pollution and unrighteousness.

"Thus the master-mason represents a man under the Christian doctrine saved from the grave of iniquity, and raised to the life and grace of salvation.

"As the great testimonial, that we are risen from the state of corruption, we bear the emblem of the Holy Trinity, as the insignia of our vows, and of the origin of the masters' order.

"The master-mason imposes a duty on himself full of moral virtue and Christian charity, by enforcing that brotherly love which every man should extend to his neighbour" (Vide Oliver's Star in the East).

Such is the genuine and true doctrine of freemasonic initiations; and we do not prize this doctrine the less, because it has been sometimes egregiously perverted and corrupted by the foulest abominations in the ancient and modern lodges. We have not to learn, that the best things, when corrupted, become the worst; and that the pure Christianity of universal love has been made the plea for infernal murders and massacres, and the diabolical inquisition, than which there is nothing more damned in hell itself.

Nor have we to learn, that the pure Theosophy of freemasonic lodges has been at many periods abused by the miserable buffooneries of Deism and Atheism, the clamour of impious sophists, the rage of revolutionary demagogues, and the lusts of incurable voluptuaries. We have not to learn, that the noblest secrets of initiation, in passing through the lodges of German illuminati and Gallic Jacobins, became infested with the blasphemous hallucinations of those regicide scoundrels, and an engine of the most diabolical republicanism.

But to reject theosophy and freemasonry, because they have been abused by the passions of wicked men, would be as absurd as to reject religion because it has been perverted to fanaticism; to reject enthusiasm, because it has been overshadowed by delusion; to reject magic, because it has been abused by impostors; and to reject medicine, because it has been maltreated by quacks.

For the same reason, we do not choose to renounce or violate the noble science of theosophy and freemasonry, hallowed as it has been by the study of the holiest sages of all times and nations, because Messrs. Robinson and Barruel have proved, beyond refutation, that freemasonry was corrupted on the continent of Europe by the apostasy of its professors; nor because Messrs. Ward and Co. have told us, that it has been perverted in America to such an atrocity as the murder of Morgan.

Yet, if we must speak our mind freely, we must confess that we prefer theosophy to freemasonry, properly so called. We would rather be reputed a theosopher than a freemason on many accounts.

In the first place, theosophy is the more ancient and universal term, and is popularly understood as comprehending the whole range of mythologic, occult, and symbolic sciences. It openly declares its own meaning, and its own pretensions, and comes before the public without fear or disguise. It frankly challenges the examination and investigation of the profoundest scholars; because it knows that none but the profoundest scholars are competent to analyse the deep and complicated literature connected with it; and none ever examined that literature through years of patient research, without becoming theosophers.

Besides, in theosophy there is no imposture and no quackery. It is a vast mythologic and metaphysical science, whose proofs are drawn from sequences of logical argument that cannot be refuted, and are confirmed by the sincere and weighty testimonies of initiated philosophers of many ages, whose works are in our hands.

No man can therefore be a theosopher by any royal road, or short cut to wisdom. Nothing but the old beaten track of prolonged and unflinching study in recondite, and, perhaps, forbidden literature, will suffice: you must pursue the track of Pythagoras and Plato, and Philo and Origen, Photius and Mirandola, Reuchlin and Agrippa, Kircher and Selden, if you expect to arrive at the same difficult and solitary heights of esoteric and magical wisdom.

Here all is arduous, open, and manly. You shun no question, and you wear no mask. You must be a scholar, and a ripe and good one, or you will never be a theosopher.

The study of theosophy, therefore, includes that of freemasonry, and a great deal beside. At the same time, theosophers do not labour under so rigid an oath and obligation of concealment as attaches to the freemasons. There are many theosophists therefore who, while they are perfectly well acquainted with freemasonry, and can answer every question in it, do not choose to bind themselves by the freemasonic fetters, which, under the plea of extending liberty, sometimes seriously contract it.

We would therefore advise the students of theosophy to be content with their own lodges and clubs, and not to rush without consideration into the initiations of freemasonry, properly so called. As theosophers, you stand in a loftier and freer sphere, and can avail yourselves of all that is most valuable in freemasonry, without its inconveniences. There are, however, many particular reasons and interests which may apply to individuals, and render it desirable for them to take the oaths, &c. &c.

Under the name and character of theosophists, you will be able to do ample justice to the entire subject of freemasonry. You will then embrace the study, connected as it is with the whole history of freemasonry, in all its branches, ancient and modern. You will be free to praise the laudable parts of freemasonry, and blame the culpable, exactly as they merit eulogy or satire. And you will be able to avail yourselves of all its best illustrations to ennoble general literature, and to adorn social converse.

Thus theosophists are the only writers who have ever treated the subject of freemasonry philosophically and impartially; they alone have invested it with the dignity of theosophic science, and placed the freemasonry of the lodge in its true position, midway between the theology of the church, and the philosophy of the schools; they alone have

pointed out its inclusive and universal characteristics, and traced the process of its subtle and metaphysical developements through the whole series of the initiations and the mysteries in all languages, and through the fascinating circles of the mythologic, occult, and symbolic sciences, so elaborated by transcendental scholars, and so utterly misunderstood by the common herd of men.

In these light and unlaborious sketches of theosophy and freemasonry, we shall at least endeavour to open up the way to a more sedulous and extensive study of these mythical branches of learning. We do so, because they are sciences that enter into the very heart of the nature of things and the history of men—sciences that have taxed the sublimest genius, and swayed the deepest destinies of all nations and kingdoms on earth—sciences that are absolutely necessary to explain metaphysics, mythology, magic, astrology, alchemy, and hieroglyphics, which have cast their secret symbols through all popular customs, arts, and craftships—most of which originated among the fraternities of the lodge, and which are often wholly inexplicable without reference to the science of initiations.

We may laugh at the occult sciences if we please, but our fathers honoured them with a reverence and a sedulous cultivation of the most intense and unremitting character. They were not thought unworthy of the attention of Mirandola, Agrippa, Melancthon, Bodin, Kircher, Digby, Bacon, Selden, and Hale; why should they be despised by us; are we a jot wiser or better men than they—more far-sighted, astute, penetrating, and analytical; where is the man alive that can compete with them, either in powers of thought or compass of learning?

Of all the conceits of this conceited age none appears to us more monstrous and extravagant than the idle impertinence of deciding on questions we never studied, and, therefore, cannot possibly understand. It seems to be confessed by all, that it is impossible to make yourself master of the arguments connected with the theosophic sciences, without years of resolute study (*viginti annorum lucubrationes*), and yet every uninitiated smatterer, every woman, nay, every child, will boldly and unhesitatingly pronounce that freemasonry, mythology, and magic, are all humbug, moonshine, nonsense, and lies. How utterly idle and insignificant is the vituperation or ridicule of all such witlings!

Every one is to be believed respecting his own art (*de sua arte cuique credendum est*), we believe the testimony of those concerning a given science, who have studied that given science, and we do not believe those who have not studied it. We, therefore, believe theosophers and freemasons, and magicians, (if they are in other respects credible characters,) when they assure us, after years of study, they are satisfied of the truth of their views, and when they prove that truth, by pointing out causes and producing effects, beyond the sagacity and power of the uninitiated. And that theosophists actually succeed in foretelling and in effecting metaphysical and physical changes, is a matter of fact, confirmed by grave writers in all ages, and probably illustrated by the personal experience of such of our readers as have consulted genuine adepts in the occult sciences. We put the question frankly to them, whether they have not found the words of such theosophists, respecting the invisible relations of things, astonishingly correct? Of course we do not allude

here to the idle and uninstructed impostors that wander about under the plea of fortune-telling, to tell lies, pick pockets, and make fools.

We, therefore, believe the testimony of theosophers respecting their own art, just as we believe the testimony of physicians concerning theirs. Now what should we think of a carpenter or cobbler who began to deride the medical art? we should think him a booby who attempted to judge above his last. We should say to him, "Mr. Cobbler, when we consult you respecting the soling of our boots, we will pay the utmost deference to your judgment, for you understand soling; but we don't give any weight to your judgment in medical matters, because, Mr. Cobbler (with all due reverence be it spoken), you don't understand physic." Now precisely in the same way we should answer a surgeon, who should begin to criticise theosophy. "Doctor, when we wish to be cured of our next fit of gout, we shall certainly apply to you, because you have studied gout; but we do not care a rush for your invectives against theosophy or freemasonry, for you know absolutely nothing of either of them."

The Syncretic rule is of the greatest importance in treating the subject of theosophy and freemasonry, because most of the preceding writers who have discussed it, have fallen into particular if not party views, and instead of delineating the fair proportions of the entire tree of knowledge, have attached themselves to some individual branch or ramification of it, to the rejection of the rest. Hence the grandeur, the harmony, and symmetry of freemasonic science have been sacrificed, and many of its relative doctrines exaggerated into apparent absurdity, while many others remain unknown or unheeded by its professors.

But while we adopt the Syncretic method, which endeavours to harmonise all that is true in each writer on the subject, we would shun that spurious kind of synchysis and confusion, which would jumble together truth and error, good and evil, virtue and vice, and attempt to harmonise things essentially inharmonic and incompatible.

And nowhere can this distinction be more important than here: for while true theosophy, freemasonry, and occult science, are eminently pure, bright, white, and candid, there is another spurious and degenerate kind, essentially diabolical, black, and infernal. While we stand up for the lawful study and cultivation of genuine cabalism, mythology, theurgy, and the magical and thaumaturgic sciences, in their classical and proper sense, as they have been cultivated by Reuchlin, Agrippa, Kircher, Campanella, More, Fludd, Helmont, Ashmole, Glanville, Selden, Heyden, and Sibley, we utterly abjure and abominate that degenerate and spurious kind of magic and goety, with which none can be conversant, but the wicked, the vicious, and the apostate. The purer forms of theurgy and thaumaturgy, have been sanctioned by the practice of saints and prophets, martyrs, truth-devoted sages, and self-immolating philanthropists. Their testimonies to this true and sacred theosophy, conversant with divine and angelic powers, are extant, and give dignity and nobility to the science. But the best things, when corrupted, become the worst, and we have no wish to deny, that there exists a horrible kind of goety, or invocation of evil spirits, comprising the black arts of sorcery, necromancy, and witchcraft, which lie under the anathema of all good men, and are justly banished to the haunts of vice and malice.

There let them dwell, like the ill-omened birds that shun the fair face of day. They love darkness, because their deeds are evil.

Taking this extensive view of the subject, we consider it the more necessary that the present style of Freemasonry should be enlarged and reformed—that its proper moral and intellectual discipline should be more carefully maintained, and that it should be thrown open to popular study, so far as might be done without violating those peculiar secrets and signs of recognition which are essential to the maintenance of the club.

We are anxious for the moral and intellectual amelioration of the Freemasonic fraternity, because we believe that this fraternity has exerted, and is still exerting, very philanthropic influence on the body of society. At the same time, it must be allowed, that at different periods this moral and intellectual discipline, which gives Freemasonry its principal value, has been woefully neglected by many of its individual members; and this to so great a degree as to bring the whole of the Freemasonic institution into disrepute among certain respectable classes, and to raise, both in Europe and America, a strong Anti-masonic body, eager for the abolition of all lodges.

Now, we believe that it is both very possible and very desirable to reform and liberalise Freemasonry, but wholly undesirable, and indeed impossible, to destroy her. You may ennoble, exalt, enlarge, and purify her, but she is stamp'd with the seal of immortality, and you will never crush or annihilate her. And, therefore, the present proceedings of the Anti-masonic party are foolish, vain, and mischievous.

Freemasonry is a great mixed institution, that has descended through all ages and nations. It is essentially mixed and composite, and as Smith so well demonstrates, in his "Use and Abuse of Freemasonry," it contains both good and evil, truth and error. In this respect, it precisely resembles the stage and many other mixed institutions.

Now we say, as to the lodge, what we say as to the stage—the part of true virtue and philanthropy is to reform those mixed institutions which you cannot destroy—to elicit and augment their good qualities, and to reduce their mal-administrations and abuses to the narrowest possible limits. This you can do; but destroy them you cannot. Neither God nor man will suffer you to demolish a mixed institution that contains many acknowledged uses, because it likewise presents many perversions and defects. Hence there is precisely the same sophistry in the arguments of those who would wholly annihilate Freemasonry, as in those of the puritans who would wholly annihilate the drama.

True wisdom is the critical art of justly distinguishing between uses and abuses. We are bound to seek the good, the whole good, and nothing but the good. But the very obligation to seek *the whole good*, forbids us to sacrifice many good characteristics of mixed institutions, because they happen at the same time to subtend a few malign influences. If the Deity were to act on any other rule, the planet we inhabit, and the other Titanian stars of all lapsed intelligences, would be instantly shivered into ruin—but He is more wise and more benevolent. No, we must not destroy the wheat because of the tares that spring up amidst its wholesome verdure. We are bound to preserve the wheat at all events, and, as far as we can, to eradicate the noxious weeds that

entangle and perplex its progress to maturity. This is a very simple, plain, and almost self-evident proposition, yet there is none which people more perversely mistake, and consequently fall into the most atrocious practical blunders.

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### THE QUIET DEAD.

O THE quiet dead ! the quiet dead !  
They sleep at rest in their straitened room ;  
The earth-worm's palace provides their bed,  
To banquet the earth-worm is their doom.  
The sun may shine bright, the stars may rise,  
The world may travel its weary round,  
But never a ray can reach the eyes  
Of those who slumber beneath the ground !

The miser's god was the yellow ore,  
The daily toil of his niggard life ;  
Each added coin that increased his store  
Was dearer than friend, or child, or wife.  
But now he sleeps where no thirst of gain  
Can light up his pulse benumbed and cold ;  
Though near his coffin may lurk the vein  
Of all he valued—the precious gold.

The lover blest in his mistress fair,  
Enraptured hung on her tender smile ;  
And where *she* lingered, the very air  
Of Heaven seemed purer to him the while.  
But now he sleeps where no fond caress  
Can ever his drowsy slumber break ;  
And vainly her melting lip would press ;  
Can her warmest kiss the dead awake ?

The miser's young heir is wild and gay,  
Freely he squanders the old man's store ;  
The lust of pleasure, the rage of play,  
At length will land him on ruin's shore.  
The lover's mistress has dried her tears,  
Another feasts on the ruby lip  
Whose treasures were *his* in by-gone years,  
Whose sweets were only for *him* to sip.

Then better far that within the earth  
The miser lie in his final sleep ;  
For he sees not there the reckless mirth  
Which scatters hoards that he loved to keep.  
And better far that the lover's rest  
Should be where he sleeps in silence now—  
He hears not her, whom his soul loved best,  
Forget her faith for another's vow.



O the quiet dead ! the quiet dead !  
 They sleep at rest in their straitened room ;  
 The earth-worm's palace provides their bed,  
 To banquet the earth-worm is their doom.  
 The sun may shine bright, the stars may rise,  
 The world may travel its weary round,  
 But never a ray can reach the eyes  
 Of those who slumber beneath the ground.

D. G. O.

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### DAFT JESSIE OF LEITH.

*No. 5.—Selected from the Records of the Eccentric Club.*

*By Order, NICK SOBER, Hon. Sec.*

"MANY a touching scene I witnessed during the war," said the Major, as he placed his fore-finger pensively by the side of his nose, and threw his right leg over his left. "I have seen more than most men." "So have all travellers," interrupted Balance, half ironically and half seriously. "Right, Ned; but now all mankind are broken loose upon the world; and if you tell a good story now-a-days, ten to one but your young traveller can tell you a better. This makes a prudent man silent; and the world loses, on account of this traveller's itch, a good deal of amusement,—ay, and of instruction too: more's the pity for it! This disease is a frightfully contagious one—worse than the real Scotch fiddle; and the sick man begins to find it so, for though he must carry it about with him, he begins to be a little ashamed of it. Now, during the war, if a fellow told a marvellous tale, he told it so roundly that every body knew the worth of it; but your modern tale-teller is a shrewd dog, and mystifies you so completely with his asseverating grimaces, that he would shake even the incredulity of a barrister, despite his quips and his cranks and his cross-questioning. But it won't do: an old soldier is not to be frightened by blank cartridge. Look you, my friends, a shotted cannon won't make a louder report than an unshotted one, but then it will strike and the other won't, and that's the difference between the real truth and the likelihood." Ned here threw out a hint that he suspected the Major to be an artilleryman, but upon what grounds we do not know. The Major, however, taking the remark literally—for he always fires point blank himself—protested that he belonged to the Line, and to the —; we believe he here named the number of his regiment, but we have forgotten it.

"There are many things that turn up during a life of adventure," resumed the Major, "which a quiet civilian would hardly dream of. A drawing-room carpet is not a map of the world, and a feather bed is something more comfortable than the branches of a prickly pear tree, which once fell to my lot, as I leaped over the ramparts of a fort in the West Indies, when the French rushed in at the other side."—"Running away is a fit which generally seizes on brave men once in

their lives," said Ned. "Frederick the Great made what soldiers call a hasty retreat at Mollwitz; Murat, fancying the enemy was in the rear instead of in front, did the same thing. You may, my dear Major, be a greater hero than we take you for." There was a mixture of civility and irony in Ned's manner which troubled a little the Major's comprehension, more especially as Dick Careless indulged in that grave smile which often steals across his features at the observations of the sprightly member. "Every man does not get his deserts," remarked the worthy officer in a dubious tone. "True;" interrupted Ned: "the Romans gave an obsidional crown to him who first scaled the ramparts: pity you were not a Roman!" The smile grew broader, and the Major, beginning to perceive a glimmer of moonshine through this dark wit, answered hastily, "Speak plainly; Mr. Balance, you may as well abuse a man behind his back, as slur him in this sleight-of-hand way. I don't like a man to give me a blow, and then beg my pardon, and say he did not mean it!" The Major's blood was up; the glow of anger spread over his cheek; but it flickered like a flame, and died away in a moment.

A pause ensued, during which the testy officer took a draught of rum and water, and lit his cigar. As he was about to return his cigar case to his pocket, he looked around him in a peculiar scrutinising manner, as a seaman glances at the sky to ascertain the state of the atmosphere, and opening his case again, and smiling, perhaps at his own intemperance, he stretched his arm across the table, and begged Ned to take a cigar for company's sake. This was done in such a generous, touching manner, that we verily believe that Manlove would, if it were possible, have leaped into the bosom of the amiable officer. He fidgetted about on his chair, and his eyes glistened with the ardent feelings that moved his heart. We know of no man who has a quicker and livelier appreciation of any thing lovely, estimable, noble, or virtuous in human character than Mr. Giles Manlove. A kind word or action operates on him as the approach of the finger affects the sensitive plant, and throws all his frame into a commotion, sometimes so intense that his delight has evidently had a dash of pain in it. Such are the men who go about the world doing good, soothing the sorrowful, assisting the indigent, and encouraging the virtuous. These are the true citizens of the world,—the real brethren of universal humanity. What if Mr. Giles Manlove sometimes betray an unsound judgment? we love him for his very weakness. What if he and the Doctor sometimes gnaw tough arguments upon the propriety of experimenting on living animals until there is scarcely an inch of argument left to divide between them? we honour him for his fervent benevolence. Let the hard of heart and the foolish sneer if they will; Mr. Giles Manlove can afford to pity them.

Humour and cheerfulness were soon again diffused among the members; and the poet, who was always glad to hear any of the stories of the war which the Major retained closeted up in his memory, requested that he would divert them that evening with some agreeable narration. The Major was seldom backward at a call of this kind, and he was more willing to accede now, as it had evidently been his intention when he joined the club to amuse us in this way. "You

know, Dick," said the Major in reply, "I can't use such long words as you can, and may be can't work a thing up so as to make a good story; but I can tell circumstances just as they happened; and as they affected me, perhaps they will affect you too."

"Once, on the field of battle, an old comrade of mine was struck down with a sabre: he was a kind-hearted fellow, and I liked him; and when I was able I went to the hospital to see how he was. Poor fellow! he was lying on straw in one corner of an old barn, and his head was leaning on the shafts of a waggon. On one side of him was my man Flint, looking piteously in his countenance; and on the other, an old woman, called Peggy Miles, a follower of the camp, who placed one arm around his neck, and held a cup of water to his lips with the other. I stood still for a moment to regard him,—he moaned—and my heart bled. 'How is he now, Flint?' said I. 'Dying, Sir. The last drop has ebbed from the wound—the spring is almost dried up; he may live five minutes, not more.' 'How knowest thou?' interrupted I. 'Art thou the surgeon? there is hope while the life is in him; surgery will cure him.' 'He is past all surgery, Sir,' answered he. 'Dr. Graves has seen him; and 'tis all over with him in this world.' My bosom heaved—I looked on the brave fellow again; his lips were blue, and his head was turned away, resting on the arms of the old woman. She was a poor shrivelled creature, withered like an autumnal leaf: yet there was some goodness left in her, which the ribaldry of camps could not pollute. She had a blue, watery eye—perhaps it was a tear which glistened in it; and I think so the more, because as she swept his locks over his brow, and gave him the water to drink, she sighed, and ejaculated in a plaintive soliloquising tone: 'I was a mither ance.' I know not how it was; but these words affected me deeply, and I have ever remembered them with melancholy feelings. Flint cast his eyes from the dying man to his nurse, and from the nurse to the dying man, and so on, again and again. I knew what was passing in his mind; but there was no resemblance between them. The good fellow saw his error, and when the wounded man groaned, his heart softened,—he passed the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, and complained that the cold wind made them water."

"It was touchingly impressive. 'I was a mither ance,' said she, and offered him the cup to drink. She was clearly thinking of the mother who would lament him: the pangs of a bereft mother were known to her, and she had a deep sympathy for affliction; for her own children had died in battle like him, without a friend to hear their last sigh."

"So much tenderness in an aged bosom was like a spring in an Arabian desert. All was drought and desolation around it; but here were the pure gushing waters, where the thirsty and the weary might come and drink. There was a history of sorrow in her words,—few though they were—but they were full of sensibility, of simplicity, goodness, love. 'I was a mither ance!' Forgive me, I almost weep to repeat them." The Major did weep, to the honour of his heart be it said, but he recovered himself soon, and continued:—

"I sent Flint for the doctor; but as he went away he shook his head, feeling that it was useless. He was a smart man; and his

opinion was, I feared, but too just. I went to the window, and drew back a cloth that was placed there to keep out the light, and then taking the hand of my poor friend very gently within my own, I pressed it; the touch thrilled through his soul: I felt his fingers close upon mine, and he cast his glassy eyes upon me. He seemed to struggle for a moment with renewed animation—but it was transitory,—his eyes fixed; he gasped. 'Wilt thou take a little wine?' said I. He muttered something between his lips, but it was unintelligible. I turned away to get the draught for him, but he gasped again. I put my hand against his side; it was cold—very cold. His heart quivered—I heard a low inspiration—I gazed anxiously on his features, and asked internally, 'Is this life or death?' My soul vibrated; but life gave no sign. 'Is he dead?' 'Yes!'

"At this moment the Doctor and Flint entered; but my heart bounded into my throat, and I pointed to the corpse. The ghastly eyes were still looking towards the ceiling, as if searching after the soul that had gone into eternity: the Doctor put his fingers on his wrist, but there was no pulse; the machine was stopped—the engine was broken up. The old woman saw the doctor's judgment in his hopeless countenance, and, ready to perform the last office, she stooped down, and, without speaking, closed the eyelids of the corpse.

"The sick man had not spoken a word, but affliction requires no complaint to touch the soul. He had been my companion, and the chances of war had taken him away. 'Twas a sad reflection, my friends; and a soldier, though spilling blood, can be sad sometimes over the misfortunes he is the author of. Here was the body of my poor friend lying prostrate like a deserted city. I knew it in its prosperity, when the life-blood was circulating through it, diffusing strength and happiness; the workmen were at their labour, and the sentinels were on duty keeping watch against the enemy. Then the glorious city feared nothing, and held the enemy in defiance; but the ravager came suddenly upon it in the night, when the sentinels had no warning, and the workmen were unprepared: the city was sacked; the soul—the commandant—fled, and the other inhabitants were put to the sword; the walls were razed to the ground, and the city was a desolate ruin. Death is the great enemy of the world; we should therefore be prepared to encounter him. While I looked piteously on the dead body, Flint came up to me, and said doubtfully, 'This will be the last of Captain Lyon's battles, Sir.' 'Yes, Flint, it is a battle we must all fight; and it will be the better for us if we are victorious. The Articles of War forbid our running away; and if we are beaten, the enemy will put us in chains for ever.' 'A good soldier,' said he, 'would not mind these terms if death were a fair fighter, but you cannot wound him.' 'This is a mistake of thine, Flint,' answered I. 'Death may be slain, if a man will do his duty. A man must carry the sword of Truth in his bosom. Do you read your Bible, Flint?' 'A'nt please your honour, I do,' replied he, 'and I remember now it is something as you say.' 'Read it whenever you can, Flint; for it contains the Christian's Articles of War, and I'll warrant me you will be the better soldier for it.' Flint understood my allusion, and promised to study

it carefully : ' For in such a fight as this,' said he, ' every man should know the rules of the contest.'

" I have been imperceptibly drawn into a longer account of this little incident than I intended," said the Major ; " but the thing took possession of my mind, and I could not finish it sooner. 'Tis but a poor tale, I know ; but there is that in it, which if Dick had it, he might turn to something good." "'Tis best in thine own style," answered Dick ; " adornment would spoil it. A simple incident should be simply told." The Major felt the compliment, for he held Dick's critical talents in very high esteem. Even Ned said something in praise, and his customary sarcastic temper seemed to be quelled by the genuine earnestness of the Major's narration. We have often observed, that there is no member of the club who can so effectually harmonise our feelings as the Major ; and we think that this power is due, in a great measure, to the simplicity and truth of his manner. Earnestness is the secret of eloquence ; and if a man would impress his hearers with such sentiments as he would convey, he must himself feel, or seem to feel, their whole weight in his own heart. This is the peculiarity of the Major, who is thus naturally eloquent. His gesture and action always accompany the sentiment, and give infinite force to the pathos of his expression. We are very sorry that our readers cannot get a glance at the worthy officer during the narration of one of his touching stories, because we feel that our report does him very inadequate justice ; for, in his moments of inspiration, a very potent charm beams in his countenance, which we find impossible to delineate with the pen. A motion was once brought before the club for the admission of visitors ; but it was negatived. The members, however, have lately become less ascetic, and we expect that visitors will shortly be allowed to attend our meetings, on the presentation of a member's ticket. This information will doubtless give pleasure to many who have been introduced spiritually to the members through the records.

" It was but a short time after the occurrence of this event, my friends," said the Major, apparently in the cue to continue his desultory tales, " that I fell in with a man who exceedingly astonished me ; but the story begins in early years ; and let me return to them. I was then a youth, and, I fear, a wild one—a tree that threw out young wood abundantly, but bore no fruit—pity for it—for an unsettled disposition was ever my bane ; beware of it. I was a Leith-man, and was never remarkable for anything, but making up a party to go to a penny wedding, or to take a speculative trip to Dalkeith. On these adventures, Jamie Morrison was always my companion. He was a merry fellow, with light heels for the strathspey, and a sweet lip for the bottle. Jamie was a little poetical too ; and let me tell you, Dick, if you can make anything of it, that many an hour I have spent with Jamie and Robby Burns, singing songs, and making them. Poor Rob ! His evil, too, was a wayward disposition. He was much older than myself, for I was but a boy ; yet I was fond of going to a house of entertainment where Robby resorted, standing treat, and enjoying a little jovial companionship. I did not know then that Robby's name was spread over the wide

world, but wherever I afterwards went, to the Indies or the Continent, and found Scotchmen, there I heard the same songs that I had heard Robby sing. Old thoughts and feelings rushed back upon my heart; and while I was proud to say that I knew the poet, a tear fell in pity for the man. Robby Burns is gone, and we must all go after him.

"Life, my friends, is often as brilliant as a rocket, and as transient too. We are thrown into the world; the flame breaks forth like a meteor, and burns with a bright glow; but it consumes its own nourishment, and suddenly dies away. It becomes blue; it sinks; revives perhaps for a moment; the eyes watch its re-illumination with anxiety. Ah! it sinks again; the flame scatters; and"—the Major raised his hand towards the ceiling, as if tracing its progress downwards—" 'tis the last spark; it falls, falls; it is not gone yet;"—the Major drew in his hand, and passed it before his eyes—"it is burnt out; you can see it no more; all is dark—dark as the grave! 'Twas but a brief flame; let us learn to read by its light. The rocket is thrown up as the signal for action; let us take warning, and be ready for the fight."

The Major stopped, for he seemed to have lost the train of his story; but after a little consideration, and a few whiffs of his cigar, which is a wonderful assistant to his memory, he recommenced thus: "Well, Jamie Morrison was a gay light-hearted fellow, about eighteen years of age, with a bosom lively to love, friendship, and all other generous emotions. His figure was tall and firmly knit together, and being conscious of superior strength, he often exposed himself to greater dangers than there was any occasion for. A bright blue eye, ever beaming with kindness and merriment, gave character to a handsome face, and let us into the boundless ocean of benevolence that swelled in his heart. Jamie loved a lass called Jessie Macreight, a sweet creature, spare as a Norway fir, but 'beautiful exceedingly.' I can remember the lovely girl with as clear vision as if I saw her pretty face shining in my glass," said the Major, as he raised the rum and water to his lips; "and her spirits were as warm and true to a man as this liquor here—which is not mean commendation—let her life be the witness of it. I once had a lurking fondness for Jessie," continued the worthy man, with a mixture of simplicity and archness; "but Jamie got before me in the adventure, beat me with forced marches and countermarches, and, at last, arrived at the citadel, stormed, and took it before I came up. We continued, however, the best friends, and Jamie often made me the repository of his love secrets, nothing doubting my interest in his heart.

"It was growing into the winter months, and Jamie usually spent his evenings at Jessie Macreight's, and, indeed, scarcely ever missed an opportunity of being in her company. The lassie had one of the finest voices I ever heard, as full and flexible as the nightingale's; and she charmed her lover, by adapting his songs to some of the popular Scottish airs, such as, 'Farewell to Lochaber,' 'Within a mile of Edinburgh,' 'O Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me?' and the incomparable 'Sweet Jessie of Dunblane,' which were her favourites. I frequently went with my friend, and as I could whistle a little on the

flute, and he had an excellent bass voice, we could get up a very agreeable concert, and could spend the evenings very pleasantly. But pleasures pure as these cannot last long; there is an envious influence in the world that is always breaking the strings of harmony, and throwing discord into our amusements. It is a sad fatality of life; but we must take the rough with the smooth; and as in a voyage a man cannot always expect favourable breezes, but must be occasionally tempest-tossed; so in life we must, during the calm, prepare for the storm, and during the storm, console ourselves with hopes of a calm. I have known enough of life, my friends, to know this," said the Major, with an air of experience. "I have been, in the morning, drinking and laughing with my comrades, and by noon struggling with them in the thick of the battle. These things teach men wisdom, and it is their own faults if soldiers are not philosophers." The Doctor here knit his brows, and was evidently calculating the possibilities of such an alliance. He was the more puzzled in his disquisition, as he entertained no high opinion of the Major's philosophical acumen. But leaving the Doctor to his doubts and subtleties, let us follow the Major in his narration.

"The winter of the year 1792 set in very cold, and we were glad to occupy our minds with social pleasures; for all out-of-door exercise was prevented by the snow. This was, under the circumstances, an agreeable alternative to my friend, for he was thus thrown more into the society of the fascinating Jessie Macreight. The merry season of Yule at length arrived, and brought with it the usual festivities. Jamie was the foremost in leading on the circle of pleasures, and wherever there was a rustic merrymaking, he was sure to be present. An invitation was unnecessary. Jamie depended upon his natural gaiety of heart to ensure for himself a hearty reception. These feasts were kept up with the usual Scotch spirit of sociality till Hogmanay night, or the night preceding New Year's morning, when, alas! poor Jamie found that poison had been instilled into his cup of pleasure.

"He had seen his lovely Jessie in the morning, and had requested her to sing, almost in the spirit of prophecy, the plaintive ditty of Lochaber; yet little did he then think, that the words ending the first verse would form so apt a description of his future condition:

‘These tears that I shed are a’ for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
May be to return to Lochaber no more.’

"But such coincidences happen in life, and they are strange indeed. Perhaps Jessie Macreight had never looked more beautiful than on the present occasion; for she had joined with her lover in the revelry of the season, and had often received the tribute of admiration which grace and beauty ever exact. She smiled frankly, and moved fleetly and gracefully as a sea-mew skimming the surface of the waters. I saw her sitting on the knee of her lover, with one hand closed in his, and with the other tossing about the auburn locks that straggled profusely around his forehead. It was done in the confidence of love and truth; perhaps perfidy had not yet entered the sanctuary of a Scotch cottage.

"Many people, in this age of corruption, may smile at the simplicity of Jessie; I weep at it, while I love to remember it. O sweet simplicity! thou offspring of Love and Virtue! in how many native charms art thou drest; and yet how awful art thou in the midst of thy fascinations! Like a beautiful temple art thou dedicated to the Divinity. We admire the elegance of thy proportions and the grace of thy decorations; but our hearts are sobered down to piety, for we feel that thou art the sanctuary of Truth! Are there any, sweet Simplicity, who would profane thine altar-place, and make a mockery of thine innocence! Let us believe, for the honour of human nature, that there are none. All who love in truth must adore thee! Who is so hardened to the tender susceptibilities of our nature, as to despise such coy outpourings of affection as flowed from the bosom of Jessie? Dear maiden! none can dare to deride thee; Truth and Innocence are thy spear and shield. Let them endeavour to undermine thee by cunning, attack thee by stratagem, deceive thee by false marches, or rashly rush against thy couched spear, still they cannot harm thee; Virtue will sound her trumpet, and Charity, and Valour, tried veterans, will rally to give thee aid. And yet the ways of the world are strange! They were so to thee, Jessie; I grieve much."

The Major paused, and seemed to be reflecting sorrowfully on past events. He placed his hand upon his forehead, drew it gently across, and then said, "Poor Jessie! thy heart was too tender to combat with the vicissitudes of this world; 'tis too mournful to think of thee. 'Take thou care, Jessie,' said I, as she thrust her fingers through the hair of her lover; 'there may be a snake hid among the tresses.' She blushed for a moment, then cast a look of confidence on the youth, and answered, 'I can charm it if there be; its sting will never give me pain.' Jamie pressed her to his bosom, and the liquid light of love beamed through his eyes. The youth now rose to depart; Jessie followed him to the door. 'Wilt thou be a true lover,' asked she, 'and be the first with thy hot-pint?' 'Dost thou doubt me, Jessie? Truly thou hast a low opinion of my love for thee.' 'Nay, thou art an idle fellow; Mike will be here before thee.' 'Ah, Jessie,' replied he, 'tis unkind of thee, but I will be the first fit, as I love thee.' The maiden was about to withdraw, laughing, but Jamie caught her hand. 'Thou shalt not,' she exclaimed, in a sweet voice, and she covered her face with her left hand. Jamie drew it aside. 'Nay, an' thou dost, I will not love thee.' Jamie gazed on her features, as the disordered hair fell over them. He saw no denial there, and bending his head, while a triumphant smile played about his lips, he pressed her rosy cheek, and she fled.

"Jamie left the cottage in proud elation of spirit; and feeling his soul winged for enterprise and pleasure, he proposed that we should visit some of our neighbours, and dip into their whiskey-casks, in acknowledgment of the hospitality of the season. I agreed, for I had nothing, at that time, to occupy me but pleasure; but it was a foolish thing, and many a time since have I repented of it. We called on many acquaintances, and as we partook of the generous beverage offered to us at every house, we were brisker than we ought



to have been, when we ended our visits. The evening set in, and as we were willing to finish the day as we had begun it, we went to a neighbouring farmer's house, and joined in a lively Scotch reel, and played in all other Christmas gambols. Thus towards the end of the evening, our spirits were raised to a pitch of intense excitement, careless alike of danger and its consequences.

"The clock had struck twelve, and the watchman echoed it through the streets, when Jamie, determined to be the first fit at Jessie's dwelling, took his hot-pint and his short-bread, and sallied from his house. He was far gone in liquor, and at such times was of a quick temper. Intemperance, my friends, is the curse of the heart," said the Major, with energy, while he unconsciously lifted the glass to his lips. Balance smiled, and winked his eye at Dick Careless, who quietly removed the spirits from the Major's elbow.

"I have known more men lose character and life," continued the worthy officer, "by hard drinking, than, perhaps, by any other means. It is a foul spirit, and when it goes into the heart, all goodness goes out of it. Jamie, unfortunately for him, was but too addicted to whiskey, and too susceptible of the influence of it; and that ruined him. A man may have a lading aboard of all good principles, but if his reason, the captain, lose the command of the tiller, by such a folly as this, it will surely be the wreck of them. Let us always keep a steady eye to the wind, for a sudden squall will upset the stoutest vessel. Jamie was going to Jessie's, and, perhaps, not walking oversteadily, when he met with several other youngsters bound on a similar errand. They were all pretty full of whiskey, and on some altercation taking place, they fell to blows, and a general scuffle ensued. The noise brought a watchman to the place, who, by virtue of his office of maintaining the peace, went in among the combatants. The first person whom he grasped was Jamie, who in his struggle to separate himself from the clutch of the other, raised his bottle, and struck him on the temples. The man reeled, fell to the ground, and rose no more. The young men immediately dispersed in terror, and left Jamie alone beside the corpse. He parted the grey locks from the old man's forehead, and saw the blood issuing from the deadly wound he had given him. There was no motion in his limbs, nor pulsation at his heart; and when Jamie felt convinced that life was gone, he threw himself upon the ground, tore his hair, and wept like a poor child. The spirit of manhood left him, for the suddenness of terror paralysed his strength. This frenzy lasted a few minutes, and then becoming conscious of his own danger, he ran home, to seek shelter from the law. I was in the house when he arrived, and a wilder expression scarcely ever before sat upon a man's face. His eyes rolled incessantly to different parts of the room, as if suspicious of danger; he breathed quickly and anxiously; his body trembled; his hair was roughly disordered; and alarm marked his countenance. His mother's anxiety was instantly awakened. 'What ails thee, Jamie?' said she. He stared at her vacantly, turned away, and burst into tears. His mother placed her arm around his neck, and pressed him to her bosom, while a tear trickled over her wrinkled cheek, and she continued: 'Do speak

to thy mother, Jamie; an' sure something has happened to thee? Art thou hurt, or ——' 'O mother, mother, mother!' exclaimed he rapidly, and walked in trepidation across the room. His father now interfered, and begged him in a tone of doubt, not unmixed with harshness, to disclose the cause of his sorrow. The poor fellow could not bear it; he staggered, fell upon his father's shoulder, and sobbed piteously. The tears rushed into my eyes. 'Jamie,' said I, 'an' wilt thou not be open with us? Thou canst not have aught to hide from thy mother?' 'I cannot tell,' answered he, 'and yet—it will break your hearts—do not—do not ask me.' His mother took his hand, and with the most supplicating expression of face I ever saw, said in stifled accents: 'Thou wilt break it, Jamie, an' you tell me not of it. Think that it is the mother that bare thee, that is now begging of thee—tell me, Jamie—thou canst not fear thine own mother!' There is something deep and awful in domestic grief," said the Major, "and such a touching trial of feeling is never to be forgotten. It comes back upon my heart with the freshness of reality, and I can see the father, mother, and son, supporting each other in one embrace.

"Jamie knew that the dreadful news must be communicated, and fearing to acquaint his mother with his own lips, he gently released himself from her embrace, and taking his father a little aside, he whispered something in his ear which made the old man start back in an agony: he gazed upon his son in an inexpressible manner, and animation seemed to be suspended: 'twas a fearful pause—his wife ran up to him, and recalled him to consciousness. 'O Jamie, Jamie!' he cried out, and the tears burst their flood-gates, and coursed along his cheeks, 'twas an ill deed, God forgive thee—God forgive thee, my son!' The mother soon learned the intelligence from the father, and such a scene of sorrow as I then witnessed would melt the hardest heart. Sighs and sobs were the only audible sounds, and each figure sat motionless as a stone. 'Tis all before me;" continued the Major, "even the sheep-dog partook of the general grief, and crouching at the feet of his master, uttered a mournful howl, that thrilled on the feelings of humanity. It was a chord struck in harmony with sorrow, and smote our trembling hearts. Unhappy Jamie, there is a deep lesson in thy life." The Major's voice sunk to a low earthy tone; he hemmed once and again to clear his throat, and sighed. The short interruption which followed gave an opportunity to Manlove to express the tender perturbation of his spirit. He lamented the untimely accident, and inveighed in general terms against the use of ardent spirits. The Major now recovered himself, and explained that discipline was everything; that it was the abuse and not the use of whiskey that did the injury, and made the final peroration to his argument by begging the Poet to pass him the glass, that he might moisten his throat, in order to continue his story. The Poet granted the request, and the Major continued.

"The night was advancing, and the parents felt it necessary to adopt some immediate steps to secure their son from the law. Many were the schemes proposed and rejected, till the youth himself suggested that he should be hidden in a vault in the Canongate kirk, which belonged to the family. The plan was considered feasible, and the

father and son immediately set out during the darkness of night for the churchyard. They arrived there unperceived; the son entered the vault, shook hands with his father, but uttered not a syllable.

"On the next morning the neighbourhood was in an uproar; the law officers ran about in quest of the culprit, and ransacked every part of his father's house, where a man could possibly be hidden. The parents were subjected to a rigid examination, but nothing was obtained concerning the hiding-place of their son. For upwards of a week the quest was continued unabated, but no discovery took place. Meanwhile, the father went every night to the vault with the food necessary for the sustenance of the youth, and hearing that a vessel was about to leave Leith for foreign parts, engaged a passage for his son.

"From this time nothing more was heard of Jamie Morrison, and the rumour of the town gradually died away. Although speedily forgotten by others, yet there was one bosom that ever remembered him—one heart that was still bound to his by a link that could never be broken: it was now the unfortunate Jessie Macreight. Lovely Jessie! but I cannot now touch upon her fate; it would unman me." The Major hesitated. "Well, my friends, I did not remain at home long after this, but entered the army, to seek the fortune of a soldier—a hard service, and yet one that is congenial to manhood: to-day without any food but green grapes, and glad to get them; to-morrow marching over flinty roads, with an enemy worrying you in the rear, and cutting down the weary and the wounded; now retreating, now advancing, and broken down with the fatigues of countermarches, lying supinely on the heath at night, with the great coat of a dead comrade for a pillow.

"Years elapsed; I had fought in almost every quarter of the globe, and had at length got to Flanders, serving in the army which acted in concert with the Allied Powers. After an engagement that had taken place, I was ordered, with a detachment and several wounded troops, to proceed to a division of the army stationed between Douay and Valenciennes, on the French frontier. The former town lay in our line of march, and if we could get permission to pass through it, we should save several miles, which was of great importance to men wounded in battle, and harassed by long marches. It was evening when we summoned the town; but the authorities, doubtful whom to favour or oppose, kept us long at the gate, professing, as we spoke half in English and half in bad French, that they did not understand our request. None of my men talked their language, but luckily there was an officer in their garrison who could speak good English, and he was made interpreter. He explained our jaded condition to the commandant, who, seeing that we had no hostile object, let us pass through the town. I drew up my men in the market-place for some time, while the baggage-waggons were passing through; and during the time I remained here, the interpreter advanced, and asked me if I was not a Scotchman, to which I replied in the affirmative. 'Then come with me,' said he, 'I wish some talk with you.' The stranger had the Scotch brogue, and evidently was not a Frenchman; but whenever I spoke rather loudly, he bade me be silent; 'For,' said he, 'the commandant will be suspicious of a plot, if he should hear that I am

acquainted with you.' 'With me! How can that be?' said I. 'I never saw you before!' 'Hush! come in.' We entered a private house, and giving me a chair, he sate opposite to me. 'You come from Leith?' said he inquiringly. 'I do.' He hesitated, and sighed from the very bottom of his chest. 'I know that—you lived at Muirfield.' 'Indeed! but who are you; we are not on equal footing!' I stared in astonishment, and endeavoured to scan the features of my new acquaintance, so as to recognise them. 'Do you think me much changed?' said he, observing my attentive look. 'Ah, grief has blasted me, no doubt! Don't you remember?' 'What! you! bless me! Jamie Morrison!' The memory of the man rushed through me like the shock of the first sound of battle. 'The same, Jamie Morrison!' he replied, and he embraced me with a burst of old affection. 'How are they all, my mother, father, and Jessie—how are they?' 'All dead,' answered I, 'but Jessie.' 'Dead!' he repeated, and sitting pensively for a moment with his brow upon his hand, he said, though I could hardly distinguish the words: 'More than one, then, has died on my account!' He then raised his eyes towards mine, as if he would speak, but his tongue was paralysed, and a tear glistened like a dewdrop in the sun. 'Well, Jamie,' said I, 'I hope you are a happy man now.' He looked at me—perhaps he thought I was mocking him; but heaven will witness to the earnestness of my soul: 'twas no mockery, and yet,"—the Major sighed—"it cut him to the heart; he looked at me, his eyes fell again. 'I was a fool!'" said the Major, interrupting himself, and striking his knee rather forcibly with his clenched hand—"I was a fool for it! The poor fellow could make no answer. He shook his head, and as he bent it on his chest, a tear trickled down, and fell on his hand. I fixed my eye on it in sorrow; it reflected my own face as if to upbraid me, and I grieved. My sight grew misty; I could see it no longer; a tear twinkled in my eyelid, and trembled glistening over the lash—retired; rolled again on the lash—it hung quivering—dropped, and mingled its repentant waters with the other. 'Twas the holy alliance of grief—the union of two souls—the seal of friendship. 'And Jessie is still living?' said he, recovering himself. 'It is many years since I was at Leith,' answered I, 'but I have no reason to doubt it.' 'When you return, tell her you have seen me, and—no, tell her no more; we have been separated long, and must be separated for ever!' His hand fell heavily on his knee, as if it had been suddenly turned into clay, and he was lost in abstraction. The evening slipped away; and Jamie began to think it prudent that I should depart. We embraced ardently, and I went into the market-place, drew up my men, marched through the town, and encamped without the walls. Jamie, however, saw me the next morning before I set out, and again besought me to remember him to Jessie.

"When the campaign ended, I was ordered home, and taking advantage of the opportunity, I got leave of absence to visit my friends at Leith. I made the journey in one of the traders that were usually employed to carry men, newly enlisted, from Leith to Chatham. This was a better mode of travelling to an old soldier than going by coach, which was insufferably tedious. The captain of this vessel was a

rough, weather-beaten fellow, with much coarseness, and not a little drollery in his manners. He seemed to have but a small portion of sensibility; and if he could not treat misfortune rudely, he endeavoured to raise a laugh at it. Nevertheless I talked much to him, and made many enquiries concerning my native town. He, at first, answered me briefly, but afterwards, he indulged more in his rough humour, and gave me many graphic sketches of persons and things. 'Thou hast not been to Scotland of late,' said he. 'That's not strange: I bring many men from Scotland, but I carry very few back to it. Society is not deep enough there for good fishing, or, perhaps the fish are too wary. You may cast the hook many a time before you catch a Scot or his purse. It is a bad coast to get under a lee bow: Daft Jessie saved me last voyage, and, God bless her, she shewed more wit than many wiser ones.' 'Who is daft Jessie?' enquired I, somewhat tremulously. 'Hoot man! don't you know her? She is a hundred years old they say, though they lie; she looks sixteen, and never seems to grow older. Poor creature! she did me a good turn when I struck on the sands last voyage; she brought me a rope in her skiff, and saved the vessel. No, no, daft Jessie is a good soul!' This expression of gratitude from the bosom of the rough mariner touched me tenderly. 'And is it Jessie Macreight you mean?' I inquired in an anxious tone. 'Ay, it is: her lover was obliged to fly from the country some years ago; and they say that drove her mad. That's rather hard to believe; but if she's mad, she's a kind creature for all that. She is walking for ever on the sands, or rowing about in her little skiff, and she sings like a mermaid. All the world knows her, and when you enter Leith harbour, it's bad luck if you don't see daft Jessie: but she is always there. She never speaks, and that's odd in a woman—perhaps, the greatest proof of her madness; but daft Jessie is withal a good soul!' Poor Jessie always was a good soul, thought I, and she must be a good soul to get thy commendation. I sate down with my arms folded, and fell into deep contemplation. Reminiscences of the past and the changes of the present occupied my thoughts, and threw me into a melancholy that had a strong tincture of grief in it. The revolutions of time teach us the uncertainty of life, and the frailty of our own nature, and humiliate our confidence in the things of the world. 'Do you see that black spot, Sir,' said the skipper, 'rising over the weather bow?' Placing my hand over my brow to shade my eyes from the rays of the setting sun, I looked through the rattlins, and after a moment's search, I saw a small boat, swimming on the waves, with one person sitting up in the stern of it. 'That is daft Jessie,' said he. 'It is now growing near sunset, and perhaps she will be on the beach by the time we land. She is seldom on the water after sun-down.' I kept my eyes on the small object with a keen gaze, until, as we approached the town, I saw the maiden guide her boat to a distant part of the beach, and, after fastening it to a stone, pass slowly along the sands.

"Anxious to accost her, I begged to be immediately set on shore, and the master willingly granted me my request. 'She will not speak to you,' said he, as I placed my foot upon the beach. I did not answer, but resolved to make myself known to her. As I turned off in the direction of the maiden, I observed that she frequently stopped, and looked anxiously along the horizon; and after one of those searching

glances, she sate down on a balk of timber that was lying on the sand close by her. I would not approach her suddenly lest I should alarm her, but, being acquainted with the favorite songs of her youth, I hummed, as I advanced, the beautiful 'Jessie of Dunblane.' As soon as she heard the notes, she turned her head over her shoulder to discover who sung them, and then, as if losing all interest, she again looked towards the horizon. I now approached her seat, and seeing that she was not frightened, I sate down beside her. I had scarcely placed myself here, when she took up in a low voice the notes of the song where I had ended; but she ventured not to sing them aloud, and methought there was a plaintive tremulousness in her voice which arose from past remembrances. 'Tis a sweet ditty,' said I, in the kindest tone I could assume; 'but it suits best the cheerful simplicity of youth. I love it because mine early days are dear to me.' The mysterious maiden now looked deep into my eyes, and then turning away suddenly, crossed her hands over her bosom. Her features were the same as they ever were, and truly, as the skipper said, 'She seemed never to grow older.' Her face, though pale as the froth that broke on the beach before her, was yet unwrinkled, as if Beauty, jealous of the ravages of Time, seemed resolute to consecrate her to herself, by changing her, while yet a lass, into marble. She wore a plaid dress of a graceful form, and went barefooted. 'Dost thou know me, Jessie?' said I, again looking into her face; 'thou hast not forgotten all the friends of thy youth? thine old friend Mike has not forgotten thee, Jessie!' I would have said more, but I could not. My heart choked me when I saw the tear start into the eye of the maiden. 'Hush!' answered she, in a whisper, while she held up her finger and looked anxiously around her. 'They are after him—they have not done with him yet. Come into the skiff, or they will take us to the vault: they cannot reach us on the water.' She rose, walked rapidly across the sand, and I followed her. The rope was unloosed in a moment, and we were borne on the bosom of the ocean. Jessie took the oar, and with a little exertion sent the light shalop beyond earshot of the land; but she did not speak again, until impelled by feelings of curiosity and benevolence, I said softly, as if meant for her ear alone, 'I have seen Jamie; he thinks of you, and bade me tell you so.' 'Don't name him,' answered she, in the same low tremulous voice, 'they will hear you. His hands were not bloody? Ha!' 'No, Jessie,' replied I, 'they were very white.' 'Hush!' she interrupted, 'they won't believe you. They say blood won't wash out; and they tell strange things of him: but he is gone over the waters, and when the sun sets, I can sometimes see his red hand in the sky. He moans very often when the storm blows, and then I listen and weep.' She spake low and querulously, and sobbed. 'His voice is not changed, though he speaks to me softer than ever; they never hear him—she added, bending towards me, and looking mysteriously into my face—'since he went away; it is ——' The poor creature stopped abruptly, muttered to herself, and shook her head; she then extended her lean hand, and attempted to make a calculation with her fingers; but she stopped, and shook her head again. 'Tis twenty years, Jessie,' said I. 'So long!' Her eyelids drooped, and she was evidently looking into her own soul. I spake to her to dissolve her reverie, but she sate statue-

like, heedless of every thing. Her hands were crossed over her bosom as before, and once, in a low, almost indistinguishable tone, she said, 'Hush!' I gazed upon her with a feeling of sacred awe, and fell gradually into a silent communion with her soul: my eyes were riveted on her pallid face, and I felt as if an angel sat before me.

"A shudder passed through her frame. 'Jessie,' said I, 'the moon is rising; art thou not cold?' and I took her hand within my own to warm it there. She looked at me, and then at the moon, but she answered not a word. 'Thy blood must be chilled, Jessie,' continued I tenderly. 'Rest thy head on my bosom, and warm thyself at my heart.' She seemed regardless of what I said; and yet, as one might think contemning my solicitude, she dipped her hand into the sea, as the moonbeams played there, and bathed her temples with it. One hand had yet remained in mine, but she now withdrew it; and taking up a chaplet of seaweed, that was lying on the bottom of the boat, she placed it on her head. It was a strange thought of her's, but it accorded with the melancholy dampness of her spirits. She then took the oar, and glided the boat still further from the sands; and when she had done this, she turned her face to the moon, and began, in a low tone, the old song, 'Farewell to Lochaber.' As she proceeded in it, her voice increased in volume and harmony, and I recognised in it the same thrilling tones, that sung the same song on the morning before Hogmanay, twenty years ago. It was, perhaps, more touching than ever; and some of the cadences were modulated so feelingly, that, as they fell upon my ear, they opened the springs of feeling within me, and the tears gushed over my cheek. Nothing human but poor Jessie was my witness; and I indulged freely in the tender mood.

"When she had finished the farewell strain, she turned the skiff towards the beach, and within a few minutes the keel touched the sand. She tied the boat to the accustomed stone, and as we left I offered to assist her; but she sprang from me, and saying, 'Hush!' in a tone of cautious alarm, at the same time that she placed her cold finger to her lip, she darted up a narrow lane, and her tall slight figure was soon lost to my gaze. I often saw Jessie walking on the beach, or swimming about in her skiff, after this time; but, although she always glanced in recognition, she never again spoke to me. Her heart was broken, and her tongue silent!

"Daft Jessie is now no more. She went in her boat as usual one windy night; but in the morning the boat was seen, but Jessie was not in it. She was lost to the world long before, and few grieved for her; yet those who knew her early, sorrowed for her long."

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## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

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### I.—PAPAL INTRIGUES IN GERMANY.

[*To the Editor of the "Monthly Magazine."*]

SIR,—The moderation you display in the midst of the wild clamour and fierce party strife which is now desolating this country; and the truly Catholic spirit with which you acknowledge and appreciate the good

which is found in all sects of religionists, deserve the sincere gratitude of every lover of his kind. I particularly admire your courage in impartially considering the Romanists at a moment when Protestantism is exalted into an idol—a god of purity and light, without a blemish or spot; while, by way of contrast, Popery is represented as a demon of darkness, without a spark of good in its whole composition. You distinguish, of course, between the vast body which composes the church which is pleased to call itself Catholic, and the miserable junto of debauchee cardinals, pope's barbers, mistresses, and a host of hangers on of the Roman *curia*, which in the name of an old man with a triple crown, called pope, rules their hierarchy, and strives, through them, to rule and domineer over the whole civilised world.

You want the Romanists to disclaim the persecuting spirit which in the times of our fathers lighted the fires of persecution: but they will never do that which would compromise the claim of Rome to infallibility. Those fires were approved, nay, ordered by former Popes, and the present Pope and all his successors could not, without suicidal inconsistency, declare what were then called acts of faith to have been judicial murders. But there is not even the remotest inclination to do so. When, after a desolating war of thirty years' duration, the weary nations and princes concluded the peace of Westphalia, on the basis of equality of the Lutheran and Calvinist churches in Germany with the Romish, the Pope of the time solemnly protested against this act of mutual toleration, as an infringement of the first law of God. And although experience has shown that that treaty worked beneficially in practice, and the Romish church, although at peace with her sister churches, maintained its ground and prospered, when the German princes renewed in 1814 the ancient federal band on the same principle of mutual toleration and regard, the Pope again protested. In the former instance, the world laughed at the mad attempt to stop the course of events by a piece of parchment; and when the latter occurred, Europe was so much taken up with Napoleon's return from Elba, that the *brutum fulmen* was not even noticed.

But will any one, who observes what is now going on in Prussia, say that such proceedings did not deserve notice? The pope had entered into a *concordat* with the monarch of that country, by which the affairs of the Romish church, shattered as they had been during the French occupation, were, through the munificence of a Protestant sovereign, restored to nearly their former splendour. At the same time, the laws of the country respecting mixed marriages, and the supervision of the state over its ecclesiastical servants were acknowledged by the see of Rome, and the Government obtained the same privilege which had long been claimed and exercised by the Governments of France, Austria, and Bavaria, that all correspondence between the clergy and the Pope should pass through the ministry of ecclesiastical affairs, and that no papal ordinance should have validity in the country without the previous sanction of the king. How Rome and the hierarchy have kept these treaties the world has seen. On the instigation of the archbishop of Cologne, publicly approved of by the Pope, the Romish priests now refuse to sanction marriages between one of their flock and a Protestant, unless security be given that all the children of the parties shall be



brought up in their faith; and they have even been required to refuse the rites of their church to the party who should not submit to this tyrannical injunction. This same archbishop has acted in the most arbitrary manner against the Romish professors at the university of Bonn, suspected of being disciples of the celebrated Hermes, on the strength of a papal condemnation of the writings of their master, communicated through the Belgian newspapers.

When after all these and many more aggressions on the rights of the state, the Government forcibly removed the rebellious prelate from his see, the Pope issued a document of the most inflammatory kind, and Professor Goerres, of Munich, was induced to write against the king of Prussia in a manner which, without the utmost caution of the Government, would have driven the credulous Papists of its Rhenish provinces into open rebellion. Happily, however, all Catholics are not Papists; and more than one voice has been raised, among the enlightened portion of this numerous class of religionists, in favour of the State and the Protestant churches, and against the Roman usurpation. One of the most active of these, from the beginning of the contest, is Ellendorf. Although inferior to Goerres in style and dialectical powers, he has dared to enter the lists with that formidable champion of ultramontan claims. This man, formerly a violent Jacobin, and derider of all religion, then a servant of Napoleon, afterwards a fierce defender of German independence, and again a violent demagogue in opposition to the Prussian Government, is now, under the fostering care of the King of Bavaria, fighting the battle of the Roman *curia*, which, in order to replenish its empty coffers, is generally making desperate efforts to bring back the north of Europe under its galling yoke. The choice has been a wise one. Goerres is a dexterous fencer and consummate sophist, who fights with words as if they were things, and therefore peculiarly adapted to dazzle the ignorant multitude, to excite their passions, to render them mistrustful of their Protestant Governments, and intolerant towards their evangelical (I use the term as employed by the Protestants of Germany) neighbours, and all this under the mask of meekness and forbearance, which is to persuade the world that revolution and persecution are not the objects of his party. That the Prussian Government would not dismiss without investigation and trial certain Roman Catholic theological professors, obnoxious to the Archbishop, he calls an attempt gradually to undermine "the holy doctrines of the church." The professors who, relying on the protection of the laws of their country, would not resign their offices upon the mere *dictum* of their prelate, and who "rendered unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's," are stigmatised by him as apostates, purchased by the state for the nefarious purposes he attributes to it. If the King of Prussia, faithful to his own church and Protestant people, the public law of Germany, and especially the fundamental laws of his own country, attempts to oppose the proselyting claims of Rome with regard to mixed marriages, he is pointed out as pursuing a scheme gradually to deprive the Roman Catholics of Prussia of their sacraments. The church is represented as in a state of oppression and captivity, and its votaries are exhorted—to rise in arms? O no! For that Mr. Goerres and his party are too wise in their generation. After all the arts of rhetorical

falsehood have been exhausted to sting them to madness, they are told in honied words to submit for conscience' sake, but to watch against stratagems, to pray for the liberation of the church from "foreign" bondage, yet to be bold as lions in all things when it is necessary, rather to obey God than man. "The whole strength of his rhetoric," says Marheinecke, a Protestant divine, "lies in the ambiguity with which he constantly speaks of 'the church.' The church is in itself, for every conscious Christian, an idea of the most venerable kind; from it the sovereign receives his faith, and the state its most sacred sanctions. Of this idea Mr. Goerres takes hold, but only to substitute for it, in the rapid course and play of his eloquence, a thing which no longer is the church, and then to claim for this thing all the honours and privileges which are due to the true church. If you ask him, do you understand by *church* the pure, primitive Christian church, he will refer you to its human representatives, and the church with him is then nothing more than Popedom, priesthood, and all the perverseness and mischief which have passed themselves in the world for *the church*; he will also call it, as having pushed itself in between the primitive church and its restoration, *the historical tradition, the objective side*—nay, even the *paraclete* acting in the church. But if you again ask him, Whether by church he really means the Pope, the Bishops, the Jesuits, &c., he will reply, (no one would suppose that speaking of the church he only alluded to men!) No, he says then, it is a high power, scarcely differing from the Deity itself, which would meet the state with its stern rebuke, and open for it a dangerous futurity, if it dared to lay its hands on a rebellious priest."

On this subject the Catholic Ellendorf, in his epistle to Goerres, published under the title of *Thomas à Becket*, addresses him thus: "The church is the case which encloses the divine jewel. The latter consists in the treasure of doctrine and the means of grace, in which the continuance of redemption is humanly revealed, and reaches every individual. And as the doctrine can only be transmitted by man, and the grace is bound up with external signs, as it were the conductors by which they are conveyed to our souls, it was necessary to appoint men to preach the word, and exhibit the symbols of grace to other men. This is the priesthood in the church, out of which, analogous to other human institutions, grew up the hierarchy. And this you confound with the church—nay, with Christianity itself, and commit, on the very threshold of your deduction, a most serious and egregious mistake. For you remove that human hierarchy out of the sphere of humanity, making it divine; and yet the members of the hierarchy are still men standing as much in need of the treasures of Christianity as we poor sinners do. And while you thus identify the divine nature of the church with the humanity of the priesthood, you subject it to human weaknesses, perverseness, and error, and pull it down from its stainless heavenly purity into the dust of earthly pollution and frailty. The hierarchy, however, is not the church, it is only its servant, and, as in the state, bad servants may forget their calling, and ruin the state itself, without the idea of the state and its blessings being thereby destroyed, the hierarchy was able to do the same with regard to the church, without annihilating it, standing as it does beyond the sphere of human corruption."

This principle, and the fact that the hierarchy, so miscalling itself the church, has corrupted what it was called to represent, has abused

the spiritual power necessarily connected with its sacred office, for the love of rule and the lust of dominion, and that on the acquisition of these it has for many centuries past, even to the present time, employed the most nefarious means,—wars, rebellion, persecution, murder, perjury, &c., and, instead of a blessing, has become the curse of the world, may be said to be the theme of this author, and the developement and proofs of it form the burden of his numerous and still continued writings. Yet his is not mere empty declamation, slander, and abuse—the favourite weapons of his opponents; he opens the pages of history, and shows to all who have eyes to see, through the streams of blood with which they are stained, that the Romish church has been a step-mother to her children, a rabid, scolding, swearing, and cursing hag, fishing on all sides for power and possession, and using fire, sword, and dagger to defend every particle she had once acquired, never renouncing a tittle of her unfounded claims, and ever ready to re-assert what she had once lost, or to gain what she had never possessed. He makes it evident that the Reformation became indispensable through her corruption and sins; that it was the work of God to save his church, and prevent Christianity from being extirpated from the face of the earth. Yet, while this fact stared in her face,—while Protestantism established itself in spite of all her wicked efforts to hinder it, and Protestant states, after a deadly struggle, maintained honourable places in the European republic, and were acknowledged by all other powers on the footing of equality, she continues to protest against their existence, declares them to be nullities, and denies them every right in opposition to her priesthood, or even for themselves.

The following passage on the Reformation is peculiarly felicitous, and is powerfully expressed:—“Your view that God had only *permitted* and not *ordained*, the Protestant confessions and their equality of right with the Catholic church, I deny, because I believe in history and providence.

“History shows incontestably that the church greatly needed a reform in both its head and members, a purification of its doctrine and of the means of grace, from the abuses which had clung to their exercise; and the church itself has acknowledged this need. History further shows us incontestably, that the heads of the church refused that reformation, and did their utmost to prevent it: witness the records of the councils of Constance, Basil, Pisa, and Florence. God, who had promised to be with his church alway, was, therefore, compelled to interpose to save his beloved bride from destruction, and he ordained the Reformation. He has not permitted—no, he has ordained it. He had only permitted the degeneracy—the corruption of the church (for such was sin), and that God only permits, and does not ordain; but the Reformation is a divine ordinance, and a work of his planning. For unless you assume this, you can never justify Providence, but must eternally accuse it. For millions of men, with millions of their posterity, have, some without their knowledge, some contrary to their inclination, and some with a burning thirst after truth which could no longer shine from a corrupt church, passed over to the Reformation, adopted its doctrines, and can, therefore, according to the teaching of the (Roman) Catholic church, not be saved. Could God permit an event of such dreadful consequences to innocent millions? Nothing happens without him but sin; but he who will call the apostasy of the Reformation a sin, who will impute it to

the millions who followed it, and extend it to the millions of their posterity, making it an angel with a flaming sword to bar their way to heaven, must have lost both head and heart.

"If, then, the Reformation is a work of God's providence—if he introduced it to save and restore his church—if in its long life-struggle he has given it success and victory, and made it take root in the law and right of nations—it does not become the Romish clergy to refuse the recognition of that church and its rights; the less so, as it was they who, by their perverseness and degeneracy, have brought about the Reformation. Even if they regard it only as permitted of God, they are bound to acknowledge it; for that he did so, was in consequence of their transgression.

"And if you say, The Catholic church has indeed not approved of the Reformation, but it has permitted it, and recognised the equality of the human right of the other confessions equal to her own, and, moreover, inviolably preserved that charity which, being the groundwork of Christianity, is superior to all right—if you say so, history will laugh you to scorn, showing you that Pius IV. despatched an army of mercenaries to France, with the command to spare no Huguenot; that Paul IV. sent soldiers to Germany, in order, conjointly with Charles V., to extirpate the Protestants; that the Popes did the same in the thirty years' war, and blessed Ferdinand VII. for again Romanising Austria and Bohemia by force; that Alba received from Rome a consecrated sword to destroy the Protestants in the Netherlands; that Gregory XIII. had a *Te Deum* sung, and the cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo fired, in consequence of the massacres of St. Bartholemew, because the heretical brood had been destroyed; that the Popes encouraged Philip II. to conquer England and bring it back into the bosom of the only saving church; that they publicly praised Louis XIV. and XV. for the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the forcible conversion of Protestants, and approved of this injustice and breach of a solemn treaty; that General Daun, as late as the seven years' war, received from Rome a consecrated hat and sword because he had defeated the heretical Frederick II. at Collin; that the church set up the Inquisition against Protestants, which deprived the condemned of their lives, and at least of their property, honours, and civil rights; that the Popes protested, not only against the peace of Westphalia, but, only 25 years ago, against the act of the German confederation, because the Protestants received in them an equality of civil and ecclesiastical rights with the Romanists."—*Der erste Triarier von I. von Goerres, von I. Ellendorf*, pp. 133, &c.

Thus this writer constantly goes back to history to show what the hierarchy has been; and then comes back to the present time, to show that it is still the same, always taking care to add the documents on which his deductions are founded. When, for instance, he has depicted in his larger historical work, the *Carlovingians and the Hierarchy of their Times*, how the Papacy, by means of false documents (the decretals), and by a skilful use of circumstances, contrived to lay the foundation of its temporal supremacy in Europe, and in another, *Bernard of Clairvaux and the Hierarchy of his Time*, how this ill-gotten supremacy was used, and to what a state of wretchedness it reduced the Christian world, both temporally and spiritually, he recalls us, in his

*Historisch-Kirchenrechtliche Blätter für Deutschland*, to our own days. Among other valuable documents presented in this periodical, we find an energetic letter of the present Pope, Gregory XVI., in which His Holiness declares the liberty of thought, of worship, and of the press, a *curst pestilence*, which all bishops are called upon to oppose, and, if possible, to banish from the face of the earth. Yet the most remarkable feature of the modern warfare of Popery, and which, more than any thing else, shews the want of principle and the subjection to expediency of the Roman *curia*, are the following facts. While they fiercely vindicate their assumed rights and church liberties in Prussia, which, in its disjointed position, and with the supposed hostility of its Papistical subjects on the Rhine and Poland, was considered defenceless, they allow these same rights and liberties to remain still in abeyance, not only in Roman Catholic France, Austria, and Bavaria, but also under the Protestant governments of Wirtemberg, Baden, and Darmstadt. While the Pope, immediately on the receipt of the news of the captivity of the Prussian archbishop, broke out into the fiercest denunciations against the government of Berlin, he silently allows the Emperor of Russia to deprive him of four millions of his spiritual subjects by a stroke of the pen, and to send refractory clergymen by scores to Siberia.

I am, &c., A. B.

## II.—A REMEDY FOR PAUPERISM.

FROM A PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

[To the Editor of the "*Monthly Magazine*."]

SIR.—The liberality of your principles induces me to presume you will admit in your columns the following outline of Fourier's plan for improving the condition of the poor. It is merely a preliminary step to higher orders of improvement, but, nevertheless, it is of considerable importance as a practical measure for diminishing pauperism.

After carefully perusing the Report of the Irish Poor Law Commissioners, and making a special visit to Ireland for the purpose of examining the state of the poor of that country, I am strongly convinced of the necessity for improving the plan of operation which the government has adopted for Ireland as well as England; and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that a very simple modification may render the New Poor Law System, as useful as it would otherwise prove ineffectual.

One of the most effectual methods of relieving society from the pressure of pauperism, would be to establish Joint-Stock-Union-Banks in all agricultural districts, and as Union Workhouses have already been built in England, and similar buildings are about being erected for the same purpose in Ireland, it would be both easy and advisable to convert these establishments into Joint-Stock-Union-Banks, according to the plan which we here propose.

The government establishes a Joint-Stock-Union-Bank in each agricultural district. A building is erected large enough to accommodate several hundred very poor persons of different sexes, and conveniences

are secured for erecting work-shops, store-houses, stabling, and other industrial buildings at different times, as it may be found necessary to increase the extent and importance of the establishment. The building should be situated near a current of water which is not liable to be dried up in summer, when agricultural and manufacturing operations require a constant supply of water.

Those very indigent persons in the district, who have not the means of living by their labour without applying to the parish for relief, would be taken into the Banking establishment, and regularly disciplined in various industrial occupations. They would be fed, clothed and lodged in the most economical manner compatible with health and comfort. Their labour would be paid at a fair price, and every inducement would be held out to encourage them in placing their surplus earnings in the Savings' Bank. Those who were not able to labour, would be kept in the most economical manner, at the expense of the parish, or district.

These Banking establishments would have a double object in view : that of usefully employing the indigent poor, and that of drawing capital to the useful industry of agriculture ; and, besides these positive functions, they would effect a variety of beneficial results, in diminishing pauperism, crime, idleness, depravity, and many other social evils.

One of the principal functions of the Bank would be, to lend money to those farmers and tradesmen who are paralyzed in their industry for want of capital : but, as the object of the institution is not merely to get money by money lending, the conditions of rendering assistance to the agriculturist would be made subservient to general interests.

Money would be lent on the deposit of grain or any other marketable produce, and, as the Bank establishment would become a mart for agricultural produce, it would employ the indigent labourers properly trained, to take care of its stores, and charge a very moderate price for store-room and labour, besides a trifling commission on the sale of the article. The Bank would be a productive agricultural and manufacturing establishment, and also a sort of commercial depôt, where money would be advanced to those persons who employed the Bank as a commissioned agent for the sale of goods or produce.

A sum amounting to two thirds of the estimated value of the deposit, would be lent at an interest of six per cent. without any extra charges.

This would enable small farmers and manufacturers to wait until their produce could be sold advantageously, without crippling their industry by a lack of capital or an exorbitant tax of usury. It would also employ a number of labourers in the care and management of stores, and where the farmers themselves were exceedingly poor, they might be usefully employed in various ways by the Bank.

The Bank would in no case have the right of purchasing the produce which had been deposited ; so that its only interest in the sale would be the commission. If these Banks were allowed to purchase the deposits, they would soon become monopolisers ; but such a course, being directly in opposition to the principles of the institution, should be strictly forbidden. One of the fundamental principles of the establishment of Joint-Stock-Union-Banks, is to do away gradually with a portion of that unnecessary dealing and retailing which now exists to the injury of all classes. It is also intended to diminish the practice of

*intermediate* possession : that is to say, merchants and tradesmen ought not to be the owners of the goods which they sell ; they should be agents of the producers, and be entitled to a commission on the sale ; but they should not be allowed to purchase for themselves, and put what price they like as a profit on goods which pass through their hands. In an uncivilised state, absolute liberty may be very useful, but, in a highly civilised state, absolute liberty becomes despotic anarchy ; and so it is with the present state of commerce.

The Bank, then, would do business on commission only ; and after the sale, the market price of the goods would be paid to the owner of the deposit, who would have a right of deliberating concerning the advantages of selling or waiting for a better market.

The Bank would rent several hundred acres of land in its immediate vicinity, with a view to purchasing the same at the earliest convenience. The poorest labourers of the neighbourhood would be occasionally employed, as well as the inmates of the establishment, in the various branches of industry ; and these labourers would be fed in the cheapest and best possible style, compatible with the nature of the Bank, whether they were lodged or not within its walls. But as the resources of the Bank increased, the hired labourers might be lodged and clothed in the most comfortable and economical manner, and their numbers increased in proportion to the success of the establishment.

As the labouring population advanced in discipline, the various branches of industry might be rendered attractive, by applying the compound principle of division in labour ; *i. e.* instead of keeping four men twelve hours together, each at one particular function, employ the four men together in each function, and change the occupation every three hours. Shorten time by increasing numbers. This method makes labour agreeable by the gaiety of companions, and the change of occupation, and, in most cases, it may be rendered as advantageous as it is agreeable.

In course of time, the following series of industrial operations might be successively added to the original institution, and form a constant source of employment to the poor of the neighbourhood, as well as a powerful means of practical education and improvement in the arts of industry.

1. An economical baking establishment to furnish wholesome bread to the poor, at the cheapest possible rate.

2. A similar establishment for butcher's meat, of all sorts.

3. " " for grocery and all the common necessities of life.

4. Several different branches of manufacture, such as confectionery, and other light occupations in which children might be usefully employed.

Glove making, stocking-weaving, and all light branches of manufacture in which women might be numerous and profitably engaged.

Cabinet-making, and other trades in which men might be advantageously occupied.

In agricultural districts, such branches of manufacture as do not require permanent attention should be preferred, so as to occupy the population in those seasons when agricultural labour is not required.

Besides these branches of industry, the establishment might undertake,

5. An extensive system of market-gardening.
6. " " for breeding all sorts of fowls.
7. " " for breeding cattle of all sorts.
8. " " for carrying merchandise, running coaches on certain branches of road, posting, and indeed, for all sorts of profitable conveyance.

To these and other branches of productive industry might be added,

9. An office for general insurance, either on the individual or the mutual principle, or on both. Life assurance, fire assurance, and other branches of general insurance.

10. A Savings' Bank office might also be added, on principles which will be explained presently.

In fact, a considerable number of industrial operations might be carried on by the Banking establishment, to the great advantage of agricultural districts in particular.

The difficulty of organising such an institution does not consist in finding suitable branches of industry, but, in preventing such a powerful centre of operation from becoming an oppressive monopoly; and this may be easily effected by associating the middle class with the extremes in society, the government and the indigent labourers.

1. The government would grant charters for certain districts to different corporate bodies.

2. These general corporations would form Joint-Stock-Union-Banks in those parishes which were deemed most proper for the establishment of such Banks.

3. The amount of capital which was deemed necessary for the establishment of each Bank, would be divided into small shares of fifty, forty, thirty or twenty pounds each, as the case might be.

4. These shares would be taken by the middle class in general, or, at any rate, no one individual would be allowed to retain more than a certain number of shares, as a permanent holding. The object being to interest as great a number of persons as possible in the success of each individual Bank, and also to prevent any one individual or set of individuals, from acquiring an undue influence. Certain persons might however, be allowed to hold, conditionally, more than the fixed number of shares, in cases where a sufficient number of small share-holders could not be found at once.

These shares would be divided into three different classes: The rich, the middle, and the labouring classes. If we suppose 600 shares of £40 each, they would be divided thus:—labouring 100 shares, middle class, 200 shares, rich class, 300 shares.

These distinctions apply more to the interest of the capital, than to the rank of the holder, as the interest would be different on each class of shares.

Whatever was the general amount of dividend obtained by the Bank, that proportion would be given to the middle class; but the dividend of the labouring class would be a little higher, and that of the rich class a little lower than the middle term.

These three classes would each be subdivided into three different orders, which it would be too tedious to describe here. In the labouring class, the subdivisions would run thus:—No man would be allowed



to have more than one share in each of the subdivisions. The first share would be divided into *coupons* at an enormous interest to encourage workmen to become shareholders interested in the welfare of the establishment. When once a labouring man or woman had acquired one full share, it would pass into the second order and receive a lower rate of interest, during several years. After the lapse of time agreed upon, it would fall into the third order, at a still lower rate of interest, and, receive an ordinary rate of interest. The different orders of the middle and rich classes would follow a similar law of progression. It is not necessary to explain all the reasons for this method: gradual advancement is the law of life; stagnation is the commencement of dissolution.

5. Though the government would neither advance capital nor be a shareholder in these Banks, it would be associated in their operations, and have the right of controlling them.

After all the expenses of the establishment had been paid, and the shareholders had received an ordinary rate of interest for their capital, say five or six per cent, the government would be entitled to one third part of the surplus profits. This would form a considerable branch of revenue to the state; and, as it would be obtained by the means of useful industry, without depriving genius and enterprise of the necessary capital for continuing labour, it would come under the *positive* finance, and would enable the government to take off a similar amount of the old taxes which are levied under the blind and oppressive system of *negative* finance, taking away the capital of the people indiscriminately, without enabling them to organise superior methods of production, and without considering the injury it may inflict on a rising branch of industry which is stinted of capital.

6. The people would be associated in the operations of the Bank, by means of certain advantages held out to small industrial shareholders.

As a means of encouraging economy and morality amongst the labouring population of the district, the different branch Banks would allow those labourers who saved a part of what they had earned in the establishment, to acquire *coupons* of shares, and pay them a very high interest for the first sums which they had thus economised. Let us suppose, for instance, that the shares were of 40*l.* each; and a certain number of these shares were open for the labouring population to acquire them by degrees. Each share might then be subdivided into *twenty-five coupons*: five of four pounds each, ten of one pound each, and twenty of ten shillings each. The first category of ten shilling *coupons* to bear interest at the rate of *thirty* per cent; the one pound *coupons*, to bear an interest of *twenty* per cent; and the third category of four pound *coupons*, to bear interest at the rate of *ten* per cent. No capital, but the savings of labourers in the establishment would be entitled to these advantages.

This measure would be a powerful stimulant for the working people to acquire *coupons*, and, as the extraordinary rate of interest would cease when a labourer had acquired one full share, the trifling sums paid on the interest of a few workmen's *coupons* would not be felt by the Bank.

Besides this high rate of interest on the labourers' *coupons*, the Bank would take other means of raising the moral and intellectual standard

of the labouring population. As a further inducement for the poor to become shareholders, interested in the welfare of the establishment, public amusements of an innocent and rational nature would be given gratis, within the walls or the boundaries of the Bank, and wholesome malt-liquor, or more approved refreshments in proper quantities, would be furnished at a low price on such occasions. This custom would prevent the labourers from frequenting beer shops and other places of doubtful utility, where they now spend their earnings in ruining their health.

7. The government would have the control and the administration of the Bank, as it now has of the Post-office.

The shareholders would appoint their own agents and inspectors to control the operations of the government. They would form a council of trade to aid the Directors with advice in all purely industrial speculations. But in order to secure the interests of all parties, the Bank companies would have to lodge certain sums of money in the hands of government, as security against the chances of fraud, and the agents of different grades would be required to furnish a part of the surety-money as security against individual malversation.

These and other minute details of organisation would, however, be tedious and uninteresting to the general reader ; and therefore we omit them. For the same reason, we avoid entering into a detailed account of the scientific principles of *checks* and *counter-checks* which constitute the basis of this system of Joint-Stock-Union Banks, as a branch of what Fourier terms positive or productive national finance. It will suffice for us to state here, that the mechanism of these Banks would be equilibrated *internally* by the combined action of the extremes, or, the labourers and shareholders in checking the agents of government ; and *externally*, by the liberty and competition of private establishments. These Union Banks form the primary branch of operation in the process of corporate combination, the object of which is, in this case, to guarantee society against the evils of incoherency in the collective interests of agriculture, and particularly against the increase of pauperism in agricultural districts.

The operations for combining the collective interests of commerce differ very materially from these ; and the manner of combining the manufacturing interests differs from both. The different special plans of combination are, however, all adapted to one general principle of guarantee against the evils of *incoherency*.

These various details will be explained in a special publication ; and if it be deemed necessary for government to commence combinative operations before these scientific principles are published, they may easily be communicated by means of personal application.

The mathematical principle, according to which the influence of the middle class is balanced and kept in equilibrium by the influence of the extremes, and *vice versa*, or, by which the influence of the capitalist is balanced by the government and the labouring population, is exactly analogous to the mathematical properties of numbers, in which the function of the middle term is equal to that of the two extremes.

In arithmetical progression, the middle terms added together are equal to the addition of the extremes. For instance, in the following

progression, 2, 4, 6, 8, the two middle terms, 4, and 6, are equal to ten, and the two extremes, 2 and 8, form the same amount. In geometrical progression, the middle term multiplied by its own power, is equal to the two extremes multiplied by each other. If we take 2, 4, 8, the middle term multiplied by itself, is equal to 16, and the two extremes multiplied one by the other, give the same amount, and form a balance of power.

These are mathematical principles which regulate the combination of individual and collective interests in the natural theory of association ; but, as we have already said, the limits of this paper exclude all minute details. It is easy to perceive the analogy between these mathematical properties of equilibrium, and those which regulate the organisation of Union Banks. The middle class has a double power arising from the interest of capital, and the influence of council in directing the Bank, while the government has no interest in the capital, and only a general power of control to insure its own interest in the profits of labour. The labourers have only the influence of their numbers and an insignificant share in the capital.

It would be premature, to deem these regulations inefficient on account of the imperfections of the present superficial and fragmentary sketch. The principles are complete ; and every part of the mechanism is adapted to the natural functions of a progressive policy. The effects of an increasing population, and other important social problems, are foreseen and provided for according to the progress of events.

The first things to be considered, at present, are the powers of production and economy which may be increased tenfold by means of superior combination and practical education. When the limits of these resources are pressed by excessive population, we must have recourse to external colonisation ; but there is yet room for immense improvement by means of home colonisation and other branches of corporate combination. When these improvements have been realised at home, we shall have ample means for establishing external colonies of well educated, moral and industrious people, who will be able to repay the capital advanced for their collective establishment.

The error of Malthus concerning the final inefficiency of all systems of improvement, *only putting off the evil day, when the numbers of population must exceed the means of subsistence*, has been already exploded, and even if it had not, it would still be our duty to progress as far as possible in the work of improvement. Fourier's principles, however, furnish additional proofs of the imperfections of Malthus's speculations ; but the solution of the problem stated by Malthus, is not obtained by denying those facts which are irrefragable. There is not the slightest doubt, that population would increase faster than the means of subsistence, so long as the productive faculties of industry were allowed to remain uncombined, and that, even by the highest degrees of science and industry, a limited quantity of land would only maintain a limited number of inhabitants ; but instinct tells us, *a priori*, that God never intended a greater number of inhabitants to be born on any globe, than the proper cultivation of that globe would support in ease and comfort ; and Fourier's discovery of the universal laws of nature, furnishes abundant proof of that fact. Excessive population, however, is one

of the natural scourges of incoherent industry; and is undoubtedly intended by the Creator, as a stimulant to urge on human reason to the discovery of the laws of combination, which furnish a complete solution to the problem of population; not by means of any one check, but by a series of operations which tend to increase the powers of productive industry on the one hand, and diminish the powers of generation on the other.

Integral association is the only natural and effectual remedy for social evils. It is the natural destiny of man upon earth; and until he enters upon a career of truth, equity, economy and religion, or real harmony, he must suffer the evils of excessive populousness, increasing poverty and general depravity. The cry of "moral restraint," is as impious as it is illusory. The arbitrary reason of ignorant selfishness will never overcome the instinctive passions of nature, or finally thwart the designs of the Creator. The providential function of evil in society, is to stimulate reason in discovering the laws of truth and harmony, "*Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you: there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; hid that shall not be known.*" Without association, neither art nor industry, science nor economy, religion nor morality can be rendered useful to the whole human race. It is the key-stone of social existence; and without it society may languish for ever in the ruts of a vicious circle. The solution of social problems is absolutely impossible so long as incoherency forms the basis of society. Exuberance of population is inevitable without association; but every evil vanishes before the breath of combination.

The partial organisation of collective interests, which we propose in this chapter, is but a preliminary step towards a general system of corporate combination, which, when completed, would only be a stepping stone to the grand desideratum, INTEGRAL ASSOCIATION. This partial measure would, however, be a powerful restraint on the increase of pauperism; and, by the progressive combination of other branches of collective interests we should be gradually approaching towards integral organisation which would harmonise the whole interests of society.

It would be madness to suppose, that the whole system of society could be changed at once; that a universal system of incoherency, false credit, fluctuating currency, increasing pauperism, depravity and excessive competition could be neutralized and banished at a breath. Time is a principal agent in the progress of improvement; and in the present case, the chief consideration is, not so much the *extent* as the *drift* and tendency of the operation we propose. To those who are unacquainted with the difference between *simple* and *combined* corporate federation, this plan of Joint-Stock-Union-Banks may perhaps appear less important than it really is: nor is it strange that such should be the case, so long as the principles of scientific combination are ignored; but a thorough study of these principles generates confidence in the universal efficiency of associative elements. The science of combination, like many other branches of science, has progressed from a simple to a refined state; and it requires some degree of attention to discover the merit of superior principle roughly sketched, like the present plan of Joint-Stock-Union-Banks. A few general analogies, however, may

enable us to understand the principles of this mode of organising productive industry.

The mathematical principles of internal and external equilibrium, discovered by Fourier and applied to corporate combination, are exactly analogous to the principles which regulate the steerage of a boat, and the curbing of a horse. These are every-day operations which are practically known, but not theoretically understood; and, simple as they appear, human genius was several thousand years at work before they were discovered. It is not enough to make a boat and place it on the water; we must invent the means of rowing it and steering. Nor is the simple fact of association all that is required in corporate-combination, we must discover the means of preventing Joint-Stock Companies from degenerating into fixed and exclusive monopolies. And yet, the boat is the principal part of a rowing apparatus, and Joint-Stock Companies are the chief elements of combinative operations in society.

If we seat ourselves in a boat without a propelling apparatus, we shall be carried away by the stream; and if we add a propelling apparatus only, we shall still be embarrassed for want of a regulating power; but with a pair of oars for a propelling power, and a helm with a double power of regulating our course to the right or to the left, we shall have a complete steering machine, which only requires judicious management to render it highly useful.

In the simple mechanism of a boating apparatus, there is a mathematical principle which is not perceived by every body; and this principle is exactly analogous to the properties of equilibrium in numbers. The function of the two oars is analogous to the two extreme terms of the geometrical series; and the double function of the helm, which guides the boat to the right or to the left, is exactly analogous to the power of the middle term multiplied by itself.

The same principle is carried out in the saddling, bridling, and governing of a horse. By means of the saddle and the stirrups, the rider is firmly seated on the horse, as in the boat; by means of the whip and the spurs, he has the double power of propelling or stimulating the animal, as the oars serve to propel the boat; and by means of the bridle reins, he has the double power of curbing and guiding to the right or to the left, as the helm in steering the floating equipage. Here, again, the spurs and the whip are two propelling powers analogous to the two extreme terms of the geometrical series; and the double function of the bridle, in guiding and curbing, is analogous to the middle term multiplied by its own power.

These are the universal mathematical principles which govern every well-regulated mechanism, in the moral as well as in the material world; and the proper application of these principles to corporate federation, constitutes the scientific character of Fourier's theory of association. He not only establishes association on an equitable basis, but he guides and propels, or rather regulates the guiding and propelling powers of action, according to the mathematical laws of series and progression; and, simple as the plan of joint-stock union banks may appear, it is entirely adapted or *co-ordained* to these principles.

The government, for the sake of increasing the revenue—the labouring population, for the sake of securing constant employment, and the

advantages of acquiring industrial shares in the capital of the bank—both lend their aid in propelling or advancing the interests of the corporation; and the middle class furnishes the capital and the councils to guide and curb the propelling powers of science and labour. These, however, are merely superficial views of the general principles, and quite inadequate to a thorough understanding of the mechanism.

To take up the principle of the boating apparatus as a familiar illustration of the combinative mechanism, we should say, that humanity is forced to swim down the river of terrestrial destiny in the best manner it may; and, in the present state of incoherence in society, the great multitude is left to struggle individually in all directions, banded about by the stream of events, while a favoured few have constructed boats for themselves, which economise the efforts of bodily exertion; but having neither oars nor helm, they float precariously, exposed to the dangers of wreck in times of revolution, besides being liable to be upset by the numerous schemers in the river, who are scrambling to get into the boats, that they may be relieved from the fatigues of bodily labour and mental oppression.

Now, association is the boat which is destined by Providence to carry humanity down the current of terrestrial existence; and when the propelling and guiding apparatus is properly applied, the labour of governing and propelling the boat will be infinitely less than that of swimming about individually, without any combined means of lessening fatigue and rendering the task comparatively easy.

The joint-stock union bank system is a series of very small boats, it is true; but then, the public, when they have never seen a magnificent sailing-vessel, are alarmed at the idea of risking their lives and fortunes in a "*frightfully large ship*;" and this feeling of distrust in the public mind induces us to propose the little union bank wherry, which, being constructed on proper principles, and furnished with oars and rudder, will gradually initiate the timid and the ignorant in the art of sailing and ship-building on a large scale. It is probable that those who would not like to make the experiment themselves, will have no objection to embark a few hundred paupers in the new associative machine, particularly when there is a prospect of lightening the burden of poor-rates.

#### OF THE GENERAL UTILITY OF JOINT-STOCK UNION BANKS.

The advantages which society would derive from these establishments would be—

1. To reduce the number of petty shopkeepers and pedlars, whose labours are lost to the community, by a useless waste of time, in hawking and retailing trifles. These unproductive members of society would be forced, from want of customers, to embark their capital and labour in the banking establishments, where they would be fully and usefully employed; and respectable tradesmen would be thus relieved from the competition of swarms of retailers.

2. The indigent labourers would be constantly employed, well fed, clothed, and lodged, at a much cheaper rate than they can provide for themselves individually; and a good moral discipline, rendered agreeable by cheap rational amusements, would prevent the increase of depravity and crime.

3. The children of poor families might be educated in useful arts of industry during the day time, and instructed in reading and writing when labouring hours are over, instead of being allowed to contract habits of idleness and immorality, as they do under present arrangements.

4. The absorption of petty retailing commerce, and the steady occupation of indigent labourers, in the industrial operations of the bank, added to the prudent restraint which the influence of public opinion, and the thriving industrial habits of individuals very naturally put upon early marriages, would do away with the immediate cause of pauperism in agricultural districts.

5. Those paupers who are now actually supported at the expense of the parish, might be taken into the bank, and kept in the most economical manner. Those amongst them who are not absolutely infirm might be employed in some useful branch of agriculture or domestic industry, and the expense of their keep would be thereby reduced in proportion to their powers of labour. This might easily be accomplished by converting union workhouses into joint-stock union banks, without increasing the expenses of administration, or causing any other inconvenience.

6. The bank would render great service to small manufacturers and agriculturists, by lending money on the deposit of their products, enabling them to wait for proper opportunities of sale, and, in many cases, dispensing with the expense of erecting private buildings for warehouses, stores, granaries, &c., which might be replaced by the general dépôt of the bank. In consequence of these general arrangements,

7. The bank might stipulate with the government for the payment of all the taxes, rates, and dues of the district, at stated periods, and employ its own agents to collect them. This measure would save the government an immense deal of trouble, and protect poor families from the ruinous expense of law in cases of temporary difficulty; because the bank might advance money at a very low rate of interest on the deposit of any kind of property, and even enable poor families to reclaim their deposits of private property, by giving them occasional employment in the establishment.

8. Most of the necessities, and even the luxuries, of life, might be produced by these banks, on a very extensive scale, and sold to the neighbouring population at wholesale or first-hand prices. Those articles which the banks did not produce themselves, they might purchase at the best market, and retail them at a mere premium of commission. This operation would be a great source of economy to the rich and middle class families, besides preventing, in a great measure, the frauds of spurious and adulterated substances.

9. The bank would always have a numerous and well-disciplined population at command, in cases of emergency, during harvest; and this population might be employed occasionally in general service for making and improving cross country roads, for irrigating large tracts of country, reclaiming waste lands, and many other important public operations.

10. The bank would be able to practise the most improved methods of operation in domestic, agricultural, and manufacturing industry; and the whole labouring population of the district would be regularly trained and disciplined in those improved methods, which are now rendered impracticable, for want of capital and instruction, amongst the people.

11. The indigent population would be protected from the chances of famine and destitution by the *expressly reserved* stores of corn, and the certainty of useful employment. The schemes of monopolisers would also be frustrated by the steady commercial operations of the bank.

12. The regular discipline, industry, and morality of the bank labourers would greatly improve the morals of the free labourers in the immediate district, and probably do away with petty larceny, and many other delinquencies, which are common among the poor.

13. These establishments, by treating the people well, and rendering them proud of being admitted, would gradually absorb all the small holdings in the neighbourhood, incorporate petty tradesmen and farmers, and substitute a combined system of economical operation in lieu of the present ruinous complication of incoherent and individual industry.

14. They would form the basis of operation for gradually combining all the collective interests of industry, manufacturing and commercial. The heads of manufacturing establishments would soon imitate the example of providing collectively for their labourers, on the most economical scale, and improving their condition by education and moral training. But, we must observe here, that the government should regulate the administration of all such establishments. In course of time, those habits of intemperance, which afford the revenue twenty millions annually, might be totally reformed, and a similar amount of revenue obtained from the banks, without depraving the minds and ruining the health of the people. The eight millions of taxes on spirits, the three millions on tobacco, the three millions on tea, and the five millions on malt and hops,—these sources of depravity may be reduced at least one half, by improving the habits of the people, and levying a tax on useful industry.

15. As these banks increased in importance, they would furnish safe and advantageous investments for capital; and, lastly,

16. By combining economy and security with the general operations of trade, they would relieve society from an immense proportion of that spoliating tax which is periodically levied by bankruptcy.

These joint-stock union banks would be of immense utility in improving the condition of the people and of property in Ireland. They would gradually do away with that system of speculative mendicity which impoverishes the industrious part of the population. They would in time absorb the principle of small holdings, incorporate the poor ignorant farmers who eke out a living by impoverishing the land in plots of a few acres; throw these small holdings together, and reconstitute large farms, conducted on a combined principle of improvement and economy, regenerating the physical and moral condition of the people.

It would seem, indeed, that the reporter of the Poor Law Commission in Ireland had some vague idea of rendering the union workhouses productive establishments; for we remark the following loose phrases in the report:—"The union workhouses would form a sort of *transition period* from small holdings to large farms and day-labourers, as formerly in England, &c." "A little land might be attached to the workhouses, but not much, as manufacturing industry would be chiefly preferred." "These centres of civilisation, &c., with, probably, a portion of land attached, *might become the nursery of every kind of improvement, social,*



*moral, &c. &c. &c.*" "Large tracts of bog lie unreclaimed for want of *capital and combined resources.*" "In the poor districts of Donegal, the people reclaim with difficulty small spots, and all pay rent."

The report, however, gives no clear explanation of the means of effecting these improvements; and in another part, it speaks of the impossibility of rendering pauper labour productive. It says, "Experience has proved that pauper labour can never be profitable. The principle has been tried at Munich, at Hamburg, and in France." This may be true, but it does not follow that the principle has been tried under proper circumstances; but, if it had, there would be no reason for leaving paupers idle while their labour might be employed to lessen the expense of their keep. Besides, if paupers are generally so demoralised and stultified by habitual privation, as not to be able to maintain themselves when labour is found for them, it is a powerful reason for drilling the indigent poor to habits of regular industry, that they may not become similarly stultified and destitute.

The report shews that the Commission intend to adopt the Malthusian principle of *scowling down pauperism*, for it says, "Great care should be taken to prevent or avoid imparting a right to relief, real or imaginary." This principle is as dangerous as it is inhuman: it may lead to the worst consequences; for the people themselves begin to believe in the Malthusian fallacy. Lord Brougham and Miss Martineau have innoculated the public mind with this terrible superstition, and the *Chartists* begin to reason in consequence. They say, There is no hope for the people, if this be true, but in a general scramble, and, that if some part of the population must be starved to death, or otherwise disposed of prematurely, it might as well fall to the lot of those who have already enjoyed life from infancy, to make room for those who have lived all their lives in misery and privation. The more these ideas prevail in society, the greater the danger of a civil war; and, strange enough to observe, those who have the greatest interest in the dissipation of such an illusion, have been the first to embrace it and spread it through society.

The present is a critical period for the aristocracy of Great Britain. Unless timely measures be adopted for bettering the condition of the poor, and preventing the growth of depravity, life and fortune will daily become more and more insecure. The labouring population is becoming more and more impoverished by competition and oppressed by usury, and, as poverty increases, crime and depravity will rapidly advance. Let those who have any thing to lose look to it, for, if they do not, woe betide them! These are not times for sceptical indifference to strut in supercilious self-sufficiency, or lollop in ignorant and illusive security. Nor is there time for musing speculation; practical measures must be realised and soon, or heaven only knows what may ensue.

HUGH DOHERTY.

## BRITISH HISTORY.\*

BY THE SYNCRETIST.

THIS is a very extensive and valuable addition to the histories of our country, and singularly useful as a book of reference. The spirit with which Mr. Wade has executed his laborious task is candid, generous, and impartial; and a remarkable accuracy prevails in his chronological detail of facts, bating a few exceptions. Mr. Wade's book is distinguished for a certain *catholicity*, which is, perhaps, the rarest and fairest characteristic of an historian. He has consulted the papal histories of Lingard, Butler, and Dodd, with as much exactness as he has the Protestant histories of Henry, Hume, Smollett, Southey, Turner, Mackintosh, Hallam, Tomlines, and their followers. This is exactly the impartial disposition which a literaturist should cultivate; he should hear both sides fairly, and represent them without prejudice. The more this philosophic temper is diffused over society, the less we shall be perplexed with sect and party hallucinations. We shall proceed to examine this history more closely, with reference to a point which the *Monthly Magazine* has long been urging: we mean the importance of *coalition*, both theoretical and practical. Guizot, the most enlightened politician of France, has stated that there are two grand principles which direct the social positions of men,—one is union, the other division. The first principle, *union*, produces *one great body* of syncretists under various denominations. The second principle, *division*, produces *three great parties*, which were expressed among classical authors by the terms, royalists, aristocrats, and democrats; and, in the slang of modern English, by *tories*, *whigs*, and *radicals*. Syncretism stands above all these three sects, parties, or factions, and seeks to harmonise them as far as may be done, for the public benefit. Now, our argument is, that the British crown is in this point of view essentially unionistic, and so should be a British administration. It should comprise and represent those three elemental parties, without being exclusively biassed to either. The harmonising *spirit* was long the presiding genius of our empire, and gave it all its strength and consistency. Then the higher powers knew how to preserve the proper balance between those three forces which Guizot terms, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy. The ministers of this country were also, for a long time, essentially coalitionary; and while they were such they flourished, and when they ceased to be such they lost caste. This fact is thus noticed by Mr. Wade: "The old plan of government (says he) was coalitionary, and it was not till the accession of George I. that the principle may be considered to have been first attempted, of carrying on the government, not by a balanced or even unequally mixed administration, but by a cabinet composed exclusively of one party. 'During the reign of William III. and the greater part of that of Anne (observes Lord John Russell), the offices of state were divided between the members of both parties, with a view to conciliate

\* "British History, Chronologically Arranged. By John Wade, author of the 'History of the Middle and Working Classes,' the 'Cabinet Lawyer,' &c." Effingham Wilson.

both, and to exclude the more haughty and presumptuous leaders from acquiring a dictation over their sovereign.' This view was afterwards carried out by Mr. Pelham (1745) in what was termed The Broad-bottomed Ministry, which, with all its faults, was a far closer approximation to the perfect prototype than has ever been witnessed since. On this ministry, Smollett remarks: 'This coalition was dignified with the epithet of the Broad-bottom, as if it had been established on a true constitutional foundation, comprehending individuals of every class without distinction of party. This (continues Smollett) was rather a change of men than of measures, and turned out to the ease and advantage of the sovereign; for his views were no longer thwarted by an obstinate opposition in parliament.' We have no leisure to trace this interesting question further at present. We recommend it to abler hands. Suffice it that Mr. Wade's book is full of arguments and facts that strongly illustrate it. "The formation of the Wellington ministry (says he) was the commencement of a new era. Civil disqualifications on account of religious differences had been too long maintained. Dissent was no longer a type of political discontent, nor Catholicism of divided allegiance. An efficient and united administration could not be formed, because men of ability and patriotism would not be parties to an obsolete system of intolerance. It was a source of weakness in war, and of internal divisions and discords in peace. Ministry after ministry had fallen to pieces on this account: it was unprofitable injustice, and fraught with danger to the empire. Past events had shown the mischief of an exclusive policy—its disturbing and weakening effect on the imperial government, and the danger of dismemberment with which it threatened the United Kingdom. Resolved to obviate these evils, the Duke of Wellington, with his wonted energy and promptitude, determined on a new course. The task was Herculean, but it was masterly executed."

It is not without reason therefore, that the present reviewer terms himself a *coalitionist*. We stedfastly believe that coalition, properly and fairly understood, is the only line of principle and practice adapted to these eventful times,—the only policy which will prove consistent with itself and permanently available for patriotic purposes. We feel that we stand just in the coalitionary position, like Erasmus, Grotius, and Selden, striving to enunciate that *Fiat Lux*, which shall educe harmony from discord, and order from confusion. Coalition is the great secret of our strength. For want of it we are in a situation fatal as Sampson's when shorn of his miraculous locks. *It is by the combination, not by the antagonism of our national energies that we must prevail.* Such was the dictum of Selden, as his recent biographer Mr. Johnson observes; at all times, and even during the most hostile contests of parties, there is a body of coalitionists, always eventually triumphant. Such a body always consists of men who seek a Catholic spirit, who would rectify abuses without subverting institutions to which they are incident, because they revere those institutions with a fondness which canonises even their faults. The opinions of these men upon the great political questions of their time, in the aggregate, are generally correct, and though, during the excitement of their immediate era, their sober opinions may be too often neglected for others more decidedly marked by the spirit of party, yet when the contest is over, whichever extreme

may triumph, those sober opinions are acknowledged to be correct, and are generally adopted. "In troubled water (said Selden), you can scarce see your face, so in troubled times you can see little truth. When they are settled and quiet then truth appears."

As representatives of this coalitionary body, we again warn our fellow-countrymen to beware in time of the growth of parties and factions, which at this moment occasions far more danger to the integrity of the British empire than all other hostile influences combined. The truth of this statement is acknowledged and felt, and multitudes are beginning to act on the conviction. Even the Journals of the contending parties themselves, are each and all corroborating our words. One of the clearest of them has thus eloquently expressed the national disease, though we do not agree with its proposed therapeutics. "The state of the parties (says the writer), at this moment throughout the kingdom offers one of the most extraordinary spectacles that have ever perplexed the mind of a politician—for the whole population of the empire has resolved itself into distinct bodies, each inspired by the thirst of dominion and mastery over the others, but all too weak to accomplish what is aimed at. In the depths and recesses of society, principles are no doubt at work which will ultimately confirm ascendancy in some one of the many rival, and at present equally feeble, political sects into which we are split, but it is of course difficult, not to say impossible, to foretell with certainty which of the existing parties is to be thus fortunate. All are alike sanguine, or if there be anywhere a lack of confidence, it is carefully concealed from view. The advocates of things as they were, are loud in the expression of their hope, that Providence will award to them the victory over their neighbours. The constitutionalists, again, who profess a timid policy, and aim at minute, gradual and cautious reforms, are eager to have it believed, that all the good sense, sobermindedness and respectability of the country are on their side, and must inevitably secure them the triumph; while the bolder and more popular speculators, insisting that there are seasons of difficulty in which to adhere to the rules of ordinary prudence is the worst species of rashness, would press forward towards the ultimate goal of the nation's hopes with the utmost possible energy and diligence."

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## CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

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### THE MOST MODERN AUTHORS, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

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#### LETTER II.—EDUARD MÖRIKE.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is but fair that in reviewing a foreign author, we take the most favourable side; and that if we find the voice of the judicious in his country have been in his favour, we rather have a tendency to regard him in the best light, than begin with a thorough impartiality. So delicate an organisation is a language, that unless it grows up with us, and is an essential part of ourselves and our train of thought, we can never

attain that thorough knowledge, or rather that instinctive feeling of its minutæ which can enable us at once to detect every neat turn of thought, every exquisite felicity of expression, which may, perhaps, contribute much to the beauty and artistical finish of a poem, especially of the smaller class. Again, besides the organisation of the language, when the poet is one of the present day, and the materials by which we may judge him—his position, his associates, his studies—cannot be collected, we must also be ignorant of much of the organisation of the matter, as well as of the form of his work. Many a little *Gelegenheitsgedicht* [poem written for a particular occasion] may appear to us vapid and puerile, while a very slight intimacy with a certain state and feeling of society, might show us that it was most happily conceived and most delicately appropriate. Nor are the poems that are prefaced by a fine white page, with the word "*Gelegenheitsgedichte*" in the midst, the only works that belong to this class, for every lyric effusion, being the expression of a feeling, must be more or less of a "*Gelegenheitsgedicht*," and the thread that connects it with particular thoughts and circumstances, may be so fine, that even the poet himself may not perceive it, and make a thousand allusions of which he is himself unconscious. Hence, as we must put ourselves in an artificial atmosphere, and that, perhaps, not a very clear one, to pass judgment on a foreign poet, it is, I repeat, but a just tribute to a civilised nation, that we should allow some validity to the decree of the most capable of its inhabitants, and as we can by no means put ourselves in the same position with these, allow something for the deficiency of our own perception, when they decide on beauties that we cannot clearly see, of course not suffering a due deference to degenerate into a slavish submission, which would at last become a blind idolatry of all that is foreign, and reserving the same unbiassed right of judging of the main ideas of an author, as the best critics of his fatherland.

All this, you say, may be very true; but why stick these general remarks just here? Why have a preface to Letter II. that would better have suited Letter I.? Why give Edward Mörike in particular an exordium which would have suited any one else? Patience! patience! and I'll tell you. Ferdinand Freiligrath, the subject of my first letter, is so exceedingly novel and original, that he must strike you perforce, whether you have heard of him or no; and even though you do not like him (a case, by the way, I can scarcely conceive), you must confess there is something odd, something that you have not seen before, and that you will not easily forget. I, for my own part, had been struck by three or four poems of Freiligrath, in the *Musenalmanach* of 1835, long before I knew that he had any name whatever; and I had formed my own opinion respecting him before I had read any opinion of his countrymen, or even knew that he was an object of criticism. To the name of Mörike, on the contrary, I was introduced by an article written by Gustav Schwab, in the *Heidelberg Jahrbuch*, who spoke of him in very high terms. Now, as Gustav Schwab is himself a poet of pretty high standing, and has, moreover, devoted a great part of his life to the studying and editing of the poetical works of others, his opinion is one that is worth taking. I accordingly got Mörike's "*Gedichte*," and sat down with a resolution to like them. Now mind, I am not quite sure

I should have really liked them quite so well as I did, if I had not been previously prompted; I will confess, that had I found them anonymous in a *Morgenblatt* or an Annual, they might have been no very heavy load on my memory. Nevertheless, Gustav Schwab's commendation urged me on to give them no little attention. As I proceeded, I found them gain upon me more and more; and, as I closed the volume, I felt as if I had parted with a very agreeable acquaintance. To you, who ask me to tell you my own impressions, these particulars will not seem mere impertinences.

Now, Eduard Mörike is just one of those poets to whom my exordium will more particularly apply. Were you not told that he had a distinguished name in his own country, you might pass him over, without giving him any marked attention; but being once told that he has great beauties, you set about to search for them, and find that you are not disappointed in the inquiry.

Mörike, who is now about thirty-six years of age, is one of those poets who must necessarily arise from a literature which has reached a high degree of cultivation, and whose merit rather lies in following with success a track marked by their predecessors, than by their striking out any new path of their own. If you are not satisfied without an entirely new region, such as Freiligrath gives you, or a boundlessly creative imagination, like Rückerts, or a gigantic power of combination, and a sounding forth of deep feeling from its hidden depths, such as you will find in Lenau, or a boding "*purposeful*" tone like that in Uhland's ballads, or a noble aspiring after an ideal, which every energy is on the stretch to attain, as in the case of Schiller, or finally, a simple yet interesting and full-bodied manner of telling a tale like poor Chamisso's, do not read the works of Edward Mörike.

You will say, that in the above list of names, you do not find that of the master's—the poet's—in a word, Göthe's. Exactly: I have omitted that glorious name on purpose, because I am convinced that if you are a legitimate admirer of Göthe, one who, without desiring mysterious forebodings, dim romantic sorrows and broken hearts, can admire the artistical poet, who gives its due form and finish to every thought, however transient, and every feeling, even though not deeply rooted—whose expressions are graceful because natural, and whose subjects are easily moulded, because unsought—you will then peruse Mörike's works with a great deal of pleasure.

On reading him, I had great trouble in discovering his characteristics, and as soon as I had marked this or that as a distinguishing feature, I found a poem which showed me I was completely in error. To find a point of view from which I might regard the collection as a whole, I noted down no less than six or seven different tendencies which stood out as so many flying threads that could not be united in a knot. At first he seemed an erotic poet, who sported with his subject like Göthe, and with a little of Heine's wantonness;—a warm amorous glow, and a Catullian luxuriosity seemed diffused throughout. Then he seemed to move in a romantic-narrative sphere, as if he loved to dwell among Lurline and Nixies: then came a sentimental shape, and something like a deeper feeling was apparent; and finally, he stood as a comic writer, who scattered odd conceits about, sometimes running them rather

thread-bare; all which variety was highly amusing, but not a little perplexing.

Now various as may be the forms in which a poet appears, still there is usually some central feature, some leading characteristic, to which all others are but subordinate, and from which all may be viewed. An universal genius may be a sort of exception to this rule, but there is nothing in Mörike that should induce us to assign him so high a rank, nor does he come down with sufficient firmness in every class, that we can at once cry out that he is everywhere at home. However, may not an excess of cultivation, a substitution of poetical education for original inspiration, be in itself a cause of the absence of characteristic? May not a facility be acquired in following the steps of great predecessors—and may not that very facility be such, that the poet can adapt himself to every tendency by turns, without going deep enough into any one to render it a feature? Thus it seems to me with Mörike—I cannot perceive him to be the organ of any particular state of thought. I could, I believe, produce his antitype in any one species of poem he has written, but as a writer of excellent taste, with a warm feeling for his art, a melodious flow of thought, and a pleasing voluptuousness, I should earnestly recommend him to your perusal.

His amatory poems are very light and pleasant. Like Heine, he loves to play with the voluptuous, till he finds himself approaching dangerous ground, and then stops suddenly short. If I were disposed to contradict myself, and to say that Mörike had a characteristic after all, I should decidedly specify the erotic tendency in preference to all the rest. What think you of this?—

## ERINNERUNG.

Jenes war zum letzten Male,  
Dass ich mit dir ging, O Clärchen!  
Ja, das war das letzte Mal,  
Dass wir uns wie Kinder freuten.

Als wir durch die sonnenhellen,  
Regnerischen Strassen liefen,  
Unterm seidnem Schirme eilend,  
Beide heimlich eingeschlossen,  
Wie in einem Feenstübchen,  
Endlich einmal Arm in Arme!

Wenig wagten wir zu reden,  
Denn das Herz schlug zu gewaltig,  
Beide merkten wir es schweigend  
Und ein Jedes schob im Stillen  
Des Gesichtes glühnde Röthe  
Auf den Widerschein des Schirmes  
Ach, ein Engel warst du da!  
Wie du auf den Boden immer  
Blicktest, und die blonden Locken  
Um den hellen Nachen fielest.

“Jetzt ist wohl ein Regenbogen  
An dem Himmel,” sagt’ ich einmal:  
Denn in meinem frohen Mute  
Sprach ich weiter diese Worte:  
“Kam auch keiner mehr an Himmel  
Wär’ es gar nicht zu verwundern,

## REMEMBRANCE.

That was the last time that I walked  
with you, Clara! Yes, that was the last  
time that we rejoiced together as children.

When we ran through the sunny, yet  
rainy streets, hurrying under a silken  
umbrella,\* both snugly closed in, as in a  
little fairy room, and arm in arm.

We ventured but little to talk, for the  
heart beat too strongly. This we both  
remarked in silence, and each of us, in  
stillness, cast the glowing red of the coun-  
tenance on the reflecting surface of the  
umbrella. Ah, then were you an angel,  
as you ever looked down on the ground,  
and your fair locks fell about your *bright*  
neck.

“There is now indeed a rainbow in the  
sky,” I once said; and then in gladsome  
mood, I further spoke these words: “Even  
if there were no more (rainbow) in the  
sky, it would be no great wonder, for the  
people draw down its various bow-stripes

\* N.B. “Schirm” is a more general word, signifying “screen,” and not being so manifestly prosaic as our “umbrella.”

Denn die Leute ziehn ja selber  
Seine bunte Bogen-streifen  
Zu sich nieder auf die Gassen.  
Sieh nur wie sie sich beeilen!  
Jeder mit dem Regendache  
Führt einen andern Farben.  
Bogen über seinem Haupte,  
Jeder springt mit seinem Raube  
Blaue, rothe, violette,—  
Alles nehmen sie mit fort."

Und du lächeltest und bogest  
Mit mir um die letzte Ecke.

Und ich bat dich um ein Röslein,  
Das du an der Brust getragen,  
Und du reichtest mir's im Gehen  
Schnelle hin, das süsse Röslein;  
Zitternd hob ich's an die Lippen,  
Küsst' es brünstig zwei-und-dreimal,  
Niemand könnte dessen spotten,  
Keine Seele hat's gesehen,  
Und du selber sah'st du nicht.

An dem fremden Haus, wohin  
Ich dich zu begleiten hatte,  
Standen wir nun, weiss't, ich drückte  
Dir die Hand und—

Dieses war zum letzten Male,  
Dass ich mit dir ging, O Clärchen!  
Ja, das war das letzte Mal,  
Dass wir uns als Kinder freuten.

to themselves in the streets. See now  
how they hurry along, even one with the  
rain-shelter bears another colored arch  
over his head. Every one bounds along  
with his spoil, blue, red, violet. All  
carry it away with them."

And you smiled, and turned with me  
round the last corner:

And I begged of you a rose, which you  
wore on your breast, and you handed it  
quickly to me, as you were going. The  
sweet rose! Trembling I raised it to my  
lips, fervently kissed it twice or thrice,  
while nobody could scoff at it, for not a  
soul saw it: nay, you saw it not yourself.

At the strange house whither I had to  
lead you, we now stood, as you know.  
I pressed your hand, and—

This was the last time that I walked  
with you, O Clara! Yes, that was the  
last time that we rejoiced together as  
children.

Now this is the right sort of thing, excepting, in my opinion, the  
bit about the people running away with the colours, and which, doubt-  
less, cost the poet more trouble than all the rest put together. The  
picture is pleasing, delicately hit off, and the return to the first five lines,  
as a kind of *refrain*, is particularly felicitous. The little narrative is  
broken off at its chief part, and a burden half melancholy is ringing in  
our ears. Hear him in the ballad form, when he indulges in the ama-  
rous, sportive vein; it has not the decided pungency of Heine, but much  
of his light, surface-touching style.

Wie heisst König Ringang's Töchterlein?  
Rohtraut, schön Rohtraut.

Was thut sie denn den ganzen Tag,  
Da sie wohl nicht spinnen und nähen  
mag?

Thut fischen und jagen.

Oh, dass ich doch her Jäger wär!

Fischen und jagen freute mich sehr.

—Schweig' stille, meine Herze!

Und über eine klein Weil',

Rohtraut, schön Rohtraut,

So dient der Knab' auf Ringang's Schloss

In Jägertracht und hat ein Ross,

Mit Rohtraut zu jagen.

Oh dass ich doch ein Königssohn wär!

Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut lieb ich so  
sehr.

—Schweig' stille, meine Herze!

Einmal sie ruhten am Eickenbaum,

Da lacht schön Rohtraut:

Was siehst du mich an so wunniglich?

Wenn du das Herz hast, küsse mich!

Ach, erschrak der Knabe!

How is King Ringang's daughter  
named! Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut. What  
does she do all the day, as she will not  
spin nor sew? She fishes and hunts.  
O, would that I were her huntsman!  
Fishing and hunting would delight me  
greatly. Keep still, my heart!

And for a little while,—Rohtraut, fair  
Rohtraut, the boy serves at Ringang's  
castle, in a hunter's dress, and has a horse  
to hunt with Rohtraut. O would that I  
were a king's son! Rohtraut, fair Roh-  
traut, I love so dearly. Keep still my  
heart!

Once they rested by an oak tree. Then  
laughs fair Rohtraut: Why do you look  
on me with such delight? If you have  
the heart, kiss me! Ah! the boy was  
frightened. Yet he bethinks himself:



Doch denket er: Mir ist's vergunnt,  
Und küsst schön Rohtraut auf den  
Mund.

—Schweig stille, meine Herze!

Darauf sie ritten schweigend heim,  
Rohtraut, schön Rohtraut.  
Es jauchzt der Knab' in seinem Sinn:  
Und würdest du heute Kaiserin,  
Mich sollt's nicht kränken.  
Ihr tausend Blätter im Walde wisst,  
Ich hab' schön Rohtraut's Mund geküsst!  
—Schweig' stille, meine Herze!

It is granted me: And he kisses fair  
Rohtraut on the mouth. Keep still, my  
heart.

Then they rode silent home. Roh-  
traut, fair Rohtraut. The boy exults in  
his mind: Were you this day empress, it  
should not pain me. Ye thousand leaves  
in the wood, know that I have kissed fair  
Rohtraut's mouth. Keep still, my heart.

All this is very pleasant and agreeable, the work of a man of cultivated taste, who just knows how to throw off a happy thought. Mörike's poems would stand well with an engraved border.

I consider these two poems as a fair specimen of Mörike's usual level. I could produce an allegorical poem called "*Tag und Nacht*" [Day and Night], which is like Rückert in idea, but not in elaboration; some agreeable tales about seamen and nixies, in which he has trod in the steps of Uhland, showing the same predilection for a tragical catastrophe, and an Idyll which would somewhat remind you of Göthe, all tending to confirm the opinion I at first expressed. There are some also of a childish tendency, that depend much on their quaint jingle, a song of the wind, for instance—but no! that is too *piquant* to be passed over with a line—I must write that down.

Sausewind! Brausewind!  
Dort und hier,  
Deine Heimath sage mir!

"Kindlein, wir fahren  
Seit viel vielen Jahren  
Durch die weit weite Welt,  
Und müchten's erfragen,  
Die Antwort erjagen,  
Bei den Bergen, den Mceren,  
Bei des Himmels klingenden Heeren,  
Die wissen es nie.  
Bist du klüger als sie,  
Magst du es sagen.  
—Fort, wohlauf!  
Halt' uns nicht auf!  
Kommen Andre nach, unser Brüder.  
Da frag' wieder."

Halt an! Gemach,  
Eine kleine Frist!  
Sagt, wo der Liebe Heimath ist,  
Ihr Anfang, ihr Ende?

"Wer's nennen könnte!  
Scheimisches Kind.  
Lieb ist wie Wind,  
Ruhet nie,  
Ewig ist sie,  
Aber dein Schatz nicht beständig.  
—Frisch, wohlauf!  
Halt ans nicht auf!  
Fort über Stoffel und Wälder und Wiesen!  
Wenn ich dein Schützchen seh',  
Will ich es grüssen.  
Kindlein—Ade!

Noisy wind! noisy\* wind! here and  
there, tell me thy home!

"Children, we journey since many  
many years, through the wide wide world,  
and would readily ask it, and seek for an  
answer from the mountains, the sounding  
hosts of heaven, but they never knew it.  
If you are wiser than they, you may tell  
it. On, on!—restrain us not! Others,  
our brothers, are coming, them ask again.

Stop!—softly!—a little while!—say  
where is the home, the beginning, the  
end of love?

Who could name it, roguish child!  
Love is like wind—never rests, and is  
eternal. Yet is thy treasure not constant.  
Quick, go on! restrain us not! Among  
even stubble, woods, and meadows! If  
I see your treasure, I will greet her.  
Child, adieu!

\* We must repeat: we have no double words like *Saus* and *Braus*.

This is truly Germanic, this playing with the sound of words! If you would use the perfection of this kind of thing,—a poem, the very essence of which depends on the apt use of rhymes, you must turn to the works of August Kopisch, who is a perfect master of rhyming tricks, and will throw you off a ballad, the lines of which shall jump about and bounce in your ears like a cracker.

I feel I ought to apologise for setting my wooden prose in a parallel column with the light and airy original. My only object is to aid you in reading the German, so pray do not take the translation as a substitute.

The taper is lit, the sealing wax is at hand, and I was just about to bid you and Eduard Mörike farewell together, but the book has opened at a poem of such singular beauty, that I must send it. Let it stand as the conclusion to this long, but I hope, not very unentertaining letter.

## MEIN FLUSS.

O Fluss, mein Fluss im Morgenstrahl!  
Empfange nun, empfang  
Den schnuchtsvollen Leib einmal  
Und küsse Brust und Wange!  
—Er fühlt mir schon herauf die Brust,  
Er kühlt mit Liebesschauerlust  
Und jauchzendem Gesange.

Es schlüpft der goldne Sonnenschein  
In Tropfen an mir nieder  
Die Woge wieget aus und ein  
Die hingegebenen Glieder.  
Die Arme hab' ich ausgespannt.  
Sie kommt auf mich herzugenannt,  
Sie fasst und lässt mich nieder.

Du murmelst so, mein Fluss, warum?  
Du trägst seit alten Tagen  
Ein seltsam Märchen mit dir um,  
And mühest dich es zu sagen;  
Du eilst so sehr und läufst so sehr,  
Als müsstest du im Land umher  
Mann weisst nicht, wen? drum fragen.

Der Himmel blau und kinderrein,  
Wohin die Wellen singen.  
Der Himmel ist die Seele dein:  
O lass mich ihn durch dringen!  
Ich tauche mich mit Geist und Sinn  
Durch die vertiefte Bläue hin,  
Und kann sie nicht erschwingen!

Was ist so tief, so tief wie sie?  
Die Liebe nur alleine,  
Sie wird nicht satt, und sättigt nie  
Mit ihrem Wechselscheine.  
—Schwell' an, meine Fluss, und hebe  
dich!  
Mitgrausen übergiesse mich!  
Mein Leben um das deine!

Du weisest schmeichelnd mich zurück  
Zu deiner Blumenschwelle;  
So trage denn allein dein Glück,  
Und wieg' auf deiner Welle  
Der Sinne Pracht, des Mondes Ruh!  
Die lieben Sterne führe du  
Zur ewigen Mutterquelle.

## MY RIVER.

O river, my river in morning's-beam.  
Receive now, receive for once my desiring  
body, and kiss my breast and cheek! It  
already feels my heart; it cools me with  
the shuddering pleasures of love, and  
with exulting song.

The golden sunshine glides down me in  
drops, the wave rocks in and out my  
resigned limbs; I have stretched out my  
arms, and it comes running towards me,  
catches me up, and again lets me go.

Thou murmurest so, my river. But  
why? Thou hast borne for many days a  
strange tale about with thee, and strivest  
to tell it. Thou hastenest and runnest  
so, as if thou wert obliged to ask, in the  
land around,—we know not whom.

The blue and child-like pure Heaven  
is thy soul: O let me penetrate it! With  
spirit and sense I dive through the deep-  
ened blue, and cannot wing my way to it!

What is so deep, so deep as that? Only  
love alone, which never is satiated, and  
never satiates with its varying ray. Swell  
on, my river, and raise thyself! Over-  
whelm me with shuddering! My life for  
thine!

Flattering, thou guidest me back to thy  
flowery threshold; so bear thy happiness  
alone, and rock in thy waves the sun's  
splendour, the moon's quiet; and con-  
duct the beloved stars to the eternal  
mother-spring.

Who can mistake in the above the "*tiefverklärte Blau*" of Göthe's ballad "*der Fischer*," especially when the latter told Eckermann that that poem was intended to allegorise the desire of plunging into a stream on a sultry day?

JOHN OXENFORD.

### THE CELIBACY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY.\*

THIS is a very remarkable little work, well worthy the attention of Reviewers. "Throw up a straw (says Selden), it will show you which way the wind blows." This publication, though minute in size, and somewhat playful in manner, yet possesses an *animus* which will not be easily crushed, and which will prepare the way for great ameliorations.

It gives us particular pleasure to notice books of this kind, proceeding from Roman Catholic Clergymen. They prove there are many ecclesiastics in the Romish Church inclined to promote free inquiry, and to redress grievances. We have long asserted, that there exists a vigorous and stirring body of Catholic Reformers, properly so called, well worthy of the title, and not to be excelled in truthfulness or philanthropy by any Protestant Reformers whatever. As such we would mention the names of Ganganelli, Cas-sander, Fénelon, Du Pin, Geddes, Charles Butler and their followers. Syncretists like these will always find the warmest sympathy among Protestant truth-searchers, who are no less anxious to abate the corruptions of the conformist and non-conformist churches.

We state these things advisedly, for they are true, and as such entitled to utterance, whether they are liked or not. It is right that one periodical, at least, should show that good and evil are not confined to particular sects of the Church, but that they are extended through all. It is time to state, that not only Papal churches, but the Protestant ones too, are alike infected by that demon antichrist, *Lateinos*, or secularity, which would destroy them all. To confound the pope and the Roman clergy with antichrist, against whom they struggle, is as unjust as to confound protestants with antichrist, against whom they likewise war. No scripture is of any private interpretation. Antichrist is no partial and segregated evil, but wherever there is secularity, error and vice, there is he. The Apocalypse has scarcely ever been explained fairly, just because its universal symbols have generally been taken in a restricted and sectarian sense. The papalists have thus been abused by the conformists, and these by the dissidents, all preposterously intent on identifying themselves with the two witnesses, and their antagonists with the beast, and the false prophet. We have no time to enlarge on this topic here, but we do assert, that the vulgar inter-

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\* "*Remarks on the Celibacy of the R. C. Clergy* by the Rev. ———— the P. P of ———— County of ———— Ireland. Part I. Dublin: Tims & Co. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

pretations of the Apocalypse by party divines have done infinite mischief to the Church. Fellow christians have on all hands been reviling one another as incarnations of Satan; what wonder is it, that they have arrived at so cordial a detestation and horror of every religious order but their own?

Away with these! true Wisdom's soul will be  
Within its own creation, or in thine,  
Maternal Nature!

Yes, away with these! the railing, and the bitterness, and the strife of tongues, and let us once more take up this little book on celibacy, which is written in the temper we love and cherish. The author conceals his name, but inserts these words, "My name is known but to two gentlemen, on whose honour I have the most perfect reliance (Mr. Tims, my publisher, and Mr. Sheehan of the Evening Mail). I make myself known to them, that they may testify to the world, that the following production is not from one who counterfeits a station to which he belongs not. I don't make myself known to others, as I should then be subjecting myself to the tender mercies of my ecclesiastical superiors, who would with little ceremony, as is their wont, deprive me of that influence, which from time immemorial persons in my station have uniformly possessed."

Here then is a tangible illustration of the class of Roman Catholic divines to whom we have alluded; a class we love and respect, as the true lights of their Church. Though we have personally always rejoiced in being a bachelor, a title we mean to maintain to our last breath, though we plead the cause of celibacy might and main, with all the acumen and enthusiasm which the shade of Dr. Malthus can desire, yet will we do ample justice to our author's reasonings; *per contra*; and in this temper we shall discuss the question a little at large, as it has been twice before mooted by the Roman Catholic clergy in this country, and will make considerable stir among the fair sex.

Now then for a little sparring in the ring of logic, "like the badge doctors of the stoic fur." Celibacy is a word which, says St. Jerome, is derived *a cælo* from heaven, implying the favourite mode of existence among the celestials. The Fathers plead, that the *highest forms* of Deity are all celibate, that angels are celibatists who neither marry nor are given in marriage. That Adam was created as a celibatist. That all mankind are born celibatists, and remain so during their younger and happier years. And that in short, the wise ones *think of* matrimony all their lives, but never run their heads into the fatal noose, or tie with their tongues what they cannot untie with their teeth.

The great authors of Christianity, evidently recommend celibacy as the highest and best state, though they allow the right of matrimony to those who desire it. On this doctrine our Saviour says, Whoso is able to receive it, let him receive it. St. Paul, likewise, declares, I would that all men were like me (a bachelor), for though he that marries does well, he that does not marry does better. But

notwithstanding these warm eulogies on celibacy, St. Paul allows all unwilling celibates a loophole to escape by; for, says he, it is better to marry than to burn.

Thus the biblical writers are perfectly consistent, discreet, and liberal on the point, but men soon arose who involved the question in a cloud of mysticism. Though St. Paul had expressly permitted a clergyman to become the husband of one wife (on which subject you may consult the treatise of that ever renowned monogamist, the Vicar of Wakefield), some early Christians, who wished to be thought much wiser than St. Paul, took the privilege away, and by taking on themselves positively to forbid marriage, incurred the severest censure. How men, whose only authority was the declared word of God, ventured to limit and contract that word to suit their own conceits, is just a mystery of iniquity which we cannot explain. But so it was, even in the days of Origen the mania for celibacy became so violent, as to tempt that august father to do himself serious damage; which, by the bye, he afterwards regretted. In the zeal of the early eremites for the major premise, celibacy, they altogether overlooked the minor premise, matrimony, and thus their syllogism was grossly erroneous. Thus it was, that while Scripture had spoken of matrimony merely as a *second-rate* condition, perfectly lawful however, and even desirable on occasion, these ascetic worthies treated Hymen with the utmost rudeness and fairly kicked him out of doors.

From that day forward, a certain body of ecclesiastics immensely exaggerating the benefit of what they called, the *vita angelica monastica seu singularis*, not only took vows of celibacy themselves, but compelled all initiated into their body to take the vows also. The Fox in the fable, that had lost his tail in a trap, advised his brethren to dock their tails as a matter of taste and fashion,—they were however too deep for him.

Though celibacy thus became the etiquette among the Roman Clergy, there were not wanting ecclesiastics of the greatest name in successive ages who boldly supported the Scripture view of the question.

Such was Erasmus, that great injured name, the noblest light that ever shone over modern Christendom, combining in himself all that was holiest and wisest among the Papalists and Protestants, without imbibing the prejudices of either. Among the counsels of Erasmus, which, had they been followed, many tears and sufferings had been saved, we find him earnestly exhorting the Roman See to permit the marriage of the clergy.

The Pope had sagacity enough to see how the tide was running, and began to exhibit symptoms of relaxation, but unhappily, as usual among very clever potentates, they came too late. While his holiness was hesitating and vacillating, Luther and his friends took the law into their own hands, and burst through formal rules and even vows imposed on them when they were incapable of judging the merits of the question. Erasmus who had wit enough to keep himself a bachelor, while he liked to hear of the marriage of people, laughed heartily in his sleeve at the proceeding; and rock-

ing in his easy chair with his Colloquies in his hand, exclaimed that "the Reformation wonderfully resembled a comedy, since it all terminated in marriages!"

Since that period, the Roman Church has been growing a little wiser, and decidedly more good-natured. We have noted several instances in which she appeared inclined to graceful and grateful concessions. She has learnt, that infallibility itself may sometimes reform with perfect decorum, since there is a time for every thing, and that which was adapted to one period may require modification in another. We love to see the most holy mother, who has often appeared surly and snappish to her devoted children, now exhibiting a touch of the amiable and condescending. We have no doubt, that if she be properly treated, she will get rid of a long catalogue of bigotries and cruelties, which, had she not some redeeming characteristics, would long ago have hurled her into ruin.

Meantime most courteous and discerning reader, we pray you watch the signs of the times, and mark the workings of the Roman Catholic mind, on this particular question of celibacy. There is more in it than meets the ear, and more than you may at first suppose. It needs no ghost to tell you, that the cause of true Catholicism so perseveringly advocated by the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, is advancing. You may judge of it from the best Roman Catholic periodicals, and the passages from the work under review, which we quote for your instruction and amusement. Recollect they proceed from a Roman Catholic clergyman, would we could add, *Ex uno disce omnes*.

"The first thing," says he, "dear reader, that will strike you on perusing the title-page of this little work, is the novelty of the subject which I very respectfully submit to your consideration—Remarks on the Celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy. Your surprise will grow into alarm, when I shall speak, as I intend to do, of the repeal of this point of our Ecclesiastical Discipline. 'The repeal,' you will say, 'of the Church Law of Clerical Celibacy! Is it the repeal of a rule that has existed for so many centuries, even since the first General Council of Nice held in 325? Is it to allow the Catholic clergy to marry? Impossible!' Nothing less—indeed, gentle reader, it is nothing less than what you have just said or thought. Only let me ask you to keep patience for a little, to enter deeply and seriously with me into the consideration of this very important subject—the celibacy of our clergy, its nature, its object, its consequences: weigh well the arguments for and against the repeal of this law; and when you do, you may perhaps think with me that the length of time which this rule has existed, so far from being a reason why it should continue, is one of the powerful reasons to be adduced for its cessation.

"Having thus bespoken your patience, and, I trust, your unbiassed attention, beseeching you at the same time to exclude all prejudices, to avoid all flurry and precipitation, in considering a subject of so much consequence, I might say, to all Christians, I have in the next place to state what have been the reasons that urged me to

submit my views on this matter to the public." They are the following :—

"We are assured in Scripture that, before the end of the world, all mankind shall become united in the profession of the same faith ; all shall be gathered into one fold—Jews, Gentiles, Heathens, Pagans, Christians of all denominations. Protestants, therefore, and Catholics, and Dissenters of every persuasion shall, ere then, happily amalgamate. This desirable consummation the Sacred Scriptures teach us to look for. How is it to be effected ? By the power alone, and the interposition, of Providence, who will make it that the Pagan and the Heathen shall be converted, and that Catholic, and Protestant, and Dissenter, who are all Christian, shall merge their differences, shall meet and offer to the Almighty the tribute of hearts blended in love, and voices mingled in harmony. And how is this amalgamation of the two great rival churches—the Protestant, and Catholic—to be procured ? By mutual concession. The scope of the Catholic belief and discipline is extensive, that of the Protestant comparatively limited. The natural and obvious process, then, towards the approximation, and final union of these two leading sects of Christians, is, that the boundaries of the Protestant faith and discipline should be somewhat advanced ; and those of the Catholic should, at least in discipline, be narrowed. They will thus meet mid-way ; and the confusion of an entire compromise on either side will be avoided. Accession on the part of the Protestants, remission and retrenchment on the part of Catholics—this is the ground, which, if human nature remain true to itself, the two sects must have travelled whenever they shall meet. As long as man is man, a complete surrender on either side cannot be expected. Catholics will be still looking for their inflexibility, in matters of faith at all events ; and Protestants will be asserting man's natural freedom as to points of discipline. A yielding on the part of one persuasion—a move in advance on the part of the other—such will be the process to a final, amicable adjustment of differences : indeed this seems the course towards a happy conjunction which the contending sects have already begun to pursue. The Oxford *Puseyites* of late, and many respectable Protestant authorities of past times, have admitted, and recommended prayers for the dead ; and a Protestant Archbishop has recently spoken of an authority for the interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures. Again, the Catholic Church has abolished several of its fasts, and retrenched many of its holy-days. Thus, it appears that the goodly work of *union* has commenced, and that too in such manner as our knowledge of human nature ought to lead us to expect. Under the blessing of the Almighty may it prosper ; and may it be brought to 'a speedy and happy completion ! Then, indeed, might we look for happiness ; and then, and not till then, may we seek, with the hope of finding it, that charity which the Christian religion has been established to diffuse over the earth. This glorious consummation being effected, we would no longer see the various sects of Christians arrayed against each other in bitter and relentless hostility ; we would not behold the

landlord and tenant, the master and servant, holding the unnatural relative positions of cruel tyrant, and vindictive slave; neither would the peace of society be disturbed, nor its safety be endangered by the political convulsions which we every day witness.

“In discussing the subject of Clerical Celibacy, one of my chief objects has, therefore, been, to assist in prostrating the wall of separation which divides the Catholic from the Protestant Church. It has occurred to me that differences in discipline are more effectual in keeping people asunder than differences in faith: and my reason is, that discrepancies in points of observance or discipline, are more palpable, exhibit themselves more frequently to view, than discrepancies as to doctrinal matters, the latter, except on particular occasions, being concealed in the mind, whilst the former enter as it were into the detail of life, exercise an influence on many of our outward acts, and are thus continually reminding those amongst whom we live, that, although bound together by ties of common country, and laws, and government, and avocations, we are still disunited as to the important concern of religion. Besides, differences of belief are more easily removed, than differences as to practice; or, perhaps, it might be more correct to say, that doctrinal distinctions would soon be settled, if the way were first smoothed by agreement, or identification, as to discipline. Persons who believe in some mysteries, as all Christians do, cannot have great difficulty in submitting their understandings to the belief of others, whenever sound arguments are adduced for their existence, whilst we all naturally adhere with extreme pertinacity to those observances, or non-observances, or indulgences if you will, to which we have been accustomed from our youth, and which have entered into, and formed a part of, the ordinary routine of life. The man who believes in the mysteries of the Trinity, and the Incarnation, may, without extreme difficulty, bring himself to believe a middle state of souls, or even other doctrines which appear at first sight more objectionable, because exceeding his comprehension; but it is not in human nature that such a person will easily resign the liberty he has always enjoyed of using at all times what food he pleases, and of giving to the transaction of worldly business every day, save that on which the Lord rested from his works. In the first case, and so far as his belief is concerned, by giving the assent of his mind to what he is assured is an additional article of faith, he only advances another step in the course he has been travelling, and he only believes *more* than his respected ancestors; but in the case in which he would be supposed to alter his observance as to fasts and holy days, he takes entirely a new course, he yields up indulgences in which he can perceive no real evil to exist, and he tacitly condemns those unabhastemious friends that have gone before him. When religion is concerned, the understandings of men are more easily captivated than their liberties of action are abridged, for there is no religion without its mysteries, though there are many without any extraordinary restrictions on human liberty. Hence, if you wish to get people to think with you on religious matters, act as those preachers do who seek to carry the blessings



of the Gospel into those distant countries whither its benign beams had not reached. Disturb as little as you can early prejudices, and impressions, do not entirely shut out ancient usages; and, where they are not absolutely criminal, have some respect for old customs; render the change of religious opinions as easy as possible. This would be following the example of St. Paul who was "all to all in order to gain all"—an example which should be followed by those on both or either side, who wish for, and try to effect, the reconciliation of the Protestant and Catholic Churches. The *essential* differences between both sects are quite enough, without either party standing out on varying points of discipline: the breach should be narrowed as much as possible. that finally it might be closed.

"The observations just made, I have deemed necessary in order to exhibit more fully one of the chief objects I have had in entering upon the discussion of a prominent point of Roman Catholic discipline—the Celibacy of the Clergy. I wish that the way should be smoothed to a happy reconciliation of both churches; and in order to this, the first thing necessary ought to be an assimilation of the discipline of both; a retrenchment of those points that may be not only indifferent or unnecessary, but perhaps, in many respects, most injurious. Our law of celibacy is one of these: I would propose that it should be struck out. Its abrogation would open more widely the prospect of a union of dissenting Christians; it would also pluck up that which I intend to exhibit as the root of much evil.

"I care little for the motives that by some may be attributed to me. If a man can know himself, or speak fairly of himself, I believe, reader, and I presume to say, that my motives are conscientious. Should you be a friend, you will credit this assertion; should you be opposed to me, you will probably disbelieve it, you will charge me with base motives; but then I will allow myself the liberty of questioning the purity of your own.

"There are two or three matters, which, before I begin, it may be necessary to explain,—It may be said that in this tract there should be more frequent references to Scriptural texts and examples. These shall be introduced, it is hoped appropriately, in the second part of the work. In the first, I wish to "begin with the beginning"—to review from its opening to its close the life of the young Ecclesiastic.

"Exceptions will be taken by some fastidious readers to the lines from Byron inscribed on the title page; but it should be recollected that in these lines there is much sound sense; that Byron, notwithstanding his faults,—and who is without faults? was a philosopher; and that religion does not destroy, but perfects, good sense and sound philosophy.

"It will also be made a matter of surprise, that I should dedicate this little work to the Clergy, on whom my observations occasionally fall with some severity. My explanation is:—I have presumed to dedicate to our Clergy, because I wish to make them better men and better priests; because my bitterness is not the bitterness of

anger, but the bitterness of justice, of the wholesome remedy. It should likewise be remembered that in the prosecution of my purpose, I have not spared myself, for every severe expression that I employ has a double edge—it cuts me whenever it cuts the body with which I am associated.

“I have nothing to fear from those who have science and sense ; but some of the less-informed and inexperienced may put me down as a *heretic* for questioning the validity of vows. These gentlemen must be reminded that my remarks are not intended to apply to vows in general, but only to vows made under peculiar circumstances. It will be seen that on the latter I do not set much value : others, and many others, may think differently, and may look upon themselves as bound by such engagements—I therefore would press for a general dispensation. My reasons will by-and-by be seen ; they are powerful, and they are numerous.

“Could it be possible that, humble as I am, I should be selected by Providence as an instrument wherewith is to be made the commencement of a mighty and glorious work ! I cannot indulge such a thought ; but I will humbly pray that all Christians may be soon, and happily bound together, “that the partition wall of hindrance may be thrown down, that those who agree in several leading articles of faith, and who have one baptism, may be united for ever, that thereby the Heathen may be converted, and give glory to the name of the Most High !”

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## ODE TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

HERO ! by God ordained,  
From world-renowned champions sprung, to be,  
In this last age, the leader of the free.  
Hero ! whose worth hath gained  
Thy monarch's guerdon, and the smile  
And blessing of that ocean-girded isle,  
Which gave thee all her strength, and sent  
Her best and bravest forth, thy matchless armament.

Hero ! to Britain dear,  
For that in glorious deeds thou didst fulfil  
Her proudest hopes, and rear  
The standards of firm faith and generous will  
On fame's eternal rock. How gallantly  
Didst thou the cause of truth and justice urge  
With tyrannous foes, while dauntless liberty  
Rose, like Aurora, o'er the orient surge,  
And prostrate Europe dashed the blood-stain from her eye.

Hero ! to whom was given  
The solemn, stern, and most soul-quickenng charge  
To save the immortal rights of man and heaven  
From the great demon, when he roamed at large

*Ode to the Duke of Wellington.*

Over the world, and Gallia's "scourge of God"  
 Swept o'er each land, and despotism's flame,  
 And anarchy's mad blast, and fire and sword  
 Made earth even like the hell we dare not name.

Hero ! all hail ! To thee our British youth  
 Doth sacrifice, and staff-supported age,  
 Joy-prattling infancy, and virgin truth,  
 And manhood's valour ; thou hast stilled the rage  
 Of scorners, and fierce France, though loth, admires  
 That man who spoiled her spoilers ; and much more  
 Italia loves thee. Germany's desires  
 For thee are quenched not, and Iberia's fires  
 Are kindling yet for him who was her hope before.

Hero ! whose hair is grey  
 With many a snow-fall of o'erlaboured years  
 Of vehement thought and prowess, a new day  
 Hath dawned in thine old age, and hopes and fears  
 Are piled on thy seared brow ; for thou art he,  
 Our best proved champion still, on whose strong spell  
 Fortune attends, whether to bless the free,  
 Or our beleaguering foes to daunt and crush and quell.

Hero ! pure history's hand  
 Writes thy proud name for ages yet unborn ;  
 That name, which doth her brightest page adorn,  
 So envied, so revered, in every distant land.  
 And she shall call thee great  
 In peaceful policy as chivalric fight,  
 After the unclean flocks of clamorous hate  
 Have passed into their native dawnless night.

Hero ! surrounded as thy course hath been  
 With good men, wise compeers, and warriors brave,  
 Hold on thy way calmly, amid the din  
 Of that ill-omened brood of fool and knave,  
 That in their infamy of nature, sought  
 To wrong thy sacred form, so oft exposed  
 To death for their ungrateful lives, and brought  
 Wild mischief to thy halls, not yet again unclosed.

Hero ! forgive them ; let thy great soul rise  
 Beyond resentment, for such things as these.  
 Regard them now, as when in purple skies,  
 Hereafter throned, thy soaring genius sees  
 All human passions working to one end.  
 Pursue thy march of triumph, and forgive  
 Thy foes who know thee not, so wilt thou send  
 The lightnings of remorse, on many that yet live.

Teach the true Patriots that Loyalty  
 And Liberty are one—that nought

But steady law and policy  
Can keep the freedom that was bought  
With our forefathers' heart-blood, and has lent  
A thousand years of glory, while each year,  
The past corrected, by the ripe consent  
Of those united powers, to Britons ever dear.

And teach this wild and reckless upstart race  
That swarm around, that the worst slavery  
Is popular misrule, wherein all grace,  
All decent rank, and fair proportion die  
In the hot gulf of passion, and mad wit,  
And rage for change, make every new reform  
A thing to be reformed, when years, more fit  
For truth's appeal have cooled these maniacs of the storm.

And then, at last, from thy eternal star,  
Thou shalt behold thy native island gleam  
In thy mild rays, and thus insphered afar,  
Receive from her who veils her glorious beam—  
Our sorrowing Church—large blessing, while the three  
Kingdoms of our awakening people raise  
Their psalm of gratitude, and call on thee  
To fill them with thy spirit, and thy praise.

Then, too, when death hath quenched the souls of hate,  
And calm pure thoughts shall blossom o'er thy grave,  
Thy worst of foes shall, weeping, contemplate  
The hero they would scathe, but cannot save.  
And many a tear shall warm the marble stone,  
Which seals the ashes of the mighty dead ;  
Whereon this simple epitaph alone—  
"The Saviour of his country"—shall be read.

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## OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

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### 1. THE DRAMA.\*

THE righteous indignation that we have expressed in behalf of the betrayed drama of any thing but merry young England, has received the approbation of the judicious far and near. We have reason to thank the author of the very eloquent and right-minded pamphlet entitled as above, for his timely presentation copy. Mr. Nash is the author of a play, called *The Outcast*, which we have not yet seen, though favourably reviewed in a former series of this Magazine. We are inclined to believe, from the specimen of his composition before us, that his play must be, at least, a very worthy production.

That he knows how to write a play is clear from the following paragraphs.

"The dramatic is universally allowed to be the most difficult style of com-

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\* The Drama, a Treatise on Poetry and Verse, Dramatic Composition, Dramatic Authors, and the Effects of Dramatic Amusements ; to which is annexed, The Poet's Death, a Ballad. By George Nash, author of the "Outcast." London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

position. In reading a good play as much passes before us as in perusing a novel of similar outline. Imagination, fired by a word, lights up her scenery, and more than compensates for the novelist's descriptions; for the very best descriptions of scenery convey but imperfect impressions. Were a dozen artists who had never seen the spot described, each to draw a picture of it from a novelist's description, it would be found that, except in a few general features, no two of their pictures would be alike. There are some paintings that suggest more than they represent. They awaken reflection: the imagination pictures scenery which they merely hint to it, and the mind wanders amid landscapes, of which they give no outline, but which we imagine to exist, beyond the scenes they represent. So, in a drama, every scene must suggest others that are necessarily connected with it.

"It oftener happens that the imagination of a poet is seized by his subject, than that he coolly selects it from many before him. He is struck with its appropriateness for his purpose, and feels a desire to illustrate it. In this state, he ponders over it; ideas, passages and scenes suggest themselves and are instantly fixed in the memory, and, by slow degrees, the whole disposition of the events is arranged. The materials thus produced are those for art to work on; the poem will not be great in proportion to the magnitude of its subject, but of the standard of its author's mind.

"It is impossible to lay down certain rules for imaginative compositions; no two authors may set out with similar designs, and consequently each must be left to his own judgment for completing his own idea. But as some naturalists profess to trace one model through every variety of existence, so all dramatic works have certain peculiarities of construction. The most obvious of these is their division into acts and scenes, which, easy as it appears, affords scope for the exercise of much art. In dividing his play into acts, an author should be more guided by the circumstances of his story, than the length of his acts. Where a natural pause appears to occur in the action, where the spectator must feel that some time must elapse before the events of the next scene can occur; where, according to the scale of the piece, a long interval intervenes, he should take advantage of it, and there divide his acts. We are not surprised to see Werner enter as Count Siegendorf in the first scene of the fourth act of Lord Byron's play; but we are fully satisfied that a long space of time, and many events, must have elapsed between the commencement of that scene, and the end of the one preceding. According to the scale of the play, the interval is a long one, and the change wrought in it, an important one; and it would, therefore, have been inartistical to have included them both in one act. Similar care is necessary in the division of scenes. No play is ever perfectly consistent with reality, and art should be used to soften down and hide the unavoidable inconsistencies. In a drama the incidents, though divided by years, or connected by numerous events, must appear to flow one from another. Those links of the chain that are not seen are imagined. The concatenation of events must be unbroken from the beginning to the end; accident being only admitted in supplementary parts; and it should even then be made to conduce to the general design. Thus the death of Ophelia is accidental, but it heightens the desperate resolution of her brother. If there are two plots, they should rather resemble two strands of one cord, than separate threads—the under assisting to develop the main design. The subject must appear to commence with the play; it must be seized at some point whence the action may spring naturally forward; and the fewer the explanations required, the better. If there are many, it is best to disperse them through the work, introducing them as required: they will be better remembered, and appear to interrupt the action less than if introduced in a catalogical form; they should also be expressed in language as clear and brief as possible. As the first words of a play are seldom heard in representation, they should never be of importance; and, throughout, all recapitulation is to be avoided. The plot should spring regularly from its commencement—thickening as it proceeds, until it attains a certain height,

whence the action may descend naturally to the catastrophe. An author might, as he commences it, draw a diagram of the action of his play. The middle act is ever the keystone of the arch. In *Othello* it is in the third act that the Moor's resolution is formed. In *Cain* the form of construction is similar. If the play be but two acts, they should mutually depend on each other. The reader should feel at the conclusion, that the catastrophe is the natural consequence of what preceded it. He should be impressed with a sense of the work's completeness; should feel that the shaft he saw aimed, has been shot, and has alighted."

The following is a useful *resumé*.

"The seven elements of a dramatic poem may be thus arranged. First: Idea—including, with the conception of the poem, the stream of imagination poured through it. Second: Philosophy—including the Moral and Sentiment of the whole piece, those of its various characters, and also, its various reflections. Third: Delineation and Description. Fourth: Arrangement of Incidents. Fifth: Language. Sixth: Versification. And Seventh: Rhyme, which is only occasionally employed. The Opera is the most fanciful; but the Melo-drame, the Great Shaksperian Drama, the most difficult of all dramatic creations. It requires more diversified powers than all others. The chief desideratum of the present stage appears to be skill in drawing the action to certain points, and then by opening the trap at the right time, astonishing the audience into applause. It is very effective when skilfully managed, and in the last scene of *Richelieu* produced an effect rarely equalled. But our best dramatic works are not of this sort. Which does the fame of Shakspeare depend on—his poetry and philosophy, or on such meretricious merits as this? And which is most likely to give posterity a high opinion of the intellectual character of our age—a drama depending on clap-trap incident, or one whose claims are its poetry, wit, philosophy and knowledge of human nature? Not that an audience should endure to be entertained with poetical recitations, or versified philosophical disquisitions! The ideas, in a drama, should be vivid; the philosophy concentrated: it will not do to dilute a thought with words till it covers a page; its language should be energetic and appropriate, and the action well sustained, rapid and interesting. To write a play, at once poetical, well constructed, and of *actable* length, is the *chef d'œuvre* of dramatic composition. Our 'Mental Theatre' requires more poetry than the acting drama. The one is the drama of the poet, the other of the player; and but few living authors can unite the two. In short, we have no drama equalling the intellectual pretensions of our age. But all around us bears marks of change—the instruments are tuning for the concert—the present era is peculiarly one of transition, all things mark it as unending, and so our drama may be but passing to a better state."

2. FORGOTTEN FACTS IN THE MEMOIR OF CHARLES MATHEWS; By E. Arnold, Esq. Ridgway.

Mr. Arnold considered himself aggrieved by sundry statements in Mrs. Mathews's amusing biography of our great comedian. As far as we understand the merits of the case, Mr. A. is not without provocation; and the larger work should be read in connection with the smaller, in order to qualify it for the wholesome digestion of the critic.

3. SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Herbert Byng Hall, Esq. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

Seven tales of some merit.

4. THE FOOTMAN'S GUIDE. By James Williams. London: Dean and Munday.

There is besides this, as much in the title as would occupy a page. The volume appears to be equally complete and useful.

5. AN ANALYSIS of One Hundred Voyages to and from India, China, &c., performed by Ships in the Honorable East India Company's Service; with Remarks on the advantages of Steam-power applied as an auxiliary Aid to Shipping? and Suggestions for Improving thereby the Communication with India via the Cape of Good Hope. To which is added an Appendix, containing a description of Melville's Patent Propellers, with Plans of the Engines, Machinery, &c. By Henry Wise, late Chief Officer of the Honorable Company's Ships, Edinburgh. London: J. W. Noyce and Co. 1839.

This Analysis is instituted for the purpose of shewing what very considerable delay ships have experienced from calms and light airs; and points out with accuracy the locality of the principal detention, and the extent of it. The log-books of the several ships have been carefully examined; and the varieties of weather during every twenty-four hours divided into four classes, viz.: *Dead Calm*—ship not having steerage way. *Light Airs*—ship going from half-a-mile to three miles per hour. *Fair Winds*—ship going free. *Foul Winds*—ship close hauled.

6. COWIE'S PRINTER'S POCKET-BOOK AND MANUAL, &c. &c. London: W. Strange.

This book is well worth the two-and-sixpence charged for it. No person concerned in printing should be without it.

7. THE YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the past year, in Mechanics; Natural Philosophy; Electricity; Chemistry; Zoology and Botany; Geology and Mineralogy; Astronomy; Meteorology; and Geography; illustrated with Engravings. By the editor of the *Arcana of Science*. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1839.

A desirable register of the march of intellect.

8. SIX YEARS' RESIDENCE in the Australian Provinces, ending in 1839; exhibiting their capabilities of Colonisation, and containing the History, Trade, Population, Extent, Resources, &c. &c. of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, South Australia, and Port Philip; with an account of New Zealand. By W. Mann, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

This book may be consulted with advantage by every one interested in Australian Colonisation.

9. THE COLONY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA; A Manual for Emigrants in that Settlement or its Dependencies; comprising its Discovery; Settlement; Aborigines; Land-regulations; Principles of Colonial Emigration; Statistical, Financial, and Agricultural Reports; also, Instructions and Hints to Settlers; Directions for the Anchorages, &c.; with the most correct Map extant. By Nathaniel Ogle, F.G.S. &c. &c.; with an Appendix, containing the Governor's Commission; Land regulations; a List of the Names of the Proprietors; their original Grants and Number of Acres, Tenures, Conditions, Transfers, &c.; taken from Official Documents. London: James Fraser, Regent-street. 1839.

In all respects, this is an excellent work. We cannot speak in such high terms, however, of this writer's tale of *MARIAMNE*, the last of the Asmonean Princes. It professes to be an historical novel of Palestine; but answers not to our conception of what such a novel ought to be. We fear that we must pronounce it to be elaborately dull.

10. **GATHERINGS FROM GRAVE-YARDS**, particularly those of London ; with a concise History of the Modes of Interment among Different Nations from the Earliest Periods ; and a detail of dangerous and fatal results produced by the unwise and revolting custom of Inhuming the Dead in the midst of the living. By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. London Longman. 1839.

The title of this book sufficiently explains its design ; and the name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the aptitude of its contents. Burial-places in the neighbourhood of the living, are in his opinion, well-borne out with facts, a national evil—the harbingers, if not the originators of pestilence—the cause, direct or indirect, of inhumanity, immorality, and irreligion.

11. **ORIENTAL OUTLINES ; or a Rambler's Recollections of a Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Tuscany**, in 1838. By William Knight. London : Sampson Low. 1839.

A very useful and carefully compiled manual, which well deserves patronage.

12. **THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1840**. With twelve Illustrations of the Months. By George Cruikshank. London : C. Tilt, Fleet-street.

Always entertaining, and always welcome.

13. **A GUIDE down the Danube**, from Paris to Marseilles, Ancona, Trieste, Venice, Munich, Strasburg ; and from Vienna to Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, the Morea, and the Ionian Islands ; also, the Route to India by way of Egypt. By R. T. Claridge, Esq. London : F. C. Westley. 1839.‡

A valuable and accurate companion,

14. **HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP**, to a Nephew and Niece. By an Officer of the Household Brigade of Cavalry. London : Moxon. 1839.

These hints are of the right sort.

15. **THE ROCK**. Illustrated with various Legends and original Songs and Music ; descriptive of Gibraltar. By Major Hort, Eighty-first Regiment With Drawings taken on the spot ; by William Carey, Esq., Lieut. 46th Regiment. London : Saunders and Otley. 1839.

This book is dedicated by special permission to her Majesty. It consists of lithograph sketches, tales, songs, and music ; of all of which we can speak with approbation.

16. **CHAPTERS OF THE MODERN HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA**. By Edward Thornton, Esq. Author of "India, its State and Prospects." London : Wm. H. Allen and Co. Leadenhall-street. 1840.

This volume furnishes an account of the most interesting events in the History of British India, during a period of nearly thirty years, which elapsed between the close of the administration of Marquis Wellesley and the relinquishment of trade by the East India Company.

There is much graphic description in this book, not unaccompanied with moral reflection. The mutiny of Vellore, its causes and results, are well laid out in the first chapter. India is governed by native troops—such soldiers are actuated exclusively by the lower and more selfish motives, and their services will always be at the command of him who can present the strongest temptations to their ambition or cupidity.

We have not space to enter into the brilliant exploits which form the arguments of this work, and which furnish so much to rouse the feelings as well as to feed meditation. There is an interesting chapter on the renewal of the



Company's charter in 1813, in which the principles of free-trade are freely discussed. On this subject, we think, that many mistakes arise from not observing the distinction between Liberty and License. The former consists with law and never indeed exists without it: the latter is alien from law, and is in fact synonymous with lawlessness. Do the advocates of free-trade carry their meaning to this extreme? If not, and they permit the control of law to limit and keep under the wild caprice of ungoverned license; then to what extent shall law exercise dominion on trade? The principle is allowed, and the only question that remains is one of degree. Then what becomes of free-trade, as it is understood by some?

The Nepal War is treated at considerable length. This is a stirring episode of much military interest. It is the opinion of Mr. Thornton that Lord Moira consulted his country's honour and his own, in determining on an appeal to arms. But the manner of conducting this war was faulty. The plan of the campaign, though it might present a very imposing appearance in the office of the adjutant-general, was evidently formed in almost entire ignorance of the nature of the country and the character of the enemy. The force was, in every instance, inadequate to the duties assigned to it; and the arrangements altogether were such as might have been supposed to emanate from the rashness of impetuous youth, rather than from the well-matured experience of a veteran soldier. Lord Moira's opinion that a mountainous country is more readily attacked than defended, was to say the least of it, an extraordinary, if not extravagant assertion. Nevertheless, though the war was undertaken without sufficient preparation, it was not only justifiable but necessary. Its progress was attended by reverses, but its termination did not dishonour the British name, while it conferred security on the British frontier. Moreover, the early successes of the Nepaulese, aroused in various quarters the slumbering spirit of hostility to the British government. That spirit pervaded the Mahratta States, then ostensibly our allies; and the Burmese sovereign acquired confidence to insult us. Hence may be traced the subsequent wars with those powers, which happily terminated in establishing the complete supremacy of the British dominion in India.

The rest of the volume is occupied with accounts of the disputes between the Peishwa and the Guicowar—of the events at Poona and at Nagpore—of the Pindarries—of the disturbances at Bareilly—of the Burmese War—of the siege of Bhurtpore, and the changes of 1833.

By these changes, though deprived of some advantages which they had previously enjoyed under the Company's rule, the people of India had reason to rejoice that the Company was still preserved as an instrument for the government of the country. That portion of the people of England who do not desire to see the combatants for political power everything, and the rest of the people nothing, have equal reason to be satisfied with this result. Such is the conclusion to which Mr. Thornton conducts his readers, and from which there will be very few dissenters.

17. **A NEW EXPLANATORY, ASTRONOMICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND GENERAL ALMANAC, for 1840.** By J. Rowbotham. Harvey and Darton.

This Almanac contains much useful and instructive matter.

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# THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## SHELLEY'S LIFE, POETRY, CORRESPONDENCE, AND MISCELLANIES.\*

We have now before us, for the first time, the whole of Shelley's earthly labours. His editrix informs us that she is "far from satisfied with the tone in which the criticisms on Shelley are written. Some of these writers praise the poetry with enthusiasm, and even discrimination; but ~~some~~ understand the man." As we number ourself among the impatient tribe who have presumed to criticise the poet, in anticipation of the knowledge which the volumes before us now impart, our candour will be appreciated when we concede to the justice of the dissatisfaction expressed by Mrs. Shelley. We have therefore determined to pass in review what we have already written on this subject, and include in the present paper such of our old thoughts as we are willing to retain, together with such new ones as we are desirous of adding.

We have said that the poetry of Hemans is instinct with the Spirit of Beauty—in like manner, be it permitted us now to declare, that the poetry of Shelley is interpenetrated with the Inspiration of Love! It was the aim of Shelley, as a man and as a poet, to study in the School of Love. To this end, he translated (how exquisitely!) the Banquet of Plato, and composed also an original essay, in which he attempted his own definition of that divinest passion. Neither Plato nor Shelley, however, in *these productions*, treat of Love as a Being—they seem contented with viewing it as an attribute—as the desire of a being. Even as such desire, however, Plato reached no very transcendental level; the highest perception he attains is no more than this: "Love is the desire of the mortal for the immortal in the mortal." We would substitute a loftier truth; "Love is the desire of the immortal for the eternal in the immortal;" or, in other words, "for the one unending substance in the one unchanging form." The steps, however, by which Plato arrived at his solution, will serve us in preparing the reader for the

\* The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1839.

Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations, and Fragments, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs. Shelley. In 2 vols. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1840.

further degrees by which we would conduct him to the noblest results. Let us, therefore, straight unsandel with reverence our feet, that we may enter with naked soles within the hallowed circle of this holies argument.

The immortality recognised in this dialogue by Plato, concerns the immortality of the species, not of the individual. "Love," says he "is not the desire of the Beautiful, but of generation and production in the Beautiful—accompanied with the constant wish that the good or happiness which is sought in its gratification, should be for ever present.' Alas! the while, that it can never be present; but, in order to the subsistence of the desire, must be for ever wanting! Yet, joy the while that the generation so desired is a something eternal and immortal in all that ends and dies!—death itself being, like birth, a phase of generation; and corruption but another name for the productive process. Thus, according to Plato, the Love of Generation is the Love of Immortality; it may, perhaps, be assumed as a corollary, that the lover, to be capable of such love, must be immortal too. This, however, Plato reserved for discussion elsewhere; leaving it, nevertheless, in this dialogue not without suggestion.

The form of the argument adopted by Plato is eminently Socratic that is to say, it starts from the basis of the practical. Love, says he is surely the love of *something*! And if of something, then of some thing good—else it were not desirable. And if we desire it, it is clear that we possess it not but want it. If we thus want it, it is absent and no present. And this something good, which we want and possess not in all we desire, is Happiness; and this Happiness is attainable only by Generation in the Beautiful—a Happiness, for the perpetual presence of which we uniformly wish. Nay, even the inferior animals are similarly affected. In all, the mortal nature seeks so far as it is able to become deathless and eternal. But the inferior animals are limited to the production of mere carnal offspring; whereas man is capable of a spiritual progeny; and we are recommended by Plato to attest our superiority by affecting the production of poems, laws, works of art, and other such children of the soul, rather than the generation of bodily issue.

"He who loves rightly," proceeds the sage, "ought from his earliest youth to seek an intercourse with beautiful forms; and first to make a *single form* the object of his love, and therein to generate intellectual excellencies. He ought then to consider that Beauty, in whatever form it resides, is the Brother of that Beauty which subsists in another form; and if he ought to pursue the which is beautiful in form, it would be absurd to imagine that Beauty is not one and the same thing in all forms, and he would therefore remit much of his ardent preference towards one, through the perception of the multitude of claims upon his love. In addition, he would consider the Beauty which is in Souls more excellent than that which is in form."

From this point all is in the ascending series with Plato. By contemplating beautiful objects gradually and in their order, we arrive, he tells us, at the perception of Absolute Beauty, "which is eternally uniform and consistent, and monoeidic with itself. All other things," he adds, "are beautiful through a participation of it, with this condition that although they are subject to production and decay, it never becomes more or less, or endures any change. When any one, ascending from

a correct system of Love, begins to contemplate this Supreme Beauty, he already touches the consummation of his labour. For such as discipline themselves upon this system, or are conducted by another beginning to ascend through these transitory objects which are beautiful, towards that which is Beauty itself, proceeding as on steps from the love of one form to that of two, and from that of two, to that of all forms which are beautiful; and from beautiful forms to beautiful habits and institutions; and from institutions to beautiful doctrines; until, from the meditation of many doctrines, they arrive at that which is nothing else than the doctrine of the Supreme Beauty itself, in the knowledge and contemplation of which at length they repose."

Probably the polygamy of the East was an abuse of this sublime theory; resting in the sensible parts of it, in relation to the love of more beautiful forms than one, and assuming Woman as the general exponent. This, however, was, after all, but the love of *one specific form*—a love which should have extended beyond the mere sexual distinction; and after including whatever was loveable in the other forms of nature, should have risen into an appreciation of those of the intellect and reason, nor rested until it had embraced with affectionate ardour the unrestrained activities of a liberated will, and the approving laws of an unpolled conscience.

Like Moses, Plato assumes a prothetic and presexual humanity, and describes its distinction into sexes as an after-act. The union of the sexes is, according to both, a reunion; but this is not the whole of the subject, nor the loftiest aspect of it. No! for as the latter sage rightly observes, "It is asserted by some, that they love, who are seeking the lost half of their divided being. But I assert, that Love is neither the love of half nor of the whole, unless it meets with that which is good." Religion and philosophy combine in esteeming the marriage relation as the type of the holiest mysteries. How far St. Paul was carried with this conception we know right well; and we feel with equal assurance that we must be touched with the same divine rapture, if we would lawfully discourse of this divine theme, and in a manner befitting its essential sublimity.

Among the Hebrews, while their poets sang of the beauty of holiness, their sages spake of the wisdom of the Holy One. How sublimely is Wisdom celebrated by the writer of the Proverbs, by the Son of Sirach, and in the Wisdom of Solomon. In all these it is remarkable that the divine Sophia or Wisdom, though mentioned as female, is identified with the filial Logos or Word, as the self-intelligible affirmation of the divine intelligence, which is in the beginning with God, and which God is ever becoming. To this prothetic truth sex, in fact, was indifferent. It might be described as of either sex or of neither. Here the Messiah and his church are identified under one term, and God and man contemplated as one being. In the Song of Solomon, on the other hand, the distinction of persons is assumed, and the desire of the lover for the beloved set forth in the most glowing and passionate erotics, to which those of Anacreon are tame, vapid, and cold. Taking the loves of Solomon in connexion with his Song of Songs, may we not say that the first symbolised his affection for the various forms of beauty, and which served as his initiation into the loftier love of the absolute beauty itself to

which he at last attained, and that the second celebrated his attainment in the delightfulest of poems? Nay, is not even yet the polygamy of the East a symbol of the one, and the Christian law of marriage, in some sort, a realisation or an emblem of the other.

In this magnificent theory, we first contemplate Love as a being—"God is Love." Love with Plato is the universal want—Love with St John is the eternal fruition—the one only Deity, who is the infinite plenitude. Love with Plato is the child of plenty and poverty; neither poor nor rich—Love with St. John is the father of both, having all riches in himself, and of his infinite bounty not only giving unto all but producing all. "Love," says Socrates, "is neither beautiful nor ugly—neither mortal nor immortal—but an intermediate desire of the one for the other." "Love," say the apostles, "is the parent of beauty and the father of undying spirits: and as for the ugly and the mortal, what are they but the negatively lovely, and the negatively living? Nay, if anything on earth shall be called positively ugly and mortal, what shall be called lovely and living? For on earth what have we but imperfect appearances and deficient emblems of the amiable and undying?—the most beautiful and enduring form that can come within the ken of human experience; is it anything but negatively lovely and negatively living? Nothing is truly beautiful but the absolute beauty—nothing truly living but the absolute life!"

But what is the absolute Beauty? Is it not the absolutely lovelike? it is the image and likeness of love. But if God and love be synonymous terms then the lovelike is the godlike, and the beautiful are the pious. Not however, by the term Beauty, but by the term Wisdom, the Hebrew express the prothetic identity of the lovelike with the love, as the self-intelligible included in the self-intelligent. Wisdom is the beauty of the soul. "The only wise God who liveth for ever and ever," is an intelligent love, the object of whose liking is his own intelligible wisdom, "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person."

Wisdom, as the lovelike image of love, is thus Man in the Divine idea—the unfallen humanity—and, as constituting the prothetic Adam is inclusive of both sexes, prior to the division of man into male and female. But the ideas of God are creative—the object of love is a subject also, and as such self-intelligent. Accordingly it is contemplative of its own image; and it is this which, to distinguish it from the wisdom already projected, we term beauty. Beauty then is the image and likeness of wisdom. It is the wise in form, as the other is the lovely of soul.

But we have now two subjects—God and man are now twain, both self-intelligent, both self-intelligible. Wisdom and Beauty yet, however remain undivided in the prothetic Adam—the lovelike in soul and the lovelike in form. But, as in the divine instance, so in this—the ideas of man are also creative, and Beauty is also a subject-object, and as such a distinct intelligence. Here arise the two persons and the two sexes, as two universal principles, animating all generated intelligences, the synthetic interplay between which forms the subject of Plato's investigation.

Let it not be supposed that, in speaking of these generations, we have been describing any process in time. No! no more than Plato or

Moses describe a time-estate by the parables and narratives in which they respectively illustrate doctrines so sublime. There never yet was a Paradise on earth or in time—all such descriptions, whether scriptural or traditional, are ideal not historical—yet more real than the historical, for they are facts of the soul, equally true of the historian as of his heroes. The generation of ideas occurs in eternity—a position not very difficult to those who think that Plato has demonstrated that the love of generation is the love of immortality—less difficult still to such as accept the saying that it is the fruition of eternity, though having as yet but our bare assertion for it, or their own intuitions in proof of it, which, indeed, no man can be without.

“A Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,” is one of Shelley’s finest lyrics. Is this an address to the Hebraic Wisdom, as the beauty of soul rather than of form? Oh no! it is the aspiration, not of an unfallen, but a fallen spirit. It is the recognition, by the doubter of that concerning which he had doubted. And how came to him the revelation, the want of which was misery to the poetic mind?

Musing deeply on the lot  
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
All vital things that wake to bring  
News of birds and blossoming,  
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;  
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
To thee and thine. Have I not kept the vow  
With beating heart and streaming eyes? Even now  
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers  
Of studious zeal, or love’s delight,  
Outwatched with me the envious night:  
They know that never joy illumed my brow,  
Unlinked with hope, that thou wouldst free  
This world from its dark slavery,  
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,  
Wouldst give whate’er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
When noon is past; there is a harmony  
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!  
Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
Of nature on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

It was, therefore, by the perception of beauty in Forms that Shelley had to work up his way to the abstract Beauty itself. It was not as a Spiritualist that he commenced, but as a materialist. We are told by Medwin that Shelley was attached, in youth, to chemical analysis, and was delighted with “the discovery that there were no elements of fire, air, and water,” though ultimately induced to relinquish the study in conse-

quence of being nearly blown up in one of his experiments. No modern chemistry has no *à priori* principles; it is the slave of observation, it is altogether physical. This is confessed, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, by Dr. Prout; who, indeed, confines what we denominate the chemical properties of bodies, to taste and smell, excluding sight and hearing. "Hence," says he, "they admit only of the indirect application of the laws of quantity, and are the result, not of reason, but solely of experience. Indeed, so much is chemistry the creature of actual experimental research, that the simplest truths have seldom been anticipated *à priori*. Thousands of years of observation and experience, for example, had not taught mankind that water is composed of two elementary gaseous principles, much less the proportions in which the principles combine to form water. Nay, even now the fact has been established upon the clearest evidence, we are unable to explain why it is so, or even to comprehend the nature of the union or its result. Circumstances like these should be considered when we pronounce sentence upon an individual mind. We should know that the first approaches of science revolutionise the intellect,—that to procure an answer a question must be asked, and that to ask a question a doubt must be felt. Shelley, however, erred in transferring merely intellectual scepticism to his moral being, which admits of none. Therein faith reigned with life, and both eternally.

Shelley's own evidence is decisive, both as to his original materialism and his ultimate redemption. "The shocking absurdities," he writes in his *ESSAY ON LIFE*, "of the popular philosophy of mind and matter, its fatal consequences in morals, and their violent dogmatism concerning the source of all things, had early conducted me to materialism. The materialism is a seducing system to young and superficial minds. It allows its disciples to talk, and dispenses them from thinking. But I was discontented with such a view of things as it afforded; man is not a being of high aspirations, 'looking both before and after,' 'whose thoughts wander through eternity,' disclaiming alliance with transience and decay; incapable of imagining to himself annihilation; existing but in the future and the past; being, not what he is, but what he has been and shall be. Whatever may be his true and final destination, there is a spirit within him at enmity with nothingness and dissolution. This is the character of all life and being. Each is at once the centre and the circumference; the point to which all things are referred, and the line in which all things are contained. Such contemplations as these, materialism and the popular philosophy of mind and matter alike forbid; they are only consistent with the intellectual system."

Such is a noble recantation of the errors of youth. Shelley became a Berkeleian. His mind took a decided tendency to metaphysical speculations. His editrix, indeed, opines that "had not Shelley deserted metaphysics for poetry in his youth, and had he not been lost to us early, so that all his vaster projects were wrecked with him in the waves, he would have presented the world with a complete theory of mind; a theory to which Berkeley, Coleridge, and Kant would have contributed but more simple, unimpugnable, and entire, than the systems of these writers." We are afraid that the widow scarcely knows what she has promised for her deceased husband. Clear enough to us it is, that

Shelley had not mastered the two latter minds; and we doubt much, notwithstanding our high estimation of his genius, whether it was in him to realise the wealth that they have left. In fact, we feel assured that it was not.

We rather accept the acknowledgement of any debt that he might owe to these writers, in proof of the statement that with Shelley a cycle of modern thought and poetry completed itself. With his works, the closing of such cycle, as clearly as the nature of the subject admits, is announced. Henceforth, it is generally confessed, the world awaits the genesis of a new spirit, the evolution of a new era. Symbolising as the works of Shelley did with those of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, with the poetry of the time, and with the great events which distinguished it; the failure of Shelley's verses, on their first publication, to gain popularity, must be attributed to the fact of their repeating associations, already exhibited in almost every shape of prose and rhyme, and of their expressing the abstract and spirit of an influence previously incarnated in grosser modes of utterance. Something also must be allowed to the suspicions which attached themselves to the author's reputation in the minds of Christian men; for,—notwithstanding his conversion to the immaterialism of Berkeley, Shelley still continued to *profess* himself an Atheist, and his writings are replete with opinions *apparently* atheistical, in union with sentiments of so refined a cast, as to perplex the ordinary reader with a distressing sense of paradox and heterogeneity. In a word, Shelley asserts the reality of spirit, yet seems to deny the existence of God. Materialism and Atheism are easily reconcileable; but in the junction of the latter with Spiritualism, the mind is startled, and recoils from the monstrous association;—not, indeed, with the horror with which it revolts against blasphemy, but with the strange awe that baffles the understanding in the sublimely extravagant; which, notwithstanding its seeming inconsistency, so fascinates the imagination, that we are not content to condemn it as the ridiculous,—but rather to esteem it, if we may use the obscure and yet significant words of Galt, as “a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo.”

Shelley was little more than sixteen when he printed, at Oxford, his pamphlet on the *Necessity of Atheism*; for which he was expelled the University. The work was merely a recapitulation of Voltaire's arguments, and is only worth mentioning to shew how far Shelley's mind was, at the period, an extract from the spirit that was abroad, and under whose influence he was born. It was at the age of eighteen that he composed *Queen Mab*, which he privately circulated, but never published. On this poem, Mrs. Shelley remarks, that “the love and knowledge of nature developed by Wordsworth—the lofty melody and mysterious beauty of Coleridge's poetry—and the wild fantastic machinery and gorgeous scenery adopted by Southey,” composed her husband's favourite reading. “The rhythm,” she adds, “of *Queen Mab* was founded on that of *Thalaba*, and the first few lines bear a striking resemblance in spirit, though not in idea, to the opening of that poem. His fertile imagination and ear, tuned to the finest sense of harmony, preserved him from imitation. Another of his favourite books, was the poem of *Gebir*, by Walter Savage Landor.” These facts all come in proof of our po-



sition, that Shelley's writings close a certain cycle. To which may be added, that the more essential attributes of the poem are grounded on the *Système de la Nature*, the *Age of Reason*, and the *Political Justice*. In all this, therefore, Shelley was rather the expresser of other men's thoughts and opinions, than of his own.

It is, therefore, with us a subject of much interest, to be enabled by means of the volumes before us, to contrast Shelley's thoughts and opinions, when he had acquired the power of thinking for himself, with those which he hastily took up on the authority of others. We find that a remark of Charles Lloyd, left in pencil on the margin of some book, deeply impressed him: "Mind cannot create, it can only perceive." Hereupon Shelley argues, that it is sufficiently evident that mind cannot be, as the popular philosophy alleges, the basis of all things. We are surprised that Shelley should thus be perplexed with a word. If mind is not the proper term for the creative power, what is? Let us be willing to confine the word, Mind, to the percipient—the only inconvenience that need arise is the necessity for finding another word for the creative. For this, Shelley, after he became a Berkeleyan, would scarcely have substituted matter. Spiritualist as he most distinctly was, he might have preferred the term Spirit. Let then the word Spirit stand for the creative power; mind for the percipient power; and matter for the object created and perceived. We see in this but an improved terminology; but no solution. But what was it that Shelley wanted solved? We have read his *Essay on Life* in vain for an answer. His favourite dogma that "Nothing exists but as it is perceived," would go far to identify the percipient and creative power. And why should he object to the identification, if, as he says, "the view of life presented by the most refined deductions of the intellectual philosophy, is that of unity?" Shelley, in fact, had not decided what life was. He had triumphantly evaded the question, by exclaiming "Ask him who lives, what is life!" Then again he demands, "What is the cause of life? that is, how was it produced; or, what agencies distinct from life have acted, or act upon life?" Mind, he argues, cannot be such cause; because "Cause is only a word expressing a certain state of the human mind, with regard to the manner in which two thoughts are apprehended to be related to each other." We need no other evidence than this to shew us, that Shelley was not in a condition to fulfil what Kant and Coleridge had left unfinished. In his *Essay on a Future State*, however, he has well enough indicated the necessary connection that exists between the doctrine of an ante-natal state with that of our post-mortal existence.

[To be continued,]

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## RELIGION, LOYALTY, AND COALITION.

IN commencing a new year, we are desirous of corroborating and illustrating three most important principles, which the MONTHLY MAGAZINE has warmly advocated. In pleading for these principles, at first it stood almost alone; it now finds itself nobly supported by many contemporary Journals: and well it is for our country that this is the case, for religion,

loyalty, and coalition form the main hinges on which the destinies of our empire must turn.

Strange as it may seem, the loftiest and simplest principles are just those most forgotten amid the complexities of civil politics. *Fear God, Honour the monarch*, says the Bible, setting forth religion and loyalty as the two indispensable prerequisites of national prosperity. The truth of this maxim has been confirmed by the experience of all history, and yet how many statesmen appear to see it without perceiving. "Heu! pietas heu! prisca fides"—they do not yet understand that piety alone exalteth a people—they do not acknowledge that *cultus Dei*, without which, as Cicero proves, no empire ever flourished. Alas! how little is this element of divinity recognised.

The very name of God  
Sounds like a jugzler's charm; while, bold with joy,  
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding place—  
Portentous sight—the owlet Atheism,  
Sailing on wings obscure across the moon,  
Drops his blue-fringed lids and holds them close,  
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,  
Cries out, "Where is he?"

The principle of loyalty, also, the very soul of a monarchy, like the British constitution, is miserably eclipsed. We hold loyalty to be one of the noblest elements of all genuine religion. Time was when the Church maintained it to be such—when all our pulpits were resonant with exhortations to revere the monarch as the divine representative and the common parent of community; then could our clergy demonstrate that the principle of loyalty was the strong bond of fellowship, which should attach all sects and parties to the throne in due harmony and subordination. They eulogised it as the vital centre of union, round which the several orbs of political influence might revolve in their musical ratio, and without which all things would rush into chaotic strife.

This principle of loyalty towards the monarch, if it be worth any thing, ought to be strongest where that monarch is a young woman surrounded by dangers and difficulties. If we may derive any lesson from the spirit of chivalry, it is this: not to despise the weak, but to defend them. The principle of loyalty ought to be doubly energetic when the monarch evinces a generous desire to patronise all sects and parties without favouritism or exclusiveness. But unhappily the light of loyalty has been overlaid by the cloud of monopoly, and monopolists are beginning to speak and act in the most seditious and rebellious fashion, just because their corrupt craft is endangered. So much for public spirit when opposed to private interest. It cost them nothing to be loyal when the prince favoured their monopoly; now they are unwilling to pay the price. The triumph of virtue, if they had any, would be manifest by an opposite conduct. If we love them that love us, what is our reward? No true loyalty will be adulterated by accidents of favour or disgrace; it will preserve its own propriety through good report and evil, it will teach us to love even our enemies, and to bless them that curse us.

We wish not in these remarks to appear invidious or personal, but we urgently insist on the importance of loyalty during the present crisis,

as the chief security we possess against national revolution. We are sure that if all sects and parties rally round the throne with reverence and love, as their proper centre of union, the forces of the empire will yet be harmonised and corroborated. We are equally sure that if the centripetal attraction of loyalty is allowed to evaporate, schism and faction will exacerbate, exulcerate and demolish all things. For want of loyalty there is a precipitous and deadly tendency in our people to abolish the very foundation of our imperial state, and to rush blindfold into republicanism and universal disorder.

In proportion as the spirit of loyalty regains its ascendancy, will the spirit of union and coalition likewise triumph over division and faction. We feel more and more satisfied as to the essential verity and irresistible necessity of that syncretism and coalition which in this Magazine has been recommended. The grand truth we have confirmed by so many authorities, is now confessed by all thinking men—that the principle of coalition must supersede the principle of division, in order to save the empire. Our worthiest men must coalesce; if a ministry is to be formed of any strength and durability, it must be of the representative character; sect and party administrations have already had too long a reign, and have brought our noble monarchy to the very brink of revolution.

Men are bound to cultivate loyalty towards their monarch as long as he is their monarch, in other words, while he fulfils the conditions of the monarchical institution—this is a fixed rule. And here it may be necessary to explain a particular sophistry connected with this point, which has been of late years supported by men who ought to have known better. We allude to this statement:—"That we are not obliged to be loyal towards the monarch, but only towards the monarchy; so that if a king displeases us we may reduce our loyalty to him as much as we please, provided we are still loyal to the kingdom." Now this statement, by whatever names it may be sanctioned, we hold in downright abhorrence. We have not yet learnt so to construe the text "Fear God, honour the king." To our minds loyalty is loyalty—an indivisible moral essence—a reverence for the power appointed by God to reign over us. This power is the king—it is the king which makes the kingdom, which is his territory and estate. This talk of being loyal to the kingdom and not to the king, forcibly reminds us of a certain pharisaical distinction, thus censured by the Saviour of the world, "Woe unto you ye blind guides, who say, 'Whosoever shall swear by the temple it is nothing, but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple he is a debtor.' Ye fools and blind, which is greater, the gold, or the temple which sanctifieth the gold?" Equally vain is the distinction of those who now strive to divide our loyalty between the monarch and the monarchy. A fig for loyalty like this—a loyalty frittered away by jesuitical casuistics, and adulterated by factious passions. A loyalty which, by signifying too much, signifies nothing at all—a loyalty which may mean sedition and rebellion. We have spoken strongly, because we perceive the elements of rebellion at work in more than one quarter, and the sin of rebellion is like the sin of witchcraft, secret, swift, and all-prevailing.

But we must come to the third term of our motto. We mean *Coalition*, a word which, to the intelligence of initiated philosophers, in itself contains the *great secret* of our search—a word which, being com-

posed of *con* and *alesco*, declares that the law of union is the law of increase. We again assert that the principle of union is a divine principle, and, therefore, absolutely essential and indispensable in the art of government.

Let it be fully and definitively understood, that *the divine* is the true *prothesis* of all ideas and expressions, the *prothetic unity* which pre-exists and precedes all varieties of being. In proportion as minds approach God, they become *one*, because they are united in him who is the one and all. Such a *prothetic unity*, therefore—that is a unity absolute, without the shadow of difference—is what all spirits should aspire towards; because the consummation of their being is that all should be one with God, who is all in all. But since this absolute prothetic unity, which is the highest and best, cannot always be attained in this world, good men have in all ages striven to promote that proximate or next good, which is defined by synthesis, syncretism, and coalition. *Syncretic or coalitionary union consists in the union of the true parts of mixed things, in spite of the false parts which seek to divide them.* The true parts of things are always homogeneous and harmonic; the false parts are heterogeneous and discordant. The philosophy of syncretism and coalition—a philosophy so important that on it the prosperity of all nations depends, consists in this grand axiom. For instance, if you can make ten men absolutely agree on all points of truth, you establish a prothetic unity. But since this desideratum can scarcely ever be attained, because *quot homines tot sententiæ*, you do the next best thing—that is, you establish a syncretic and coalitionary union. In other words, you shew your ten men how to agree on the major points in which agreement is most general; and having established your coalition on these major points, you leave your coalitionists free to differ on the minor ones. The maxim of syncretism is simply this, *agree on the major points, and agree to differ on the minor ones.* This coalitionary rule is the practical canon which keeps the families of men in peace and good fellowship; wherever it is forgotten, strife and war ensue.

To illustrate this: how harmoniously might the Church have evolved her glorious developements if her children had coalesced in those major doctrines of faith in God and His Holy Scriptures on which the vast majority agree: But, alas! they were not content to let the Bible remain as the all-inclusive bond, and all-supporting base of the ecclesiastical fabric. No, forsooth, they preferred to let the saving doctrines of faith, that should have harmonised them into one exulting fraternity, pass disregarded; while they fixed a keen and anxious scrutiny on all the minor points that God had left free to free inquiry. Then began they to define what Heaven had never defined; they began to make formal symbols of creed and article, defective because human, and to bind them on the consciences of men under penalties of damnation. Here lay their capital error—they violated that principle of coalition by which alone they could have prospered. They forgot the universal law that action and reaction are equal; and thus every attempt they made to force their liminary dogmas on the hearts of men, ended in estranging and disgusting those they would have proselytised.

Such is the science of syncretism and coalition: a science of the most intense and vital importance to society. We have stated it fearlessly and

frankly to the world, and we call on all who cherish philanthropy or patriotism to support the cause. England will never perish except by her parliament; and perish she undoubtedly will if that parliament indulges in the miserable buffooneries of partymongers and cabals. Compared to this, all other national dangers are safety itself.

The philosopher is a coalitionist, because he conceives coalition to be the unitive and universal principle by which the Divine Being mainly extends the empire of Truth. Zeal for major truths makes men coalitionists. Zeal for minor ones converts them into partisans. By advocating the principle of coalition, we, however, rather seek to harmonise and reconcile the principle of division, than to oppose and destroy it. We know that coalition is the masculine element of union and increase, which should always maintain its relative superiority over the feminine element of division and separation. To use a figure—it is necessary that the great river of Coalition should perpetually overflow the locks and reservoirs of sects and parties, in order to clarify and purify them, not to demolish and annihilate them. If the coalitionist principle is well supported, and the number of coalitionists augments, they keep divisions, sects, and parties in their due legitimate subordination. We are far from slandering or despising the principle of division; we know that in its proper sphere it is the source of half the beauty, order, and happiness in nature. In their just subordination, sects and parties are often exceedingly useful—they serve to produce general emulation and mutual correction—each one ably illustrates some strong point of truth, and powerfully defeats the errors of its antagonist. They however, too often overstep the limits of this subordination; and then sectarian and party spirit becomes bitter, resentful, and implacable. It is then that coalitionists have to come forward in a more polemical character, and oppose the partisans who have exceeded their privileges. It is then that coalitionists are compelled to launch the keen lightnings of indignant satire on the host of their calumniators, when the use of sect and parties is swallowed up by their abuse, and they degenerate into those schisms and factions that do infinite mischief to society.

This spirit of coalition is entirely separate from the spirit of indifferentism. The one is anxious to unite all truths as far as possible; and by this very union of truths to diminish the forces of error. Whereas indifferentism wilfully confounds the true and the false, and cares not how many lies are propagated and spread abroad.

The time is coming—its signs are already visible—when this long-lost doctrine of coalition, whereby peace on earth and good-will to men is promoted, will be developed by grand and philosophic minds, as a universal law no less important in politics than that of gravitation is in physics. It will be more and more perceived, as several of the public journals have already confessed, that coalition is the only firm ground left for a philosophic politician to stand on. As *Coalitionists* alone can we develop the free preferences of our souls, and obey the convictions of conscience and reason, in relation to the infinite variety of discussions. As *Coalitionists* alone can we cherish that wholesome system of *eclecticism* which the ablest men have ever maintained, and without which we must needs subscribe “slave” to sect and party. How truly does Middleton, in his life of Cicero, eulogise this eclectic theory. “The academic

school of the Eclectics," says he, "which Cicero ever preferred, was in no particular opposition to any, but an equal adversary of all; or rather, to dogmatical philosophy in general; so that every other sect, next to itself, readily gave it the preference to the rest; which universal concession of the second place is commonly thought to infer a right to the first. The eclectic manner of philosophising was of all others the most rational and modest, and the best adapted to the discovery of truth, whose peculiar character it is to encourage enquiry—to sift every question to the bottom—to try the force of every argument, till it has found its real moment and the precise quantity of its weight." Right honestly therefore do we rejoice in our position as *Coalitionists*, and the converse of an increased multitude of enlarged and liberal minds, who are beginning to emancipate themselves from the shackles of sect and party. Ferrently do we exult in bearing no party name. For if there be any one impediment to a man's progress in universal truth more fatal than another, it is party spirit. By this are half our contemporaries led captive, wounded, and fettered, cabined, cribbed, confined, trembling to pronounce the very name of intellectual liberty; we have broken those cursed manacles: Heaven keep us from wearing them again.

Such is the coalitionary system of policy recommended by Grotius, Selden, Schlegel, Slarch, Guizot, Butler, and their followers. They maintain that government can only be of two essential kinds: the syncretic or coalitionary, and the divisional or discordant. With the first, namely, the coalitionary, when fairly adopted, are all strength, happiness, and prosperity joined. The second is the poisonous source of all those sects, parties, schisms, and factions, under whose insensate violence Assyria, Greece, Rome, and Carthage have fallen, and Great Britain will probably fall.

We confess the truth of Sir Robert Filmer's doctrine, that the British crown is still essentially patriarchal, catholic, and syncretic; and within these dominions, supreme head of all ecclesiastical and civil authorities, whether Jewish, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Conformist, or Nonconformist. To limit the Catholic crown of Britain to any one sect or party is false and mischievous. That crown rules over all Britain, and Britain is essentially a catholic or mixed constitution, composed of Jews, Papists, Protestants, &c. To assert that it is a protestant constitution, in any exclusive sense, is not correct; the Protestants only form one of its sects and parties.

Under this catholic crown of Great Britain, some bold speculators, fresh from Utopia, propose the necessity of appointing a Lord High Chancellor, or Secretary of ecclesiastical affairs, as distinguished from the Lord Chancellor, who is now overwhelmed with inconsistent duties. This Lord High Chancellor, being the highest representative and officer of the crown, should preside in an ecclesiastical Parliament or convocation. In this convocation, Jewish, Papal, and Protestant prelates, with delegates from the great bodies of dissenters, would assemble under superintendence of the crown and the Lord High Chancellor, and consult for the general good of their several branches of the church universal. In this ecclesiastical parliament the interests of all departments of the universal church, whether Jewish, Papal, or Protestant, would be discussed and regulated just as the various interests of our political parties

are examined in the civil parliament. Nor do they see why the delegates of such an ecclesiastical parliament representing different sects should not proceed as decorously and harmoniously as the delegates of the civil parliament, representing different parties and factions.

This idea, which seems fitter for Utopia than any existing state, was formerly illustrated by a very distinguished politician, and more recently by Mr. Robinson, in his eloquent treatise on the Ecclesiastical condition of the United Kingdom. "I would appoint (says he, page 421) a new secretary of state, one for ecclesiastical affairs. He should superintend and cooperate with the prelates. This would be invaluable to them, because, aided by him, they could, in very many cases, refuse orders, enforce industry, and make regulations in which they cannot now, for lack of moral strength and support. He should have the general interests of the church under his care. It should be his special duty to attend to the providing of means of worship, and such other matters as the clergy cannot provide for. This new secretary of ecclesiastical affairs should vigilantly watch and control all dissenting ministers, Papist and Protestant."

The application of the principle of syncretism and coalition to the British cabinet is far more practicable. Every person is awake to the immense importance of our having a *strong and consistent ministry* to give harmony and consolidation to our national forces. It is evident likewise, that no ministry but a coalitionary one can become either strong or consistent in the present circumstances of the empire. This fact is clear to a demonstration. If our leading statesmen should recollect the fable of Æsop respecting the bundle of rods, the stern necessity of self-preservation will urge them to coalesce, and for the sake of their common interests they will merge their personal varieties of opinion. Such a coalitionary ministry, acting in the policy of Guizot, might become both strong and consistent, because it would include the worthiest representatives of each party, and thus acquire the confidence of each party. Such a coalitionary and representative ministry, if well selected, would have a fair chance of remaining long enough in office to corroborate political wisdom by practical experience, and to work the machinery of public business with the least possible friction. They would accumulate fresh energies every day, till they would be able to effect conservative reforms of real and permanent utility, and gradually reduce to subordination the wild elements of democratical and revolutionary madness. No party ministry that can possibly be formed will ever have the same success. Such an expectation is opposed to all historical fact, and involves a contradiction in terms. How can fond and foolish partisans, of any order whatever, dare to flatter themselves that their own favourite clique should acquire universal domination and influence, when it is essentially antagonistical to other political sects not less talented nor less energetic. The consequence is, that every party ministry, in the present condition of society, must be deplorably weak for all philanthropic purposes, just because three-fourths of its energies are occupied in maintaining its existence against the vehement factions that aim at its destruction. No conceivable predicament can be more mischievous for the successive ministries of a country, or for the country itself which endures abuses so enormous.

The truth of this statement has been so amply proved by Coleridge and his friends, that it is now rapidly gaining ground among the leaders of the political press. The catholic and coalitionary editors and contributors will inevitably triumph over mere partisantic and sectarian writers, whatever be the amount of their interest in upholding their favourite faction. Ere long there will be a distinct body of syncretic and coalitionary periodicals, which will hold firmly and generously together, and plead the cause of patriotism against the champions of party, whatever name they may bear.

In the brief limits of this essay it is not possible for us to elaborate the bearings of these principles on the state and prospects of the empire. We may, however, be allowed to drop a few hints on some opinions that are rapidly gaining ground, and will probably emerge in actual results. We take not upon us to decide whether these opinions are good, bad, or indifferent; we would merely state them, as faithful and philosophic historians, as plainly as possible.

One of these opinions is the expediency of enlarging our *paper currency*. The advocates for this proceeding are men of distinguished talent. Among them we may mention John and James Taylor, Attwood, the editors of the *Herald* and *Standard*, and some of the directors of the Bank. Their general proposition amounts to this, that government should make a large issue of one pound notes, declaring them to be legal tenders in all transactions, and receiving them as such for taxes, &c., but leaving them free in other respects to the variations of market price. For example, they would have a one pound note issued by the Bank of England of the legal declared value of a sovereign; just as a sovereign is issued of the legal declared value of twenty shillings. But according to them, neither the bankers nor the people should be *obliged* to exchange a one pound note for a sovereign, any more than they are at present obliged to exchange a sovereign for twenty shillings. No doubt they would generally maintain their equal values, but cases might occur in which the relative amount of paper, gold, or silver would be deficient—in such case, a man might have to pay twenty-one shillings for a note or a sovereign if they were scarce, and he particularly wanted them, just as happens at present in certain circumstances, but without any impeachment of value or depreciation of price.

As we shall probably treat of this question of currency at large, we shall now be brief. It is certain that a very general impression has gone abroad that an enlargement of the paper currency has become necessary to supply the wants and demands of the nation. We suspect that some such arrangement is both practicable and desirable, in order to modify Sir Robert Peel's system of metallic circulation, which having assumed too exclusive an operation, bears particularly hard on many classes of the people.

Another of the opinions which, whether right or wrong, is gaining ground, is that which prefers the voluntary system of ecclesiastical donations, to the obligatory system of tithes and church rates. Its advocates assert that churches are better supported by voluntary than by compulsory payments, and that tithes are an ecclesiastical tax which should be abolished after the lives of the present holders. That tithes are merely an ecclesiastical tax levied by government, which government has a right to modify, or remit according to circumstances, has been



already decided in the reigns of Henry, Elizabeth, and our late monarch, in reference to the Irish church. And though government has, as it were, farmed out these ecclesiastical taxes or tithes for certain periods to clerical appropriators or lay impropiators, yet it never renounced its power of revocation and new appointment. Such is the *property of tithes*. Tithe holders are merely tenants at will upon the government, and the government may rightfully dispossess them whenever the public interest requires it. The monopoly of tithes, as if they were absolute property, is a complete delusion, wrong in law and in fact, but studiously supported by interested parties concerned (vide Selden's History of Tithes).

These pleaders for the abolition of this ecclesiastical tax or tithe argue thus:—they say that the voluntary principle is essentially superior to the compulsory one, because the donations that spring from the first are those of piety, virtue, and charity; while the others are not. They say, therefore, that the compulsory principle should not be resorted to but in case of necessity, and that no such necessity exists at present. They say that the Roman Catholics and Dissenters are going on flourishingly on the voluntary principle; that the congregations of the Nonconformists cheerfully and bounteously support their own places of worship, and that the congregations of Conformists, being richer, should do so too; and that the present system of compulsory tithes, and commutations of tithes, church rates, &c., is ruining the established church, because it is considered an unfair monopoly, and raises implacable animosity against her.

These views are ably supported by Adam Smith, the shrewdest of our economists. He was strongly opposed to tithes, which he calls a land tax bearing most unequally and injuriously. He saw that free trade in religion was as important as free trade in corn, and that by taxing the one it became necessary to tax the other. In other words, by burdening the land with tithe, the price of corn was inevitably enhanced by duties. "Observe (says Smith) the laws against corn may everywhere be compared to the laws against religion. The people feel themselves so much interested in what relates either to their subsistence in this life, or their happiness in a life to come, that government must yield to their prejudices, and in order to preserve the public tranquillity, establish that system which they approve of."

As to the free trade in corn, Adam Smith is strongly in its favour. "The trade of the merchant importer of foreign corn for home consumption evidently contributes to the immediate supply of the home market, and must so far be immediately beneficial to the great body of the people. It tends, indeed, somewhat to lower the average money price of corn, but not to diminish its real value or the quantity of labour which it is capable of maintaining. If importation was at all times free, our farmers and country gentlemen would probably, one year with another, get less money for their corn than they do at present, when importation is at most times in effect prohibited: but the money which they got would be of more value, would buy more goods of all other kinds, and would employ more labour. Their real wealth, their real revenue, therefore, would be the same as at present, though it might be expressed by a smaller quantity of silver, and they would neither be

disabled nor discouraged from cultivating corn as much as they do at present. On the contrary, the rise in the real value of silver, in consequence of lowering the money price of corn, lowers somewhat the money price of all other commodities; it gives the industry of the country where it takes place, some advantage in all foreign markets, and thereby tends to encourage and increase that industry."

Aye, still better than this, Dr. Smith, if, according to the system of the economists, our land could gradually be delivered from its burdens, the poor, having better employment and cheaper food, would no longer exact such heavy poor-rates; and thus the landlord would gain eventually far more than he can lose by free trade in corn.

One word more respecting the poor laws, and we have done. We wish to state our firm conviction that the original theory of *workhouses* is a good theory, but that of *poorhouses* a bad one. The scheme we approve is, that every parish or union, should have a workhouse, properly so called; a house, the duty of whose officers shall be that of work agents, who shall provide work for the poor, who cannot get work elsewhere. Every workhouse would then become a work-agency office: its officers would give less wages than private employers; but still the poor would know where to apply in case they wanted work, and would be paid according to work done. This plan would soon put the poor in a proper position; industry would be encouraged and rewarded; idleness would deservedly suffer, for if any man refuses to work neither let him eat. We are bound to supply the poor with work and wages, but not wages without work. "Every poorhouse," as Dr. Chalmers observes, "which has been established in oblivion of this principle—every one which has created a divorce between the ideas of labour and maintenance, has done incredible mischief. The well-managed *workhouse*, like that which existed at Kensington, is a blessing to a parish—a poorhouse is generally a curse.

This principle, which would convert poor houses into workhouses, and these into *Joint Stock Union Banks*, for the encouragement of industry, has been ably illustrated by one of our Paris correspondents, *vide* the article entitled "Remedy for Pauperism," in the last number of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Though we do not agree with the author in all his details, he has shadowed forth a great truth, which our government is beginning to recognise. A truth not less noticeable because it is a favourite doctrine among the French Fourierites, and the English Owenites, Chartists, and Socialists.

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## THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY-NURSE."

SHE stood blowing the bellows in her father's smithy, her face begrimed with soot, her slender heels peeping out of her black worsted stockings, and her long ebon tresses twining around her in the greatest disorder, part of them, however, fastened up at the back of her head with a broken horn comb; yet, amidst all these disadvantages, no one could look at the blacksmith's youthful daughter, Ruth Fearncombe, without being struck with the perfect symmetry of her form, and

the brilliancy and beauty of her large dark eyes, shaded as they were by the long silken lashes that fringed their lids.

"Father," said Ruth Fearncombe, washing her hands in the dirty water, contained in the stone trough, kept there for the purpose of cooling the red-hot horse shoes and bars of iron her father was in the habit of working on—"Father," and she wiped her delicately formed, but half-clean fingers on her blue woollen apron, with an air of determination, "I will blow the *bellies* no more for you; I will go and live at the Golden Lion, and help Tom Bassett to clean the pots, and draw the beer; I'm weary of the old roaring smithy and the hissing sparks; and I'll have something *new* if I die for it."

"Hoity-toity! what's in the wind now?" called out Hugh Fearncombe, in a voice of thunder, and leaving an unfinished ploughshare to cool at its leisure upon the anvil. "Is the girl distraught? Go get a penny ball of worsted, you jade, and mend those staring holes in your black hose, and twist those snake-like locks a little more decent up round your head, and not sit there, looking like the wife of *Turpin*, so impudent up in my face. Begone! I say."

"No! Father," said Ruth, in a cool and resolute tone of voice, yet in which a slight degree of tremor might be detected; "I won't mend the old black stockings any more: and I'll never touch the *bellies* again so long as I live; and so you have my answer:" and she folded one of her arms within the other, in as elegant a posture of self-taught defiance, as ever was practised by actress upon the stage.

"By holy Saint Paul, and all the saints, with the martyrs thrown into the bargain, the wench has been drinking up my quart of ale, and has got herself fuddled," exclaimed the stalwart blacksmith, gazing with amazement at his young daughter, who had not yet numbered fifteen years: "or,"—and he hesitated, and felt a spasm at his heart, "she has got a portion of *her mother's* spirit come on to her, just like the measles, that never asks with your leave, or by your leave, but walks in and goes to work in a man's house as if it was his own. What's bred in the bone is sure to come out in the flesh! I shall have a plaguey time of it, I see;" and Hugh wiped the cold drops of perspiration from his brow with his sooty hand, leaving its black track behind it.

"Now don't bring up *mother's* name again," said Ruth, fire flashing from her eyes, "I've borne it long enough, and many things beside. What tho'f she *had* a spirit, she never darkens your doors now, wherever she may be; and I dreamed of her last night. It's a shame, Father, to abuse her to her own child, as you do, all the day long; I'll not stay to hear it."

"Ruth!" cried the agitated man, sinking down upon a wheel-barrow, come in to be repaired, and again mechanically wiping his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt, "Ruth! will you too forsake me?"

The girl returned no answer; but her bosom evidently palpitated with emotion, and her eye-lids were nearly closed: she untied the strings of her blue apron uneasily, and then tied them again; began picking the dirt from her nails with an old yellow pin she found in her boddice, and beat her little foot, coarsely shod as it was, upon the ground, in evident disorder.

"I have not been, it is true, an over kind father," said Hugh, follow-

ing up the advantage he had evidently gained; "but the still water is always the deepest. Ruth, I have but you in all the wide world—and—and you are dear to me as—as my own child."

"You need not tell me that, Father," said the girl, almost sullenly, "I shall come up to see you every day, and shall clean out the black-bird's cage every Saturday, and dress your Sunday's dinner for you, if they will let me stop so long; but don't be in a passion, Father, now; and beat me as you used to do poor mother, but I won't blow the bellies any more!"

"Beat you," repeated Hugh Fearncombe, "did I ever lay my finger upon you in my life?"

"I can't say you ever did," cried the girl, doggedly. "No! you never did; neither in love nor anger, and there's the mischief of it. All as dead and still you was, as the black water in yon trough. I wish you had a strapped me now and then, with that bit of bridle hanging up there, so as you had but a took me in your arms once in your life, as mother did every blessed day and night, and called me '*Child*!'"

Hugh Fearncombe was moved beyond measure: his smithy-fire had gone out and he perceived it not; he muttered to himself, "True, most true; it is the fault of my temper; my nature is not good—*she* told me so a thousand times!" and his head dropped upon his breast. When he looked up, his daughter had disappeared into the inner chamber, and he thought and hoped she would go on again as usual, but he did not resume his work.

"Shall I bring you the rasher and the *taties* into the smithy, Father," called out Ruth from the inner room; "the head has been off the beer an hour ago; and I am going in to clean myself, for I don't want any dinner to-day myself."

"She is not out of her *tantrums* yet, I see," argued Hugh Fearncombe to himself. "What can have made her thus? Dreaming of her mother, I think she said. Aye, and so have I, every night since she left me.—But here comes a customer."

A farmer wanted his horse's-shoe fastened; so, giving a hearty shake to his leather apron, as if to fling away the thought, the blacksmith began to hammer it on, and report that "Two others were worn as thin as a sixpence, and would be off in another day."

"Let them live their time out," said the farmer, good humouredly; "every thing should have its natural life," as the frog said to the scythe, when his hind legs were cut off. Where is your little daughter, Master Hugh? I declare I do not know your smithy without pretty, saucy Ruth."

"Aye, *saucy* enough, for the matter of that, Master Wilson," answered Hugh, sighing heavily, "all of woman-kind are sure to be that. Tongue! tongue! nothing but tongue."

"You speak from experience, I fancy, Hugh," said the farmer, laughing. "Why, what could you expect my man, when you married a gypsy girl; one of those lazy, black-eyed strollers, that are taught thieving before they have learned to speak? She was a fine, strapping, handsome wench, tho', for all that, and could read a palm with any of her tribe."

"The woman I married, Master Wilson, was *not* a born gypsey, I

would have you to know, more than your own dame ; she only consorted with them gentry in her youth, and larnt a few of their tricks. She was a rich man's child she told me, and was stole away in her infancy. I know all about her history ; and I don't like to hear her called a stroller."

"She is gone home to her great relations then I 'spose," said the farmer, with another chuckling laugh. "Well ! I hope she will send back a fortin for the little one—but here she comes, dressed out as fine as five pence. How do you do, my little maid ?"

"Good bye, Father," said Ruth, dropping a little curtsey to the farmer ; "I'm going to the Golden Lion, and will run up and see you to-morrow ;" and she approached to take the hand of Hugh, extending one of her own, which, being now perfectly clean, was as well-formed a hand as any lady's in the land ; her face, neck, and bosom, too, were well polished up with a bit of yellow soap, warm water, and a rough towel ; her glossy hair was tidily put up behind, but the ringlets would still stray over her rounded cheeks, and finely chiselled forehead. Most exquisitely lovely did she look, and as her young elastic form leant forward to reach her father's sooty hands, she resembled more one of the fabled nymphs of antiquity than a common blacksmith's daughter, living upon the borders of a wild heath, more than a mile from any other habitation, and full a couple from the market town of S—, in Wiltshire.

Amidst the profound astonishment of Hugh Fearncombe at this address, and the quiet tone of high determination in which it was spoken, the man could not help observing, that his daughter had on a pair of snow-white cotton stockings on her little feet, and as smart a pair of black prunella, well-fitting shoes, as any farmer's daughter in the land. He stood mystified as he gazed upon these extraordinary things, and wonder balanced grief so nicely in his mind, that he could find no words. Be it known that he was always half drunk.

"Will you not shake hands with me, Father, before I go ?" said the young girl, with the softest voice in the world, whilst those majestic eyes of her's were moistened with tears.

"Where did you get those cotton hose, and fine-lady pumps, Ruth ?" at length said the father, arousing himself from his torpor ; "and can you consent to leave your poor old father here alone upon the common, with nothing to cheer him—no comfort left."

"The barrel of ale is not even *at stoop* yet, Father," answered Ruth, "and you know better than I can tell you, that you want no other company when you have got the tankard."

"How her words *bite* !" muttered out Hugh, clenching his brawny fist, and stepping back a foot or two ; "she has not dreamt of her mother for nothing ! Where got ye those milk-white stockings, hussey ? Where those dancing shoes, that make you look like a fairy ?" and in spite of his astonishment and anger, the sturdy blacksmith felt proud of the extreme beauty of his little daughter's feet and ankles, exposed it must be owned, to their very full extent, seeing that her linsey-woolsey petticoat was nearly up to her knees—so much had she grown within the last twelvemonth—and she not having a longer one to put on.

"I shall tell you no lie, Father," said Ruth Fearncombe, blushing a deep scarlet, as she perceived the jolly farmer eyeing her short attire, and

winking approvingly at the blacksmith, as much as to say, "Her legs are worth looking at;" "I never did tell you a lie, Father, and that you know. Well then, Tim Bassett, as lives at the Golden Lion, has saved up all his wages, and bought 'em for me at the fair; and he has got me the place too, in the tap-room, and says I shall be as happy as a princess, if he can make me so."

"Hugh Fearncombe," cried farmer Wilson, seriously, "you must not suffer little Ruth to serve in a tap-room; she will soon come to ruin there. Since she has a mind to see the world, let her stop a day or so quiet at home, and I will speak to my dame, and see if she can make room for her at our farm. What say you to that, my pretty lass?"

"That I thank you kindly, Sir," answered Ruth, turning aside from his admiring gaze; "but I know when I have got a good offer, and I mean to accept it. I shall go and live at the Golden Lion."

"Just as wilful as her mother," murmured out the blacksmith. "Remember, Ruth, that with all her faults, she who brought you into the world was virtuous; let not the daughter disgrace her parent and her family."

"She was virtuous, indeed!" cried Ruth, in a kind of ecstasy; "most virtuous Father, or she would not have stood at my bedside last night, and told me what to do."

"Stood at your bedside, Ruth!" cried the father, turning as pale as flour; "then she is dead, and I shall never see that lovely form again. Oh! Alice, Alice!"

A most extraordinary smile shot across the features of the smith's daughter, followed by a short, wild laugh, that made both the hearers start. "That was a right down gypsy laugh," said farmer Wilson, "there's nothing human like it; but I must be off, and not stand prating here all day. I shall call in at the Golden Lion, every market-day, and see how your little daughter gets on in the tap-room; but she has more of the mother's natur about her than the father's, it seems to me; and I should not like to be a *hen's-roost* in her way tho'f she has such *lark-heels*," and the farmer mounted his nag, and jollily rode away, calling out "the gypsy blood, depend upon it is in her."

"Neither the mother nor the daughter would touch one of that rude fellow's *hen-roost's*, or any body else's, to save themselves from starving," exclaimed the little, short-petticoated damsel, most indignantly, as she seemed to grow taller in stature as she spoke. "Say 'God bless you,' father, before I go, for Tim will be looking out for me; you can manage to blow the *bellies* 'till I send you somebody to do it for you; but come what will, I *never will work in a smithy again*."

"God bless you, Ruth," said the father, more softened than he liked to own; "if she should stand at your bedside again, child, tell her that—that," and he burst into tears.

"I know all about it, Father," said the young girl, taking from her bosom a new pink and white spotted handkerchief (another present from Tim), and she wiped away the tears from the begrimed face of the smith, much to the injury of the aforesaid gay present. Her father thought so too, for he gently put it aside, and pulled out his own, more accustomed to such office.

"I will walk a little way with you, *child*," said Hugh Fearncombe,

taking off his apron and brown paper cap ; " and should Tim Bassett want to make you any more presents, mind that he buys you a new lindsey-woolsey petticoat, full half a foot longer than your old one. But be careful of him, Ruth, for all that."

" I'll have a *silk* one before I die," said the young girl ; " and you shall see me wear it."

" Would that your mother could see it too," said the smith mournfully ; " but mind again, she was a virtuous woman ; and I tell you, Ruth, for all the farmer says, she was no Gypsy."

" I know all about it," was the short, mysterious reply. They walked silently side by side over the wide heath, in which innumerable flocks of geese, and many asses were feeding ; they passed down together a green, shady lade—a short cut to the town of S—— ; at the end of this, Hugh repeated the " God bless you, child !" and the little maiden, with a moistened eye, and a small bundle, tripped merrily into the suburbs. The faithful pot-boy was anxiously looking out for her, and gazing with much pride on her snowy stockings, and neat black shoes, the produce of all his slender means : he took her by the hand, and with all the gallantry of a knight-errant, but a little more of trepidation, he led her into the awful presence of Mrs. Metcalf, the comely landlady of the Golden Lion, saying, with a sheepish bow, " This be the *sister*, Missis, that I told ye of."

Now Tim Bassett, whatever taste in beauty he might possess, and that he had such, there can be little doubt of from his partiality to, and admiration of our young heroine, was no beauty himself ; as he had a certain slight obliquity in his eyes, anything but becoming, and short, stumpy hair, of a hue which once gave him the nick-name of "*Carrots*," greatly to his annoyance. Being a boy of much ingenuity, he had endeavoured, with a penny-worth of *ink*, to change its colour ; but the fault of his hair being a *radical* one, it was continually springing up again of its own accord, and natural tint, thus making his head to appear party-coloured, and requiring constant attention, more indeed than he could devote to it ; so he left it at last to its fate, and a pretty, grizzled sort of head had he left it, which caused his friends and associates to change his cognomen from "*Carrots*" to "*Pepper and Salt* ;" which soubriquet did not seem to hurt his feelings half so much as the former one, for he submitted quietly to it, and answered to it quite as readily as if they had called him " Tim."

" This be the *sister*, Missis, that I told you of," said " Pepper and Salt," scraping his foot, and scratching this before-mentioned blacking-brush head of his, as he ushered Ruth, with an air of patronage, into the presence of the lady empress of the " Golden Lion."

The contrast between the two was so extraordinary, that it instantly struck the sleek and good-humored hostess, who called out facetiously, " What a fool you must have been, Tim, not to *help yourself* to a little more of the *beauty* of the family, and not have left it all to the share of your younger sister ! You no more resemble each other than our old scrubby magpie yonder, does the fine peacock in Squire Holt's grounds up at the lodge. But, my little lass, I think your mother might have joined a piece on to the bottom of your petticoat, before she sent you here ; it is nearly up to your knees."

"I ha' got no mother, Ma'am, to see to me," said Ruth, curtsying and blushing; "and father is too fond of the —— I mean, he is too poor to buy me a new one."

"Poor girl!" said Mrs. Metcalf compassionately. "Well, we can soon remedy that; but have you no black stockings to put on? Those white ones will always be in the wash-tub."

"They be all to pieces, Ma'am," said Ruth. "Tim bought me these with his wages; I wish they had been black ones."

"We can mend that matter, too," said the bonnie landlady; then perceiving that two young farmers were making game at Ruth's short petticoats, as they stood lounging together in the door-way, she called out at the top of her voice, so that they might hear her, "Come into the bar, little one, until we have made you fit to be seen; and not stand there to be grinned at by every *Cheshire cat* in the country. There, take that towel, and see if you can wash and dry those glasses without breaking them. And you, Tim, go about your business; they are wanting you in the tap; I'll take care of your sister, and crack the skull of the first gentleman in the land, if he runs his rigs upon any one I take under my protection." And Ruth, by this stroke of good luck, was at once installed into the office of bar-maid at the Golden Lion, the head inn of the town of S——.

I have before said that Ruth Fearncombe had very delicately-formed hands and fingers, so that she got through her new occupation so tidily that Mrs. Metcalf was much pleased, and said more than once throughout that evening, "That as that pert, forward minx, Patty Wheeler chose to stay a day longer on her holy-day than she bargained for, never more would she take her into the bar again; but she would train up little Ruth to tend upon the customers, and assist herself."

It would be hard to say whether poor Tim Basset, the pot-boy, felt more of astonishment and gratification, than vexation, at the sudden and unexpected preferment of his dearly-beloved Ruth. He had indulged himself in many dreams of happiness, as he schemed to bring the blacksmith's little dark-eyed daughter, his play-fellow often upon the Common, into the service of the landlady of the Golden Lion. How he had achieved such consummation to his wishes, it would be hard to say. With an audacity that no one but a pot-boy could have ventured on, whenever reprimanded for the dinginess of his pots, or his being out of the way when wanted, he had constantly affirmed, that all these grievances would be amended if he could but have his "little sister Ruth to help him." "She eats no more food than a sky-lark," he would mutter out in the hearing of his mistress; "and she is as nimble as a tom-tit. Then as to drawing of beer, she is used to that; for *her* father—I mean, father, is sending her to the ale-barrel all the day long. Such a froth she makes on the head of the tankard! she beats me at that all to nothing!"

"Let us have this little nimble-fingered sister of yours to help you," said one day the rosy-faced Mrs. Metcalf to the pertinacious "Pepper and Salt;" "for I see we shall have no peace, no, nor clean pots either, till she comes." And away scampered off Tim to convey the blessed intelligence, at the hour when Hugh Fearncombe took his afternoon's nap, with his second or third tankard of ale by the side of him; and



little Ruth was at liberty to run about upon the heath, as wild, and as frolicsome as the young foals, that kicked up their heels by the side of their sober-minded dams, who were grazing contentedly upon it.

"You shall blow the old man's *bellies* no more," vociferated Tim, waving his old cap as soon as he saw his little innamorata; "Missis has given leave that ye shall come and help me."

"What! live at the Golden Lion?" demanded the little maid, with sparkling eyes; "That will be worth having! but look at my old stockings, Tim!" and my shoes, without toes."

"I shall take my month's wages to-morrow, little Ruthey, and I'll run over to Tilterton Fair, and buy you a pair of both. Let's look at the size of your little *trotters*."

With a piece of whip-cord, which every boy has in his pocket, Tim Basset measured, in the best way he could, the delicate, but dirty feet of Ruth Fearncombe. The white hose and Prunella slippers were bought, and the day fixed between the two plotters for her entering on her new vocation. Her leave-taking with her father, the mysterious blacksmith, for such he was to all the neighbourhood, has been shown; also her promotion to the high honour of assistant in the bar; but the mingled and opposite feelings of poor "Pepper and Salt" who can describe? What metaphysician is there that is subtle enough to analyse all that was going on in the bosom, or brain, or nerves, or wherever the soul of a pot-boy may chance to be located? No; he would give up the task, as far above his powers; it was a skein too complicated and entangled for him to unravel, and wind off *fit for use*. That night following the day of Ruth's admission to the Golden Lion, Tim Basset, lying in his loft, ruminated until he became a man; thoughts and aspirations germinated within him that were unknown to him before. To follow the train of them is far beyond my power; but when he arose in the morning, it was with the determination, boy as he was, not yet sixteen, to enter into an explanation with "little Ruth;" tell her that he loved her, and make her feel that he was not one to be trifled with.

In the meantime, the good-natured, jolly-looking, Mrs. Metcalf, had been rummaging amongst her stores, and had found out a couple of pair of her daughter Lavinia's old black silk stockings, and a plum-coloured Merino dress, made quite in style; the said young lady having had a new wardrobe on being sent to a boarding-school, to *finish* her education. Ruth was accordingly summoned and ordered to put on this really handsome dress on the morrow; she was shewn, too, the way how to divide her rich raven hair, and put it up in a neat knot at the back of her head; then, with a caution to her to behave herself decently, and "never allow the roving young blades, nor the old ones neither, the slightest liberty, or she should send her home to her father," she dismissed her into a small inner chamber or closet, where she told her, "*she might keep the bed aired*" until Miss Lavinia, her daughter, came home for the holy-days.

Never before had Ruth Fearncombe possessed such alluring attire. A Merino dress, braided with black, which fitted her as close as wax, and just discovered a little of her clear neck below her finely rounded throat, without unveiling her girlish bosom; the sleeves were fastened round her slender wrists with a neat braided cuff, and three or four rows

of the same braid finished off the bottom of the skirt, a little way above her ankle, which was now enveloped in one of the pairs of black silk stockings, nicely darned, and that only in the feet. Mrs. Metcalf absolutely started as the blacksmith's daughter entered the bar, with a modest but quick step, and began to arrange the glasses, put fresh water in the leaden cistern, and wipe up all the slops on the counter, or what is technically called "The Bar."

"Ruth Fearncombe," said the landlady, "you are the very image of my daughter Lavinia; I declare you made me start as you came in, and in that dress too. Not that *she* is ever permitted to enter the bar, unless, indeed, sometimes to read to me the newspaper, or a chapter or two of some pretty new novel she gets at the circulating library. Can you read, my dear?"

"Father taught me a little, Ma'am; but all his books be outlandish ones; I could not make out head or tail of what he taught me, so I gave over learning, and have never read any thing since, except the little ballad mother left behind her, and which she used to sing over me, when I was a babby?"

"Then you can sing it too?" inquired Mrs. Metcalf.

"After a fashion," answered Ruth, "but not with the clear, high voice of mother. Father could not bear to hear her sing—it made him mad like; but oh! it was sweet to me. May I just run up a bit, in the evening, and shew him, for all that, my beautiful new dress, and silk stockings; I think it will make his heart merry—but I shall have a silk dress before I die."

Mrs. Metcalf smiled to hear the old cast-off dress of Miss Lavinia called a new one, but she was not displeased. "You are a good girl to think of your father," said she; "and you may go, and so may Tim, to take care of you home."

"Thank'ee, Missus," said "Pepper-and-Salt," who had been overhearing all the discourse, as he stood in the passage; "we'll not be away more nor an hour. Shall us, Ruth?"

"What! have you got a new bar-maid, Mrs. Metcalf, instead of 'Frisking Patty,' as we young men used to call her," said Mr. Frank Holt, the son of the gentleman who owned the peacock and the lodge, which have been just mentioned, and who was out with his dog and gun that morning, and called in for a glass of rum and milk, to keep out the cold.

"'Frisking Patty,' thanks you for your impudence, Mr. Frank," exclaimed a showily-dressed, brisk, but bold-looking girl, just then bouncing into the bar, with a heightened colour, and not a very placable expression of countenance. "New bar-maid, indeed! What do you mean by that? I have been only out for a holiday, and thof I have staid one day longer than Missus gave me leave, she knows better than to send me away for such a trifle as that, and take such a minikin thing as that in my place. Stand out of my way, little Twopenny (and she snatched the napkin away from Ruth's hand), how should you know how to mix a glass of negus, or speak to a customer? Don't you see I am come home again?"

"This is your home no longer, Patty Wheeler," said the hostess of the Golden Lion; "I have heard of a few of your tricks of late, since

you have been away ; and as you have chose to stay out without permission so long, the sooner you take yourself off, for good and ill, the better ; I shall not take you back ; so give the child the napkin back again. She is now my new bar-maid."

"That bit of a slim, baby thing, a *bar-maid*!" said "Frisking Patty," in a tone of derision. "Why, surely Missus, you must be making game. Men like to be served by a full-grown, good-looking young woman, and not by a raw child, who ought to wear a pinafore. You'll find the difference of it, if you send me away, and without warning too; I'll go and live at the White Hart."

"You may go and live at the Devil's Horns, if you like it," said the imperturbable Mrs. Metcalf; "but *here* you never shall another day ; so get out of my bar immediately, pack up your trumpery, and begone. I'll give you your wages, and that's not much, when you're ready."

"Let me speak a word for 'Frisking Patty,'" cried Mr. Frank Holt; "and yet you have a very pretty little girl in her place, that I must allow—still—"

"I allow no one to interfere betwixt me and my servants," answered the hostess, bridling up; "you know, and so do all the young men in the town, that Patty is good for nought."

"I'll teach you to take away my character," called out the dismissed bar-maid. "What have I done that is good for nought?"

"Only made a few false scores to put the difference in your own pocket! Only trusted your sweethearts at my expense! Only gone out a *dancing at night*, when we all thought you was a-bed! It's all come out, Mrs. Pat, and the two silver spoons, too, that we found in your box, besides a heap of other things. *Character*, indeed! I like that word amazingly!"

With a crest-fallen countenance, away retreated the deposed bar-maid—collected together her wardrobe, and very meekly came outside the bar, in half an hour, to say "Good bye," and receive what Mrs. Metcalf chose to give her, who, from a feeling of charity, or a wish to appear gracious, no matter which, handed to her a glass of shrub at the same time, and told her to keep up her spirits, and she would speak a good word for her yet, to get her another situation.

During this scene, Ruth Fearncombe had been standing, almost like a statue, fixing her eyes alternately on the landlady, her patroness, and on her predecessor. Her bosom agitated between hope and fear for herself, wonder and pity at the fate of the delinquent. When the matter was decided, she burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, "It was no fault of mine that she has lost her place."

"Your fault, you silly weech!" said Mrs. Metcalf, very kindly; "why what in the devil's name have you to do with it? There, wipe up your tears, and sing to Squire Holt (that is his son) the little ballad you say your mother 'left behind her,' as you call it. How long has she been dead?"

"She be alive and well now, Ma'am," answered Ruth; "only father and she could not agree. She was fond of a wild life; for she had been used to it, and loved to give a cup of ale now and then to the gipsies, her old friends, when they come to see her, and father liked to drink it all himself, so he shouted and raved at her, and beat her, and then was

sorry for it, and axed her pardon ; so she could bear such usage no longer, but when the gipsies came last year, her old acquaintance, she run away and left us, and ha' been with the company on'em ever since."

"What a shameful thing of her to forsake her child—and such a child too!" said Mr. Frank, warming himself into a tone of his highest admiration for the blacksmith's daughter.

"Who told you she had *forsaken* her child?" cried Ruth, raising her large lustrous eyes, still glistening with tears and indignation, to the face of Mr. Frank.

"You said she had left you both," said the young gentleman, much amazed at the petulance of the little damsel, and struck also with the extreme beauty of her eyes, and animation of her very handsome but childish features ; "but I am very glad you see her sometimes."

"You will see her too, perhaps, before you die," said Ruth, half mutteringly to herself, half threateningly to him ; "but it is not fit that gentlemen, like Mr. Frank Holt, should talk to a poor girl, the daughter of Hugh Fearncombe, the blacksmith, and a wandering gipsy, as they call her."

"How knew you that my name was Frank?" enquired young Holt, springing upon his feet, and much more agitated than there seemed occasion for. "You are then the daughter of Hugh Fearncombe, who once—" but he checked himself, and looked cautiously round, played with his gun, and fondled his dog, who was lying at his feet, in a snug corner of the bar. He fell after that into profound meditation ; then watched covertly all the motions of the little barmaid, but without attempting to address her. Breakfast was preparing, and Ruth was very busy with the tea-cups ; she brushed up the sugar-tongs and spoons with a piece of wash-leather, as she had been taught to do by Mrs. Metcalf the day preceding, buttered the hot rolls, and put them by the fire, then made the tea, and all with such a natural grace and ease, that it drew forth the observation from her mistress, "that she was a very *gaie* girl, and she saw would wait in a bar as well as any one in the world, when she was used to it."

"I shall beg leave to breakfast with you, Mrs. Metcalf," said young Holt, "my exercise has given me an appetite, and I'll make you a present, besides, of this leash of birds and cock pheasant ; we have plenty of game up at the Lodge."

Now as the father of the young sportsman was the proprietor of the Golden Lion, and a very excellent landlord, it is no wonder that the jolly widow expressed great pleasure in having the son for her guest. At that moment a post chaise and four stopped at the door of the inn, "to take breakfast and change horses," as the waiter technically called it. "Pour out the tea for Mr. Holt, Ruth," said the hostess, hurrying away to do the honors of her house to the "*quality*," for they travelled in their own carriage, and that ever *qualifies* people to be so termed ; "and be sure you make his honour comfortable," she added. "Give the drivers a glass of rum each—but you need not quite fill them—you understand ; but I forgot, how should the child know when she only came here yesterday," and away bustled Mrs. Metcalf.

"Will you give me another lump of sugar, little Ruth," said Mr. Frank ; "I like *sweet* things amazingly, of all sorts."

Ruth placed the sugar-bason right before him, but made no reply, then resumed her occupation amongst the glasses and the measures.

"Have you breakfasted, my pretty little maid?" enquired the guest, in a most insinuating tone of voice.

"Yes, sir, as soon as the lark was up; I took a sup of milk and a crust of bread the first thing in the morning."

"Will you not have a cup of tea, Ruth? Here, I will pour you out one," said Frank in a bland accent.

"Tea is for gentlefolks, sir," said the little maid, with proud humility, "*when I become one I will drink tea*;" and there passed over the perfect features of the young girl an arch smile, which she endeavoured to repress with all her might, and she so pursed up her pretty mouth in the attempt, that young Holt burst out into a loud laugh, and called out to Mrs. Metcalf, who just then returned, "Here, what think you?—your new little maid says she shall *soon* be a *gentlewoman*, and drink tea in her own drawing room."

"Did I say that?" cried Ruth, her eyes flashing sparks of electric fire. "An' if I did, it may come true; but if I should be a lady I'll tell the truth, and not get anger for those beneath me," and she proudly turned away.

"What a little *Tartar* it is," whispered Mr. Frank to the hostess; "but I like her spirit,—I only said it to vex her."

"I thought it must be only your fun, Mr. Frank," cried the hostess, good-humouredly; "I hope the girl knows more manners than talk nonsense to her betters."

"Yes," cried Ruth, "Father has taught me always to respect my *betters*," and she dropped a little curtsy to the young squire, whilst the tone of her voice, and the expression of her countenance, betrayed such unequivocal irony, that it caught the attention of her mistress, who, suppressing a smile that arose whether she would or no, asked her, in a sharp tone, "What she meant by that?"

Mr. Frank came up to her rescue; he seemed both amused and interested. Before he went away he offered Ruth a sovereign if she would sing him the gipsy song of her mother.

"There is nobody about, just now," said Mrs. Metcalf; "so oblige his honour. Sovereigns are not to be picked up every day. You can buy yourself a new gown with it, and a couple of white aprons, which you must have."

"I shall give it to Father, ma'am, if I *arn* it by singing," answered Ruth, with a tone of decision, as if she had been born an empress.

"Do as you like with it, my girl," said the landlady, "but make haste about it, for this is market-day, and we shall have the house swarming soon with customers."

"Mother lived with the gipsies once," said Ruth, taking a bit of vellum out of her bosom, covered up in a piece of silk, something like those charms the fortune-tellers sell to their votaries.

"Was she not a *born* gipsy?" enquired Mr. Frank, with a careless air.

"No, Sir, she was not; but I must sing her song, since *missis* gives me leave; but it must not be over loud, for this is not the place to make the voice ring again, as mother always does." And clear as a silver

bell—wild as the mounting lark—thus did the Blacksmith's Daughter pour forth the notes and words of

THE GIPSY'S SONG.

I love on the Summer's night to lie  
Beneath a broad expanse of sky,  
And breathe the mountain air;  
To watch with calm yet wondering eye  
The moon, like seraph, gliding by,  
And wish that I were there!

To think—(if *thinking* it may be)—  
That moon is gazing down on me,  
Upon my heather-bed;  
And seems to say, "You love, I see,  
To lead a life that's wild and free,  
With Heaven above your head."

I love to watch, like diamonds bright,  
The stars come glittering forth to sight,  
And ask them one by one,  
"Where got you that fair robe of light,  
To wear upon this gala night,  
When I, alas! have none?"

The wild thyme blooms around my bed,  
The yellow broom supports my head,  
All nature smiles on me;  
Like bees and butterflies I'm fed,  
Who *toil* not for their daily bread,  
But *take* the food they see.

No wonder that the stars I love,  
When thus I talk to them above,  
And they to me reply;  
No wonder that I love to rove  
O'er mountain, valley, heath, and grove,  
Beneath the summer's sky!

The blacksmith's daughter ceased: then, with much simplicity, held out her hand for the sovereign, for which she had bargained with the young squire. He perceived not the action at the moment, so much was he chained up in astonishment at the words that had fallen from the mouth of the gipsy's child, and the pure, sweet manner in which they had been warbled forth. "*Who* and what are you?" he at length exclaimed. "No vulgar wandering vagabond ever composed that song: allow me to look at the writing."

"It is not her hand," said Ruth, coolly returning the parchment to its little enclosure, and replacing it in her bosom. "My mother cannot write, though she can sing, and *make* her ditties too; my father wrote it down from my mother's mouth, and he can——"

"Do *what*?" asked Mr. Frank, with extreme eagerness.

"Make horse-shoes, sir," answered Ruth, with such a provoking and arch evasion of the question, that Mrs. Metcalf burst out into a hearty laugh, in which the young man tried to join her, but could not do it

naturally. "You are all a most mysterious family;—father, mother, and child," at length he said, and rose to depart. "Are you the daughter?" he turned round and asked.

"Yes, I be," was the innocent answer.

"The *only* child, I mean?" he continued.

Ruth hesitated, she thought of Tim Bassett, the friendly potter who had introduced her there as *his sister*; she did not like to imply him, and yet she scorned to pronounce a falsehood.

"Cannot you answer the gentleman, you silly child?" said Mrs. Balfour.

"I am waiting to thank his honour for my wages," was the evasive and arch reply; whilst the teeth of Ruth glistened like a row of pearls at her own dexterity.

"True; I had forgot," cried Mr. Frank, vexed at his forgetfulness. "Here, my little nightingale, here are a couple of sparklers for you but you must sing me that song again for them."

"I bargained with you but for one," said Ruth, with the dignity of a princess, "and I shall have but one," and she coolly returned the other. "This will comfort Father, and buy him another barrel of ale; he can have no ways, now, do without it."

"Strange and incomprehensible girl!" muttered out the young sportsman, as he whistled to his dog, and took his leave.

Ruth Fearncombe was allowed, according to promise, to run over the evening of that day, escorted by "Pepper and Salt," to the corner where stood her father's hut and smithy. Tim convinced her on the way, that he had contrived, by hook or by crook, to *hear* every word of the conversation in the bar; he admonished her very gravely on "telling a ballad-singer, to Mr. Frank, or any other gentleman in the world that she had gained a *canary-bird* by it." But he much approved her rejecting the other, "as that would have been a *gift*," he said, "young gentleman's gifts often *burnt a hole* in a poor girl's pockets."

"Why did you tell the missis that I was your sister, when you know I was n't?" remonstrated Ruth, as they trotted together through the green lane.

"How should I have got you in there, else?" demanded Tim emphatically. "It was because the missis thought you *like me*, honest and bustling, that she hired you; but you have got to great preferment all at once! The head place in all the house! But you were brought with a silver spoon in your mouth, and I with a wooden one; and I'm glad you thrive so well, Ruthy, in so short a time, yet, I must say, I should like to see a little more of you than I do. I do come to creep round at the back door, and hear your discourse, which is very 'cute and agreeable, but then I durst not put in a word for my life, that is very hard, seeing as how we are sweethearts."

"*Sweethearts*, Tim!" cried Ruth, turning her bright eyes full upon him. "We have played together, many's the time, and many a time turn you have done to little Ruthy, but who ever said we should keep company together? Never talk such nonsense to me again,"

"And won't you be my sweetheart, Ruth?" said the poor youth, his oblique eyes turning far away from her, although he intended to

should be fixed upon her face, and so, indeed, their vision was. "I never mean to have any other."

"I will be your *true-heart*, your friend, Tim, if I am not your *sweet-heart*; but I have other things within my mind besides making a fool of myself. Mother has told me many wonders," said Ruth very seriously.

"About *yourself*, Ruth?" enquired "Pepper and Salt," with a dejected voice; "I always expected to hear summat of that kind."

"I will tell you the very first, all about it, when mother gives me leave; but say nothing; no not a breath, to poor father; you might as well tell it to a sieve,—he can hold nothing, and that made mother go. Trouble ha' made him drink, you know, and drink ha' made him what I must not say."

"You 'll ha' plenty of *company-keepers* offering, now you ha' got into the bar, and wear such fine clothes," said Tim, after a long pause, and sighing very deeply; "you 'll soon forget poor 'Pepper and Salt.'"

"Never, whilst the breath's in my body!" cried the young girl, vehemently. "Do not torment me wi' such bad suspicions. I'm true, Tim, to the backbone, as father says; and I'll make you a gemman; that is, when I'm a lady,—and that may come to pass. Mother ha' read my hand, you know."

"I saw her yesternight," said Tim, brightening up a little; "I saw her creeping down, and watching like, in Squire Holt's grounds. She put me in mind of a hare squatting in her form."

"Whist, Tim, whist!—say nothing more about it. Every one must do their duty; mother is doing hers. But father is not in his smithy. No smoke in the chimney-top,—no hammer going on the anvil! Maybe he has drunk up all the ale-barrel, and is fallen asleep. Run, Tim, and see, for my heart beats as if it would break my stay-lace.

Away scampered the love-sick boy, and soon returned, saying that Hugh was perfectly sober, and was cleaning himself, as he expected a visit from his daughter. By the time she had come up to the smithy the blacksmith advanced out of the door to meet her.

"Can that be Ruth?" cried Hugh, gazing upon his child, who, in addition to her nice new frock and stockings, had got on a straw bonnet of Miss Lavinia's, trimmed with plum-coloured ribbon, and a small shawl belonging to the hostess of the Golden Lion,—both presented to her before she set off for her walk.

"Can that be my little Ruth, looking so smart, and like a lady?" again asked the delighted father. She sprang forward, and threw her arms round his neck; then, untying the sovereign from the corner of her shawl, she presented it to him, saying, "This is the *first* gold piece I have ever had, father, and I have brought it to you. How clean and fresh you look! Who blows the *bellies* now?"

"How came ye by this sovereign, Ruth?" asked the blacksmith, sternly.

"Honestly," said Tim, putting in his voice, "for I heard every word o' the bargain. She sang a song and *arned* it, and might ha had two, but she put t' other down again."

"What's bred in the bone is sure to come out of the flesh," said Hugh Fearncombe. "The sparrow is born brown, and the magpie



speckled ; so the voice of the mother will come out in the child. Well, no matter — so that she loves not the tankard, like her father. It has been the ruin of me, Ruth, and caused her death."

"It's not too late to larn, Father dear," said Ruth. "Buy yourself a new hat, stockings, and handkercher with that sovereign,—the *first* I ever gived you, but not the *last*. I must not stay, so walk wi' me through the lane back, a bit."

"She be made bar-maid," cried "Pepper and Salt," as they all three returned together, and then sat down for a few minutes on some logs of timber, lying like *dead bodies* on the Common—all their vitality gone. "I knew t'would be the making of her, going there !" said Tim, consequentially.

"Bar-maid !" cried Hugh Fearncombe, in a tone as if he did not like the sound of that term ; "She'll larn *to drink*, and, and she'll be like her"——

"Whisht, father, dear," interrupted Ruth, placing her little hand over his mouth ; "Where will ye buy the hat ?"

Six months passed rapidly away at the Golden Lion, every day adding something to the ripening beauties of our heroine. Plenty of custom did her youthful charms, and the report of them far and near, bring to the jolly hostess of the Golden Lion. Every evening, nay all day long, was the young Squire Holt seen lounging about the house, or sipping his glass of negus in the bar. A privileged guest was he ; but he could never get little Ruth to sing that song again to him, or hold any conversation with him. An unaccountable reserve stole over her manners to him and all ; even to the rosy-cheeked Miss Lavinia, who returning home for the holy-days, conceived a romantic fancy for her mother's little bar-maid, and insisted on having her for a bed-fellow, and giving her a great portion of her finery : she even proposed that Ruth should accompany her the next half-year to school, when, at the end of it, her education would, she averred, be finished.

"What nonsense you talk, Vinny," said the fond mother on this request being urged by her only child, with much vehemence ; "What use would French *and all that sort of thing* be to a poor girl without a shilling ?"

"Poor girls should learn as well as rich ones, Mamma," replied the young lady ; who was, it seems, without knowing it, a disciple of Lord Brougham. "Besides, she will not be poor long, depend upon it," she added. "Don't you see that Mr. Frank Holt is terribly in love with her ? and young Palmer, the doctor ? and even Mr. Evelyn himself ; who asked me as we came out of Church together yesterday, "Who that beautiful young creature was who sat in our *parlour* lately, for that she looked like a Countess."

"Fiddle-de-dee," cried the mother, with a heightened colour on her cheek. "This comes of your reading so many novels. I dare say you imagine Ruth to be some great lady in disguise ; and if you tell her so, you'll soon turn her head ! Mr. Frank Holt, indeed ! He, the heir of so much wealth, to fall in love with a blacksmith's daughter ! Surely, if he has a mind to marry a little beneath him, *you* have a far better chance than such an uneducated girl as she."

"Is it true, Mamma, really, that Mrs. Holt, so very proud as she is,"

asked the plump young lady of her mother, "has asked me up to the Lodge next Thursday, 'with my friend Miss Ruth?' Those are her very words, in her fine card, all edged with gold? It is to be a ball, I hear. This is Mr. Frank's doing, and is all for Ruth's sake."

"You grow a bigger fool every minute you live," was the gratifying observation of Mrs. Metcalf to her accomplished daughter. "Of course it is in compliment to *you*, and the edication I have given you, that you are invited; and you must go, though I wish she had asked me too."

"I shall not accept her invitation, Mamma, unless my sweet Ruth goes with me," said the boarding-school young lady.

"Well, then, you must stay at home, Miss; and serve you right too. Mrs. Holt has no notion but what '*your friend*,' as she calls her, is some school-companion or other, come home to spend the vacation with you; she would never forgive me if I let my *bar-maid* go up to the Lodge as a visitor."

"Mr. Frank knows, Mamma, what Ruth is; and you know you heard him say, 'That he hoped *both* the young ladies would accept his mother's invite; and that he should do himself the honour of dancing with both of us.'"

"*Dancing*, indeed!" exclaimed the rosy landlady, throwing up her arms; "I should like to know what sort of a *dance* Ruth knows, except it was 'The Cat's Hornpipe,' or, 'The Gipsy Round-a-bout.' Say no more about it; but go over this morning and ask Mrs. Palmer, the doctor's mother, if she be going, and if she will take the trouble of *chapering* you, on that evening, as I am not invited, and you must be under the care, of course, of some married lady."

"I shall not go without Ruth," reiterated Miss Lavinia, with all proper degree of feminine firmness.

"I tell you the girl herself has too much sense to think of going there, whatever you may have; only ask her."

As Mrs. Metcalf had predicted, Ruth, with modest simplicity, said, "That balls were no places for her; and that as for going up to the Lodge, she should as soon think of having her head cut off."

Just then "Pepper and Salt" put his head in at the door, and called out in a suppressed voice, "Sister Ruth! I maun speak to you, in leave of Missis, this very minute."

"Is any thing the matter, Tim, that you look so white?" asked Mrs. Metcalf; but the youth had disappeared. Ruth went out in search of him, and then returned for her bonnet and shawl.

She was absent more than an hour, and had her bonnet on at her return; flushed was her cheek, and a strange light was in her eye. For the first time since she had been in the house, she broke a large rummer-glass, and poured out brandy for peppermint to a customer. "Never mind, Ruth, dear," cried the good-natured Miss Lavinia, looking up from her novel; "accidents will happen." I perceive you are agitated, and that you have met with an *adventure*. What was it? Tell us all about it."

"If you please, Ma'am," said Ruth, without noticing her attached friend, Miss Lavinia; "If you please, Ma'am, and you won't be offended at me, I have changed my mind; and should like to go up to the

Lodge on Thursday with Miss Vinny; or even by myself, if she does not like to go."

"Well to be sure," cried Mrs. Metcalf; "what's in the wind now? Who have you seen, to persuade you to go since you went out? Was it your father, old Hugh Fearncombe? Perhaps he will go up with you, and introduce you?"

"Mamma, you should not *twit* her about her family," said Miss Lavinia, "for *ours*, you know, is not much to be boasted of."

"Was it your *father*, Ruth, who made you alter your mind?" asked the hostess, not choosing to hear the remonstrance of her daughter; "or was it Tim, your brother? He ought to be invited too." And there was pique in her whole manner.

"It was my *mother*, Ma'am, that has laid her commands upon me, to accept the invitation, and I dare not disobey her; I never did in my life," said Ruth.

There was something in this last observation that seemed to pacify Mrs. Metcalf very much, wounded as her vanity was that she had not been included in the invite.

"You have then seen your *mother*, Ruth! I thought she was far away," exclaimed the hostess.

"I have seen her every day since I lived here," was the simple answer; "but—" and the girl burst into tears, "I shall not see her long! She be very poorly! She will die."

"Every day! but when? How?" asked Mrs. Metcalf, almost incredulously.

"The first thing in the morning, Ma'am," said Ruth, "I always run up to Squire Holt's Plantations, to get her blessing."

"Squire Holt's Plantations? Is she at work there?" demanded the landlady.

"Yes; she has plenty of work to do up there just now," said Ruth, in a most peculiar tone of voice; "but she hopes to be *well paid* for it."

"There is not a gentleman in the land, that is half so good to the poor," observed Mrs. Metcalf, carelessly; "or so merciful to the gypsies, when they are brought up before him, for robbing the farmer's henroosts, or running away with a sucking pig. They are sure to get off when he sits upon the bench."

"I dare say the Squire knows what he is about," said Ruth, in her quiet but significant way. "The Gypsies are a very cunning set, I have heard mother say; and very few things go on in families, without *their* knowledge."

"I wish they could tell me why they have asked *you* to the Lodge, and not me?" cried Mrs. Metcalf pettishly; "not that I am a *grudging* woman, or have any malice to you about it; but it does seem so very odd."

"Ruth must wear one of my dancing-dresses, Mamma," said Miss Lavinia, with a patronising air; "and she can buy gloves and shoes herself, for she has some money now. I'll shew her how to dance the figures of the first set of quadrilles; and as for the Spanish dance, she can do that, I'm sure, already. Mrs. Palmer has promised to take me, and 'my friend,' as I called Ruth, under her wing; so that we have

nothing to do, but to take in a little in the waist my blue silk, and make it fit her, and to go out and buy what we want. I can wear my last new ball-frock of white gauze. So put on your bonnet, dear, and we will go out for our gloves and things."

"My daughter shall have a spick and span new dress, when she goes to so grand a place as the Lodge," exclaimed, with much pomposity, the really kind-hearted landlady, who in the thought of seeing her Lavinia attired in the "*very best*" (as all inn-keepers are sure to buy for their children to wear), forgot her own mortification.

"You shall have a white satin," said Mrs. Metcalf, after due consideration; "so go to Miss Perkins, and let her see to it immediately; I can trust her to make it *genteel*, for she has patterns every month from Paris, besides taking in 'The Ladies' Magazine.'"

"And may she alter my blue silk for little Ruth," asked the young lady; "she can do it better than if we botched it up at home; she can put some new satin ribbon for *flyers* to the sleeves, and a little new blonde round the bosom."

"Blonde, indeed!" exclaimed her mother, impatiently. "You are enough to provoke a saint. You will certainly turn the poor girl's head."

"Neither her head or her heart, my kind mistress," said Ruth, affectionately taking her hand; and who, naturally quick and apprehensive, had learned to speak much better English now than at her arrival at the Golden Lion. "I shall never forget how good you have been to the poor blacksmith's daughter, you and dear Miss Lavinia, who shall never repent her kindness."

"Well, well; I dare say, child, you have a very grateful heart," cried the landlady, much softened. "Now as you don't seem to have taken much of a fancy for Mr. Frank, and there is no accounting for tastes, as the old woman said when she curry-combed her pig. I should like my Vinny to be taken notice of by him, before all the gentry; so don't stand in her way."

"Law, Mamma! how you talk," said the young lady alluded to, blushing up to the eyes. "I'm sure I don't want Mr. Frank to dance with me."

"But I do," argued the mother, tossing up her head; "and I should think it very odd if he does not do so, and I such an old tenant of his father, and not behind-hand ever in rent! We will have up Mr. Saunders, to dress your hair, Vinny, for you; and you shall go up in a fly, which shall wait to bring you home. I suppose it must go down the town to take up Mrs. Palmer, must it not?"

"To be sure it must, Mamma; and that is the reason she promised to *chaperone* us; because it saves her the expense of paying for a carriage;" and the young lady was right.

"She knows that I can *afford* it better than she can," cried the buxom landlady, laughing quite triumphantly. "If you should marry well, Vinny, I mean to retire from the Golden Lion, for business is not what it has been; and these horrid railways quite cut up the posting-houses. It is well for us that I made hay when the sun shone, and so did your poor father. Plenty of shot in the locker."————

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"Fine feathers make fine birds." Who could have thought on seeing Lavinia Metcalf, and Ruth Fearncombe, step into the fly at the door of the inn, on their route to take up the doctor's mother, Mrs. Palmer, that one of them was the landlady's daughter, the other, —; but no matter. Nature had imprinted *aristocracy* upon the lowly girl in blue, who stepped in the last; that is, if beauty, grace, intellect, and high-bearing, may have a right to such a term. I cannot stop here to analyse the meaning of the word *aristocracy*, nor would my readers thank me for the delay.

Poor "Pepper and Salt!" tears stood in his eyes, as he watched the "young ladies" getting into the vehicle: and although Ruth called to him with the sweetest voice in the world, and whispered him, "*to be sure and mind all he had been told,*" she could not get a smile in return. "I ha' no chance o' forgetting," was his short answer; not given doggedly, or flippantly, as most pot-boys speak, but emphatically, mournfully; and he actually turned away, and wiped a tear from his squinting eyes.

On the road to the Lodge, which stood about a mile from the town of I——, and on that side where the Golden Lion was situated, which they had to repass when they had taken up the old lady in her brown satin dress and cap, made by Miss Perkins, the head milliner of the place, they saw Mrs. Metcalf, looking out from one of the bar windows, and Tim Bassett close to the tap-room door, with a folded paper in his hand; he darted towards the carriage, at the side where Ruth was sitting, and thrust it into her hand. She tore it open, and shading it so that the others should not gather a word of its contents, she read as follows:—

"I shall be up at the Lodge to help the servants; they will lend me an old livery, so you may find me out. I shall see you dance, Miss Ruth, and shall be ready to do you good if you want me. Your mother be very bad: but in high spirits: she will see you too.—From one who would die to sarve you."

"That's true enough," sighed Ruth Fearncombe to herself, tearing the note to pieces, and throwing the fragments out of the window; "but I cannot think of him now;" and she fell back in a deep fit of abstraction.

"You have been up to the Lodge many a time, I suppose, Mrs. Palmer?" asked Miss Lavinia, who had never had that honour.

"I believe so," answered the old lady, bridling up, "Yes; years before you were born. I know every crick and cranny about the new house, and the old one too, for the matter of that, which stands like a ruin behind it."

"Have they a fine ball-room in the modern house?" enquired the daughter of mine hostess. "I suppose so: they are so immensely rich; but there goes Mr. Evelyn, the young parson, and walking, too! I suppose he has got his dancing-pumps in his pockets! Shall we ask him in, Mrs. Palmer? and give him a lift; there is one seat vacant."

"O pray do," cried Ruth Fearncombe, with an animation and glowing cheek, that drew a laugh from her kind young mistress, who slyly said in a whisper, "Is *that* the way the wind blows? You have not been to church for nothing."

The check-string was pulled, and Mrs. Palmer, with all the dignity of

a chaperone, very politely requested Mr. Evelyn to take the vacant seat, which he was not slow in doing; and there was a look of intelligence, passed between him and "the blacksmith's daughter," which appeared perfectly incomprehensible to the other two. Lavinia felt a little offended, as she thought there was a deficiency of *confidence* on the part of her protegee; so she continued her enquiries of the old lady, without speaking a word to Ruth, who was evidently looking out for some one on the road, and actually put her head out and nodded to some apparition or other in Squire Holt's grounds, that no one else perceived.

"Tim Bassett, I suppose, is looking about to see you again," cried Miss Lavinia, rather spitefully; thinking it would rather mortify Ruth, to mention him before the young clergyman, and feeling that she deserved it.

"No, Miss Vinny; it was my mother," was the calm and simple answer. "I trust she will not catch cold to-night."

"Is she a visitor at the Lodge, Miss?" asked Mrs. Palmer, who had not the slightest notion in what relationship Ruth stood with regard to the Metcalfs.

"Only in the grounds, Madam," answered Ruth. "But you were talking about the Lodge; have they not a very fine library there?"

"You must ask Mr. Evelyn that question," answered Mrs. Palmer. "I believe a near relative of his collected the books, and arranged them. You often go up and read them, do you not, reverend sir?"

"I have permission to do so, certainly," said the gentleman rather coldly; "and have a master key, which I have been allowed to retain ever since my poor —; but we are arrived."

Mrs. Palmer insisted on it that both the girls should take her arms, and literally under her *wings* did they enter the splendid rooms, gaily illuminated and made ready for the reception of the numerous guests, now fast assembling from all the country round; and certainly the company did not appear over select. Mrs. Holt was immediately presented to Miss Lavinia and Ruth, by Mr. Frank; the latter of whom she eyed with a most scrutinising glance, whilst the son, with the most flattering attention, solicited her hand for the second set of quadrilles, lamenting that he had been obliged from etiquette only, more than inclination, to stand up with Miss Grimshawe, the daughter of the member of their own borough.

"I shall find amusement enough without dancing," said Ruth, with a smile that had something of ambiguity in it; "and I should prefer to —to look on; for, indeed, Madam, I have never learned to dance; but this young lady, my kind friend, knows all about it, so you can dance with her, Mr. Frank."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Holt; a very imperious and vulgar woman, much chagrined at the quiet manner in which her darling son had been refused. "No doubt, or with any other woman in the room." Then, checking herself, she added with a hypocritical tone, "It is of no use concealing it, but Frank would rather lead you out, Miss, than any one here. You have quite turned the head of my poor son; but here comes his father. My dear, this is the, the pretty little, daughter of—of—."

"Hugh Fearncombe, Madam, who has a smithy on Moulsey Common," said Ruth, interrupting her. "You knew him, I believe, many

years ago, sir?" and she turned her refulgent eyes full upon the little consequential gentleman, who was the host upon the present occasion.

"Knew him!" repeated Mr. Holt, taken by surprise; "Yes, yes; I certainly knew your father formerly. Pray how is he?"

"As well as a broken-down mind can let him," said Ruth, turning aside to Mr. Evelyn, who, new acquaintance as he seemed to be, whispered something in her ear, to which she assented, whatever it was, and placing herself by the side of Mrs. Palmer, she said, archly enough, "Miss Metcalf will be happy, Mr. Frank, to be my substitute." What would a young gentleman reply? He bowed and engaged himself to the blooming Lavinia, who looked all ecstasy.

Mr. Evelyn scarcely ever danced, so he sat down and chatted with our young Ruth, even after Mrs. Palmer had engaged herself at a whist-table, leaving her in charge of the young clergyman; but seeing a gentleman with whom he wished to speak, he begged permission to cross the room, and accost him: on his return, Ruth had vanished.

With the restlessness of a pre-occupied mind, Mr. Evelyn sought every corner of the elegant suite of rooms: the card-room, the music-room, and the refreshment-room, but he could catch no glimpse of the pale blue silk, with *flyers*, that encircled his little sylph; and he became uneasy.

And where *was* she, the blacksmith's daughter, all this time? Like a mighty magician, I wave my wand, and lo you behold her!

With a taper in her hand, she is gliding along, with stealthy step, the great staircase, and, passing one or two staring footmen, who were wondering where on earth she was going, but did not like to inquire. On she goes, with unfaltering and rapid step, and takes her way towards a certain door on the ground-floor, and taking a key from her bosom, she unlocks it, enters the room, and fastens it in the inside. Of course, we, like invincible spirits, all perceiving, are there with her!

What seeks that young and agile being, in that apartment, in which splendidly-bound books formed the principal ornament? It was the library. In one corner stood a superb Indian cabinet. Ruth is ransacking its drawers. See, she has brought out from a secret recess, an ebony box, studded with silver—with a short cry of joy, she has read an engraving on the top of it. The window is thrown open instantly, by her small round arm, and she has thrown that stolen prize out into the grass-plot, or lawn on the outside. Hark! she is speaking! What says she to the one beneath, who has received it—"Fly, Tim Bassett! Fly with this to my mother, and tell her *it is done*."

Like a timid hare, Ruth now unlocks again the door, and is ascending the staircase; but meets the master of the house, who with a stern voice and much trepidation of manner, asks her where she has been prowling, like a Gypsy as she was, through his house?

"To your library, sir; or rather to my own," answered the blacksmith's daughter, with a kindling eye, but extreme coolness of manner. "My grandfather's will is in the hands of his child; and the law will give her up her own!"

"Seize this vagabond; this robber; this prowling thief!" cried Mr. Holt. "Let her be searched immediately." Nothing but a key was

found about her, and that she scrupulously contended was the one that Mr. Evelyn owned.

All the house was in confusion. On entering the library it was found that papers of the utmost consequence had been abstracted from the Indian cabinet; one of the doors of which had been left open. Horror and dismay were painted on the countenance of Mr. Holt, senior; who had formerly been a solicitor, but had retired from business with an immense fortune. Orders were given that every servant and helper should be searched; and Mr. Frank, partaking the anxiety of his father, had discovered Tim Bassett lurking about the grounds, in an old cast livery.

On seeing poor "Pepper and Salt" so severely handled, Ruth turned as pale as death; but nothing was discovered on his person. Nothing could be extracted from him but that "he had done his duty; he wished every body had done the same!" But what was the agony of Ruth when her mother, dressed in tattered weeds, was dragged into the house. She had been found concealed near the library-window, and was immediately accused of having concealed the papers somewhere or other in the Plantations. Flambeaux and lanterns were immediately in requisition; all the gentlemen of the party—all the servants, went out in search of them, as they were told of their importance, and their loss. The mother of Ruth, an extremely pretty but emaciated female, seemed in a dreadful state of alarm, and Ruth caught the infection from her countenance; but Tim Bassett behaved most valiantly. He looked defiance and security; so much so, indeed, that the other suspected persons, Ruth, and her almost fainting mother, caught at some hope from him, but dared not question him.

As for Miss Lavinia, she behaved nobly during all this trying scene; and indignantly disclaimed the idea that "*her friend* could have acted ill or dishonestly; and she thought it very hard and *ungentle* that they should be invited up there to be insulted. Mr. Evelyn, too, though he had some suspicions, still was very staunch, and insisted on it that the fly should be ordered to the door, and that he should see the young ladies home, as Mrs. Palmer chose to join in the cry against Ruth, and go into a sort of fit, because she had been so unfortunate as to have the charge of a girl who had confessed she had been prowling about the house and library alone, no doubt for some dark purpose.

"My mother goes wherever I go," said Ruth, fondly supporting the weak, and almost dying woman. "Dear Lavinia, dare you take her home to your good and kind parent?"

"It will not be for long," said the poor creature, very faintly.

"We have plenty of beds in the Golden Lion," said Miss Lavinia firmly; "and my mother will not grudge one of them to any relation of yours."

"They shall all be detained," vehemently cried out the half frantic Mr. Holt, returning from the useless search.

"I will be the bail for their appearance," said Mr. Evelyn; "but I see not how you can bring any thing home, either to the mother or daughter; they have both been searched, and nothing has been found upon them, in the least to criminate them."

"Ruth! dear Ruth!" said Miss Lavinia to her companion, the moment they had got into the carriage with Mr. Evelyn, and the exhausted



creature, who was her mother; "What is the meaning of all this? I would not own it *there*, but your conduct has been most extraordinary."

"I cannot answer your doubts now, Miss Lavinia," said Ruth, with dignity. "You must have *faith* in me, and all shall be explained. Mother, what have you done with the papers?"

"I have never had them," answered the poor woman, gasping for breath. "Either the boy is false to me, or they are lost."

"Tim Basset is as true as the sun!" said Ruth, fervently. "Have no doubts of him; he caught the box from me; and my life in it, they are safe."

"O no, no, no!" cried the despairing creature; "he has failed, and all my watchings and my labours for months, aye, for years past, are gone for nothing; I have nothing now to do, but to die!"

"It was a bold scheme," said Mr. Evelyn; "and I always feared it could not be carried into execution; still we must not lose hope. But, Miss Metcalf; are you quite certain that your mother will take in Ruth's mother?"

"She will; she shall!" said the young girl. "But surely that is Tim Bassett standing there, out of breath, at our door; perhaps he can tell us more."

"O Tim!" cried Ruth Fearncombe, springing out of the carriage, and rushing towards him; "what have you done with my mother's papers? You knew not their importance."

"Hush! not so loud;" said "Pepper and Salt." "I am not such a fool as you think me. Let yon young parson go first, before I speak; and let your mother be put to bed, for she be very bad."

"The only way to comfort her is to tell her that the papers are safe," cried Ruth. "They will search every nick and corner in the morning. Will they fall into their hands? They must find them."

"Not if they hunt for them till the end of the world. Send that chap away, and I'll own the truth," said Tim. "I rode home at the back of the chaise, he in the inside; but *he* has not served you half so much as I have."

"Never mind that," answered Ruth, "you are both willing to do me good, and God will reward you for it."

"I would rather by far have my reward from *you*," said "Pepper and Salt," doggedly; "but I see how it will end. The parson will have the reward."

"And you too, my good, kind Tim," cried Ruth, with ardour, as she took the rugged hand of the pot-boy; "but do not tease me now. My beloved mother is dying, I much fear, and surely you will not refuse to comfort her."

"Bless your sweet face, Ruth Fearncombe," said the youth, bursting into tears. "You must get up early in the morning;—no, not to-morrow, that will be too soon,—and yet, now I think of it, they will lie in bed there then later than they be used,—so it is best to-morrow."

"What must I get up for, Tim? And what must I do?" asked the young girl, breathlessly.

"I can't tell you here, Ruthy darling!" cried the youth, "for walls they says, has ears. You must rise at the first blink o' morning, before the sun comes out o' his nightcap. Meet me here, and I'll

“speak to you upon the road. You can trust me, I hope! But tell your mother I be true. You can trust me?”

“With my life, my everything!” said the fervent girl, clasping his hand passionately.

“With all but your own sweet self,” cried “Pepper-and-Salt” reproachfully; “and yet yon parson-man would not *go down into a well* for ye, over head and ears, as I shall do, wi’ God’s blessing, in the morning.”—and Tim Bassett ran off with tears streaming from his eyes.

“Down into a well for me!” repeated Ruth. “Oh, I know all about it now!” and she returned to the house.

Lavinia Metcalf had carried all before her at the Golden Lion. She always did where her mother was concerned. The mother of Ruth, during the late conversation between Tim Bassett and his beloved, had been supported upstairs by Mr. Evelyn and Miss Metcalf, and put into a comfortable bed, whilst the worthy landlady went and mixed her a good strong glass of port wine negus, and made her drink it. Ruth could only take her hand and bless her. She repeated the same benediction to the young clergyman as he departed, with the whispered communication of “They are all safe, sir, and I shall put them into *your* hands to-morrow.”

“And I will then away with them to London by the mail, dear Ruth,” said Mr. Evelyn, “and have the best professional advice upon them. I will see your mother and yourself righted.”

“But if the water in the well should be *deep*, my dear Tim, how can you get to the bottom of it, to pick up the box you threw down there?” enquired Ruth Fearncombe, as she let down the bucket, with “Pepper-and-Salt” crouched down in it, at about half-past four o’clock the next morning. Neither of the two had been in bed, only they had changed their clothes, and brought a small bundle of dry ones, for Tim to change when he came up from his perilous descent.

“I have dropped a stone down,” answered Tim, “and it does not sound *very* deep; but Ruth, dearest, when you find the bucket has touched the bottom, draw me up immediately, or I may be drowned. I can go down again, you know, if I do not find it the first time.”

“I will not let out all the rope, until I know how deep the water is,” said Ruth, winding the bucket up again. “Get out a minute, and let me send it down without you. We shall be able to see how much of the rope is wetted, and judge by that if it is safe for you to do it.”

“You would not like to see me drowned, then, Miss Ruth?” asked Tim, still hanging over the mouth of the well.

“No; not to gain my mother’s papers,” answered Ruth; “not to have all my fortune.”

“Bless you, for that speech,” said Tim; “then I do not wish to drown;” and he stepped out upon the margin of the well.

“And *did* you then before?” asked the young girl.

“God forgive me, an’ I did,” said the youth, “and to meet my death too by your own hands. I see there is full twenty feet o’ water in the well, and I never should ha’ come up alive, but you would ha’ had your papers, and my dead body fished up together, by some means or other

which may be above my skill, by the young, clever parson ; perhaps he would ha' gotten us both up."

"Oh, Tim, was that your intention?" said poor Ruth, wringing her hands, and throwing herself upon her knees, as she exclaimed, "I thank thee, God, for this mercy! We must think of some other way."

"I ha' found it," cried Tim Basset, running off at full speed towards an outhouse at some distance, and returning with a rake, fork, and a long pole he had rummaged out from the gardener's tool-house.

"We must tie these together," said Tim, "and very tight too. I ha' got a piece of cord in my pocket, and that will serve for one. Ruth, hand us your garters, dear,—those I brought you from the fair. I never has none to wear."

Ruth ran a little way off, and soon brought back the red and white knitted garters ; with these the whole apparatus was completed ; and again "Pepper-and-Salt" took his station in the bucket, brandishing in his hand this long clumsy machine, the head of the rake downwards.

Slowly went down the bucket. Ruth felt when it touched the water, and stayed it there ; the machine was let down by Tim, and in about a minute he exclaimed, "The rake ha' found it, Ruth, if it will be but true to us. I ha' got it up agin the side o' the well.—Dang it! it is down again. 'Tis truer now! There, up it comes! I see it as plain as day. I ha' got it—I ha' got it in the bucket! Wind up, Ruth,—never mind the rake and fork, let them go to the bottom. You can get them up whenever you likes."

Catching up the bundle, and seizing Ruth's hand—she carrying the important box—away they scampered ; but Tim soon had the sense of suggesting that they had better put the latter inside the bundle, lest they should meet any one ; and it is well they did so, for no sooner were they out of the grounds, when young Mr. Frank came cantering after them, and immediately stopped them, looking at both most suspiciously.

"Whither away, so fast, young woman?" said he, "and you, Master Vagabond, where are you going with that bundle?" His love for Ruth seemed all evaporated by the scene of last night.

"If you must know, Master Squire," answered Tim, who was not over-nice with regard to truth, when falsehood suited him better : "If you must know other people's business more than your own, that halloo-be-loo last night, up at your place, ha' been the ruin o' my fellow-servant here ; missis has turned her out of doors, and I be helping carrying her things home to her dad's, the blacksmith."

"What is become of the gipsy woman?" enquired Mr. Frank, "I have some business with her that's worth the hearing."

"Where should you think o' finding a woman but with her husband?" said Tim, sharply. "She be the wife of Hugh Fearncombe." And they proceeded a little way down the lane leading to the common ; the young Squire galloped past them, and then they turned back, proceeded down the town, and went straight to Mr. Evelyn's house.

Now does my pen want to travel at full railway-speed, even at the very highest pressure of the steam,—the mighty steam! I surrender it up to its guidance, that is to the machine set a-going by steam-power. Only see at what a rate we travel! Years fly past us like elm trees ; circumstances like stacks of chimneys. We shall be at the end of our

journey in a minute, and shall have a hot rumpsteak with Reading-sauce and a glass of Madeira before we go to bed.

Mr. Holt was a lawyer, and that is saying all in a minute. Hugh Fearncombe was the elder brother of Mr. Evelyn, and being, when a boy, of a roving disposition, had run off to sea, and changed his name. When he returned, years after, he found his father dead; his younger brother, Mr. Evelyn, at college; and the little sister he had left at home, spirited away, they said, by gipsies. Mr. Holt was left executor, and produced a will he said old Mr. Evelyn had made in his favour, leaving his fortune, estates and all to himself, except two thousand pounds, which he bequeathed to his youngest son, our clergyman aforesaid.

This was sad news, indeed, for the elder son, poor Hugh; he took to drinking and strolling about with a gang of gipsies; and there he became acquainted with young Alice, his lost sister, whom he recognised, by some means, and insisted on taking her home to live with him in the smithy, he set up, he said, for her sake.

Weak and infirm of purpose was poor Hugh; he was always plotting how to get his rights again, for he was assured that the will was a forged one; but he drowned all his purposes and cares in ale, and then, when under its influence, would abuse and illtreat his hapless sister, who had unfortunately formed a connection with a farmer's son, who had clandestinely married her, and then forsook her to please his parents.

In the smithy of her uncle Hugh, not her father, was poor Ruth born, and he insisted on being called father by the child, and husband by the mother, to conceal he argued, in his half-human state of mind, occasioned by perpetual intoxication, what he was pleased to call "the shame of his sister," although she had the certificate of her marriage with her, and was constantly shewing it to him. His character seemed brutified by liquor.

Poor Alice had gained many of the gipsies' habits, and loved to prowl about the country, and sleep under the hedges in summer; when she returned to him in the winter, Hugh always beat her with a bridle, and made her blow the bellows of the smithy fire. On one of her occasional outbreaks, she contrived to overhear a conversation between Mr. Holt and his confidential clerk, in which she learned that old Mr. Evelyn had made a will in favor of his daughter Alice (herself) and her heirs, should she ever again turn up; and that Mr. Holt had, with that indiscretion which vice often shews, neglected to burn it.

"What can induce you to keep that cursed document?" cried the clerk, now grown into the master, and as insolent as he could be. "Should it ever be found out it will hang both of us. Let it be burned immediately."

"It shall—it shall, Marshall," answered Mr. Holt; "but I don't know how it is, I grow sadly nervous whenever I approach that cabinet in the library; it seems as if the ghost of old Evelyn was always standing before it, to defend his child's rights"

"Pshaw!" cried the insolent Marshall; "let us make a bonfire of the ebony box and its contents this very night; for I have strong suspicions, that the daughter lives somewhere hereabouts, and is the wife of the old drunken blacksmith upon the common—his name is Hugh Fearncombe."

"Not to-night, Marshall,—not to-night; but it shall be seen to," answered Holt. And the woman heard no more—but it was enough for her; and what she did has been told also, and how she instructed Ruth must, in some measure, be surmised.

Short work had Mr. Evelyn in proving the will of his late father; for it was properly attested. To Alice and her heirs he left all his property, except a legacy of five thousand pounds to his eldest son, Hugh, and five to his younger one, besides the living, which was an advowson in the family.

Down came the ejectment to Mr. Holt; and like a flash of lightning was he carried off to answer for his forgery. But they do not *hang* for these matters now-a-days.

Great was the joy of poor "Pepper-and-Salt" on finding that the dreaded young parson was Ruth's uncle, and greater still was his delight when she told him, "That he who had risked his life for her good, was the only one that should share her fortune with her."

Tim Bassett has changed his name for Evelyn, and has bought a couple of auburn-coloured wigs of the most approved fashion, and looks quite a different being from what he did; although the slight obliquity of his eyes cannot be remedied, still, as the beams of affection are ever darting from them, Ruth, with her bright and beautiful ones, returns the glance. Their education, also, has been much attended to.

The elder Mr. Evelyn,—or rather Hugh Fearncombe, as he is known to us,—lives with his niece, and has left off drinking. He employs his time in repairing the old castle at the back of the modern Lodge, belonging to the Evelyns; and when it is finished, the family mean to inhabit it, and pull down all remembrance of Mr. Holt's false taste, and forget his dishonesty.

Miss Lavinia and her mother reside wholly with Mrs. Evelyn and her devoted Tim Bassett. The Golden Lion is kept by other people; but it is reported, that, notwithstanding the disgrace of his father, and his enforced absence from Old England, the son, Mr. Frank, will soon lead to the altar the daughter of the good-natured landlady. She always liked him, and her thousands will be acceptable to him.

In travelling some time ago, over Salisbury Plain, the leading circumstances of this wild tale were told to me, and the identical smithy pointed out, situated at the edge of a common, bordering the Plain. We also changed horses at the Golden Lion, and I verily believe this tale is true, but Time has spread a thick vapour over some of its features. It is well recollected by many, and all the actors in this strange history are, with the exception of Ruth's mother, who has lately died in a decline, still living; no one is more beloved and respected than Mr. Timothy Evelyn and his beautiful wife, "*The Blacksmith's Daughter.*"

### A VISIT TO A MAD-HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS."

"Mark the fix'd gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,  
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!"

I HAVE a singular *penchant* for mad people and lunatic asylums. The only way in which I can account for its existence is, from the circumstance of my having manifested in early life a strong bias for

metaphysical investigations. Every work which I could obtain possession of, relating to mental philosophy, I devoured with great avidity. I was not allowed, however, to follow, unopposed, my own predilections. Instead of studying "Locke on the Human Understanding," I was told that I ought to be making myself conversant with "Thompson's Dispensatory"—that in the place of Stewart, Reid, Cudworth, and Brown, I ought to substitute Cullen, Fife, and Cooper. But, alas! I had a soul above rhubarb and rheumatism, and had no great ambition to commit to memory the "Nosology," or to learn the processes and foramina of the sphenoid bone; and, in defiance of those who considered themselves authorised to direct my mind into a proper course of study, I persisted in gratifying my early inclination for the abstruse. It is some satisfaction to me that I see no reasons for regretting the course I pursued.

It is very questionable whether we are ever justified in opposing the bias of the mind towards any branch of knowledge, provided that the tendency is directed to a good object. The intellect cannot be forced out of its natural channel without inflicting on it a certain degree of injury. It is maintained by an ancient philosopher, and there is much truth in the doctrine, that every individual is born with a particular genius, and that its development depends upon his being placed in alliance with circumstances likely to call it into active existence. It is of course presumed that the physical organisation is healthy. It is evident that the author of the "Pleasures of the Imagination" entertained this opinion, for he correctly observes—

" Since the claims  
Of social life to different labours urge  
The active powers of man, with wise intent  
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds  
Imprints a different bias, and to each  
Decrees its province in the common toil."

It is not my object on this occasion, to enumerate the particular advantages which resulted from following the natural bent of my feelings; but I may say, without exposing myself to the imputation of egotism, that my psychological studies were productive of much good.

Having exhibited an early taste for the study of the mind in its healthy state, it was to be expected, when I entered upon the active duties of professional life, that I should feel a pleasure in investigating the condition of the mind in its diseased manifestations. Such was the fact. How accurately can I recal to my recollection the pleasure as well as the *delight* I experienced on my first introduction to a mad patient! In the dreams of my boyhood how often had my imagination pictured such a being! and to be placed *tête-à-tête* with a man really iusane was the *ne plus ultra* of my ambition. My first mad patient! What extasy (*professional*, of course), I feel in conjuring up to my remembrance that poor unhappy mortal! I was not eighteen when first summoned to attend a man represented to have exhibited indications of mental derangement. I was in my noviciate at the time. The surgeon with whom I was living was

ill, and I had the pleasing duty of preventing a portion of his Majesty's subjects (we were not then under petticoat government) from leaving the world in the "natural way." I had to visit and physic the patients, and I can assure my readers that I acted in a spirit of true English hospitality in the distribution of the delicacies of the "*Materia Medica*." No one had to complain of not having a plentiful supply of medicine. The poor "doctor's boy" never was worked so hard as when I had him under control. Many minutes were not allowed to elapse before I was at the bedside of the patient. I found him labouring under a violent paroxysm of *MANIA*. He went apparently well to the theatre, to witness the opera of *Der Freischutz*, and returned a maniac! As the case was of a critical character, and not wishing to incur the whole responsibility of it, I called in an eminent city physician, (the late Dr. Thomas Davies), and, after a short consultation, the patient was undergoing the operation of phlebotomy. The "usual treatment" was adopted, and the violent symptoms subdued, but the patient remained insane. As it was not thought prudent to allow him to remain all night by himself, I courageously volunteered to be his companion. Never shall I forget *that night*. Talk of animal magnetism, in union with Power's\* "*Metallic Current*," and "*Mutual Understanding*," or of the "*Evil Eye*"! the effects of both combined could not have equalled the terrific influence to which I was exposed for nearly ten hours! The patient slept in a large bed-room. A glimmering taper shed its faint glare through the sombre chamber. The minute I entered the room, the patient rivetted his eyes upon me, and never relaxed the whole of the night. In vain I attempted to escape from his gaze. Wherever I moved his bright eyes followed me. He did not sleep a wink; and it was fruitless for me to attempt to court "nature's sweet restorer." Glad, indeed, I was when morning dawned. *Then* I flattered myself that I should be allowed quietly to depart. The result proved that I had been too sanguine in my anticipations. My mad friend was not disposed to part on easy terms. On my attempting to leave the room, he darted like a shot from his bed, ran to the fire-place, seized the poker, and, with the fury of a demon, rushed towards me! My movements were too quick for him. In the twinkling of an eye I was out of the room, down the stairs, and into the street, thanking my stars I had escaped with a whole skull. This case, instead of giving me a distaste for lunatics, made me more zealous in my desire to become intimately acquainted with the "walks and wanderings" of a perverted imagination.

I have now let the reader into the secret of my fondness for madmen and mad-houses. In order to gratify this ambition I have visited most of our public and private lunatic asylums, and the result of *one visit* it is the object of this paper to detail.

Owing to the kindness of a friend I was introduced to the surgeon of one of our first private establishments, and was permitted to wander through the wards, holding "sweet converse" with the unfortunate inmates. All the arrangements, both external and in-

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\* Vide Power's "*Last Legs*."

ternal, for the comfort of the patients, were on a scale of true magnificence. Everything that was considered likely to promote recovery was had recourse to—no expense was spared.

On entering one of the wards, my attention was directed to a man who fancied himself the Emperor of the whole world. He was not satisfied with one or two kingdoms, but he maintained that he was literally the king of kings. He marched up and down the ward with great pomp and dignity, and it was seldom he deigned to notice any of the other patients. Whenever the surgeon wished to communicate with the pseudo-monarch he was compelled to address him as his majesty, otherwise he would hold no conversation with him. This man had been confined in the asylum for three years, and no abatement of his delusion had taken place. He was considered very harmless, and was allowed to wander *ad libitum* over the grounds. Going up to his majesty, I said, "Perhaps your majesty would like to go out of this place?" He stared at me steadily for a minute, and said, "Are you my commander-in-chief?" and with an indignant toss of the head he strutted off, evidently offended at the question I had asked.

My notice was next directed to a man exhibiting an expression on his countenance of deep anguish and distress. He appeared misery personified. As we approached him, he, with a most piteous look, and in a tone of voice which went to one's heart, said, addressing the surgeon, "When am I to go out of this horrid place? Pray let me go! my heart is breaking! I cannot remain here much longer; *it will drive me mad!*" The surgeon looked at me and smiled, and observed, in a whisper, you will see presently in what condition his mind is. Turning to the patient, he said, "Has the princess been here this morning?" "She took breakfast with me," was the immediate reply. "Why does she not release you from this place?" "The devils won't let her," said the patient. "The one chained to my bed, who sits on me all night, declares that I must not be released until the day of judgement." After the lapse of a few minutes he again, in a beseeching tone, asked the doctor to release him from the dominion of devils. Leaving this unfortunate creature, we approached a man whose expression was a little more pleasing than that of the last patient. Coming up to us, he held out his hand to me, and said, "How are you, my dear fellow? Come to see me at last; I thought you had quite forgotten me." I shook him cordially by the hand, at which he appeared pleased. "How is my wife and family?" he asked, continuing his conversation. "Have you seen them lately?" I said I had not had that pleasure. "Oh! I suppose you have been building St. Paul's. It will be a fine building; dangerous work, though. Mind what you are about, or (he said, with a cunning wink of the eye) our little queen will be down upon you." He appeared very happy in his mind, if I may judge from his conversation. I had some difficulty in parting with him. I gained my release on promising to see him soon again. I next visited a man whose delusion consisted in his fancying himself metamorphosed into his satanic majesty. "I am the devil," he said, when he saw us advancing towards him;



"you know, sir, I am the devil, and you are my evil spirit! Ha! ha! ha! You do my bidding, don't ye? Ha! ha! ha! control everything; the sun, moon, stars, obey my mandate,—move the world. How are you?" said the devil, stretching his hands towards me; "I am glad to see you. All things go on well, do they? Spirits of the vasty deep, arise! Now they come! Ha! ha! ha! How they dance—disappear!" This man had the most awful expression I ever saw on a human countenance: it was really devilish. I was informed that he had been charged with having committed a heinous crime, but was acquitted. This preyed much on his mind, and gave rise to the strange delusion which embittered his life. Everything that humanity could suggest was done for this patient; but his disease was placed beyond the reach of aid. He was one of the most noisy patients in the asylum, and he was consequently often placed in the dark room, until his excitement was subdued. I was much amused at two patients who followed closely at my heels, and who attentively listened to the conversation which I had with my friend the devil. They appeared much diverted with the account he gave of himself, and laughed heartily at his odd delusion. Addressing myself to one of them, I said, "think he must be mad." "Mad! Can you for a moment doubt it? He disturbs us very much, and I think he ought to be removed. How often do we see a lunatic with a clear conception of the madness of others, without the slightest consciousness of his own aberration!"

Perhaps one of the most curious cases I saw on this occasion was that of a man who fancied himself constantly engaged in the field of battle. He was an old soldier, and had distinguished himself in the Peninsular campaign. His occupation during his confinement in the asylum consisted in firing off imaginary pieces of cannon and muskets, and in marching and counter-marching to and down the ward. His extremely ludicrous observations, which he considered that his operations had been successful, excited the risible faculties of those who were confined with him, and were on other points as mad as himself. A monomaniac, who fancied himself the Duke of Wellington, with whom I had a long conversation, observed to me, whilst we were watching the movements of the old soldier, "What a fool he is! How dreadful his condition! It is sheer madness; these tricks ought to be put a stop to." Addressing myself to his grace the Duke of Wellington, I said, "Do you recollect this man! Was he with your grace at Waterloo?" The lunatic placed his hand on his forehead, as endeavouring to recal former impressions to his recollection, and replied, "I think I do remember him. He was a brave fellow; but I always considered him (touching significantly his head) wrong in this quarter; but I will do my best for him, and you may depend upon my taking every care of him."

On asking the surgeon whether he had any patients in the house whose derangement consisted in a perversion of the moral principle, he smiled and shook his head. In a conversation I afterwards had with him, he told me that such a species of insanity was

not recognised, neither would they admit a patient of that description into the asylum. An application had been made some years previously to the physician whom he succeeded, on behalf of a young woman, who had suddenly manifested a total change in her moral habits and feelings. The *intellect* was sound, and the derangement consisted in a vitiated state of the moral principle. No medical men would sign a certificate of her insanity, and her friends had to do the best they could for her themselves. It is to Dr. Mayo that the profession and the public owe a deep debt of gratitude for pointing out the close relationship existing between insanity and a perversion of the moral constitution.

In establishing this theory, and in bringing it practically to bear, much prejudice is yet to be overcome. The theory of moral insanity may be pronounced one of the most important medical doctrines broached in this country since Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. The time cannot be far distant, before the public and profession will admit the possibility of there existing an insanity consisting exclusively in a moral aberration, where the intellect remains perfectly sane. The connection between vicious actions and physical derangement has sadly been overlooked in our medical investigations. We confine a person who fancies himself a king, a lump of butter, or a Dutch cheese, and we allow a man, whose every action is directed towards evil, to wander about with impunity. It may be said, if you admit that vicious conduct may be the consequence of physical disease, how are you to draw the line of demarcation between actions which ought to be amenable to the law, and those which place the individual beyond legal jurisdiction, in consequence of the suspension of the freedom of the will? The difficulty we admit to be great, but certainly not more so than that which we experience every day, in tracing the line which separates actual derangement of the intellect from those habits of the mind which are the result of eccentricity. For all practical purposes we can effect the latter object, and surely when the shades and varieties of moral derangement are made a subject of study, the difficulties which now environ the subject will in a great measure vanish.

I may be accused of broaching a doctrine which, if carried into operation, would become subversive of all civil liberty. This objection is based on the assumption, that medical men will not act with that degree of caution and prudence which would be necessary in order to form a correct judgment in such cases.

I had a conversation with an elderly gentlemanly-looking man, who considered that he was the legitimate heir to the throne of France. He appeared quiet and harmless; but the surgeon afterwards assured me that occasionally he became the most desperate and violent patient in the house. Two years ago, in one of his fits of excitement, he seriously wounded a keeper, who was dressing him. He was next day overheard conversing with another lunatic, as to what would be done to him if the keeper should die from the effects of the injury. He said, "Oh! I shall escape; *I was not in my right senses.*" A fact of a similar kind is mentioned by Dr. Perfect. When Martin attempted to burn down York

Minster, a conversation took place in a neighbouring asylum as to what kind of punishment he would have inflicted upon him. One lunatic maintained most pertinaciously that he would be hanged; another asserted that he would be transported; a third, who was listening attentively to the conversation, exclaimed, "You know nothing about it; he will neither be hanged or transported; *he is mad—he is one of ourselves!*" Do not these facts prove to us that lunatics are not so inaccessible to reason as we suppose; and that even in derangement of the *intellect* there is a possibility of the madman being conscious of his infirmity, as well as being capable of a correct process of ratiocination?

A young gentleman under confinement, told me that he was generally domiciled in the asylum four months out of the twelve every year. The fact was he had just recovered, and was going out the next day. He was a man of property and family, but unfortunately his intellect was not of the strongest character. After being at liberty for a few months, particularly if he exposed himself to much excitement, his derangement returned. He felt conscious that his "wits were beginning to turn." His memory became defective—he muttered strange things to himself—found that he could not concentrate his attention to ordinary subjects. When these premonitory indications were manifested he knew that insanity was close at hand, and he therefore voluntarily allowed himself to be placed under restraint.

I noticed two patients busily engaged in earnest conversation. They walked up and down the room with great rapidity. Every now and then they would suddenly stop, and one of them would advance a few paces and make the most ludicrous gestures to the other. Then they would unite again, and proceed to walk at the most rapid pace. I watched their movements for a considerable time, and, upon inquiring into their history, I was told that they both laboured under the same delusion, which is the strangest one I ever heard of. They actually fancy themselves women. Their insanity consists in nothing but the imaginary metamorphosis which they have undergone. Since their admission into the asylum they have exhibited a strong affection for each other, and their whole occupation is in pacing up and down the ward. What object they had in making such singular gesticulations I could not discover. The surgeon said, that nothing could exceed in ludicrousness the observations which they often made. They considered it the most unpardonable insult to be placed in the male ward—an outrage on their delicacy; and, then, to insist upon their wearing men's attire was an abomination most revolting to their feelings. They never spoke to any of the other patients.

A man was confined in the asylum, whose insanity was caused by a sudden accession of property. He had been deranged for ten years, and his whole time was occupied in making up imaginary accounts. This notion had exclusive possession of his mind: he allowed nothing to interfere with this one all-absorbing idea. It is a common occurrence in lunacy for the mind to be occupied for a long period of time with the last impression which was made

upon it prior to the developement of insanity. In the life of Kotzebue it is said, "He had still, after a lapse of thirty years, just left his wife—she was with her children at Revel!"

Can anything exceed in melancholy interest the following fact:—A gentleman, on the eve of marriage, left his intended bride for a short time. He usually travelled in the stage-coach to the place of her abode: the last journey he took from her was the last of his life. Anxiously expecting his return, she went to meet the vehicle. A friend announced to her the death of her lover: she uttered an involuntary scream, and exclaimed, "He is dead!" From that fatal moment, for fifty years, did this unfortunate female daily, in all seasons, traverse the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach, uttering in a plaintive tone, "He is not come yet; I will return to-morrow."

Leaving the male ward, I was conducted to the female patients. I was much pleased with the excellent order and arrangement which reigned through this portion of the asylum. All the patients were subjected to a proper classification. Those who were violent were confined by themselves. The incurables, those under medical treatment, and the convalescents, had each separate wards, so that the patients were kept quite distinct from each other. It was found that this arrangement was most conducive to recovery. When the mind is beginning to exhibit a healthy tone, it is of the utmost consequence to the patient that he should be separated from everything likely to excite him.

I was pleased to hear that the surgeon of the establishment had found moral treatment so successful in curing insanity. The keepers were not allowed to use a harsh or unkind word to the patients: everything that could conciliate them and call into action the kindlier feelings of the heart was had recourse to. Their little caprices and whims even were studied and humoured; all restraint and coercion was scrupulously avoided, except in particular cases; in fact, the treatment was *moral* in the most enlarged acceptation of the term.

The public have little conception of the vast change which has taken place in the treatment of the insane of late years. A lunatic asylum half a century ago was but another name for a den of misery and cruelty.

"Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,  
Where peace and rest ne'er dwelt—hope never came."

A. Cruden observes, in his "Adventures," after his restoration from Chelsea private asylum, "No person could have a greater dread of anything than I had of being carried to St. Luke's;" and it is said, that whenever he approached that building afterwards he returned thanks to God, for having delivered him from that "*dreadful* place." "To be dragged to that dishonourable place," he says, "terrifies me night and day." After being confined at Bethnal Green, he observes, "I was scandalously beaten about the face and head. Such was the continual noise and profanity of the inmates, that the place resembled hell more than anything else." He

afterwards observes, "That the way to be mad is to be sent to a mad-house."

We have had, through the kindness of the resident surgeon of St. Luke's, an opportunity of visiting that "dreadful" abode several times, and we can most sincerely testify to the uniform kindness which is exhibited to all the patients confined in the establishment.

Galt, in describing the condition of the unfortunate inmates of an asylum in Sicily, says, "Several of the patients were fastened almost entirely by chains, fixed to iron collars round their necks, and sat at the gratings of their windows like savage animals in caves."\*

In no establishment had we an opportunity of witnessing to such advantage the successful results of moral treatment, (which is merely another term for kindness and conciliation), than at New-Bethlem-Hospital.

It was mainly through the genius, the untiring, the unceasing energies of Mrs. Forbes, the able matron of that noble establishment, that the change in the condition of the patients was effected. Nothing can exceed in interest the account she gives of the happy results which followed the introduction of moral treatment among the New-Bethlem patients. One woman had been confined in chains for nearly twenty years! She had committed murder, and, according to the notions prevalent in those barbarous times, it was not considered safe to allow her to be at liberty. The chains were actually *riveted* on the poor miserable woman! Mrs. Forbes, fully conscious that the most violent patients could be managed by proper treatment, sent for a blacksmith, and had the irons knocked off. As soon as the patient was released, she staggered to a bason of water, plunged her head into it, washed her face, and then burst into tears! This is but one case out of hundreds which this humane lady has been instrumental in restoring, from the most degrading, humiliating condition to which the imagination can conceive a person reduced, to a state of comparative ease and happiness.

I was much interested in many of the patients I saw. In one ward I had the pleasure of hearing a patient play most beautifully on the piano, others were busily occupied in sewing, some in reading, copying music, writing, &c. The great majority laboured under harmless delusions. I took great interest in the case of a lovely young girl, who had not been a week under professional care. She was not a monomaniac; no particular hallucination or illusion could be detected. She had met with a disappointment in love, which had thrown the mind off its healthy balance. This poor girl had manifested at one period rather violent maniacal excitement, and on this account her friends sent her to the asylum. Since her confinement she had become quiet; in fact, it was difficult to rouse her from her apathetic state. I was allowed to speak to her, but could obtain no reply to my question. She sat like a marble statue,

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\* Galt's Travels in Sicily In 1811.

scarcely exhibiting the faintest symptom of vitality. Previously to the attack she was remarkable for her vivacity and cheerfulness. How awful was the change in her condition! She appeared, in fact, broken-hearted; and was not, I think, a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. She never

——— “Spoke  
To any one upon her cruel lot;  
You would have deemed that he had been forgot,  
Or thought her callous to the stroke;  
But on her cheek there was one hectic spot—  
’Twas little, but it told her heart was broke.”

When first admitted, she refused to take any nourishment, and the nurse who attended her was under the painful necessity of forcing her to eat, but that course was soon rendered unnecessary. Leaving this poor melancholy girl, I proceeded to the ward where the violent patients were confined. As I entered one of the rooms, I overheard a patient singing most outrageously loud. Directly she caught a glimpse of us she instantly stopped, held down her head, and appeared quite ashamed at being detected. “You should not make such a noise, Sarah,” said the surgeon to the vocalist; “you know how it disturbs us.” “I must sing,” she replied. “You would not have me sitting here—mope, mope, moping all day. I *must* (she continued with great earnestness) have *some* amusement.” Poor creature! Amusement in such a place, and associated with such companions! The surgeon said she often annoyed the other patients at night by singing; and, to add to the grievance, her voice was not of the most harmonious character. “Have you seen my husband lately, sir?” said a smart looking dame to the surgeon. “Not very lately,” was the answer. “I wish you would tell him to take me out of this place. I cannot remain here much longer; I must go.” “I will deliver your message,” said the surgeon, “when I have an opportunity.” The poor woman appeared satisfied, and left us muttering something to herself. I was told that she asked every person who visited the ward whether her husband was coming to see her? The fact was, that she was a widow. Her husband was a captain of a vessel which traded to the East Indies. The ship was wrecked, and he and all the crew were lost. This circumstance, added to pecuniary difficulties, had unhinged her mind, and given her insanity this peculiar turn. It is not always easy to obtain the history of the cases admitted. The friends of many patients who are sent to the asylum refuse to give the information required; but a resolute endeavour is always made to procure a knowledge of the habits, disposition, and other circumstances connected with each individual received into the establishment. The success of the treatment is often mainly dependent upon the physician being conversant with the peculiar causes which have led to the mental derangement. A lady had been brought to the asylum on the morning of the day I paid my visit. There was no doubt as to her insanity, as she declared, soon after entering the house, that she was in hell, and devoured by evil spirits! No his-

tory of the case was given: the particulars were asked, but the surgeon was told that it was his duty to "minister to the mind diseased," and to ask no questions! What absurd ridiculous folly! How false and dangerous is the fastidious delicacy exhibited in such cases! When will the public—the non-professional part of the community—cease to consider insanity a disgrace and stigma inflicted on human nature? The doctrine of demoniacal possession will not do for this enlightened era. Paracelsus maintained, that the devil got into a lunatic as a maggot obtained ingress to a filbert. One would suppose that the same notion was current at the present day, if we were to judge from the absurd conduct of many. I do think that the profession has assisted in encouraging and giving credence to the notions which are popular respecting the nature of mental derangement. When disease of the liver, lungs, or heart, ought to be viewed as disgraceful, then, and not till then, ought *disease of the brain, leading to a disorder of its manifestations*, to be considered equally so. In every case, the aberration of intellect is but a sign of physical disease in some part of the nervous structure. The mind, considered abstractedly, as an independent immaterial essence, cannot be deranged without a disease of the organ through which the mental principle operates or is developed. There are no diseases purely *mental*; such a notion is a mere "*entia rationis*." Insanity is but a disease of the brain, and it is a false philosophy and a false pathology which inculcates the doctrine, that the immaterial and immortal principle is subject to actual disease. I saw the patient just alluded to here. She certainly had the appearance of being insane, but she did not exhibit any indications of derangement in my presence.

I was much shocked at the violence manifested by one patient, who was confined in a separate apartment. Her language was most revolting and disgusting. Directly she saw me she shook her fist, ground her teeth, and uttered expressions which made my blood run cold. In insanity how often do we see women, who have naturally appeared to be possessed of the most refined and delicate sensibilities, exhibit a disposition the very reverse—the virtuous become vicious—the modest, immodest—the timid, bashful—and the retiring, bold, forward, and impudent! What inference do we deduce from this fact? Does it not clearly establish the great scriptural doctrine of the *natural corruption of human nature*? We are told in Holy Writ, that we are born with the seeds of every evil propensity implanted in us, and that, in proportion as our intellectual faculties are expanded, our moral attributes developed by religious education, so are these inclinations towards evil kept in subjection. Deprive the judgement and reasoning faculties of their control over the feelings, and they will run riot and exhibit themselves in all their naked deformity. Such is the case in insanity. The judgement no longer directs or controls the feelings, and you see the natural corruption of the human heart. In the prevention of insanity, how important it is to endeavour to exercise the higher faculties of the mind, particularly the moral propensities! In a moment this patient appeared to be excited to a degree of fury

seldom seen exhibited by the brute creation. Had she been able to lay hands on me, the consequences might have been very painful. This woman was considered convalescent. During a whole week she was perfectly quiet and composed, and everything prognosticated a speedy recovery. One evening, as the nurse was putting her to bed, she gave her a most violent blow in the face, calling her by a most odious epithet. From that moment she appeared to relapse. No circumstance could account for the change. She had been exposed to no particular excitement. For a fortnight she had been in the state in which she was when I saw her. I have since, however, heard, that a change has taken place for the better.

Many of the female patients were wandering quietly through the grounds, amusing themselves in various ways. They all appeared, with one exception, to shun observation. A young girl came up to me, and said, with a smile, "How are you? I am glad you have come to see me. Mr. ——— (mentioning the surgeon's name) is very kind to me; but I wish to go home;" and then with a most beseeching and winning look she added, (singing) "You know *'There is no place like home.'*" Poor girl! she had been six years confined in the asylum. She had a home prior to her attack; but since her incarceration nearly all the members of her family had been scattered to the four quarters of the globe. The only person with whom the proprietor of the establishment communicated was an uncle, who paid liberally all her expenses. I had a short conversation with her, and she was pleased at my appearing to know her. She observed, that I was looking as young as ever, and expressed a hope that I would often come to see her; "but you must not forget," she added with a sweet smile, "to tell my friends that I wish to go home." I promised compliance, and she skipped off with an apparently light and joyous heart. I was told that this patient was as happy as the day is long. She was always smiling and singing snatches of songs. Dryden says—

"There is a pleasure in being mad  
Which none but madmen know."

It is, however, a species of pleasure which one would willingly dispense with.

I saw many other cases, some interesting, others possessing no novel features. I was altogether much gratified with my visit. The kind and assiduous attention which I saw paid to the comfort of the patients afforded me much satisfaction; and I hope I felt grateful to the Giver and Dispenser of all good, that I was allowed the healthy exercise of my own mental faculties, and was not reduced to the pitiable condition in which I saw the poor creatures with whom I had been for some hours associating.



## JACOPO BUSSOLARO.

BY THE REV. ROBERT OXLAD.

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“’Tis the doom  
Of spirits of my order to be rack’d  
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume  
Their days in endless strife, and die alone.”

*Prophecy of J*

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A.D. 1356—1559.—Frere Jacopo Bussolaro was Predicateur of Pavia success as a preacher forms one of the most singular illustrations up to the power of popular oratory in one of his order. His preaching to have effected a complete reformation among the citizens of Pavia, pecially provoked the hostility of the *Beccaria*, the most dominant of the state. Their opposition caused the tide of the monk’s influence turned against their tyranny, when to the improved moral habits people was added a bold and dangerous love of liberty. After he had the independence of the city of the Viconti (the ruling family at Mantua) his prudent and vigorous measures, the Beccaria saw no possibility of bringing a power so hostile to their interests, except in forming a sacred league with the Viconti, and betraying the city into their hands. After making an heroic defence, Bussalaro was compelled to surrender to Galeazzo, the most worthy of the Viconti, and distinguished as the patron and Petrarch—which he did without any capitulation for himself. Galvani carried him to Milan, and there, on a charge of ecclesiastical disobedience, delivered him to the clergy, by whom he was thrown into the prison convent at Verceil, and doomed to the greatest privation and sufferings. *Sismondi’s Histoire des Republiques Italiennes du Moyen Age.* tome 44. *De Sade’s Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarch.* tome 5, p. 465.

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## SCENE.

## PRISON OF THE CONVENT AT VERCEIL.

JACOPO BUSSOLARO, AND LOREDANO.

*Loredano.*

O! sue in penitence for liberty,  
And weave a double bond of holy vows,  
And thou art free.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Dost thou bid me, brother,  
Sue to the proud Viconti, and the chief  
Who sullies o’er his fame by mean revenge,  
And seeks to wreak alone upon my head  
That vengeance of his hate, from which I sav’d  
The city, ev’n in yielding him its gates?  
I would not think of him, did not he wound  
The heart that trusted him in purity  
Of those fond hopes we in our nature place.

Had I upon the city's walls been made  
 The captive of his sword, I'd wear his chains  
 Like silken bonds, and never say they gall ;  
 But he has pierc'd this bleeding heart—*ev'n he*—  
 And now my tortur'd spirit writhes to think  
 I trusted him, and with the generous thought  
 Enkindled, in a patriotic zeal,  
 Deem'd the proud conqueror a generous foe.

*Loredano.*

But when thou did'st capitulate as one  
 Who held the prostrate city in thy hand,  
 With power his entrance longer to delay,  
 Thou should'st have treated for thyself. Then 'twas  
 Thy genius fail'd, and since thou reap'st alone  
 The fruit of weakness, learn humility.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Strike not to wound my pride, thy blow will strike  
 A humbled soul, but not by folly sunk  
 Below the power of kindling at reproof  
 Unmerited. I treated, trusting him  
 As I would have mine enemies trust me.  
 Alas ! I little dream'd he'd outrage honour,  
 Faith, decency, and all the wonted homage  
 We frankly pay to nobleness of soul—  
 I deem'd he could not thus his part perform,  
 That Milan's pride, and Pavia's lord, alas !  
 And Petrarch's friend, and one who sought to win  
 The suffrage of the world, would not its scorn  
 Have thus defied—and little did I think  
 The fickle world would righteous scorn forego,  
 Abas'd enough to laud a tyrant's crimes.  
 Let me act nobly, I exclaim'd, and deeds  
 Alone will win me more than treaties can—  
 Let those who have no virtue in their souls  
 Negotiate for fame, and subtly make  
 Their reputation for unequalled worth  
 A selfish bargain with a sordid fox,  
 Its only record a vile parchment bond ;  
 For self I'd nothing ask, and only take  
 What none will dare refuse. My only thought  
 Was once again within the cloisters' shade  
 To meditate upon the wrongs of men ;  
 And anxiously in holy faith revolve  
 That justice in the government of God,  
 Which baffles thought, and oft-times disappoints  
 The plans we form presuming on its aid.  
 But *ev'n* the cloisters' tranquil hope is dead,  
 And with a sicken'd heart I seek the cold,  
 Cold comforts of the grave. The winning charm  
 Of character is gone—that influence

Of mind and principle, which I had hop'd  
 Would form the lasting triumph of my soul,  
 Ev'n in discomfiture of all my plans—  
 And I am treated like the basest serf  
 Who ne'er won honour as the meed of real  
 Acknowledg'd worth.

*Loredano.*

And why wilt thou refuse,  
 While thy heart bows beneath its weight of ills,  
 One message of submission to the chief  
 Whom it might win to mercy?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I think not  
 Of his stern wrath, but his deep-stain'd dishonour,  
 And of the weakness of my Pavia's hosts.  
 My sorrows will not glance a single thought  
 Towards that vile submission! Have I not  
 Submitted and confided too? Debasement  
 Of the mind is what thou ask'st of me—

*Loredano.*

O Madness!  
 Did I behold thee unconcern'd and bold,  
 I should not wonder that the lofty soul  
 Refus'd submission. But thus, day and night,  
 To pine thy soul away, and yet not speak  
 One little word that breath'd humility,  
 To purchase peace, and 'chance thy liberty.  
 Passes belief—'tis even as if thy grief  
 Had banish'd reason from thine o'erwrought mind,  
 And won an idiot to her murderous arms.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I pity and I envy thee, my friend,  
 Thy want of sympathy with thoughts like mine.  
 Hadst thou a fellowship of mind, thou soon  
 Would'st feel the sympathy of bleeding hearts,  
 And thou, perhaps, might'st soothe.

*Loredano.*

'Twas ever thus :  
 From youth I've borne thy scorn—the lightning flash  
 Of mind—but not the torrent of the heart,  
 O'erflowing in fierce wrath ; for tho' thy scorn  
 May bow, always some touch of soul compels  
 The prompt submission of confiding love.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I do not scorn thee—though a scornful thought,  
 My brother, o'er thy well-intentioned speech,  
 May sometimes pass, it never rests on thee,  
 To scathe where it must love.

*Loredano.*

Well ! let it pass—  
'Tis gone—it has not lighted on my heart—  
But if in sorrow thou wilt not submit,  
I'd see thee bold—not yielding to thy foes  
The pleasure of a sigh. Nay, let a cold  
Indifference the fount of feeling freeze.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Cold to what end ?

*Loredano.*

That thou might'st win renown.  
And I have reason still to boast my friend.  
Whoever weeps inherits scorn and hate ;  
We pity the sharp sorrows of our race,  
But only him applaud who scoffs at tears ;  
If e'er he sinks beneath his sorrow's weight,  
Scorn supersedes our pity.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Thus between  
Your pity and your scorn a man is tossed,  
The football of the crowd ; meanwhile he thinks  
Himself of neither. No ! his only purpose  
Is some most holy cause to serve aright.  
You laud him if he triumph over all,  
But if he fail and mourn defeat, you deem  
That there is little virtue in his grief.  
Your scorn is superficial and unjust,  
You cannot comprehend the suffering soul,  
But on the pangs which prove its nobleness,  
Pour the contempt belonging to the herd  
Whose souls ne'er suffer aught, except the pangs  
Of bleeding pride and mortified self-love.  
Believe me, there are souls whose sufferings form  
Their nobleness, and from whose saddest griefs  
'Tis littleness alone exempts.

*Loredano.*

Tell me, my brother,  
The secret thoughts which rankle in your heart,  
Like poison in a wound.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Ah ! had'st thou toiled  
With more than filial love for the proud state  
That bore thee, and with pure benevolence  
And thoughts, spurning the recompense of fame,  
Of ease, and wealth, outstretching life and time,  
Thou'dst not upbraid the anguish of my soul,  
Or deem that with my feelings I could sink  
And sue for mercy at a tyrant's feet.  
O no ! I soar too high, behold too much,

And, therefore, feel too much. Thou know'st that long  
 I liv'd as others do—in solitude,  
 And the calm tenor of my way sustained.

*Loredano.*

Yes, and the memory of those happy days  
 Awakens all the glow of friendship's fire ;  
 O that they were renewed ! Then we, my friend,  
 In company God's altar sought ; we oft  
 Blended our souls in commune with the skies,  
 Or in the mines of ancient classic lore,  
 Re-opened to the world, spent tranquil nights.  
 O ! hadst thou been content to toil therein,  
 With Petrarch thou had'st stood in honour robed,  
 And the Vicenti lov'd thee both as friends,  
 And not between thee stood as friend and foe,  
 While the proud bard renounces thine esteem,  
 And by his censure justifies the wrath  
 Of Milan's court. But vain ambitious thoughts  
 Broke the calm slumber of a happy life.  
 No sooner did'st thou hear their lov'd applause  
 Who, won by thine enchanting eloquence,  
 Were glad to learn their duty from thy lips ;  
 Than, as the tools thy hands were skilled to wield,  
 Thou us'dst them for thyself, and not for him,  
 His service and his praise, whose holy name  
 Thou hast profaned in war. Ambition turns  
 The quiet priest into the blood-stained chief !  
 And not content the city to redeem  
 From hostile power, thou rais'dst intestine war,  
 And forc'd the Pavian prince to seek the help  
 E'en of a common foe against thy wiles.  
 O ! I could weep, while gazing round this cell,  
 To think what once thou wert.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Thy tears, my friend,  
 Were ill-bestowed. Shed not one drop for me,  
 But with me weep for those on whose behalf  
 I've toil'd, alas ! in vain. Yes, I could weep,  
 Could bitter, heart-rung tears, in torrents shed,  
 Yet not from coward grief—from wounded zeal,  
 And suffering love!—when I should scorning shun  
 Your consolations, need no soothing arts,  
 Nor aught require but to live weeping on,  
 Till my indignant soul shall fly from earth.

*Loredano.*

Again I ask, what can thy soul thus move ?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I said thou knew'st me in those tranquil days  
 When freedom smil'd on unpretending toil,

When, studious and devout, I bore a name  
Which, though renown'd, wak'd not the oppressor's fears,  
Nor stirr'd the villain's wrath. Thou erring deem'st  
The cloister's cares precluded such high thoughts  
As urge the bold and enterprising mind  
To share in state concerns—the people's course  
By principles of right and truth to guide—  
And tyranny and slavish vice withstand.  
No! In the cloister'd shade these thoughts were nurs'd  
Which made me what I am. 'Tis true I loved  
My solitude, and duty held me long  
From crowds and camps. I reverenc'd my vows,  
I check'd my restlessness, smother'd the fires  
That burn'd within my breast, deeming the flame  
Was kindled by corrupt ambition's breath;  
Still to my quiet duties kept, and look'd  
Ev'n on such scenes as I have lately rais'd  
With a calm, musing, philosophic eye;  
But when from childish visions freed, the mind  
Emulates greatness, purifies its thoughts,  
And tenderly alive to good and ill,  
Feels that high motive to activity  
With which compar'd ambition's stimulus  
Is feeble, faint and dead. 'Twas not, indeed,  
Ambition—common, everlasting charge  
Which weak and grovelling spirits dare to lay  
Against the souls they fail to comprehend,—  
A phantom summon'd to affright the timid  
From the steep paths of high heroic virtue,—  
Or a mere cheating phrase, a trick of words,  
The slothful to exonerate from guilt.  
I bitterly bewail'd my country's state,  
Till feeling more than others for her sin,  
Her shame and woe; and fathoming the depths  
Of her unnumber'd ills, I felt the power  
To deal with them, and 'chance to remedy  
Some of the thousand wrongs through which life pour'd  
Its quickly ebbing tide. My musings nurs'd  
A strong desire for enterprising deeds;  
And ev'n the solemn course that holy vows  
Gave to my thoughts, increas'd its strength and fire.  
The more I virtue lov'd, more purely own'd  
The sacred duties of our faith, and learn'd  
The length and breadth of that most holy pledge,  
Which in the daily service of my God  
Bound me to serve my race as best I might,  
The more I panted to befriend our state.  
My holiest thoughts the deepest channel wrought  
For all such feelings as in worldly guise  
Are misconceived by thee. 'Twas then I wish'd,  
I purposed, I resolved; welcom'd the thought

Of stirring, daring aims, that once I check'd  
 As earthly and profane, when in hot youth  
 Ambition urg'd, and spread the lure of fame.  
 The path of virtue oft, to mortal eye,  
 Seems like ambition's course. But who, forsooth,  
 Would lead a vacant life, palsied and dead,  
 Because a guilty motive may corrupt  
 The deed which God requires. The purest soul  
 Will dare the most ; though in the heart, perchance,  
 Which highest motives sway, the grovelling crowd  
 Suspects the basest thoughts. O ! then, when first  
 The man, (who paus'd his purity to save,  
 His motive to review, and free himself  
 From earthly guile,) treads the high, slippery path  
 Where oft ambition walks by virtue's side,  
 Nought can impede him, nor perplex his course ;  
 For half his hopes he sacrifices life ;  
 Much he achieves, and still he urges on,  
 Ready to meet the great alternative  
 Of a triumphant benefactor's life,  
 Or martyr's sacrificial death.

*Loredano.*

Thou had'st  
 A path of usefulness and fame, when thou  
 The city's chosen preacher stood'st on high —  
 The ruler of our hearts.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

I love to look,  
 Ev'n from this cell, upon the hallow'd hours  
 When our religion triumph'd, by my means,  
 O'er apathy and vice.

*Loredano.*

My memory  
 Doats on the vanish'd scene. There is, methinks,  
 In the full triumph of an orator,  
 A common interest which thousands share.  
 He draws unwilling auditors along,  
 Till all the vanquish'd, in their vassalage  
 Of mind and heart, feel an unblushing pride.  
 I mark'd the growth of thy ascendancy  
 O'er luxury and pomp, and all the vice  
 To which these minister. The young laugh'd out,  
 Old age, with quiet smile, shook its gray head,  
 And said the meteor soon would pass. The sly  
 And greedy usurer look'd on amaz'd  
 To see the pampered passions, from which long  
 He drew his treasures, at thy bidding scorn'd,  
 But said 't was madness, could not last. Yet all—  
 The young, the old, the crafty wretch who made  
 A gain of vice—own'd thy supremacy.

O! how the mad Beccaria curs'd thy name  
And vow'd the sure destruction of their God.  
Then from the vices of the multitude  
Thou turn'dst to tyranny, and all our hosts  
Beheld in him who sav'd them from themselves,  
Their saviour from the frantic despot's hate.  
What though the novel truths thou taught'st be deemed  
Beneath the notice of the stole-clad monk,  
And 'yond the circuit of the truths, our church  
Ordain'd thee to declare, thou shew'dst us how  
Vile error long had lurk'd beneath their mask ;  
And their perversion led the heedless crowd  
In devious ways, far from the path of virtue.  
Thou treated'st them as should the Christian priest,  
Might he but dare upon such themes to dwell,  
And on our civil duties stamp the seal  
Of hallowed bonds, to make the whole of life  
The service of a God too often mock'd  
By duties in seclusion only known ;  
And thoughts and feelings, by the guileful forms  
Of superstition, sever'd from the cares  
That, while we linger still on earth, define  
Half of our duty to the God of heaven.  
Then 'twas, the humble preacher seem'd to rise  
Into the heaven-sent ruler of the world,  
And spoke as might an angel to the men  
He stoop'd awhile to guide. Ev'n tho' I blame  
Thy warlike zeal, I love thee for that day,  
When while gaunt famine thinn'd our mailed ranks,  
And mothers for their infants begged for bread,  
Our trembling hosts, to thy high purpose wrought,  
Laid every jewel, every costly gift  
They long had hoarded, at thy feet, and bought  
A respite for their liberty, with faith  
In thy commands. O! had'st thou stay'd thy course,  
Where should have clos'd the sacred preacher's task ?  
Had'st thou not warpt the hearts, that holy faith  
Thus made thine own, to factious purposes,  
Beneath a blood-stain'd banner, thou had'st stood  
Like holiest saint in ancient days, when rose  
The cross o'er pagan shrines.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Thou errest still—

Whoever wins an eminence of fame,  
Is like a vessel on a current launch'd,  
That never stays its course ; for none can rest  
Amidst its flow, and all who backward steer  
Are buried 'neath its still advancing waves.  
Besides, the sacred preacher has a task  
Which deepens with the times. If he should win



The multitude, assenting to his words,  
 'Tis not to swell the triumph of his hour ;  
 But he must further seek to fashion them,  
 When yielding to his touch, to highest aims  
 That mould the state ; till thus, from land to land,  
 Our faith transforms the world. I Pavia lov'd ;  
 I saw her drunk in vice and indolence ;  
 I saw the curse of tyranny still brooding  
 Above her shame ; and when the people flock'd  
 To hear ev'n from my lips the truths of heaven,  
 And penitence and reformation spread  
 Throughout their kneeling hosts, I thought I might  
 Prevail o'er all, and see at last a free,  
 A holy, happy empire. But thou know'st  
 How vice regain'd its sway ; how power triumph'd ;  
 How baseness brought a vengeful foe, to feed  
 With all a rival's hate, intestine crime ;  
 And how ten thousand arts of treachery,  
 That load the soul as with a demon's guilt ;  
 Baffled my plans : while I presum'd too much  
 On sacred ties, on honour, and on truth.  
 And since mine only purpose was to serve  
 A wicked world, aim'd not to counteract  
 Its crimes by equal crime, and never dream'd  
 Of half its wickedness. It wounds my heart  
 To nurse a restless, burning wish to serve  
 Mankind, and yet to feel that service check'd  
 By time and circumstance, which show the need  
 Of abrogating sin. Oft he, alas !  
 Who much achieves, will steep his soul in guilt,  
 In hope that virtue has a healing fount.  
 Where 'chance philanthropy, with many stains,  
 Contracted in its bold and daring course,  
 And patriot courage, red with gore, may wash  
 And be for ever clean. Delusion all !  
 'Tis purity of soul alone promotes  
 The world's improvement ; and there's not a crime  
 Dissembled in its course, but mars its hope,  
 And on our race a penalty entails.  
 This was the great misfortune I deplore ;  
 I trusted man too much. The public state !  
*The People !* O they form'd a glorious idol  
 In my wild dreams—an image half of heaven,  
 And starry light. I fondly thought I read  
 Divinity upon its dazzling brow,  
 And worshipp'd ; but as I dream'd it turn'd  
 A giant son of earth, and proudly spurn'd  
 Me on my kness, and trod me in the dust.

*Loredano.*

And dost thou mourn for this ?

Jacopo Bussolaro.

For this alone.

Loredano.

Sure thy great mind might disappointment bear ?

Jacopo Bussolaro.

Yes ; all but this. See the love-widow'd mother  
Cling to her smiling babe, and link her life  
With the frail ties of its mortality.  
It dies ! *that* disappointment sears her soul.  
Behold the guileless maid, who her young heart  
Has to her lover given. Each dream, each hope,  
Each wish of life, are centered in her love.—  
He faithless proves ! The treachery of life  
Is far more bitter than the curse of death,  
And life breathes not o'er her another hope ;  
Her only wish is death. Thus hearts will pour  
Their life-blood in one hope, and die to joy.  
And thus with loftiest minds, who love their race,  
And mourn at last ingratitude and hate.

Loredano.

Methinks thou mightest, if not hate, despise  
In turn.

Jacopo Bussolaro.

Thus thousands oft avenge themselves,  
And from the service of the world they lov'd  
To tyrants turn. They weep not o'er their ills,  
But grown in sad experience, cold and stern,  
Their fiercest passions hide beneath a mask,  
And wring a joy, though joy not worth their toil,  
From the world's punishment.

Loredano.

Such but display  
The wide extremes of hot intemperate minds.  
Be it thy care to seek that heavenly calm  
In which the thoughts long nurs'd, like winds that sink  
Upon the sea they lash'd, shall die away.

Jacopo Bussolaro.

No, they shall live, if ardent prayer to heaven,  
And meditation most profound, can save  
Their wounded life. If they should ever die,  
Far other thoughts would come, and rob the heart  
Of all its virtue in the name of peace.

Loredano.

Still I am baffled in my wish to check  
The bleeding sorrows of thy stricken heart.  
Sure thoughts like thine, that soar on high to heaven,  
And feelings festering with the wounds they mourn,  
Betray a mind that from its balance swerves.

Jacopo Bussolaro.

They show a mind so delicately pois'd  
In its refinement of the purest powers,

That griefs like mine its equilibrium break.  
 Our thoughts with feelings link, and oft the best  
 With feelings that must sorely tortured be.  
 Why mourn? dost ask, in cherishing the thoughts  
 Which man ennoble, and are all deriv'd  
 From truth and piety? 'Tis weakness, 'chance.  
 But weakness men on earth must long endure :  
 We are not angels yet. We think, perhaps,  
 To serve mankind, but thus to think, my friend,  
 Is tenderly to nurse into a growth  
 Of shrinking sensibility the heart.  
 And if we serve them well thro' every change,  
 'Twill often be with the heart's richest blood,  
 Drain'd to the last exhausting drop.

*Loredano.*

But why

Weep for the errors which must ever mar  
 The zealous life, far of mortality  
 The noblest share. In all our martyr griefs  
 We only suffer what our errors cause,  
 And should submit.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Errors! It chafes my soul,

Impatient grown perhaps, to think how all  
 The high-wrought feelings of benevolence,  
 Love, trust, hopes for the best in heart and deed,  
 Are deemed our shame, and are at last condemn'd  
 Like the weak blunders of a drivelling mind.

*Loredano.*

But is it wise, O! ever with the world  
 To war, and in collision lose thy peace,  
 Till in the shock even life itself is lost?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

A contradiction is the life of man,  
 And he who moderates opinion, checks,  
 Perhaps with innate shame, his principles,  
 And tames the courage of his soul, in hope  
 To live at peace; not erring by a thought  
 Too noble for his state, and far too wise,  
 Too prudent to encounter vicious hatred,  
 Will find his labour lost. He owns at last  
 That in the complex misery of the world  
 His share is only chang'd—he now must war  
 With virtue, and with nobleness of soul—  
 An outward and an inward conflict still;  
 And as befits such strife with arts too base,  
 Chicanery too mean to lead him forth  
 From drear obscurity, where life and heaven  
 Are lost in struggles to maintain his peace.  
 Think'st thou I envy him, tho' all the wrath  
 Of the proud Milanese, and Pavia's chiefs  
 Should on my head be pour'd.

*Loredano.* And so each day  
You make yourself a fretful element  
Of the dire oppositions of the world  
You thus lament.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.* Yet I but choose  
'Twixt light and darkness in the holy war  
Of Oromaz 'gainst his foe, or better taught  
Than e'er by eastern sage, I but gird on  
The christian's panoply, and live for heaven.  
'Tis duty: I can act no other part,  
Unless the basest traitor I become,  
Both to my conscience and my stainless faith.

*Loredano.* But dost thou not rebel against the power  
Who in the present state makes lowly thoughts  
Thy duty. God enjoins humility.  
Chasten thy daring spirit, and—

*Jacopo Bussolaro.* I know  
What thou would'st say. 'Tis chastened; and I pray  
For more submission to the will of heaven,  
Deeper repentance for my many sins,  
And holier aspirations of the heart,  
In such entrancing visions of our God,  
As honour'd Saints have sometimes known. But why  
Are all my energies of life enfeebled  
By a drear separation from the world,  
The brotherly ties which bind us to mankind,  
And all the powers that spread from age to age  
To mould the fate of man?

*Loredano.* But is it so?  
Tho' in our humble place we should not seek  
To mix with the profane, does not our church  
Assert a right to rule the wicked world?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*  
To rule it, not to mould it—but to bind it  
As a vile slave, and not a holy freedom  
On all its hosts bestow! 'Tis no fair purpose  
Of heavenly faith: we are compelled to serve,  
In our humility, forsooth, the tools  
Of an insatiable ambition.

*Loredano.* No,  
My brother, no; I'll hear thee not. 'Tis true  
I much defer to thine aspiring mind,  
But breathe a censure on our holy church,  
And I will leave thee to thy harshest fate..

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*  
Be not alarm'd. There is a restlessness  
Within my mind I know not how to quell;

But I will curb it. Yet, my brother, let me  
Give utterance in thine ear to the strange thoughts  
Which stir my heart in dreams.

*Loredano.*

The waking dreams  
Of thine infatuated, sleepless life!

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

The dreams which visit me in this dark cell,  
When oft'times I'm entranc'd in thought, as if  
The limits of the real and unreal worlds  
Were not impassable, nor ev'n defin'd,  
But that the daring mind may freely breathe  
Where both their powers commix. Indeed, I deem  
That, in the service of the present age,  
The fervent mind will kindle such bright thoughts  
As fashion forth the future time to view.  
Be it a property of mortal mind,  
Whose secrets none can pierce, or be it else  
The spirit of our God to prophets given,  
I deem that holy men must feel it oft,  
Tho' oft they fear to tell, and ev'n may check  
Their strange mysterious sense of future doom.

*Loredano.*

And they are wise to check it, and destroy  
The mad ambition it would light within.  
Our duty lies within the present orb  
Of circumstance, and will be missed in guilt,  
If by the visionings of future years,  
We shape our course.

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

Along the path of time  
We see the shadows of our future years.  
The wise believe they prove the substance true,  
While weaker minds in idiot wonder stare  
To hear the tale, then, trembling, cross themselves,  
And bless their saints that they are ne'er disturb'd  
By such fantastic dreams. Had they one thought  
Of many that I love, they'd start with fear,  
As if a moonlight goblin of the night  
Had cross'd their steps, with wrathful warning charg'd.  
Ev'n minds the firmest, when the most entranc'd  
In prescient mood, will all their vigour need  
To tame the boiling fury of such thoughts,  
As make the musing sage resemble oft  
The Pythoness upon her tripod plac'd.  
The shrine where truest oracles are heard  
Begets a mood which little suits the scenes  
Of active life, ev'n tho' such oracles,  
When pass'd from lip to lip, may soon become  
Like household words, and govern all our acts.

This narrow cell is my enchanted shrine—  
This pallet of a dungeon slave, to me  
Is like the tripod that in Delphos stood.—  
And here such burning thoughts of Pavia rise,  
Yea, ev'n of Italy, thro' all her realms,  
That oft I start as from sedition's guilt,  
And blasphemy, and all that makes revolt  
From power a curse, blighting at least an age.  
Yet, sure as thoughts within this mortal coil  
Are instinct with the pulse of future life  
In heaven, ev'n so the mind enkindles oft  
With sense prophetic of the state ordain'd  
For man on earth. A change o'er empire comes—  
Power, too, will change its rule—the stern relations  
Of social life will change, and cross and baffle  
All the keen skill and sleepless craft, which aim  
To keep the spreading army of mankind  
Within its present ranks. Opinions, too,  
Which sway the multitude as winds the waves,  
And systems, which the noble few direct  
And aid them the wild multitude to quell,  
Will change—and nature thro' her inmost powers  
Feel new and freshening airs pervade. O! then  
The world o'er all her realms that change will show,  
From which the timid mind, as from a thought  
Rank with impiety, shrinks in alarm.

*Loredano.*

Such thoughts have ruin'd us, and ever urge  
The multitude to pass the bounds of right  
And happiness, and forcing all who rule  
In stern resistance to exert their power,  
Give to fell anarchy a peaceful state,  
Till tyranny exults o'er all. Where then  
Thy cheering visions of another world?

*Jacopo Bussolaro.*

My visions show a power the world not yet  
Has seen, frowning upon an empty zeal,  
That, void of virtue, in the madding love  
Of liberty convulses realms in vain.  
Think'st thou the rash alone can love the light  
Of future years, and all who power revere,  
And peace maintain, must struggle to preserve  
The limits of to-day? There comes an age  
When charm'd obedience and tranquillity  
Will man's improvement work, and when the truths  
I lately taught to Pavia's list'ning hosts  
Will put for ever those dread scenes aside,  
Where we have struggled only to deplore  
Defeat, and when each pious effort, made  
To serve our race, will peaceful triumph win.

## FREEMASONIC REVELATIONS.

## CHAP. II.

THE theology of the Church subsisted in greater or less degrees of purity among all the nations of antiquity. Warburton has elaborately proved it; and this forms the best argument of his sophistical legation, that not only the Jews, but likewise the Gentile peoples, possessed the radiant principles of theology, properly so called. Phanner, Burigni, Cudworth, and Brocklesby, have evinced that the Gentiles took no small interest, and made no slight advances in those doctrines which are cherished by the frequenters of churches. The number of churches was almost infinite among the pagans, who were, like the Athenians, "in all things very religious," or "too superstitious," if you will so translate it. And amid the ruins of empires, which Volney has invested with the sable vapour of infidelity, the broken columns of fanes and temples yet survive to point this our moral, if for no better purpose.

But it is not now with the theology of churches that we discourse, but the theosophy of Lodges of Initiation. In our first article we showed, that though theology, theosophy, and philosophy have a common origin and many points of analogy, yet this important distinction subsists between them,—that while *theology is the science of the church, theosophy is the science of the lodge, and philosophy is the science of the schools*. These three vast branches of erudition have always obtained and been developed in connection with the three famous institutions entitled the Church, the Lodge, and the Schools. We wish our readers to understand this distinction clearly; for it is of the utmost importance to those who would gain a correct idea of the intellectual history of man.

This being premised, let us proceed to investigate the theosophy of the lodges, and illustrate their *initiations*. It is concerning these theosophic initiations of the lodge that Cicero has left us this splendid testimonial:—"Athens has furnished Rome with many divine and excellent institutions, but among them all none is, methinks, more admirable than that of the *mysteries* by which we have been rescued from the rude severities of barbarism, and are mitigated and polished into humanity. Well are such mysteries entitled *initiations*, since from them we receive the initiative principles of life, and learn not only the art of living happily, but likewise of dying with a better hope. (Initiaque ut appellantur, ita revera principia vitæ cognovimus, neque solum cum lætitia vivendi rationem accepimus, sed etiam cum spe meliori moriendi.)"—*Cicero de Legibus, Lib. 2.*

So speaks Cicero concerning the theosophic mysteries in which he was initiated, and for a profound knowledge of which he became renowned. At some future time, perhaps, we may find leisure to describe the ancient initiations of which he speaks, and others that flourished during the middle ages. At present we shall confine our attention to those of Freemasonry strictly understood.

As we stated in our first chapter, a considerable number of terms, allegories, ceremonials, and symbols, collected from various initiations of other times and climes, have gradually become amalgamated and incor-

porated with the freemasonic initiations as they now exist. These initiations, simple and even puerile as they may at first sight appear, are, in fact, little dramas, illustrating a divine secret of eternal liberty and equality. Trifling and *jejune* in outward semblance, exhibiting a perplexed jumble of foreign and heterogeneous ingredients, they yet refer to the sublimest verities. Like the service of the mass in the Roman Catholic Church, their literal acceptation would profit little, though their spiritual intendment may be eminently useful to the genuine truth-searcher. Such alone will be able to trace the *light* that dwells amid the darkness, the *power* girt around with imbecility. And as men of this temper are as rare as black swans during the present age, we would by no means urge the uninitiated in general, to incur the responsibilities that may subsequently annoy them.

In the mean time, we conceive it may be a highly useful, as well as amusing task, to lay open as much of the freemasonic initiations as may be safely committed to literature. As a rule we like to be as open as circumstances permit, and to indulge in no greater mysteriousness than is necessary. And certainly, in the present age of liberty, toleration, and free enquiry, much of freemasonic science may be revealed without a particle of danger or mischief, which in other ages and nations should be kept as close as wax.

Let not our brethren of the Lodge think that we are going to betray the *unbetrayables* of their admirable club. *Nullum simile est idem*. No semblance is substance. It is possible to publish something like a reality, yet not the reality itself. We shall, therefore, rather restrain our audacious pen, and commence our revelations with certain select specimens of freemasonic initiations, which have already received an imprimatur. These are most of them as good as new to the majority of readers, and a careful analysis and comparison of them, will furnish the public with much information, for which curiosity is agog. In future articles we shall illustrate these initiations with many extraordinary passages which have never seen the light, though in newspaper phraseology, "no less strange than true."

Now then to give the inquisitive virtuoso some notion of the nature of the published specimens of freemasonic initiations. We quote them as preliminaries to fuller discoveries; and by perusing them, the would-be initiate will gain an idea of the thing, if not quite correct, yet not a thousand leagues wrong. It is a pleasure to make the *Monthly* (by the bye, the only magazine which has spirit enough for such adventures) the medium between the initiated and the cowan.

Our friends the Druids, at Oxford, will laugh heartily at the whole concern,—*Verbum sap.*

Among the first of the freemasonic publications which attempted to let the cat out of the bag, we shall notice a little book written by R. S., entitled, "An Authentic Key to the Door of Freemasonry; published by W. Nichols, 1766." The author, after giving an amusing account of himself and his treatise, proceeds to favour us with a description of the ceremonies that attend the opening of the lodge for the solemnisation of the entered apprentices' degree, which apply also to the higher degrees of initiation. These degrees of initiation, however, differ much from each other, and the subsequent lectures which the initiates receive, perpetually



unfold more and more of the drift of the institutions. True masons will smile at the audacity of this R. S., whoever he was, who sometimes runs close upon the truth, and then flies off in a tangent to the absurdest mistakes.

In republishing scarce masonic tracts, we give this the priority, because it was nearly the first of the kind that made a considerable stir. We shall follow it up by other documents, which are more correct in detail, and powerful in composition.

Here follow the words of R. S. Pray let them be received *cum grano salis*.

“ TO ALL FREE-MASONS.

“ THE author of the following pages has the honour of being known and well respected in most of the lodges of reputation in this metropolis, and is a frequent visitor at the Queen’s Arms, St. Paul’s Church Yard ; the Sun, in Ludgate Street ; the Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell ; Half Moon, Cheapside ; Crown and Anchor, in the Strand ; Salutation, Grey Friars ; and several others of less note, even where humble porter is drank.

“ An eager curiosity and desire of becoming a perfect master of Masonry, and the success he met with in his first attempt, has rendered him capable of revealing those mysteries to the world, which, till now, have been kept secret as the grave.

“ He derived his knowledge at first from some loose papers belonging to a merchant, to whom he was nearly related, who had been a member of the Queen’s Arms, St. Paul’s Church Yard. This relation dying about nine years ago, our author became possessed of his effects ; and, on looking over his papers, among others, he found some memorandums, or remarks, on Masonry, which excited his curiosity so far, that he resolved on accomplishing his scheme, without going through the ceremonies required by the society.

“ The remarks of his friend above mentioned, furnished hints sufficient to make a trial on an intimate acquaintance, a Freemason, who readily gave him the sign and answer in the manner he expected. After a more narrow inspection on the part of his friend, such as, where he was made, and when, &c., (to all of which he answered with great readiness) he received an invitation to spend an evening at a tavern in the Strand with several acquaintances. Elated by this success, he boldly advanced with his company, all of whom belonged to the lodge, and were well known by the tyler at the door. After the usual ceremony, in which he gave full satisfaction, he was admitted, and took his seat. That very night he saw two *makings*\*, and came off full of spirits.

“ Soon after he went to another lodge, where he distinguished himself greatly in answering the questions proposed by the master, which he acquired from his friend’s manuscripts, or Memorandums of the *Entered Apprentice* and *Fellow Craft’s* Lectures.

“ His regard for the society, and respect to the public, is the only

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\* *Makings*, the term used in the circular letters to the members of the lodge, acquainting them that new members are to be admitted the next lodge night.

inducement to this publication, which is intended not only to assist those who, perhaps, have been lately made, and still remain ignorant of the true foundation of the art, but also to give all that have an inclination to become Masons an opportunity of judging for themselves, as to the obligations and nature of the society they are going to enter into, and to consider the advantages and disadvantages of the engagements and oaths by which they are bound.

"Such is the intention of this undertaking; and the author flatters himself the brotherhood will more applaud than condemn his officiousness in this respect, as it must rather strengthen than hurt the interest of the society; the fear of going through the ceremony, which hitherto has been represented in such frightful shapes, being the greatest obstacle to the farther welfare and increase of this truly antient and worthy society.

"His ambition is to please; and the work is submitted to the only proper judges, viz., his brethren the Freemasons, to whom he begs leave to declare, that no private or public quarrel, the view of gain, nor any other motive than the public good, could ever have induced him to write on this subject; and he declares to the world, that the following is the whole of true Masonry in all its branches.

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"Since the former edition of this pamphlet was put to the press, the author has received from his publisher several anonymous letters, containing the lowest abuse and scurrilous invectives; nay, some have proceeded so far as to threaten his person. He requests the favour of all enraged brethren, who shall choose to display their talents for the future, that they will be so kind as to pay the postage of their letters, as there can be no reason he should put up with their ill treatment, and pay the piper into the bargain. Surely there must be something in his book *very extraordinary*, a *something* they cannot digest, thus to excite the wrath and ire of those hot-brained mason-bit gentry! But however unwilling he may have been to publish *all* the letters and messages received on this occasion, yet he cannot be so deficient in returning the compliment as to conceal *one*, which, notwithstanding the threatenings contained in it, appears to be written with very little meaning; and he has (*sans ceremonie*) ventured to publish it *verbatim*.

"For R. S. at Mr. Wm. Nicholls, at the Paper Mill, St. Paul Church Yard, London.

"R. S.

"London.

"Try thee, prove thee, I shall find thee a scandalous stinking powcatt. Thou pretend's to have declared the truth of Masonry to the world, and as imposed a lye on the public, not in one part, but in all parts thou mentions. I shall meet thee in a few days, and will give thee that satisfaction such a pike thonk scandalous villian deserves.'

"The original of this spirited letter, with the post-mark to authenticate it, is left in the hands of Mr. Nicoll, bookseller, in St.

Paul's Church Yard, the publisher, who has the author's leave to show it to any gentleman desirous of perusing so pretty an epistle ; and strict orders are given the publisher to receive none for the future that are not post-paid.

"The author likewise presents his compliments to Mr. M'Dermott, Secretary, and thanks him for the pity and compassion he has so kindly shewn to his *widow and numerous family*, and begs him to alter that part of the Preface which mentions the author of *Jachin and Boaz* being dead sometime since, when he *reprints another edition of Ahiman Rezon*.

\* \* "Those gentlemen who so often send for *Jachin and Boaz*, and desire the publisher to tie it up in paper, and seal it carefully, that the messenger may not be acquainted with the contents of the parcel, may safely continue those sort of commissions, and the publisher will observe a strict compliance with their orders. "R. S.

"The origin of the society called Freemasons is said to have been a certain number of persons who formed a resolution to rebuild the Temple of Solomon. This clearly appears from the Lecture, or rather History, of the Order, at the making or raising of a member to the degree of Master, which is fully described in the following work.

"But I am inclined to think, that the chief design of the establishment is to rectify the heart, inform the mind, and promote the moral and social virtues of humanity, decency, and good order, as much as possible in the world ; and some of the emblems of the Freemasons confirm this opinion, such as the compass, rule, square, &c.

"In all countries where Masonry is practised, or established at this time, there is a Grand Master ; but formerly there was only one Grand Master, and he was an Englishman. Lord Blaney is the person on whom this dignity or title is now bestowed, who governs all the lodges in Great Britain, and has the authority or power of delivering the constitution and laws of the Society to the Masters who preside over the subordinate Assemblies ; which constitutions must always be signed by the Grand Secretary of the Order. The Grand Master can also hold a meeting or lodge as often as he thinks proper, which is generally the second Saturday in every month in the summer ; but oftener in the winter.

"The other lodges meet regularly twice a month in the winter half-year, and once a month in the summer ; and the members of each lodge pay quarterly, from 3s. 6d. to 5s. into the hands of the Treasurer ; and this generally defrays the expense of their meetings.

"There are also quarterly communications or meetings held, at which are present the Master and Wardens of every regular constitution in London, and the adjacent parts, where the several lodges send, by the said wardens, different sums of money to be paid into the hands of the Treasurer-General, and appropriated to such charitable uses as the Grand Master, and the masters of the different lodges under him, think proper ; but these charities are chiefly confined to masons only. Such as have good recommenda-

tions as to their behaviour and character, will be assisted with five, ten, or twenty pounds; and less sums are distributed to the indigent brethren, in proportion to their wants, and the number of years they have been members. At these quarterly communications, large sums are likewise sent from lodges in the most remote parts of the world, viz., in the East and West Indies, and accounts transmitted of the growth of Masonry there. The state of the funds of the society are likewise communicated to the company, and the deliberation of the meeting taken down by the Secretary, who lays them before the Grand Master at the yearly meeting.

"The number of members which compose a lodge is indeterminate; but it is not a lodge, except there are present one Master, three Fellow-crafts, and two Apprentices.

"When a lodge is met, there are two principal offices under the Master, called senior and junior Wardens, whose business is to see the laws of the society strictly adhered to, and the word of command given by the Grand Master, regularly followed.

"It must be remarked, that the authority of a Master, though chief of the lodge, reaches no farther than he is himself an observer of the laws; should he infringe them, the brethren never fail to censure him; and if this has no effect, they have a power of deposing him, on appealing to the Grand Master, and giving their reasons for it. But they seldom proceed to this extremity.

"As no doubt the reader chooses to be made acquainted with every circumstance of the ceremony of making a brother, I shall begin with the following directions, and proceed regularly in the description of what further concerns Masonry.

"A man desirous of becoming a Freemason, should endeavour to get acquainted with a member of some good lodge, who will propose him as a candidate for admission the next lodge-night. The brother who proposes a new member, is likewise obliged to acquaint the brethren of the qualifications of the candidate.\* Upon this it is debated whether or not he shall be admitted; and it being carried in the affirmative, the next step is to go with the proposer the ensuing lodge-night.

"You are to suppose the evening come when a lodge is to be held, which generally begins about seven in the winter, and nine in summer; proper notices having been sent to the members for this purpose. The masons are punctual to the time; and it frequently happens, that, in half an hour, the whole lodge, to the number of fifty or sixty, are assembled.

"The Master, the two Assistants, Secretary, and Treasurer, begin with putting over their necks a blue ribbon of a triangular shape; to the master's ribbon hangs a rule and compass, which is in some lodges made of gold, though in others only gilt; the Assistants, senior Wardens, and the other officers, carry the compass alone.

"The candles that are upon the table are always placed in the

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\* "For the good of this, and all other societies, it were to be wished a more strict regard was paid, on the part of the proposers, to the character and morals of the candidates."

form of a triangle; and in the best lodges the candlesticks are carved with allegorical figures, and put in a triangular form. Every brother has an apron, made of a white skin; and the strings also of skin; though some of them choose to ornament them with blue ribbon. On the grand days, such as quarterly communications or general meetings, the grand officers' aprons are finely decorated and they carry the rule and compass, the emblems of the order.

"When they sit down to the table, the Master seats himself the first place on the east side, the Bible being opened before him with the compasses laid thereon, and the points of them covered with a lignum vitæ or box square; and the senior and junior wardens opposite to him on the west and south. On the table are wisely placed different sorts of wine, punch, &c., to regale the brethren, who take their places according to their degree or seniority. Being thus seated, after a few minutes, the Master proceeds to open the lodge in the following manner:—

"HOW TO OPEN A LODGE, AND SET THE MEN TO WORK.

"*Master to the Junior Deacon.*—What is the chief care of a mason?"

"*Ans.*—To see that the lodge is tyled.

"*Mas.*—Pray do your duty.

"The junior deacon gives three knocks at the door; and immediately the tyler, on the other side of the door answers, giving three knocks. Then the junior deacon tells the master saying:—

"*Ans.*—Worshipful, the lodge is tyled.

"*Mas.*—Pray where is the junior deacon's place in the lodge?"

"*Ans.*—At the back of the senior warden; or at his right hand, if he permits him.

"*Mas.*—Your business there?"

"*Ans.*—To carry messages from the senior to the junior wardens so that they may be dispersed round the lodge.

"*Master to the Senior Deacon.*—Pray where is the senior deacon's place in the lodge?"

"*Ans.*—At the back of the master; or at his right hand, if he permits.

"*Mas.*—Your business there?"

"*Ans.*—To carry messages from the master to the senior wardens."

"*Mas.*—The junior warden's place in the lodge?"

"*Ans.*—In the south.

"*Master to the Junior Warden.*—Why in the south?"

"*Ans.*—The better to observe the sun at high meridian, to get the men off from work to refreshment, and to see that they come in due time, that the master may have pleasure and profit thereby."

"*Mas.*—Pray where is the senior warden's place in the lodge?"

\* "To open a lodge, in masonry signifies, that it is allowed to speak publicly the mysteries of the order."

† "A tyler is properly no more than a guard or centinel, placed at the door, to give the sign when any one craves admittance, that the wardens, or proper person, may come out and examine him; but he is always one of the brethren."

"*Ans.*—In the west.

"*Master to the Senior Warden.*—Your business there, brother.

"*Ans.*—As the sun sets in the west to close the day, so the senior warden stands in the west to close the lodge, to pay the men their wages, and dismiss them from their labour.

"*Mas.*—The master's place in the lodge?

"*Ans.*—In the east.

"*Mas* —His business there.

"*Ans.*—As the sun rises in the east to open the day, so the master stands in the east to open his lodge, and set his men to work.

"Then the master takes off his hat, and declares the lodge open as follows:—'This lodge is open, in the name of holy St. John, forbidding all cursing, swearing, or whispering, and all profane discourse whatever, under no less penalty than what the majority shall think proper.'

"The master then gives three knocks upon the table with a wooden hammer, and puts on his hat, the other brethren being uncovered. Then they sit down and drink promiscuously, or take a pipe of tobacco.

"Soon after, the master asks if the Gentleman proposed last lodge night, is ready to be made; and, on being answered in the affirmative, he orders the wardens to go out and prepare the person, who is generally waiting in a room at some distance from the lodge room, by himself, being left there by his friend who proposed him. He is conducted into another room, which is totally dark, and then asked whether he is conscious of having the vocation necessary to be received? On answering Yes, he is asked his name, surname, and profession. When he has answered these questions, whatever he has about him made of metal is taken off, as buckles, buttons, rings, &c., and even the money in his pocket taken away.\* Then they make him uncover his right knee, and put his left foot, with his shoe on, into a slipper,† hoodwink him with a handkerchief, and leave him to his reflection for about half an hour. The chamber is also guarded within and without by some of the brethren, who have drawn swords in their hands, to keep off all strangers, in case any should dare to approach. The person who proposed the candidate stays in the room with him, but they are not permitted to ask any questions, or converse together.

"During this silence, and while the candidate is preparing, the brethren in the lodge are putting every thing in order for his reception there; such as drawing a figure on the floor, at the upper part of the room, which is generally done with chalk, or chalk and charcoal intermixed, though some lodges use tape and little nails to form it, which prevents any mark or sign on the floor. It is drawn east and west. The master stands in the east, with the square hanging at his breast, the Holy Bible opened at the Gospel of St.

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\* "In some lodges they are so exact in this respect, that they oblige the candidate to pull off his clothes, if there be lace on them."

† "This is not practised in every lodge, some only slipping the heel of the shoe down."

John, and three lighted tapers are placed in the form of a triangle in the midst of the drawing on the floor.

"The proposer then goes and knocks three times at the door of the grand apartment, in which the reception is to be performed; the master answers within by three strokes of the hammer, and the junior warden asks, 'Who comes there?' The candidate answers (after one who prompts him) 'One who begs to receive part of the benefit of this right worshipful lodge, dedicated to St. John, as many brothers and fellows have done before me.' The doors are then opened, and the senior and junior wardens, or their assistants, receive him, one on the right and the other on the left, and conduct him blindfold three times\* round the drawing on the floor, and brings him up to the foot of it, with his face to the master,† the brethren ranging themselves in order on each side, and making an odd noise by striking on the attributes of the order, which they carry in their hands.‡

"The figure of the three degrees is then drawn on the floor, the entered apprentice kneeling on the left knee. It is most commonly drawn with chalk and charcoal; and as soon as the ceremony of making is over, the new-made mason (though ever so great a gentleman) must take a mop from a pail of water, and wash it out. In some lodges they use red tape and nails to form it, which prevents any mark or stain on the floor, as with chalk.

"The reader is to understand, that after this figure is washed out, they sit at the table in the same form, as near as possible; the new member being placed the first night on the master's right hand.

"When this part of the ceremony is ended, the master, who stands at the upper end, facing the foot or steps of the drawing on the floor, behind an arm-chair, asks the following question:—Whether you have a desire to become a mason, and if it is of your own free will and choice? Upon which the candidate answers, Yes. 'Let him see the light,' says the master. They then take the handkerchief from his eyes, and whilst they are so doing, the brethren form a circle round him, with their swords drawn in their hands, the points of which are presented to his breast. The ornaments borne by the officers, the glittering of the swords, and a fantastic appearance of the brethren in white aprons, altogether creates great surprise, especially to a person who for above an hour has been fatigued with the bandage over his eyes; and his uncertainty concerning what is further to be done for his reception, must, no doubt, throw his mind into great perplexity.§

"The candidate is then directed to advance three times to a stool

\* "In some lodges the candidates are led nine times round; but as this is very tiresome to the person who is to undergo the operation, his patience being pretty well tried by being blinded so long beforehand, it is very justly omitted."

† "Many lodges throw a fine powder, or rosin on the floor, which, together with the extraordinary illumination of the room, has a pretty effect, even though the person is blindfold."

‡ "This custom is not observed in all lodges."

§ "The ancient masons made use of a prayer inserted in the apprentice's lecture, but the moderns leave it out when they make a brother."

of the arm-chair ; he is taught to step in a proper manner of the assistants. Upon the stool are placed the rule pass ; and one of the brethren says to the candidate to this

You are now entering into a respectable society, which is more serious and important than you imagine. It admits of nothing contrary to law, religion, or morality ; nor does it allow of anything inconsistent with the allegiance due to his Majesty ; the Worshipful Grand Master will inform you of the rest.\*

As soon as the speaker has ended his speech, he is desired to place his right knee upon the stool, which is bare, as mentioned before, and his left foot is put into a slipper, with the shoe on, or slipped at the heel to represent a slipper.

The candidate being in this posture, the worshipful Grand Master addresses him to the following effect :—‘ Do you promise to tell, write, or disclose, in any manner whatever, the secrets of masonry and freemasons, except to a brother at the lodge, in the presence of the worshipful Grand Master ?’ On which he answers, ‘ I do.’ His breast is then opened,† and the point of the compasses‡ placed upon his naked left breast, and he himself, with his left hand, his right being laid upon the Gospel at St. John ; when the following oath is administered to him, repeating it after the Master.

OATH.—‘ I, A. B., of my own free-will and accord, and in the presence of almighty God,|| and this right worshipful lodge, held at St. John, do hereby and herein most solemnly swear that I will always hale, conceal and never reveal any of the secrets and mysteries of freemasonry, that shall be delivered to me now or hereafter, except it be to a true and lawful brother, or to a true and lawful lodge of brothers and fellows, him or them who shall find to be such, after just trial and due examination. I moreover do swear, that I will not write it, print it, cut it, engrave it, stint it, mark it, stain or engrave it, or cause so to be done, by any thing moveable or immoveable, under the canopy of which whereby it may become legible or intelligible, or the least

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is here to be understood, that in different lodges this speech varies ; as also in the mode of making in some respects, which may be seen in the entered apprentice’s book. The only proper and ancient method is clearly pointed out. Some of the modern and insipid harangues, the extravagant jargon of which has given just complaint to the judicious.”

The ancient custom was thus : The candidate, though kneeling on his right knee, should have his left foot in the air ; but this position appears troublesome, so is omitted in most lodges.”

It is done lest a woman should offer herself ; and though many women are admitted as some men, and brethren are generally satisfied with a slight inspection, it would advise them to be more cautious, for it is probable that a woman, with a certain degree of effrontery and spirit, may one time or other slip into their ranks without the benefit of necessary prudence. If we believe the Irish, there is a lady at this land, who has gone through the whole ceremony, and is as good a mason as any of them.”

The ancients used a sword or spear, instead of the compass.”

The form of the oath differs in many lodges, though this is the strictest in use in some societies, instead of saying ‘ in the presence of Almighty God,’ as, ‘ I promise before the Great Architect of the universe,’ &c.”



appearance of the character of a letter, whereby the secret art may be unlawfully obtained. All this I swear, with a strong and steady resolution to perform the same, without any hesitation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatsoever, under no less penalty than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the root, and that to be buried in the sands of the sea at low-water mark, a cable's length from the shore, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in this my entered apprentice's obligation.' (*He kisses the book.*)

"When this is pronounced, the new-made member is taught the sign, grip, and pass-word of the entered apprentice, which will be seen more clearly in the following lecture belonging to that part of masonry.

"He is also learnt the step, how to advance to the master upon the drawing on the floor, which in some lodges resembles the grand building termed a mosaic palace, and is described with the utmost exactness. They also draw other figures, one of which is called the laced tuft, and the other the throne beset with stars. There is also represented a perpendicular line, in the form of a mason's instrument, commonly called the plumb-line; and another figure, which represents the tomb of Hiram, the first grand master who has been dead almost three thousand years. These are all explained to him in the most accurate manner, and the ornaments or emblems of the order are described with great facility. Then he is conducted back, and everything he was divested of, as mentioned at his entrance, is restored, and he takes his seat on the right hand of the Master. He also receives an apron, which he puts on, and the list of the lodges is likewise given him.

"The brethren now congratulate the new-made member, and all return to the table to regale themselves; when the Master proposes a health to the young brother, which is drank with the greatest applause by the whole body. the new mason sitting all the while. After which he, instructed by a brother, takes a bumper, and drinks 'To the worshipful Grand Master, the senior and junior wardens, the rest of the officers and members of the lodge, wishing them success in all their public and private undertakings, to masonry in general, and that lodge in particular, craving their assistance.' To which they answer, 'they will assist him.'" After he has drank, he throws the glass from him, and brings it back three times, and then sets it down on the table, the rest doing the same in exact order. This they call firing: then they clap their hands nine times, divided into three, and stop between each, keeping true time."

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#### CHARTISM.\*

MR. EMERSON, whom we some time ago introduced to our readers as one of our respondents from America, says, in his oration delivered before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in America (Au-

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\* By Thomas Carlyle. London: James Fraser, Regent Street.

, 1837), "If there is any period one would desire to be it not in the age of revolution? when the old and the new are by side, and admit of being compared; when the enemies of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time—like all times—is a very good one, if we know what to do with it."

This is an age of revolution it needed not the existence of a revolution to prove—but it remained for Chartism to indicate to us that this is the time of our French Revolution. This idea seems to have impressed Thomas Carlyle, whose book we are about to read. "Since the year 1789, there is now half a century completed. A French Revolution not yet complete. Whosoever will study this enormous phenomenon, may find many meanings in it, but meaning as the ground of all:—That it was a revolt of the lower classes against the oppressing or neglecting upper classes. Not a French Revolution only,—no, a European one; a warning to all countries of Europe. These Chartisms, the Poor Law, the Reform Bill, Tithe Bill, and infinite other discrepancies of argument and jargon that there is yet to be are our French Revolution. God grant that we, with our better methods, may be able to do what it has done by argument alone."

Now generally acknowledged that Chartism is a subject of great interest. When we first noticed the topic, the newspapers were full of all manner of ridicule upon it. The *Quarterly Review* in its number has justified the opinion that we then expressed in our artist epic of *Ernest*. The judicious critic sees in the statements of that poem "much which might be attainable by a wise, strong, and paternal legislature—much which the statesman may consider worthy of serious consideration—which may occupy the grave reflection of one whose deep conscientious study is to make the people happy and virtuous; which is consistent with the well-being of society, and the vital principles of right, happy in their own way, and virtuous in the means which are accordant with their own desires. One will doubt," he proceeds, "that there is much in the present social state to awaken the apprehension, the anxiety, the grief of all true lovers of their country. Our unexampled wealth threatens us with a fearful reaction; a heavy payment likely to be exacted from us for our enormous wealth, for our accustomed comfort, we will not say luxury, which is diffused through the upper and middling classes of society. Our energies have created and concentrated enormous masses of population, unsoftened by any of those feelings of kindness and sympathy which bind together, in some degree, the rich and poor of our rural districts. It is the dense masses of our manufacturing population, who have no intercourse with any of the higher classes of their employers; with the most miserable want of salubrity, with habits of improvidence, fostered by occasional great gain, succeeded by times of indolence and total unemployment, uneducated, without churches, and without

schools,—here is the part of our social state to the improvement of which all our energies of wise philanthropy should be directed. Before this appalling scene political faction ought to be silent: here, the voice of the people, declaring its own wants, should receive a patient hearing and dispassionate investigation; and no narrow jealousy should be allowed to stand in the way of any practical amelioration."

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in the book before us, proposes two remedies for the evils here acknowledged—education and emigration. The first, a good enough remedy, perhaps, if we understood what what was meant by it; the other, an equivocal panacea—good enough probably for the race, but exceedingly inconvenient for the individual. Suppose the starving Chartist should say, I wish not to emigrate, I want the means of living in my native land. We proved, in our last leading article, that the labourer's patriotism was stronger than the rich man's; his love for his native soil—nay, for his native village—stronger than that of his landlord's, who may live on his rents in Paris or Rome; never see England at all, indeed, unless he likes. No,—no. Emigration is an evil to the working individual; and miseducation worse than no education at all.

We are far from thinking that Mr. Carlyle has sounded the causes of the revolutionary movement. He seems to think that all the discontent of English and Scotch arises from the influx of the Irish labourer. This, to be sure, is an inconvenience; but not the sole inconvenience. Besides, the peculiar characteristic of the Chartist insurrection is, that it arises not from the pressure of want, but is, in its more prominent members, the pure result of political doctrines. It is this which makes it of political importance. This is a point, however, which Mr. Carlyle sees clearly, and in which he has expressed himself after a manly fashion.

The history of Chartism in these times presents nothing mysterious to the philosophical inquirer; "especially," says Mr. Carlyle, "if that of radicalism be looked at. All along, for the last five-and-twenty years, it was curious to note how the internal discontent of England struggled to find vent for itself through *any* orifice: the poor patient, all sick from centre to surface, complains now of this member, now of that;—corn-laws, currency-laws, free-trade, protection, want of free-trade: the poor patient tossing from side to side, seeking a sound side to lie on, finds none. This doctor says, it is the liver; that other, it is the lungs, the head, the heart, defective transpiration in the skin. A thoroughgoing doctor of eminence said it was rotten boroughs; the want of extended suffrage to destroy rotten boroughs. From of old, the English patient himself had a continually recurring notion that this was it. The English people are used to suffrage; it is their panacea for all that goes wrong with them; they have a fixed-idea of suffrage. Singular enough: one's right to vote for a Member of Parliament, to send one's 'twenty-thousandth part of a master of tongue-fence to National Palaver,'—the Doctors asserted that this was Freedom, this and no other. It seemed credible to many men of high de-

of low. The persuasion of remedy grew, the evil was Swing's ricks were on fire. Some nine years ago, a man rose, and in peculiar circumstances said: Let there be a vote of suffrage; let the great Doctor's nostrum, the passionate prayer be fulfilled!

Parliamentary Radicalism, while it gave articulate utterance to the discontent of the English people, could not by its worst enemy be without a function. If it is in the natural order of things that there must be discontent, no less so is it that such discontent should have an outlet, a Parliamentary voice. Here the debated of, demonstrated, contradicted, qualified, reduced to nothing;—can at least solace itself with hope, and die gently, of unfeasibility. The New, Untried ascertains how it fits itself into the arrangements of the Old; whether the Old is impelled to admit it; how in that case it may, with the aid of violence, be admitted. Nor let us count it an easy function of Radicalism; it was one of the most difficult. A stricken patient does, indeed, without effort groan and cry; but not without effort does the physician ascertain what has gone wrong with him, how some remedy may be applied to him. And above all, if your patient is not one sick man but a whole sick nation! Dingy dumb millions, grimed with sweat, with darkness, rage and sorrow, stood round these things, or struggling as they could to say: 'Behold, our lot is that our life is not whole but sick; we cannot live under this oppression and get us justice.' For whether the poor opera-billed for Time-bill, Factory-bill, Corn-bill, for or against a bill, this was what he meant. All bills plausibly presented before him some look of hope in them, might get some clamour from him; as, for the man wholly sick, there is no disease but he can trace in himself some symptoms of it. The mission of Parliamentary Radicalism.

Parliamentary Radicalism has fulfilled this mission, and its management these eight years now, is known to all the expectant millions have set at a feast of the Barmecide; men fill themselves with the imagination of meat. What Parliamentary Radicalism obtained for them; what other than shadows has it so much as asked for them? Cheap Justice, Justice for all, Irish Appropriation-Clause, Ratepaying Clause, Poor-law Amendment-Rate, Household Suffrage, Ballot-Question, 'open' and 'closed' things but shadows of things; Benthamite formulas; the east wind! An Ultra-radical, not seemingly of the same species, is forced to exclaim: 'The people are at last wakened. They say, Why should we be ruined in our shops, thrown out of our farms, voting for these men? Ministerial majorities decide for us. The ministry has become impotent, had it even the will to do so. They have called long to us, We are a Reform Ministry; we support us? We have supported them; borne them indignantly on our shoulders, time after time, fall after fall, as they had been hurled out into the street; and lay prostrate, like dead luggage. It is the fact of a Reform

Ministry, not the name of one that we would support! Langnor, sickness of hope deferred pervades the public mind; the public mind says at last, Why all this struggle for the *name* of a Reform Ministry? Let the Tories be Ministry if they will; let at least some living reality be Ministry! A rearing horse that will only run backward, he is not the horse one would choose to travel on: yet of all conceivable horses the worst is the dead horse. Mounted on a rearing horse, you may back him, spur him, check him, make a little way even backwards: but seated astride of your dead horse, what chance is there for you in the chapter of possibilities? You sit motionless, hopeless, a spectacle to gods and men.'

"There is a class of revolutionists named *Girondins*, whose fate in history is remarkable enough! Men who rebel, and urge the Lower Classes to rebel, ought to have other than formulas to go upon. Men who discern in the misery of the toiling complaining millions not misery, but only a raw-material which can be wrought upon, and traded in, for one's own poor hidebound theories and egoisms; to whom millions of living fellow-creatures, with beating hearts in their bosoms, beating, suffering, hoping, are 'masses,' mere 'explosive masses for blowing down Bastilles with,' for voting at hustings for *us*: such men are of the questionable species! No man is justified in resisting by word or deed the Authority he lives under, for a light cause, be such Authority what it may. Obedience, little as many may consider that side of the matter, is the primary duty of man. No man but is bound indefeasibly, with all force of obligation, to obey. Parents, teachers, superiors, leaders, these all creatures recognise as deserving obedience. Recognised or not recognised, a man *has* his superiors, a regular hierarchy above him; extending up, degree above degree; to Heaven itself and God the Maker, who made His world not for anarchy but for rule and order! It is not a light matter when the just man can recognise in the powers set over him no longer anything that is divine; when resistance against such becomes a deeper law of order than obedience to them; when the just man sees himself in the tragical position of a stirrer up of strife! Rebel, without due and most due cause, is the ugliest of words; the first rebel was Satan.—

"But now in these circumstances shall we blame the unvoting disappointed millions that they turn away with horror from this name of a Reform Ministry, name of a Parliamentary Radicalism, and demand a fact and reality thereof? That they too, having still faith in what so many had faith in, still count 'extension of the suffrage' the one thing needful; and say, in such manner as they can, Let the suffrage be still extended, *then* all will be well? It is the ancient British faith; promulgated in these ages by prophets and evangelists; preached forth from barrel-heads by all manner of men. He who is free and blessed has his twenty-thousandth part of a master of tongue-fence in National Palaver; who-soever is not blessed but unhappy, the ailment of him is that he has it not. Ought he not to have it then? By the law of God and of men, yea;—and will have it withal! Chartism, with its 'five points,' borne aloft on pikeheads and torchlight meetings, is there.

Chartism is one of the most natural phenomena in England. Not that Chartism now exists should provoke wonder; but that the invited hungry people should have sat eight years at such table of the Barmecide, patiently expecting somewhat from the Name of a Reform Ministry, and not till eight years have grown hopeless, this is the respectable side of the miracle."

This is a true phenomenal statement of the genius of Chartism — but there are higher and deeper things in Mr. Carlyle's book. A new era is commencing; and the one which has just been closed was one of Infidelity,—the shadow of which yet darkens the earth. Hear him on the latter point.

"Injustice, infidelity to truth and fact and Nature's order, being properly the one evil under the sun, and the feeling of injustice the one intolerable pain under the sun, our grand question as to the condition of these working men would be: Is it just? And first of all. What belief have they themselves formed about the justice of it? The words they promulgate are notable by way of answer; their actions are still more notable. Chartism with its pikes, Swing with his tinder-box, speak a most loud though inarticulate language. Glasgow Thuggery speaks aloud too, in a language we may well call infernal. What kind of 'wild justice' must it be in the hearts of these men that prompts them, with cold deliberation, in conclave assembled, to doom their brother workman, as the deserter of his order and his order's cause, to die as a traitor and deserter; and have him executed, since not by any public judge and hangman, then by a private one;—like your old Chivalry *Femgericht*, and Secret-Tribunal, suddenly in this strange guise become new; suddenly rise once more on the astonished eye, dressed now not in mail-shirts but in fustian jackets, meeting not in Westphalian forests but in the paved Gallowgate of Glasgow! Not loyal loving obedience to those placed above them, but a far other temper, must animate these men! It is frightful enough. Such temper must be wide-spread, virulent among the many, when even in its worst acme, it can take such a form in a few. But indeed decay of loyalty in all senses, disobedience, decay of religious faith, has long been noticeable and lamentable in this largest class, as in other smaller ones. Revolt, sullen revengeful humour of revolt against the upper classes, decreasing respect for what their temporal superiors command, decreasing faith for what their spiritual superiors teach, is more and more the universal spirit of the lower classes. Such spirit may be blamed, may be vindicated; but all men must recognise it as extant there, all may know that it is mournful, that unless altered it will be fatal. Of lower classes so related to upper, happy nations are not made! To whatever other griefs the lower classes labour under, this bitterest and sorest grief now superadds itself: the unendurable conviction that they are unfairly dealt with, that their lot in this world is not founded on right, not even on necessity and might, is neither what it should be, nor what it shall be."

A new era will have new ideas, which compose its especial relation. The strong desire for political regeneration so nobly sung

in *Ernest* should be reverently considered. The insurrections that accompany new manifestations are ineligible enough, yet they should not be too bitterly condemned. "Our age," says Emerson — (we are quoting so much, that we are afraid this will be found a paper of *citation*,—but *n'importe*—the fact will show that we have authority to back us, at any rate) — "Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical. We are embarrassed with second thoughts. We cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists. We are lined with eyes. We see with our feet. The time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,

'Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'

Is it so bad then? Light is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class, as a mere announcement of the fact, that they find themselves not in the state of their fathers, and repel the coming state as untried, as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim."

What says Mr. Emerson of the discontent of the literary class! Is there Chartism there? Look to the poem of *ERNEST*! How much too of Chartist discontent arises from the lecturing and pamphleteering on the productive classes, and an equitable distribution of the wealth that they create? How much of the literary discontent may be owing to the insufficient market for literary ware? Take our word for it, the peace of England will never be secure until the literary mind is at ease. Literature should be made a profession, and have its honours and emoluments. In nine-tenths of its followers, it is now the world's enemy, because the world is its enemy; and when it prospers, prospers in antagonism to good manners, and not in support of good morals. It has declared war against whatever exists, that it may have a chance itself of existing.

The high-souled and free-spirited writer has to bide his time—has to fight a battle with the world, amidst delays and disappointment, that would break the heart of less generously-constituted men. To what is called the public they appeal, year after year, in vain; so far as the public is concerned, the dish of which they feed is the chameleon's, it is from the few only that they receive an assurance of future fame; and as for their subsistence, they must depend on private fortune or private bounty. Under such circumstances, the intellectual man pursues the paths of literature which are more crowded with customers—he pleads *to* instead of *for* the multitude—and the result is the subversion of social order which may precede political regeneration; but was certainly as little expedient as it was needed for the end, which, in all cases, it has delayed instead of helping.

It is not only with these conditions that the literary mind is dissatisfied, but with the inner state of literature itself, and with those moral and intellectual results which it expresses. It is dissatisfied with the methods and products of scientific and ethical inquiry—

with the disciplines and doctrines of the school, of the porch, and of the temple. There is a yearning for something practical beyond all the jargon of metaphysics and physics—for a realisation of some divine idea, which shall be the original unity of which they are all varieties; so that the conflicting elements of strife may be reconciled for man's mind now and for ever. This yearning, however, meets with opposition from authority in every quarter, always jealous of new inspirations, and inducing doubt of all inspiration, by raising the question whether Deity has perpetually provided for the sustenance of the human spirit a wine always new; and, if so, whether it shall be received out of new bottles, or whether nothing but old wine, out of old bottles, remains to be partaken. Mr. Emerson, like Mr. Carlyle, is very energetic on this point. He complains, that "the moral nature—that law of laws, whose revelations introduce greatness, yea, God himself, into the open soul—is not explored as the fountain of the established teaching in society. Men have come to speak of the revelation, as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead. The injury to faith throttles the preacher; and the goodliest of institutions becomes an uncertain and inarticulate voice."

These claims will have to be settled for the literary mind before it will be in a self-satisfied state; and it must then proceed to modify, by its influence, the public taste, before the external conditions of literary operation can become what they should be. Literature has always had much to do with all revolutions, and ought, in fact, to be taken as the general exponent of their causes. Every literary man is the representative of a large constituency—some, of the whole human race. So large is the sympathy and the knowledge bestowed on the favoured ones of genius. It becomes important, then, that the state of literature should be especially cared for—a neglect of it may lead to the ruin of a country. Before Chartism arose to assert the claims of productive labour, books had been written and theories propounded to the vulgar apprehension, for the better distribution of the property thus created. Nay, it has been demonstrated, that, could but all men agree upon it, the maker of elegancies and comforts might also be their enjoyer—and, that by fair arrangement, the work of the world might be so divided, as to give to each man those opportunities of leisure, without which the spirit of wisdom in man cannot be cultivated. What follows, then, but that, for the working out of this idea, all men shall be compelled by force, if they will not consent willingly, to agree? Hence arises the doctrine of physical force and its consequences—a hopeless experiment, as moral force is the only power that can perform the important business which is advertised for doing. Moral power say we? Nay, only the Divine interference can initiate the predicated political millennium. How desirable it is, the hopes and wishes of all men abundantly testify—nay, the idea of it has been implanted for the wisest of purposes in the human reason—but its earthly realisation has never been witnessed by the senses; nor can human society on earth at any period of time give us more than a symbol of what it is. The idea, in fact, iden-



tifies itself with that sublime dissatisfaction with all earthly things and arrangements, that so strongly indicates the immortality of the human soul. This consideration points at the remedy for all social evils: each man must make the best of the inconveniences into which he has entered by being born into a mortal state. This great evil subdued, the minor ills which grow out of it will subside of themselves. Let *each* man, therefore, reform himself, and every man cherish benevolence for his fellow, and each class of men goodwill for every other class, whether above or below. The universal practice of charity is the only panacea for the evil of all times and all places. Not war, but peace—not enmity, but love—is the only way of redemption for man, whether socially or individually related.

That the period is approaching when this principle will be universally acknowledged and acted on all things indicate. Men are wearied of the competitive principle in trade, and of merchandizing on their mutual necessities instead of their reciprocal spontaneities. Such a period, however, is possible—but it must be the result of individual reform, prior to any great social movement. Political representation conducted in this way may proceed without danger either to church or state—say, rather, to the better and further establishment of both.

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## LAW AND LAWYERS.

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HAVE we any reader who would wish to be thoroughly initiated in that noblest of all sciences—the science of humanity—our advice to him is—“Study the Law.” But, reflecting and pondering deeply on the character which *THE MONTHLY* has acquired for the philosophy which contemplates man as its only worthy object, we are led to believe, that not here and there one amongst our readers, but that the preponderating part—nay, we may say the entirety itself, is imbued with a noble enthusiasm to discover the characteristics and relations of that august embodiment—man.

Shall we, then, say to so great a mass as that with which much delectation, no less to us-ward than itself, peruses our columns—“Study the Law?” “Gude guide us!” What court would be of dimensions sufficiently capacious to contain the immense bar. The Queen’s Bench must sit in the Hall of Westminster literally and truly, and not in a snug apartment on the right hand side. Palace Yard itself would perhaps form a site sufficiently extensive for the administration of justice by the Chancery courts. Three large awnings might be erected, and sure we are that the fresh breeze from the Thames, stealing through the folds, would oftentimes pleasantly greet the blanched cheek of the anxious advocate.

Moreover, on a sudden to throng the British bar with a body of *a priori* philosophers, would be attended with serious inconveniences. A great change would be requisite in the mental organisation of jurors, before the arguments of the new school could come within the scope of their understanding. Fancy the bewildered astonishment of twelve men listening to the following defence of a prisoner arraigned for murder:—

"Gentlemen,—THE IDEA is progressive in humanity. The Idea informs humanity, and conscience is but the information of the Idea. States of conscience are, moreover, informations of conscience. Now, gentlemen, I lay down this proposition, as an axiom in legal ethics, that man's responsibility is to be measured by the extent of conscious information in his being. A man cannot sin without violating a law. If the law be not promulgated in his existence, it is impossible for him to violate it. Conscious informations are the promulgations of the law, symbolised only by legislative codes. Now, what is the necessary sequence of the premises? The necessary sequence is, that the law was, so far as my client is concerned, unpromulgated; and therefore he must be acquitted of its alleged violation. Had the conscious informations been developed in his nature he could not have committed the murder for which he stands arraigned at the bar. The fact that he did commit it is of itself evidence that the idea and its manifestation remained undeveloped in his moral existence. And shall he be punished for non-attention to a monitor not yet born within his bosom? No; Heaven forefend! Leave him to go free and unscathed. His humanity is pregnant with the goodness which it will hereafter bring forth. Annihilate not the blessedness hastening to its birth by the destruction of the womb which contains it."

For our part we think the age is not sufficiently advanced duly to appreciate this order of pleading. We, therefore, retract our advice to our transcendental readers. We would not have them study the law. Natheless, by way of compromise, we would recommend them to study *the lawyers*. Our lawyers are the proxies of humanity. They are the great representatives of individual interests. It is in the chambers of the attorney and the barrister that the true history of our nature is chronicled. In the temple, the knee may be bent by the mere formalist—by the fireside, a man's domestic conduct may be the mere offering to conventional morality—but to the professional adviser, sworn to secrecy not more by honour than by necessity, the client unveils his genuine character. His ambition, his revenge, his affections, his hopes, freed from all terror of exposure, find in the lawyer's cabinet their true sphere of development. The lawyer incorporates, therefore, with his own specific qualities as a man, the qualities of his clients in his representative capacity; our lawyers are, therefore, the epitome of humanity.

Whoever would study our lawyers will find available materials for so doing in the volumes before us. To the investigator of character "*Law and Lawyers*" will be found a most welcome companion. The author, whoever he may be, evinces much acuteness and thought in the commentaries, which he judiciously mingles with his narrative. His sketches are graphic and varied; and although, from the number of names introduced, they are somewhat brief, the individuality, which is the chief charm of portraiture, has been well preserved. The humorous and the grave alternate throughout the volumes with very pleasing effect. To readers who have any high

aim in their studies, a compilation like this, detailing the idiosyncracies and characteristics of men who have actually *lived*, will be far more attractive than the mere imaginative creatures of the novelist. We extract the following sketch of Sir Vicary Gibbs:—

“Sir Vicary Gibbs, or, as he has been nicknamed, Sir *Vinegar* Gibbs, although his career was not such as to bring him within the scope of our chapter on ‘early struggles,’ was, in the truest sense of the words, the child of his own deeds. Born the son of an Exeter apothecary, his success arose in no degree from his family connexions; but we are not informed that he suffered at any period of his life any of those sad privations through which so many of our eminent lawyers have passed. He abstained from all the amusements of town during his pupilage, devoting himself wholly to the study of his profession. He practised for nearly twelve years under the bar, rising slowly into notice. After his call he came into a very considerable practice, especially in mercantile cases, to the law of which he had particularly devoted himself. He was first brought into public notice by his holding a brief under Erskine in the trials of Hardy and Horne Tooke for high treason, in 1794; and succeeded, together with his leader, in obtaining a verdict of ‘not guilty.’ It was at Horne Tooke’s special request that Gibbs was engaged on this occasion; for Tooke was well aware that his case might need not only an eloquent advocate, but also a good lawyer; and that however admirably Erskine would perform the part of the former, he was by no means equally qualified for the latter. In his reply, Erskine warmly acknowledged the assistance he had received from Gibbs. ‘I stood here,’ he said, ‘not alone, indeed, but firmly and ably supported by my honourable, excellent, and learned friend.’ He was interrupted by a noise in the court. ‘I am too much used to public life,’ he continued, ‘to be at all disconcerted by any of these little accidents and indeed, I am rather glad that any interruption gives me the opportunity of repeating a sentiment so very dear to me. I stood up here, not alone, but ably and manfully supported by this excellent friend who sits by me.’ In 1805, Gibbs was made solicitor-general, and afterwards attorney-general. His attorney-generalship was chiefly distinguished by the number of ex-officio informations which he filed against the press. Within three years he filed informations against seventy persons, while in the thirty years preceding 1799 only seventy persons had been prosecuted altogether. Sir Richard Philip (so writes Sir Richard himself) was witness in a cause, in which Sir Vicary asserted, in his coarse way, that if any publisher bought a book, without consulting reviews in regard to former works of the same author, he was the greatest fool in Christendom, and ought not to be allowed to walk about without a keeper. Sir Richard, however, said he never read them. A few days afterwards, they were in the drawing-room at St. James’s. Sir Vicary Gibbs, at a great distance across a crowd of heads, recognised the sheriff in a continuance of cordial salutations, which were at first gravely received, and not returned; but in a few minutes he bustled through the throng, and he put out his hand: the sheriff smiled, and remarked, that, after all which had passed in the papers, it was strange to see them in that attitude. ‘Pshaw! sir; do you think I regard newspapers?’ ‘Yet,’ rejoined Sir Richard, ‘you have great an interest in them as a publisher in reviews.’ ‘You are right, you are right, sir; but you must not expect a pleader to be always logical; the man must be distinguished from the advocate. I hope we are friends, and shall continue so.’ Waspish and restless as was Gibbs’s temper, in this instance his anxiety to become reconciled with that most conceited of Pythagoreans showed a right spirit.

“Sir Vicary was decidedly deficient in the organ of facetiousness, if such term has been yet adopted into the nomenclature of phrenology. The following anecdote will show what success attended his efforts to be funny. A clergyman, who was refused a licence to a lectureship by his diocesan, because

he had preached against infant baptism, applied to the King's Bench for a *mandamus*; and filed affidavits, that such was the effect upon others that they immediately had children baptized, in whose case the ceremony had been omitted. This denial reminded him, the attorney-general observed, of a nurse, who, in cutting some bread and butter for a child, happened to let the bread fall, and exclaimed in a pet, 'rot the loaf;' the child reported the exclamation to the mother, when the nurse not only denied the words, but declared she had said, 'bless the bread.' Gibbs, although an admirable advocate where clear logical statements and mere ingenuity were required, was not sufficiently acquainted with the world to be effective in cases where feelings were to be appealed to and sympathies excited. He said once, 'What can a girl of seventeen know of love? It is preposterous to suppose such a thing possible!' His studious habits in the early part of his life had debarred him from the opportunity of acquiring much knowledge on this subject. When he appeared as prosecutor in a case arising out of a riot in a theatre, Mr. Scarlet complained that he had not made sufficient allowance for the impatience of an audience, imputing this to his ignorance of theatrical matters. It was with some warmth Gibbs repelled the imputation, and gravely asserted that he *had been* in a theatre when a young man. Towards attorneys Gibbs nourished feelings akin to anything but christian charity. He used to call them the prowling jackals—the predatory pilot-fish of the law. Once, while addressing the court in an action, in which the attorney of one of the parties had played a very respectable part, Gibbs suddenly exclaimed, looking at his victim, 'Does any of you want a dirty job to be done? There stands Mr. Channing, the attorney, ready to do it.' The judge stopped him; but Gibbs would not desist. 'I will not be silenced? the fellow deserves to be exposed, and I will expose him.'

"While on the circuit, an attorney, late one night, brought him a heavy brief. Gibbs snatched it from his hand. 'Is all this evidence?' he enquired, in a sharp quick tone. 'No, sir, forty pages are my observations,' was the reply. 'Point out your observations.' It was done, and Gibbs, tearing out the sheets, thrust them into the fire, and, looking the attorney maliciously in the face, exclaimed, 'There go your observations!' Towards the bar he did not show a very courteous spirit. At consultations with his brethren, after stating his own view of the case, he went through the ceremony of asking their opinions, but took care to let them know he held it a ceremony only, and that his mind was made up. In court his demeanour was not much more gracious. Upon one occasion he received a severe, but well-merited reproof, for his assuming and contemptuous bearing. Mr. Topping was retained as counsel against him; and, disgusted with the presumptuous and overbearing tone of Gibbs, adverted to it most severely in his address to the jury, summoning up his observations with the well-known lines—

'He doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.'

"The tone and gesture with which this was delivered and enforced, is not to be described. On the bench, Sir Vicary Gibbs is said to have shown greater mildness of character, and to have in some measure renounced that habit of snarling and cavilling while at the bar, which detracted from his usefulness as an advocate, and his credit as a man."

Our next quotation, and the only one for which we have room, is from the author's portrait of Lord Eldon.

"His manner to the bar was bland and agreeable. 'I admit, freely and cordially,' said his great antagonist, who has since sat on the woolsack, 'that of all the judges before whom I have practised—and I have practised much—he is out of all comparison, and beyond all doubt, by much the most

agreeable to the practitioners, by the amenity of his manners, and the intuitive quickness of his mind. A more kindly disposed judge to all the professional men who practise in his court, never, perhaps, existed.' His wit and good humour made him popular amongst the bar. When a young counsel moved for an injunction against digging up pasture land, and sowing it with wheat, or any other *pernicious crop*, Lord Eldon replied, 'You may take your injunction; but, in the north, we are not in the habit of calling wheat a *pernicious crop*.' 'Your lordship,' once said Sir C. Wetherell, 'cannot be supposed to be a great strategist; it is no disparagement to say that you have not the army list by heart.' 'No, Sir Charles,' replied the chancellor, smiling, 'I know nothing of military matters; all my acquaintance is with the Lincoln's-inn volunteers.' Sir James Graham, the solicitor, was at one time engaged in a great many private and other bills, and was frequently intrusted with the office of carrying them up from the lower to the upper house. One evening Sir James came up to the bar no less than twelve times, with twelve separate bills. Twelve times was the chancellor compelled to come down to the bar, purse in hand, to receive the bills. On the twelfth time, Lord Eldon said to the solicitor, 'What! have you got another? When I used to know you first, you used to be called *Jem* Graham, but now we'll call you *Bill* Graham!' He would suffer, however, no undue familiarity. On one occasion he delivered judgment in a cause which had been on the paper so long, that its history had been wholly forgotten. When he had concluded, Mr. Heald said, 'I know I was in this case, but whether judgment is for me or against me I have not at this distance of time the most distant conception.' 'I have a glimmering notion that it is for me,' said Mr. Horne. Lord Eldon checked the conversation, by desiring, in a grave tone, that counsel would not make him the subject of their observations. It is said that Lord Eldon behaved towards solicitors in his private room, almost as though they were his equals. 'You never gave me a brief,' he said once to one of them; 'how was that?' 'Yes but I did,' replied the solicitor, not very courteously. 'Nay, nay, but I am satisfied of the contrary, and *I must* be the best judge on such a point.' He then proceeded to express a conviction hostile to the solicitor's case, who rudely exclaimed, 'Your lordship is decidedly wrong. I'll have your decision reversed in the lords.' 'Perhaps, Mr. L——,' said the chancellor, rising, 'you had better take this chair, and pronounce judgment there.' Both George III., and his son and successor, were extremely attached to Lord Eldon. When Prince Regent, the latter once desired 'Old Bags,' as he was fond of calling his faithful chancellor, to be sent for. A short time afterwards, the late Mr. Bankes, the member for Dorsetshire, entered the room with a look of peculiar complacency, but was shocked at discovering, by the prince's manner, that his appearance had not been expected. He then stated that he had come in consequence of a command to that effect, sent him from his royal highness. 'Oh! I see,' said the prince, laughing, 'they have confounded the name. It was not *Old Bankes* I had sent for.' 'The fine old English gentleman' had informed every one he met on his way to the palace, that the regent had sent for him, and this, no doubt, aggravated his embarrassment when he had discovered the mistake.

"The old king would not listen to his favourite chancellor when he wished, on account of frequent headaches, to dispense with the full-bottomed wig proper to the chancellor. Lord Eldon urged that the wig was a modern fashion, and was only part of the full dress of the court of Charles II. 'That is very true,' said the king, 'but before that time judges wore long beards. I will consent to your giving up the wig, if you will wear the beard instead!'" The same

"\* An accurate and well-informed friend informs us, on the authority of Dr. Ryder, a brother-in-law of Lord Eldon's, that it was Lady Eldon that objected to the wig. He tells us that George Colman, once looking at the chancellor arrayed in his full 'law costume,' exclaimed, 'How the wig becomes the chancellor! His head seems made to wear that wig.' Fuseli, seeing a portrait of Eldon in Sir T. Lawrence's

good old king, when hunting near Windsor, came in at the death of a stag which had not afforded much sport, while another out of the same herd had given him a good run a few days before. 'Ah!' said the king, 'there are not often two Scotts in the same family.'\*

"Of Lord Eldon's political career more is known by the public than of his legal character. Lord Eldon was a Tory. He was born before reform came into fashion and aptitude for change was held at once the title and the passport to political power. With him loyalty was a principle—firm, unchanging, undissembled. It was more than a principle, it was a passion; the sentiments of his heart concurring with the judgment of his head.

"Lord Eldon was exceedingly liked in society for his unassuming and agreeable deportment. A friend has communicated to us the following anecdote in reference to this trait of his character. We believe that it has not been published before:—

"He appeared one day at the drawing-room with the seals of office newly gilt, and making a very gay appearance. In each corner of the bag was the head of a cherub. A gentleman observing to him, how prettily the corner studdings became it, the kind-hearted nobleman observed, in his good-humoured manner, 'I should like them better if they were four pretty ladies' heads.'

"Nothing, in short, could exceed the liveliness and amenity of his manners. A short time before his death he stopped for the night at a country inn, where he accidentally learnt that two young barristers were then staying. Although they were personally unknown to him, he sent them his compliments and an invitation to dinner. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and the guests expressed themselves afterwards delighted beyond measure with the evening they passed with the sexagenarian ex-chancellor. He related to them many anecdotes of his 'early struggles,' and characteristic traits of the many eminent professional men with whom through life he had associated, pushed round the bottle merrily, and left them charmed with his grace, his genius, and his suavity."

We not only desire, but anticipate, an extensive sale for this highly interesting and instructive work.

painting-room, which he had painted for Mr. (now Sir Robert) Peel, asked Sir Thomas who it was? Sir Thomas told him it was the chancellor. 'Den, by G—' exclaimed Fuseli, in his strong German accent, shrugging up his shoulders, 'I shall get out of his glotches (clutches). Give me a bit of chalk.' It was given to him. He wrote upon the portrait—

'Olim quod Vulpes cauta Leoni respondet  
Referam; quia me Vestigia terrent,  
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.'

"When Lawrence showed the labelled and libelled physiognomy to Lord Eldon, he laughed heartily."

"When Lord Eldon was chief-justice of the Common Pleas, he was once travelling the western circuit at the time that George III. was at Weymouth. The king sent to him at Dorchester, and desired him to come over to see a celebrated actor, at that time at Weymouth. The judge came over; and, after accompanying the royal party to the theatre, joined them in a boating excursion. They landed at some part of the coast to see a ruin; and, while they were wandering about, the boat's crew invaded a neighbouring orchard, and helped themselves liberally to the apples. The owner and the royal party returned at the same time, and Lord Eldon was loudly threatened by the farmer with being taken up along with his party, and carried before the judges next day for felony. The anniversary of Lord Eldon's natal day was the same as that of his affectionate master. 'Do not congratulate me,' the king would say to his chancellor, 'till I have paid my respects to you on this happy day.'"

## THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF THE QUEEN, AND HER MARRIAGE WITH PRINCE ALBERT.

WE have just returned from witnessing Mr. George Cattermole's very excellent picture of the First Reformers entering their protest at the Diet of Spires, on the 19th of April, 1529. A picture peculiarly interesting at this period, from the fact that (we quote the description) "our Most Gracious Sovereign the Queen and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg are both lineal descendants of John Constance, the Elector of Saxony, who first signed and declared this protest." Mr. William Walker designs to execute an engraving of this production, which is well worthy the attention of every lover of art and religion. The memorable event which it illustrates will be found described by Seckendorf, Sleiden, Mosheim, &c., and may be thus briefly stated. The Diet of Spires, in 1526, passed a resolution essentially favourable to the Reformation, but which the Pontiff, Clement VII., and his great coadjutor, the Emperor Charles V., determined to annul; for this purpose they summoned a second Diet at Spires, in the spring of 1529. All the chief princes and deputies of the empire were present. King Ferdinand presided for his brother, the Emperor, then in Spain, and he contrived to procure a majority; the resolution therefore of 1526 was rescinded. But the reformers, who had gained sufficient strength not to be cast down by such proceedings, being denied a hearing in their defence, Luther and Melancthon drew up a *protest*, and on the 19th of April the Elective princes in the minority again appeared before the Diet. This, at first, was also refused; but with great resolution they obliged the Diet to receive this their solemn protestation. In substance it declared, "They would not obey the tyrannical edicts, imposing church-tradition before scripture, because such was contrary to the law of God. That the scriptures were the rule and touchstone of their conduct. That the Bible was the sole interpreter of itself to the conscience; and that they appealed to a General Council, and to all unsuspected judges."

It is impossible to look on this celebrated scene, and the figure of John Constance, the Elector of Saxony, the chief leader of the group, without referring mentally to the royal marriage which will be solemnised in the course of a few weeks. The royal pair are both of protestant stock, and this is felt to be of exceeding importance to a protestant people, and under the conditions to which the crown of Great Britain is subject. But many modifications have taken place in the tone of public opinion, and doubts have been entertained whether the religious tenets of the children are so strictly protestant as those of their fathers. As, however, no evidence is offered in proof of their latitudinarianism or indifference, it would be improper and highly disloyal for us to entertain the least suspicion of the protestant orthodoxy of both parties. At the same time, it is true that the severity of polemical differences has relaxed, and that the minds of men are seeking for some point of union. As children of one and the same Father, all sects of Christians should esteem themselves of a common family, and welcome each other as brethren. The Monarch also, as the representative of the common parent, must exercise the same

divine impartiality towards all ranks and orders and persuasions of the community. A true catholicity, not at all inconsistent with the protestant oath, may thus be encouraged. Meanwhile, it must be confessed, that the act of Catholic Emancipation has placed the Sovereign of these realms in an awkward and undetermined position. We recollect that Mr. Sadler, at the period of its debate, well asked, "Why, under such circumstances, should the conscience of the Monarch be the only one in the empire that was bound to a particular faith?" This is a practical point that will press with stronger and stronger claims upon the consideration of parliament, until, at length, some relief may be demanded. But with the present occupant of the throne and her intended bridegroom, it would not appear that any inconvenience can be felt.

But never are we so solicitous, as when we touch this subject, of the great importance of keeping in mind, that, notwithstanding the strong expediency of conciliation on the part of all, truth is still one, and that its unity is not to be obtained by forcing into coalition heterogeneous varieties, but by producing the coalition from the primary unity of which all varieties are but partial developments. Never, either in philosophy or in religion, must we forget that the whole is prior to its parts. The conflict is between the parts, and not with the Antecedent All and One, which, in imperishable serenity, sits enthroned sole absolute monarch, of whom all monarchs are symbols. We have hinted, in a former part of this number, the unsatisfactory condition of the moral and intellectual world, and suggested that the present inconveniences of our social state are the growth and product of causes which have their seat in the scientific and literary mind of the age. The American writer whom we have already quoted, instances the French eclecticism as an instance in point; that, he says, which Cousin esteems so conclusive. There is, proceeds Mr. Emerson, "an optical delusion in it. It avows great pretensions. It looks as if they had got all truth, in taking all the systems, and had nothing to do, but to sift and wash and strain, and the gold and diamonds would remain in the last colander. But, in fact, this is not so; for truth is such a fly-away, such a slyboot, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as hard to catch as light. Shut the shutters never so quick to keep all the light in, it is all in vain; it is gone, before you can cry, Hold! And so it happens with our philosophy. Translate, collate, distil all the systems, it steads you nothing; for truth will not be compelled, in any mechanical manner. But the first observation you make in the sincere act of your nature, though as of the veriest trifle, may open a new view of nature and of man, that, like the menstruum, shall dissolve all theories in it, shall take up Greece, Rome, Stoicism, Eclecticism, and what not, as mere data and food for analysis, and dispose of your world-containing system as a little unit. A profound thought, anywhere, classifies all things. A profound thought will lift Olympus. The book of philosophy is only a fact, and no more inspiring fact than another, and no less; but a wise man will never esteem it anything final and transcending. Go and talk with a man of genius, and the first word he



utters sets all your so called knowledge afloat and at large. The Plato, Bacon, Cousin, condescend to be men and mere facts."

We quote, as we have before said, for the sake of corroboration, and yet more, as recommending such statements as indicating the fountain of all reconstruction, in all that has been shattered or shattering by the late and present revolutions. Genius is the only saviour of churches and of states. Here and there the demand is made for something higher than either scripture or tradition. The attempts made by the Oriel divines are below the mark—they would unite both—but restrict them to a particular time, herein differing from the practice equally of the church of Rome and the church of the three first centuries. We boldly declare this. What the church of the three first centuries required we must demand,—a *spirit* of production and a *spirit* of interpretation. We must be no more content with a *body* of doctrine, or a *body* of facts, than the Jews were. Let Satan dispute for the BODY OF CHRIST as he did of old for the BODY OF MOSES! The head of our church is an ascending Saviour, who has preferred to teach us by his spiritual influence, as the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, rather than by his corporeal presence, as a perpetual instructor or example, in the daily walks of our work-day world.

Our readers will perceive that our remarks have had reference from the beginning to the chief and most arduous duty confided to the sovereign of this empire—the visible headship of the visible church. They require particular attention both on the part of monarch and subject, to personal conduct and character. The Editor of this Magazine was the first among the political writers of this country to point out the importance of this;—nay, how that everything depended on it. In an article preceding the present series, under the title of "Political Dilemmas," he demonstrated it as a fact.

We were able, in that short article, to shew that the political collision then existing was not a collision of Parties but of Persons; and that neither Lord DURHAM, Lord BROUGHAM, the Duke of WELINGTON, Lord LYNDHURST, nor Sir ROBERT PEEL, could properly be said to embody the principles that he was supposed to champion. They had, one and all, been for a while made instruments of the purposes which they had subserved; and then stood as useless tools, because unused; neither was there one who apprehended the vocation to which he might be appointed. There was no man who had a task. As to Lord MELBOURNE himself, he then sought, as still seeks, refuge in being the negation of all men and things—character included. In a word, we seek not for the representation of Principle in bodies of men; but individuals alone occupy so much of public attention as they can claim on the score of their own activity. The Politician is out of work—but the Man is *working*.

Since we delivered ourselves of these opinions, we have been corroborated in them by the most thinking minds. Mr. T. Carlyle, in his book which we have elsewhere noticed, considers, for instance, the New Poor Law Act as a declaration that every man shall work. Mr. Emerson, likewise—(we like to quote these names in combination)—testifies to the same truth. "Another sign of our times, also marked

by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person." Again, "If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce the ear of a scholar, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of reason, it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all." Again, "That great principle of undulation in nature, that shews itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and is yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of polarity; — these 'fits of easy transmission and reflection,' as Newton called them, are the law of nature, because they are the law of spirit. The mind now thinks, now acts; and each fit produces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended, and books are a weariness,—he has always the resource, *to live*. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function; living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truths? he can still fall back on this elemental force of living then. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those 'far from fame,' who dwell and live with him, will feel the force of his constitution, in the doings and passages of the day, better than it can be measured by any public and designed displays. Time shall teach him, that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkirs, come at last Alfred and Shakspeare. I hear, therefore, with joy, whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labour to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as unlearned hands. And labour is everywhere welcome; always we are incited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgement and modes of action." Again, "Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred or the thousand of the party or section to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. Then shall man be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men."

Precisely, then, in the proportion in which a man *works* will he be found influential. This is the secret of O'CONNELL's success ; and lo, how strong he is, and is declared to be by all parties ! The opponents of the present ministry continually declare that the present cabinet subsists through his forbearance, and that all their measures are dictated by his opinions and interests. Nor have the administration ever denied their dependence in part on his goodwill,—nor was it needed that they should. Did not the Duke of Wellington and George IV. grant the Emancipation Bill at his bidding ? You reply, that it was in his cause, not in himself,—it is as the representative, as the paid advocate of his country, that he is strong ; therein is his might, his influence.—Granted.—But as Bonaparte was used to say, “ I am the state,” with equal truth may O'Connell exclaim, “ I am Ireland.”

In the same way, not as the head of a party, but as the operative incarnation of a principle, Lord *Brougham* maintains an elevated rank. The education of the people needs an advocate, and Henry Brougham, the indefatigable, is the accepted champion. This is enough. Not all his sciolism, insufficient philosophism, hasty assertions, and unmanly habits, will ever deprive him of this honour. In that name his letters of credit are made out, and the bank they are drawn on is responsible, and will answer all demands upon it to the utmost farthing.

Not to re-enter into unpleasant details, suffice it to say, that recent occurrences sufficiently shew that, as to other political men, the purposes which they have served have been accomplished, and that the instruments are now, for awhile, discarded. Meantime, we rejoice that individuals have been used as such instruments, for working out the wise designs of providence, relating to the State of England. The fortunes of this country, however, form only a link in the chain of the divine empire, and have a bearing upon the whole, and are borne upon by the whole. For all countries sympathise one with the other,—the extreme East with the remotest West,—and the entire world represents but one system and order of policy. There is but one law—one faith—one baptism ; and this *Oxx* is, after all, the only thing affirmed in the variety of states, of churches, and of ceremonial creeds and rites. The evolution of this primeval unity it is that originates the different phases of times and countries—of sects and parties—for ever in apparent antagonism, yet in reality ever working out but the one intention. The order that preceded the chaos is even the order that shall succeed it. The first and the last—the beginning and the end—shall, in the commonness of their results, prove the identity of their origin, the simplicity of their source.

So much then depending on personal character in general, how much depends on the personal character of the Sovereign, and on that of the partner of her station ? On the responsibility which the monarch incurs by this law of public feeling, we have already remarked. The necessity of incurring it was well illustrated in the question between Sir Robert Peel and the Queen, as to the ladies of the bed-chamber. The highest responsibility is that which is irresponsible,—and with this the Queen, on that occasion, covered her

present ministers. The political fell into abeyance, and the human became dominant. Her Majesty shewed that she had a will of her own; in which possession all human personality resides. From that moment the country felt that it was thrown upon the personal character of the monarch, who had then for the first time assumed authority. And this at a period when literature is a general accomplishment, and, in its operation on the lower classes, has given birth to chartism—in other words, to a war of morals against manners—of conscience against convention. Let this be perfectly understood, for, if misunderstood, what is now insurrection will become revolution.

What we had previously understood of her Majesty's character, gave us much reason to hope both for her own happiness and the country's welfare. Victoria right early shewed a thirst for information, which might have owed something to the Duchess of Kent's *system* of education, but which must be more truly traced to those native spontaneities, which are usually indicative of genius in the pupil. Some of these shewed themselves in eccentric forms, and even since her accession to the throne, the caprices of this kind of temperament have sometimes broken through the bonds of etiquette, and not a little surprised the formalists of the court. It is understood that the Baroness Lehzen has considerable influence with her Majesty, and it is probable that the precocity of her Majesty's intellect was somewhat aided by that lady, and to the peculiar circumstances and dispositions of the governess's mind some of the peculiarities of the pupil's development may be fairly attributed. The Baroness Lehzen is the daughter of a distinguished German clergyman, who was a long time attached, as a minister, to one of the German Protestant Chapels in the metropolis, where, in consequence of his eminent classical and historical knowledge, the sons of many distinguished English families were confided to his instructive guidance. After having got a vocation to the first parish church in Hannover, he left England and returned to his native place, whither some of his pupils followed him. At Hannover, this very excellent man enjoyed the love and esteem of every one. The Baroness Lehzen received an excellent education from her father, at whose death, owing to the small fortune a German clergyman can bequeath to his children, she was obliged to accept a situation as governess of the daughter of one of the first noblemen in Brunswick, Baron de M——, where she was treated as a member of the family, and where she distinguished herself by her spirit and knowledge, as well as by her excellent character and behaviour. After having finished the education of the daughter of the house, Miss Lehzen left Brunswick, and it was even at that time that Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, just then married to the Duke, came to England, and being obliged to get another German governess for her daughter by her previous marriage (Princess of Leiningen,) addressed herself, in consequence of Her Majesty, Queen Charlotte's recommendation, to a distinguished Hanoverian lady, Mrs. B——rf, at that time in Queen Charlotte's service and confidence, and highly esteemed by the whole royal family, to recommend her a governess for the princess. It was then Miss Lehzen, from Hannover, was recommended by Mrs. B——rf, to which valuable recommendation a second one was after-

wards added by the Rev. Dr. K——r, minister of the Royal German Protestant Chapel at London. In consequence of these two respectable recommendations, Miss Lehzen became governess of the princess; and, after the marriage of her illustrious pupil, governess of Her Majesty, whom she educated with the utmost carefulness, and *au pis de la lettre*, never left from the first day of her Majesty's illustrious life. The influence of Baroness Lehzen over the Queen therefore is very natural, and only results from her Majesty's thankful and confidential attachment to her faithful and excellent governess, who, in consideration of her great merits, and to enable her to accompany the Princess Victoria at court, and at the table royal, was created by his Majesty King George IV., a Hanoverian baroness. A brother of the baroness is still alive, and occupies one of the higher employments in the King of Hanover's administrative service.

Such is the story of the fortunes of the Baroness Lehzen. Meantime the physical health, as well as the mental improvement, of the future Queen required careful attention; and the frequent varied and extensive excursions taken with this view, are said to have brought the Princess into close contact with the English people in different conditions of life. They also induced a habit of early rising. And thus it was, to quote from the pen of one of our authorities for this brief detail, "that the early impressions of the Princess Victoria in the gross science of human life were derived rather from practical illustration than initiatory precept. Where is there an instance, in the proud page of British history, of a princess so early brought in contact with the people?"

"But if it be unknown to the millions who are subject to the throne of these realms, it would be inexcusable in us were we to conceal the fact, that those to whom the education of the Queen was intrusted were by no means blind to the signs of the times, whatever might have been the ignorance, in this respect, of her Majesty's immediate predecessors. Instead, therefore, of selecting and inculcating, as models of perfection, principles for which it delighted the third George to contend, because his attachment to them was alike insensible to the appeals of justice or expediency, — or of flattering the reserve of his successor by the compliment of their applause, the princess was thus early taught to consider herself the possible future depositary of a trust to be exercised only for the good of the whole community. But when, in the course of time, the succession to the throne no longer became a matter of speculation, the Duchess of Kent was the first to suggest the propriety of submitting the education of her daughter to the more critical judgment of a prelate, for whom, with her new penetration, she had reserved the direction of so important an affair. This was the late Bishop of Salisbury, who was subsequently assisted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Lincoln."

We disagree, of course, with the opinions ventured in the above extract concerning the character and conduct of George III.; but this we cannot pause to consider now. Let by-gones be by-gones! It is with the results of her Majesty's education that we are now concerned, and which enable her to converse with fluency in French, Italian, and German, and to become more than tolerably proficient in the fine

arts. Music, in particular, is her delight ; and the best works of the greatest masters, such as Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Pergolesi, give her most pleasure. One memorialist was present on an occasion—the first he believed of the kind—when Beethoven's celebrated *Hallelujah to the Father* was performed before her ; and says that he shall never forget the emotion when that beautiful passage, "the exalted Son of God," burst upon her astonished ear. "For several minutes," he adds, "after the conclusion of the chorus, Her Royal Highness seemed spell-bound, as though a new theory had suddenly been propounded to her imagination ; and it was not till after the expiration of some minutes, during which she seemed insensible to all around her, that she was able to give expression to her feelings of delight. From the enchantment of that hour, I believe, may be traced Her Majesty's predilection for sacred music, and more particularly for the masters alluded to above ; and since then, she has been known to neglect no opportunity of studying their sublime compositions, and of cultivating an acquaintance with their respective *styles* ; we believe, indeed, there is scarcely a subject within the range of these authorities which Her Majesty could not instantly identify, or refer to. Having thus divulged what may justly be considered as Her Majesty's *taste* in music, it will be superfluous for us to add her attachment to the organ. While at Brighton, where the palace can boast of a very fine one, scarcely an evening was suffered to pass away without the devotion of an hour or two to this delightful recreation, on which occasions Mr. — was usually summoned to preside at that noble instrument."

The beneficial practice of early rising is still continued by Her Majesty, a plan which enables her to attach, before the hour of breakfast, the royal signature to the despatches that have arrived,—a labour which, in consequence of the Queen of England having no private secretary, is onerous ; but in which she is relieved by the assistance of the Baroness de Lehzen, whose office, in this particular, increases the natural influence of the well-esteemed preceptress.

The Queen is now about to perform the most important duty of her life. Prince Albert, with whom she has announced her intention of inter-marrying, is the second son of Ernest, reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and derives his birth from a long unbroken line of Protestant ancestors ; to one of whom Luther was indebted for protection, and probably preservation from death, at the time the Pope was employing his powerful influence with the princes of continental Europe to effect his destruction. Thus was the Reformation instrumentally indebted for the protection and preservation of its great author to an illustrious member of the family about to become connected by marriage with the Queen of England. His Royal Highness was born August 26th, 1819, and is consequently the junior of her Majesty, who was born on the 24th of May preceding, about three months. Whether or not, after all, the Prince was baptised in the church of Rome, his participation since in the sacraments of the Anglican church would be sufficient to constitute him a protestant. In some respects he resembles the betrothed Queen ; he possesses talents—and has cultivated philosophy, poetry, and painting.

May the marriage be blessed to her and to him, and to the country over which God has given her dominion ! We derive hope from the courage which her Majesty has already exhibited, whatever may be the immediate inconveniences under which the country suffers. The Queen has suffered by reason of them. They are the effects of the situation and circumstances into which she came rather than of any conduct of hers. The ministry we now have was that which she found ; and we are bold to say that it has been out of her power to change it. It has not yet been possible for one more conservative to take office, although the tory cause has manifestly been looking up ; and the pressure of Chartism will bring the leaders of parties, in the long run, to some common understanding. The equilibrium of the political balance, unduly disturbed, is righting itself again. The weight was once, perhaps, too strong on the aristocratic side ; and, to counteract this violation of order, more than the proper influence was then thrown into the other. Still the beam was far from right, and there needed some effort at the other end to make it tolerably straight.

The personal elements of individual character that we have just indicated in both the Queen and her consort, will, if permitted to be properly worked out, restore the principle of monarchy which has been too much misunderstood, and well nigh rescinded in practice. It was a sublime saying of the Russian soldiery, on their retreat from Smolensko to Dorogobouj, and thence on Viazma ; halting at each of these towns, and deliberately burning them in the face of the enemy : it was, we repeat, a sublime saying of these armed men, when refusing to continue their retreat, " That they had consented to retire in the beginning, solely because they were aware that such was the will of their *Father*." The patriarchal sentiment of government and obedience is the grace of despotic states, not, at the same time, democratic. And this is the sentiment that has to be won back again—to be regenerated morally and willingly, as, in rude conditions of states and churches, it has been and is engendered physically and compulsively. The middle period between these two extremes is but a period of transitions. Both the governed and the governors have equally to be prepared for this (if justly administered) freest of all institutions. The idea, too, is one of the purest republicanism. According to it, while obedience will be voluntarily and freely yielded, authority will not be needed, yet will be without hindrance exercised. Not of necessity—out of which hitherto institutions have sprung—but of mutual benevolence, both will thenceforth grow and proceed to perfection ; not by reason of either antagonism, but by virtue of the love that mediates as well as generates, the positions that are evolved into social experience and public acknowledgement. Well for the world will it be when the three Laws, one in their intimate essence, of Regression, Permanence, and Progression, shall, in their development manifest the unity of their origin ; needing no reconciliation, because showing no enmity.

The first and the last of these Laws, regulating the social condition of man, are as two planets, that by a divine instinct, as it were, desire each to proceed in an infinite direct line, thus traversing and usurping absolute dominion over the whole of space ; but counteracting this

eternal yet never accomplished tendency, reigns over both the supreme sun, who by his impartial attraction, prevents the contact and ruin that would else ensue; harmonising the demands of both powers by auspices of compromise, and merging the conflict between the centripetal and centrifugal forces into the ultimate elliptical orbits in which both the planets alike move, having the sun in one focus, and by a radius from the sun, describe equal means in equal times.

We have called these laws one Regressive and the other Progressive; but which of these is going forward—which backward? Whether our politicians look to the future or the past, they are but carrying out one and the same principle of wisdom more than human; both, too, as the solace of their endless agony, will, if they rest at all, meet in one common centre. But such rest is not appointed; they may both approximate to the mediate, but their complete coalescence is impossible. Life resides in their mutual action and reaction—in their reciprocal attraction and repulsion. Motion in a *permanent* medium will mark their being as manifested in Time. That political millennium of which repose is predicated, is a second paradise, which, like the first, must be interpreted not as a period of time, but as a state in eternity.

We must once more revert to Prince Albert; and we do so now, because these abstract propositions of ours will be understood by him. We *know* the Prince to be deeply read in the philosophy of his country, to be an intelligent observer of human actions, and an oracular interpreter of human motives. He is an artist of no mean attainments, he is a poet of considerable elegance, and a scholar in the best sense of the word. As a conversationist he is admirable; and the English people will have much reason to welcome her Majesty's choice.

With his personal appearance all classes of subjects have lately made themselves acquainted by visiting Messrs. Hodgson and Graves' room, where Mr. George Patten's admirable likeness is now exhibiting. We began this article with some account of one picture, and shall end it with the description of another. We are not at all surprised at the excellence observable in this picture, for we have been long aware of the artist's merits, and have before declared them in this Magazine. We boldly declare that there is not another artist in England who could have painted this authentic portrait of Prince Albert. It is in all respects an admirable production. The Prince, in the Coburg costume, is standing with his left hand resting on the table, on which are placed his hat and sword, his eye fixed on the spectator. From the window we are presented with a view of part of the palace of Coburg, and in the extreme distance is the fortress in which Martin Luther was confined for safety, after burning the papal bull. There is a degree of amiable dignity in the attitude and expression of the figure, and the general effect of the picture is rich and glowing. Indeed, it is highly wrought and of great power; a production, in short, restorative of the old style of painting; that, we mean, of Titian and Giorgione. Such a picture the Germans would paint if they could; such, no other artist than Mr. George Patten has ambition enough to attempt.



## OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. First and Second Series. London: Moxon, 1839.

These reprints are delightful and welcome exceedingly. They crowd upon us, however, so fast that we are not able to do sufficient justice to the publisher or his authors. Quaint Charles Lamb, it has been in our heart to indite an essay on thee—yes, long ere this: but, behold, the essay is yet unwritten. Behold! indeed—how may that be seen which never existed? Elia would have told us of air-written essays, as Shakespere has of air-drawn daggers—but we may venture not such fancy-sketches. And Elia himself is a shadow now—he has melted like a breath into the wind. Was he ever more? Alas! whatever Elia might have been, Charles Lamb was flesh and blood! A gentle spirit imprisoned in a clay cottage—a free soul working in a servile body! And these are some of the records of that man! Dear are they to our soul, nor will we part from them until we visit him in Ilades. But then we shall bear thither all that he has ever written—and enjoy the plenary benefit of having learned all his lines by heart.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. London: Edward Moxon, 1839.

We repeat that we cannot enough admire these reprints of our successful poets. It is too late now to write our praises of Thomas Campbell, but the reader will find them recorded in one of the volumes of the *Philomathic Journal*. The present edition is correctly and elegantly printed and well deserves the imprimatur of the "poet's publisher." We (though elsewhere) first awarded this title to Mr. Moxon—it has been frequently repeated. He has well-justified the appellation.

THE WORKS OF BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER, with an Introduction. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet laureate, &c., &c. London: Moxon, 1840.

When this work is further advanced we promise our readers an elaborate paper on these poets.

CONTINENTAL INDIA. Travelling Sketches, and Historical Recollections, illustrating the Antiquity, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, the extent of British Conquests, and the Progress of Missionary Operations. By J. W. Mussie, M.R.I.A. In Two Volumes. London: Thomas Ward and Co., Paternoster Row, 1840.

This Work is embellished with maps and engravings, and contains much information which would be more pleasing, had the tone been less professional. The style, too, is singularly faulty, sometimes turgid, at others bold, and never easy. His prejudices against the mythology of India—the systems and practices of the Brahmin, the Jain, and the Buddhist, he partakes with many Missionaries, who unfortunately set out on their important errand in any other than a philosophic spirit. They are blind to what reality may lie under shows to them idolatrous or worse. We find also an out-of-the-way attack on Roman Catholic Missions, in which the testimony of the at other times despised Hindoo, is taken, as conclusive of the absurdity of their mode of worship. All this is in ill-taste. Nevertheless, there are good points in the book, and on the whole it is both instructive and amusing.

THE WESTMINSTER CONTRIBUTION. A Collection of Original Tales in Prose, and Scraps in Verse. Westminster; published at the Institution, Smith-street, Westminster.

This is the produce of one of those very useful institutions, literary, scientific, and mechanic, by which the present age is distinguished. Both the verse and prose of this little volume are good, and deserve public patronage.

THE PROTESTANT EXILES OF ZILLERTHAL; their Persecutions, and expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish Church and embracing

the Reformed Faith. Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald of Berlin. By John B. Saunders. London, Hatchard and Son, 1840.

The case of the Protestant Tyrolese was first introduced to the English public by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne; in a sermon preached before the Corporation of the City of London, on Michaelmas day, 1837; it was subsequently taken up by the *Times*, and then by the *Quarterly Review* (No. 127.) The Editor desires to impress us with the still unchanged spirit of intolerance, and persecution of the Romish church, and the subordination of secular to religious education. In the catholicity of our principles, we are, of course, determined enemies to ecclesiastical tyranny. We have not space to enter into the details, but commend the circumstances to serious consideration. Catholicism, not Romanism, is our motto.

THE JESUIT; a Picture of Manners and Character, from the First Quarter of the Eighteenth Century. Translated from the German of C. Spindler, 2 vols. Edward Bull.

Spindler is the most prolific and perhaps the most popular novelist in Germany. His collected works amount to forty-five volumes, octavo, and they include about twenty-five considerable romances. Among them "The Jesuit" is one of the most celebrated, and we are glad to see it in an English dress. The translation is faithful, yet spirited, with the exception of a few phrases here and there which want the ease of perfect composition.

The author has executed a very useful task by illustrating in his novel the history and idiosyncrasy of the Jesuits. Of this remarkable sect we all know something, but none of us have fathomed the vast series of causes and consequences connected with its existence and operations. We have been always inclined to believe that the primary and original system of the Jesuits was excellent even to optimism. In the gigantic institution of the Roman church, they at first appeared as Catholic Reformers, and the most astonishing reforms they executed. They threw off a vast deal of ecclesiastical bigotry, formalism, and intolerance. Like the Divine Master, whose name they bore, they rejected the pharisaical habits of the regular clergy, and as secular or lay divines, went about doing good in the familiar intercourse of real life. They were long the best lights of Europe, they restored the doctrines of Origen respecting free grace, free will and universal redemption, in a manner worthy the approbation of Leibnitz. Their scheme of education, fettered by none of the miserable restrictions of the *index expurgatorius*, embraced all that was most brilliant in Protestant literature, and in their missionary enterprises they were surpassed by none that figure in the page of Church History.

But like the Templars, who preceded them, the Jesuits unfortunately illustrated that proverb so painfully true, "that the best things when corrupted become the worst." Their success induced pride, and pride induced deceit. They coined their soul into lies, and their talents were converted into crimes. The genius which had once prompted them to emulate Christ, was now degraded into the engine of Satan, and all their means and appliances to boot were corrupted into the instruments of sin. Such was their condition when Pascal crucified their villany in his immortal Provincials. And such was their state in 1720, at the period which Spindler delineates. If the earlier historians of the Jesuits were correct in eulogising them, their later historians have been no less correct in censuring them. Both are right in reference to certain conditions, and both are wrong in extending those conditions beyond their proper limit.

The work of Spindler excellently illustrates a passage from the Foreign Quarterly's critique, which the translator has assumed for his preface. The Jesuit is a work of great original talent. The picture it exhibits of an able, virtuous, and very conscientious man, compelled by obedience to his superiors, to commit acts of fraud and cruelty, repugnant to his kindly nature, and so fully convinced that he is doing his duty, as to experience remorse for his reluctance, is the most striking illustration we have seen offered by fiction of the omnipotence of that order.

We believe that the spirit and practice of Jesuitism is reviving among certain individuals of the Roman church. If those individuals are true to the best of the followers of Loyola, we shall not regret their increase. If they are so, they will do much to reform the flagrant abuses of their own church, and promote a kindly intercourse with well-instructed Protestants, diffusing a philanthropical temper among sects. But let this work of Spindler warn them against those mysteries of iniquity that spring from casuistical sophistry, ambition and lust. The present age is too *astute* and *resolute* to blink or tolerate gross imposition; and if we have been the first to give the religious orders of Romanism their due praise while they behave well, we will also be the first to expose their every artifice if we catch them tripping.

The most interesting part, however, of this novel is the description of Senator Mussinger, a rich Dutch merchant, who lies under the unjust suspicion of having murdered the father of his intended son-in-law. The workings of the Merchant's mind, labouring under this horrible charge, are drawn with much dramatic talent. The unhappy merchant's condition is aggravated by a wife, who does her best to emulate the spouse of Job, adding fuel to the fire of his affliction. All wives are troublesome enough; but Madame Jacobina has learnt the art of ingeniously tormenting to a degree of perfection absolutely dreadful. This paragon of matrimonial annoyances, would be intolerable were it not that the reader gives her credit for one good deed—the production of an incomparable daughter, graceful, playful and pleasing, who becomes the heroine of the romance, and lends it a charm which beautiful young ladies alone can bestow.

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS. From the German of Göthe. By Thomas Carlyle. A new edition, revised. London: Fraser, 1839.

We hail the appearance of these volumes with considerable satisfaction. The reprint is a good sign. Slow as may be the progress of that many-headed beast, the public, it is indicative of an advance. The fashionable novel, the fustian play, the evangelical (how misplaced the term!) tale, the essay on the steam-engine, the memoir of the demirep duchess, do not engross its entire attention. The many-winged pages of a healthier literature, gemmed with imagination and intellect, wisdom and nature, bright as the plumage of Juno's bird, or as the pure embracing heavens starred with Arcturus, Orion, and its other thousandfold silent yet speaking characters, have wafted the invigoration of their strength and the magic of their beauty into some hearts. This is cause for rejoicing. "Good the beginning, good the end shall be."

The works themselves have now been some years before the English reader, and do not require us to give any criticism, if our space permitted, on their object, necessity, or execution, further than to state what seems to have been the intention of Göthe in their construction; which was, to shadow forth the progress of the human character in the three states, the Ethnic or Pagan, or, as we should name it, the sensual, the intellectual, the spiritual.

The "Travels," in which the author doubtless meant to portray man in the spiritual state, was left by him incomplete, and is not unfolded to us in the requisite clearness. But such as we have them now, they must remain, as he who laboured at them, strenuously if not sufficiently, has left us for ever, and, on another shore, among the world's immortals, rests from his travail. Let us be thankful for what a man of genius has left us, and, with earnest enquiring hearts, apply ourselves to the task of understanding and appreciating his lessons, and of making the best use thereof.

The translation is, upon the whole, most excellent. To all competent judges, Mr. Carlyle's capacity for such work has long been manifest, and the incompetent—the *flat*-fish who have the power of sight only on the one side, although they see very well with that—will believe it on our attestation. If they are recusant, we will astound and overwhelm them with guttural original from Göthe, Schiller, Richter, Novalis and others—a cataract of Babel sounds—

a *Pisse-rache* of spluttering and thundering Teutonicisms—fearful as that outcry that struck on the appalled ears of Varus and his legions, when Hermann and his grim, half-naked tribes, in the pride of men determined to be free, with flashing eye, nervous arm, and rapid foot, that shook the earth beneath, rushed on, shouting forth their threats, defiance and scorn, and annihilated every cohort, striking that fierce blow that made the empire ring again, and vibrating to the very heart of stoic and imperial Rome.—N.B. This is a specimen of our *tropical* fervour, and ought to recommend us to Mr. Blackwood or Mr. Colburn. To gain Mr. Tegg's favour we mean to read to him *our essay* against the copy-right bill, as we aspire to propose a resolution at the next meeting of his labourers at Freemason's Hall. Talfourd will be paralysed, his Athenian captivity shall be taken captive, and his *Ionic* nobleness be prostrate. St. Stephen's shall know his motion no more.

We must express our wish that Mr. Carlyle had exercised his pen a little more in making a few verbal alterations, lopping off a limb of some stiff-necked phrase here, cutting down some *impertinent* particle there—he need not have gone through its whole sword-exercise, the first half-dozen cuts would have sufficed, and the ranks would have worn an improved appearance. But he has been either lazy or obstinate, both “shocking bad weaknesses in a philosopher of his school,” as he states in his preface, that his translation “hangs here and there stiff and laboured, and *may* now hang.” He has said it, my brother; and a wilful man must have his way.

One sentence in the original preface to the *Apprentice*, we must vehemently protest against, p. xviii., that “Goëthe is, by many of his countrymen, ranked at the side of Homer and Shakspere, as *one of the only three men of genius that have ever lived*.” This false and insolent predication was philosophically exposed by Mr. De Quincey, some years since, and should not have been reprinted without Mr. Carlyle's abjuration. The Germans *are* a nation of thinkers, but fools and swaggers are abroad there also; *tant mieux ou tant pis*, as sage or scamp may have to deal with them. Gottsched and Kotzebue (Mr. Taylor, *late* of Norwich, is now denizen of another sphere, or we should be fined by him for taking this last name in vain), it is too bad! Men should never lose their reverence for the great ones of their kind, nor, to do honour to one man of genius, degrade from their high station those whose patent of nobility has been written by the finger of God himself. The statement is at best *a them*. Mr. Carlyle knows how to deal with such; at the first opportunity let him administer the requisite punishment.

The volumes are got up in a superior style; and we have no doubt their respectable publisher, Mr. Fraser, will find his advantage and derive encouragement to give other specimens of German literature, in the reprint of this honoured classic.

**FAUST.** A Tragedy, by Goëthe. Translated into English Verse by John Hills, Esq. London: Whittaker and Co. Berlin: Asher. 1840.

How many more? This is one of the worst; yet not censurable—for the sake of the modesty of the author—whose temper would have been better consulted by not venturing into print at all.

#### POETRY.

**THE JEWEL:** being Sacred, Domestic, Narrative, and Lyrical Poems, selected from the most eminent Authors. By Thomas Sloper. London: Richard Groombridge. 1839.

This is a more judicious selection than we have been accustomed to in this class of publications, and contains some pieces of rare excellence, mostly of the more modern poets, from Byron to Keats.

**SIR REDMOND;** a Metrical Romance. By Mrs. Edward Thomas, author of “*Tranquil Hours*.” London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street. 1839.

This lady is a poet of much sensibility and ingenuity, but of no mechanical skill. There is much sweet thinking and feeling in this poem spoiled by bad rhyme and rhythm. This is pity.

THE SONG OF AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH; RECOLLECTIONS OF A VILLAGE SCHOOL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. Turnbull, Artist. London: J. W. Southgate, 164, Strand.

These poems are characterised by graceful and delicate feeling, and will be properly appreciated by all to whom Friendship and Sympathy are still realities. Several of the productions before us form admirable traits for effective *tableaux vivans*. We should augur from this that Mrs. Turnbull, herself an artist, not only looks with the painter's eye upon the beauties of nature, but that she has within her that higher faculty, by which we portray those visions of the imagination, which have no prototype in sense.

The metaphor included in the following lines, which occur in the opening performance, strikes us as being forcible and original:—

“ From thence I sought the Grecian isles,  
Where through unnumbered years,  
The Greeks had worn their bonds with smiles  
Instead of burning tears,  
Which should have rusted every link,  
Until they snapt in twain.  
O coward slaves! why dreaming think  
There's glory in a chain?”

It is pleasant to find a lady ministering to the three divinities who preside over the fine arts. A painter Mrs. Turnbull announces herself—a *poetess* we proclaim her—and the number of songs in the present collection, set by eminent composers, prove that the fair authoress has rendered no slight service (though perhaps indirectly) to *music*. We have only space to extract the following poem, which sounds sweetly, and is distinguished by touching pathos:—

#### THE PICTURE-GIFT,

*On Painting a Sketch of Myself and Mrs. Carter, which I sent as a Present to a Dear and Early Friend.*

No strings of pearl, nor chains of gold, have I to offer thee,  
But far more prized than costly gems, my picture-gift will be,  
Oh! if my pencil has but sketched each line with force and truth,  
These portraits, like a fairy's spell, shall bring thee back thy youth,

Once more within those pleasant lanes, that bound our childhood's home,  
With buoyant heart, and bounding step, thou'lt seem with me to roam;  
Again we cross the rustic bridge—again we watch the stream,  
As silently it glides along, unlike Life's troubled dream.

With merry laugh at eventide, we reach the verdant vale,  
Just as the music of the bells comes floating on the gale;  
We talk of brighter worlds than this, whilst listening to those chimes—  
Say! does my picture-gift recal those days of happier times?

The scene is changed—another friend is standing by our side,  
With soul and feeling like ourselves—with less, perhaps, of pride;  
With more of meekness, more of faith, with thoughts that soar above  
This lowly earth—yet with a heart our very faults to love.

Is she not here?—does she not bring a thousand thoughts to thee?  
The blazing hearth, the hissing urn, the rice-cakes, and the tea?  
These are poor themes for poet's song—yet trifles though they be,  
Such are the keys that oft unlock the stores of memory.

Look on her brow !—the hand of time has scarcely left a trace,  
The calmness of a holy mind still beams upon her face ;  
And o'er my own I've tried to bring, with all the painter's art,  
The youthful look, the sunny smile, the gladness of the heart.

*Think me all this*—for as I write a change has o'er me come :  
The spirit of my early years returns to bless my home ;  
My dog has watched my glistening eye, and gently climbs my knee :  
Farewell! I would not have my Picture-Gift bring aught but joy to thee.

## ROMANCE.

**THE MONK AND THE MARRIED MAN.** By Julia Waddington, author of "Misrepresentations," "Janet," &c. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley. 1840.

The conception of this novel is good, better than the general run of fashionable domestic works of this description, but the style and execution are frivolous and unworthy. It has always been our principle to discover, if possible, the merit that may be in any production that we review ; we would find "good in things evil." The authoress' idea of a man breaking through the bigotry and intolerance of the church of Rome is good, had it been reasonably and maturely executed : it was a fine opportunity for portraying the working of the human mind from error to truth, had the author been capable—but this required an intricate knowledge of, and clear-sightedness into, that most intricate and noble of divine productions—the human mind. We have in this novel two prominent characters, besides a host of inferior monks, lay brethren, bigoted catholics, Italian nobility, and English Protestants, in many cases as faulty as those they rated, a few amiable and of course right thinking people, tolerant, and therefore respected. These chiefly make up the machinery (for machinery is the only thing presented to us) in this production. We want mind, without which every attempt must fall below, far below, our standard. We say, that in the merely heaping up materials, although good ones, and although the idea be good and even sublime, unless the great master be well employed, the result must be deficient. Even as Frankenstein, with all his aspiring and noble endeavour, produced only a monster : he put together his machinery, but the mind, the immortal soul, the fire of life, was not his to give, and the monster he had created became his tyrant—for his presumption it became his tyrant, his tormentor : so it is in the production of a book, the author is the creator, and he must breathe into it the breath of life, or it will be deformed, ugly, horrible : and he, as the creator of such deformity, must bear the penalty. We have been led into these remarks from respect to the writer : we applaud the idea of her book, it is worthy ; but we would have her throw the mere novel-making aside, of which the world grew sick long ago. She indulges in this too much—inquisitors, horrid machines, love-sick ladies taking the veil, love-sick gentlemen becoming monks, austere ones committing themselves, mad ladies endeavouring to drown themselves, and such like, are unworthy of her, we know she can do better by the manner she has executed these. She has great fluency in style, and were her dialogues less frivolous they would be more acceptable. We want not three pages to decide upon a tea-pot, nor to be told that at Twinings' we can get green, as well as black tea. Such frivolity is tedious, and we care not that it is natural ; unfortunately gossip and chit-chat are too common in society ; but let authors beware how they waste their print, and paper, and public time and patience, on such matters. Of what utility is it ? We esteem novel-writing (next to the drama) to have most influence on the public mind, therefore we would elevate it ; it may be made a pleasing medium of conveying religion and morality ; a powerful engine if worked skilfully ; it might be made productive of immense good. We would take it off the stilts on which some would-be novelists have put it, but, at the same time, we must not roll it in the kennel. We must take the straight and narrow path of truth and nature, none else will do. But we

owe it to our authoress to say a few words in confirmation of our advice. As we before observed, we have two prominent characters, Sir Reginald, a bigoted Catholic, pledged to the monastery and leading the most austere life; but he, not having the infallibility that the church he belonged to claimed, forgot his promised vows and married; his wife was faithless, and perished at sea with her paramour. From this time he became more bigoted and morose, albeit a man of quick and sensitive feeling, and strong intellect, not forgetting a goodly person. His father dies in England. If he had taken monastic vows, his younger half-brother would have inherited the paternal domains in England; but this brother, in a fever of love-sick disappointment, has taken to a monastery and become a monk, he promises his dying father to become his heir; here he, after much ado, a second time falls in love, and eventually marries a poor cousin, Clara, believing his first wife to be dead. The church of Rome, which had all along watched his movements, fearing to lose so large and wealthy a property, gets up a plot, pretending that his first wife is still living, and therefore that the marriage is unlawful. This exasperates him; he is called to Rome, and dares not disobey. While there, his son and heir is born, who is degraded by the said church as a bastard; it further demands the boy as a dispensation for the defects of the father, which demand he concedes to; but the mother dissents, she being a Protestant, a heretic, a heinous offence to the church of Rome. Clara will not part from her "precious child;" her reason leaves her on finding she is not the legal wife—she endeavours to drown herself—is saved by her husband. He at length discovers the deception practised upon him—is very indignant—allows his son to be educated a Protestant—at last becomes a staunch and thoroughly consistent Protestant himself—his wife is happy and the novel ends. We say that a sense of wrong, of deception, of hypocrisy, in the member of a church, is not sufficient for a strong and intelligent mind to change its religious principles; that a severe, zealous, conscientious Roman catholic should, because he has received injuries, and discovered deception in some of the members of his church, turn out of such church, is not sufficient; we want something more than resentment to make a man change his creed: we want conviction; and if three volumes are to be written on the subject, we want the subject treated, not talked about. We can imagine, as in the case of Clement, the younger brother, in character unjust, passionate, headstrong, and unfeeling, that in his fury, in disappointed self-conceit, and self-will, long crossed in love, he might rush headlong like a fool into the monk's habit, as he did; and we believe that he should feel bitter disappointment and remorse, and even (though rather an exaggeration), that he should escape and become a bandit; but that Reginald, the obstinate, the "servile," the severe, the bigoted, should become the *consistent* Protestant, not from conviction, but in retaliation is too bad; fifty pages were too much for such a subject. We expect better things from Julia Waddington; and with sincere wishes that we shall see them, we, in all kindness, say farewell for the present.

#### MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE MORBID EFFECTS OF DEFICIENCY OF FOOD, chiefly with Reference to their Occurrence amongst the Destitute Poor; also Practical Observations on the Treatment of such Cases. By Richard Baron Howard, M.D. London: Simpkin and Co. 1839.

The author of this well-written *brochure* is physician to the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, and was formerly resident medical officer at the poor-house, Manchester, and his Essay is the result of observations made during an extensive practice amongst the poor, while the writer was occupied with the poor of the Royal Infirmary. The details given by him of the distress that prevailed during the autumn of 1837, and the succeeding winter, are sufficient to account for the rise of Chartism. Great numbers of the working classes were then unemployed, and notwithstanding the active exercise of private benevolence, and the more laudable public efforts to afford relief to the

sufferers, deficiency of food was very extensively experienced, and several severe and aggravated cases of disease, from this cause, came under the author's notice.

A CLUB FOOT, &c. By G. Krauss, M.D. London. 1839.

This pamphlet is assuredly written to excite in the public mind an interest in behalf of the author, who is endeavouring to establish an Institution for the relief of the poorer classes labouring under deformity. Until it is made clear that the good of the public, and not the *personal interest* of a particular individual is considered, it is necessary to be very cautious in recommending such schemes to the patronage of the public. We know nothing of Dr. Krauss but from the pamphlet now before us. We would say nothing to prevent his receiving that degree of support which he considers necessary in order to carry his designs into execution. If this object be the result of philanthropic feelings we wish him every success, and we have no doubt but it will be effected. British surgeons are paying more attention to the treatment of deformities than they have hitherto done. It is a subject deserving of their serious consideration. This department of practice has been left too much in the hands of quacks, and therefore every attempt to rescue it from the grasp of ignorance and charlatanism ought to be hailed with favour. Dr. Krauss appears to have made the origin of malformations the study of his life. In order to ascertain what was doing in this country on the subject, he visited England in 1837, and we believe he has established himself in practice in the metropolis. The cases which he has recorded are certainly extraordinary. Deformities which have existed from birth he has succeeded in removing by means simple but efficacious in their result. Of the advantage of dividing the *tendo achilles*, for the case of club-foot, we can speak from personal experience. We have often seen the operation performed by Mr. Liston with success. It is done in a second, and is by no means productive of much pain. Dr. Krauss enters into an account of various malformations, and describes the treatment of each particular kind. The pamphlet, which he says is but the *avant-courier* of a more elaborate treatise, contains a number of wood-cuts, illustrating the various species of deformities to which flesh is heir. His observations respecting the treatments we must confess are written with fairness, and will be found well deserving the attention of the gentlemen of that portion of the public who are personally interested in the matter.

In a pamphlet like the present, which is so necessarily crowded with technical terms, it is difficult to select a passage likely to interest general readers. We have alluded to a treatment of club-foot by a division of the *tendo-achilles*. In the following extract the author explains the *modus operandi* of the operation :—

“Deformities of the limbs and neck are generally accompanied by a contraction of certain muscles; and the cure of many of them had hitherto appeared difficult or impracticable, as the contraction could not be removed by mechanical means. It is true, that besides the muscles, the ligaments and other parts are frequently in a contracted state, and set themselves in opposition to the straightening of the deformed parts; but it is evident that the opposition of the ligaments alone is more easily overcome by mechanical extension, than when such means have at the same time to contend against contracted muscles also.

“The tendons (in popular language, sinews or leaders) are the continuation of the muscles, and join the bony parts, which are set in motion by the muscles. To lengthen the tendons is, therefore, practically the same thing as lengthening the muscles. This is effected by dividing the tendons, whose elongation is produced by the intervening substance that forms between their divided ends.

“The division is so performed, that a narrow knife is inserted on the side of the tendon, which is cut through without wounding its protecting skin. Thus, the division of the tendon is, in the hand of an experienced surgeon, a very simple operation; lasts scarcely a quarter of a minute, and gives but little



pain. The incision of the skin is generally less than a quarter of an inch in length, and only a few drops of blood usually flow from the wound, which heals by the second or third day afterwards.

"When the tendon is divided, the superior end separates itself from the inferior by the contraction of the muscle which belongs to the tendon. The intermediate space between those ends fills up by the process of regeneration, so that in from eight to fourteen days it is evident to the touch that the two ends of the tendon are united. In a short time the intermediate substance becomes thicker and harder, so that frequently in a few months after the operation, it can no longer be distinguished from the tendon itself."

#### ELEMENTARY WORKS.

THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR, published by Tilt, is replete with wit and humour. We can also recommend the following educational volumes :—

EXERCISES OF LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION, with Hints and Examples for Themes. By the Rev. B. W. Beaston, M.A. Cambridge: London. 1840.

THE ETYMOLOGICAL SPELLING BOOK AND EXPOSITOR, being an Introduction to the Spelling, Pronunciation, and Derivation of the English Language, &c., &c. By Henry Butter. Thirty-seventh edition. London: Simpkin Marshall and Co, 1839.

GRADATIONS IN READING AND SPELLING; upon an entirely new and original plan, by which dissyllables are rendered as easy as monosyllables, &c. Twenty-second edition. London: Whittaker and Co. 1839.

THE FRENCH MASTER FOR THE NURSERY, or Early Lessons in French. By M. Lepage. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL; comprising the Echo de Paris, Gift of Fluency in French Conversation, and the Last Step to French. By M. Lepage. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

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#### GREEN ROOM.

##### DRURY LANE, THEATRE.

On Monday, the 20th of January, 1840, this theatre began to do serious business. Mr. Macready appeared on its boards in his unrivalled *Macbeth*, ably supported by Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps. On the following Wednesday Mr. James Haynes' play of *Rizzio, alias MARY STUART*, was presented for the first time. This author's *Conscience* and *Durrazzo*, had prepossessed us with a favourable opinion of its probable merits. The subject is an exceedingly difficult one, and the poet has found reason to make up for the deficiency of the principal interest by auxiliary motives. Thus, in a manner similar to that in which Schiller has given so much prominence to the *Marquis de Posa*, in *Don Carlos*, Mr. Haynes, in *Mary Stuart*, or rather *Rizzio*, has raised *Ruthven* to more than episodal importance. In this character, with all its defects, Macready was triumphant; Phelps was sufficiently uneasy in *Darnley*, and Elton pert enough in *Rizzio*. Mrs. Warner made a great thing of *Mary Stuart*. We shall revert to this play.

##### HAYMARKET.

This theatre has just concluded its triumphant career triumphantly. It has proved and illustrated the truth of a remark we have often made, "that the best acting will always command the best audience, and that the expensive decorations which the larger theatres indulge in, are for the main part works of supererogation, which often ruin their contrivers without benefiting the public." In this respect the Haymarket has afforded an example, and taught a lesson which cannot be too deeply impressed on theatrical managers.

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EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

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THE AGE OF JACK SHEPPARDISM.

THE present state of literature is of a nature to produce the utmost amount of alarm in the well-constituted mind. It marks a period in which all distinction between the decent and indecent has been abrogated, and the most immoral acts are placed upon the same level of admiration with the noblest traits of cultivated humanity. War is declared against the established order of society; law is denuded of its sanctity; and the violators of its regulations are held up as the heroes and heroines of the most popular romances and the most successful dramas. The times are out of joint, and Chartism rages while Jack Sheppard *reads*.

Yes! such works as the one just mentioned, celebrate not only such characters, but are perused by such characters, and are the scriptures by which the incipient housebreaker swears. And is such a work, addressed to such a public, written by a man of any consideration, any talent? We regret to say, yes! And what can be the inducement to such a writer as Mr. Ainsworth to perpetrate so foul a crime as the composing and publishing such a book? The impossibility of succeeding as a literary man in any other market!

Time was, when the aristocracy were the patrons of literary endeavour—thereafter it came to pass that the publishers were said to be the author's best patrons—and now the appeal lies direct to the public. To talk of the patronage of the booksellers, is the most absurd of all absurd assertions. There is *no* patronage whatever for authors in the trade—it is a fallacy, to believe that publishers ever *speculate*. Do we say this in their disfavour? Not we! they would be fools if they did—the whole *rationale* of business is against the monstrous supposition. Nay, they are seldom in advance of capital—their returns come in long before their credit is run out—and for the most part it may be said they drive a sure game—at least, as sure as is possible in any state beneath the moon's influence. They, however, fail but by chance—their success is of purpose and on system.

Meantime, the author is left to make his own way—and in what manner is he to do this? Shall he trust to the wisest exertions of genius embodied in the worthiest style? Consider, whether the

public taste is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate such an attempt! The few alone have any pretensions of the sort, and only the few among the few, the reality. And what proportion of the few have the means of recompensing the candidate for the highest honours? There comes the rub. The epic poet, the lyric bard, the philosophic sage, must live on the chameleon's dish—the air—and be fed in the manner in which capons cannot—if he is to any extent to depend on this proportion. And in what way? By the sale of a copy of his work to each of them, with all the deductions exacted by the trade for the dispensing of a book over the counter! No—no—it is not by the purchase of a single copy of his work, that such an author is to be served. He must be sought out by him who can afford the charge, and supported, if his own means are insufficient, until the sphere of his influence is enough extended to induce the adequate remuneration.

To do this, is not only the duty, but the privilege and interest of an aristocracy;—and it is because this has not been done, that the very state itself is even at this very time in a position of unexampled peril. All the literature necessarily running in the democratic channels, through which only it can reasonably expect any remuneration, the highest orders of society find themselves all at once undefended by the most influential writers. Meantime a principle of art was evolving itself which needs, if not counteraction, yet suspension from abuse. The familiar and the high had grown into rapid and increasing importance. The genius of a Wordsworth and a Goethe had alike laboured in that direction—and men had turned from the miracles that startled us in prerogative instances to those which lay unobtrusively in the almost unnoticed occurrences of daily life. It is the instinct of the poetic mind also to seek “The soul of goodness in things evil;” an instinct followed out to a considerable length by both Shakspeare and by Scott. Tendencies these, good in themselves, but liable to the most fearful abuse.

The *Jack Sheppard* of Mr. Ainsworth is a flagrant example of the abuse to which we allude. The highest crimes, if kept in a poetic region, and illustrated by the light of imagination, become transfigured through the glory which invests them into examples that ennobles while they terrify. Who feels not this while reading the most fearful of the Greek tragedies—or the three greatest of Shakspeare's? In the same way, Wordsworth's ballad of Rob Roy gives the key note to Scott's romance, and the result is, that we obtain a more poetical view of Highland life, with its licenses and peculiar characteristics, without imbibing any prejudice against the institutes of a more strictly regulated state of society; nay, it might be safely averred that we rise from the perusal, with the impression that more is gained from civil convention, in the way of security, than is lost by it in the way of liberty. But let such incidents and states of feeling be reduced to the prosaic modes of town life—though of the better sort—and all the artistic advantage of contrast is lost. The distant and ideal have vanished—and it is vice and misery brought to our very doors, and seated at our thresholds in all their actual squalor and pestilent decrepitude. Let it be added, that for these fair twins also, the admiration and the sympathy that properly belong to the sublime and beautiful

is demanded from us by the romancer—and we shall perceive at once the horrid perversion that is perpetrated, and the infamy in which we are called upon to participate.

We have said, that the only excuse for the high crime and misdemeanour of writing such a book is the state, or rather no-state, of literary patronage, in our land and time. Not long ago, we were expressing our disgust at the tribe of Parisian novels—and behold, we have shoals of similiar compositions manufactured in London, and indebted for their existence to the same cause. Suffer us to strengthen our former assertion. The appeal we speak of lies rather to the populace than to the public. If it be needful to write for a large number of immediate readers, why not make sure of the largest number at once? Why be contented with the thousands, when the millions may be won? Why write for the genteel, when the blackguard are the more numerous? Is not wealth more precious to the individual than morality? To be sure, the writer must assume, in his own person, the blackguardism that he would conciliate; but then one man in his time may allowably play many parts, and why not this? It is understood to be only acting;—*we* know, however, that it is more. The author is degraded—he is the wretch he *seems*—and both in his character and conduct he *becomes* the villain, which he has learned to take delight in pourtraying. This result is inevitable—and, we repeat, that we know it to be a fact.

Better would it be for such a man that his right hand should lose its cunning, than that it should be so employed! But it is not one man—but many men are running into the same error. If the market is profitable, there will be competitors. Men, who have won reputation in a better line, are turning to this. Captain Marryat is bringing out a *Poor Jack*, in shilling numbers—whether the work be infamous or not, we are unaware—but the desire of its concoctors is that it should appear so—and its chances of success lie all in that direction. Such are the tendencies of literary endeavour!

But the indirect injury is greater than the direct mischief done by such works. They not only poison the minds of the lower classes, but they occupy the attention of the higher. What every body talks about, comes to be considered by superior as well as inferior minds. Curiosity is excited to analyze the sources of its interest; and while this is doing, more respectable efforts are neglected. Neglected on the day of publication, the expense of previous advertisement wasted, and out of heart to incur more risk, their authors and publishers are fain to put up with the first loss, and the book fails. Fails! and is this your beggarly measure of success? No—it is the public who have *failed* to appreciate the good—it is the aristocracy of the country who have *failed* to protect the respectable;—and the result is Chartism in the State—fanaticism in the Church—and demoralization every where.

The respectability of a book is now against it—blackguardism is in the ascendant. The sweet voice of poetry can gain no audience, and the high lessons of philosophy are confined to the sage's closet. Should these things be, and overcome us like—not a summer's cloud—but the desert simoom, chilling—slaying? The dead body of genius lies in the streets of London, awaiting resurrection. How long! how long!

Meantime, what is the best of the works that circulate under the cover of their infamy? What is *Jack Sheppard* itself? Has it any value as a work of art, even for the sort of thing that it affects? Will it bear comparison with Schiller's *Robbers*—the composition of a boy, and repudiated in his riper years? Not it! It is vulgar in its conception—vulgar in its construction—and vulgar in its execution;—a disgrace to the author of *Rookwood* and of *Crichton*! whose earnest prayer should be, that the unlicked abortion may perish soon!

We can easily justify this by a rapid examination of the work. Jack Sheppard is naturally possessed of an heroic disposition; this he possesses through an unconscious alliance by birth with a noble house but he is perverted to villainy by accidental association—thus ascribing all virtue to family blood, and all vice to circumstances. To increase our sympathy for the hero, he is, throughout, not so much a criminal agent as the mere victim of the great thief-taker, Jonathan Wild who has sworn from the child's birth, that he would bring him to Tyburn-tree, as he had brought his father before him. The thief-taker is the real housebreaker, the real murderer, and even scruples not to commit the most horrible assassinations with his own hands. Upon this character the utmost infamy is literally heaped, until the gorg heaves with disgust, at the vile taste for horror which the mistake author has consented to pander. But, *au contraire*, the thieves and murderers by profession are the best of good fellows, and the best of these is Blueskin, the cut-throat, who is guilty of the most romantic generosity, and has a dog's fidelity for his fellow-cracksmen and captain, Jack Sheppard, which the cruellest buffet cannot alter. Yet, notwithstanding the novelist's esteem for aristocratic birth, he strangely contradicts himself in the character of Sir Rowland Trenchard, who, being guilty of fratricide, is at last awfully victimised by Jonathan Wild. We forgot to mention that Jack has another apology for his trade—his hopeless love of Winifred Wood, who, from the first was Plato's better half of his fellow-apprentice, Thames Darrell, afterwards Marquis de Chatillon and Jack's first cousin. Nor is Jonathan Wild himself without apology for having become thief-taker and private assassin—poor Mrs. Sheppard had been his maiden love. Nothing less than the very spirit of love itself suffices with Mr. Ainsworth for motive to such criminality as here the mind is expected to run riot in. Most carefully, too, has the author, after his fashion, sought to justify the dispensations of Providence, since no assault or murder is suffered in the novel, but where the victim deserves the infliction. Sheppard, Wild, and Blueskin, are but scourges of God on a small scale—the Napoleons and the Attilas of domestic life. Be to them, therefore, awarded Fame's wreath, and the glory of an apotheosis, in volumes three, after their execution!

It will not avail to justify such a novel as this by reference to Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, or the *Pickwick Papers*. Beneath all the slang, we see in Dickens' dialogues, a substratum of moral principle—and amidst all the eccentricities of his characters, a perpetual reference to a central standard of conduct is discernible. He paints humourists rather than criminals. Nor do we prohibit the spirit of literature descending into the obscurest quarters of social life, for the

redemption of imprisoned humanity. True genius is well employed in such extreme tasks. It has the mandate of Prospero—to soar—to run—to dive. The ministering Ariel may penetrate the deeps, as well as the levels and the heights. But such a novel as *Jack Sheppard* is an abuse of the privilege—a safe speculation in a recognised market. It is as if Caliban, having had knowledge of Ariel's commission and experience of his success, should proceed to the same places upon an adventure of gain with an errand of his own, and no purpose to serve besides his own brutal self-interest and filthy lust of lucre.

That such a work should have been received with any applause at all, is a sign of the times. There is an entire perversion of taste, and an ignorance of the principles of art in the present reading and play-going public. To this ignorance and this folly, the appeal of those who must please to live is made. Again, therefore, we call upon the aristocracy to make demonstration of a better state of mind, by a visible and declared patronage of worthier efforts. Let not poets and sages languish in obscurity and poverty. As you value your own possessions, nobles of England! assist the claims of genius. Unless you raise it from its present state of prostration, at once and for ever, it will anon raise itself; for there is a spirit of life in it, however it seem dead. Let it thus arise, its own helper only, and not helped by you, and it will denounce what Mr. Thomas Carlyle has called, in his *Chartism*,—"an oppressing or neglecting aristocracy." On the part of such an aristocracy as England possesses, neglect is oppression. Let it look to itself. The natural tendency of all states is to democracy; it is only by art that an aristocracy, that a monarchy, can be sustained. Prince Albert, we are happy to know, has taste and appreciation for genius—nay, skill himself in its operations. There may be some hope in this—but less than there might be, if the nobles of his adopted country decline to assist the royal endeavours in this direction. Again, we call on them to help those who are now languishing with hope deferred. The sickness of heart it induces, will, ere long, change to desperate determination. Let this but once happen, and farewell to the oppressor and the idler. They and their chains are broken and scattered for ever!

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## STATE OF THE PRESS.

BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

THIS subject has already been handled in the December number of the *Monthly Magazine*, by the writer of an article on the British Association for the Patronage of Literature. It forms, however, a topic of too much importance to be soon exhausted or hastily dismissed, and we return to it again with redoubled energy. By those repeated efforts we hope to stir up master-spirits to plead the same cause, for it needs the most strenuous advocacy, and the literary world will not be ungrateful to those who labour to promote its interests.

The state of the press! ay, there's the rub. There's the secret of secrets—the peril of perils. State of the press—syllables how brief—

consequences how immeasurable! How may a universe of thoughts be compressed into a word! And how may a word that teems with awfulest import—a word “that casts ominous conjecture on the whole result,” become the jest of fools! Be it so—play on, ye prattling gossips, with the wires of the electrical battery, that, at the moment of your highest merriment, shall smite you into death. Laughingly unwind the foldings of the coiled snake, that even now meditates your destruction, and, like the antediluvian witlings, crack your jokes on the only ark that can save ye from the inundation of vengeance.

State of the press—state of states—state on which all other states depend. Invisible, inexplicable attraction; *Primum mobile*, of all motions—arch revolver of all revolutions. They forget thee—despise thee—banter thee! Exquisite Pyrrhonism! They ask where lies the cause of our calamities? Thou art the cause. The blessing become the curse—love enacting hatred. They gaze on thee with dazzled eyes, and the more they gaze, the less they discern thee. They know not that *mind* is the sole operant; and that the press is that lever of mind, by which it shakes the world. Here is the fabled machinery of Archimedes realized. By it our planet is swung from its harmonic orbit, and hurled into endless eccentricities.

This is no hyperbole, though it may seem so. 'Tis the gravest truth of the gravest authors. The power of the press is as palpably recognised in metaphysics, as that of the steam-engine is in mechanics; and yet, unparalleled quintessence of judicial blindness! this power is left to run riot, without direction or impediment. On it thunders, like the grinding chariot of Juggernaut, over the necks of those who should have ridden on its topmost arches.

This abuse shall not pass current without an effort to oppose it. The Monthly Magazine has yet caught a sparkle of that philosophic day-spring, which is dawning over the mountains of Germany—if we are less fettered than some of our neighbours by local or temporary prejudices, we will again stand up for the rights of mind, and the privileges of literature.

We assert that royal and aristocratic circles, aye, and all individual and associations blessed by God with wealth—that most responsible talents—may, by a wholesome patronage, turn the stream of the press which ever way they please. If mind in the direct relation command money; if knowledge is power; still more plain is the converse of the proposition; for now-a-days money commands mind. As action and reaction are equal, money likewise is power; and the power o powers; and this to a degree that none but the wise can either imagine or exert.

Here lies the very gist of the argument for the *revival of literary patronage*, both in individual and associative forms. It is certain that comparatively small sums of capital, wisely expended in literary patronage, will go further in promoting philanthropical and patriotic objects than any other kind of munificence.

The princes of Germany, particularly Joseph the Second, perhaps the most enlightened monarch of modern times, have long been aware of this. By emulating Augustus, and by encouraging the temper o Mæcenas at their courts, they, at once, corroborated their thrones,

and improved their countries. The present king of France ought to have known it too. He ought to have patronised the French press, by which means he would have made it loyal and benevolent. But instead of patronising it munificently, he sought to crush it tyrannically, and thus educed a vindictive malice among Gallic *litterateurs*, which will never cease till some detestable regicide has fulfilled its purpose.

We hope and expect far better and brighter things of the youthful rulers of these realms of Britain. They have the sagacity to perceive that to inflict and reform a press is not difficult, but to smash and destroy it absolutely impossible. And we believe they will have generosity enough to encourage those nobler emanations of literature, that fall on the earth like sunbeams, bright in themselves, and brightening all around them.

At present, however, owing to the neglect of literary patronage, the state of the British press is most disastrous. The deplorable case is stated no less truly than eloquently, by Isaac Taylor, in a chapter on the State of Sacred Science in his "Saturday Night." Here are the words of this noble writer, himself an exemplification of the sufferings of a genius, superior to the base level of sect and party scribblers. Alas! how hard is it for such a mind to debase itself to the slough of vulgarity—to sink down to the abyss of empty sciolism; how difficult to write low enough to tickle prejudice and pander passion. But let us hear him:—

"Who now ventures to rise to the upper region of celestial meditation? Who forgets the world, its madness and its scorn, while he enters the gates of immortal hope? Who is it that, as if the contemners of heaven were not in hearing, converses with and concerning the glories of the Supreme? Who, with a reverent yet uncurbed eloquence fitting the occasion, speaks of the mysteries of redemption? Or who, regardless of the powers of calumny, that keep their state as ministers of vengeance round the throne of ancient prejudice, explores anew the half-hidden, half-revealed wonders that couch beneath the words of Scripture?

"If a plain fact is to be spoken in plain terms, it is this: that books have, at last, thoroughly come under the laws that regulate the quantity, quality, fashion, and form of silks, potteries, furniture, jewels, and other articles of artificial life. Now who does not know that the purchaser of any such commodity, must stand in the relation of master to the manufacturer, the artist, and the workman. It is an illusion to suppose that any very extensive or permanent exemption from the laws of trade can have place in *matters of trade*. Mind struggles against these mighty powers, and writhes under their tyranny; but its resistance is successful only in single instances, or for an hour. *Thus our modern literature has one reason, and of this reason the buyer is the sovereign, and the vendor the interpreter, and the writer the slave.*

"While we are rejoicing in the numerous band of accomplished men who so ably occupy the press, we should pause and ask whether some of its legitimate masters are not holding back, and refusing to exercise their function? It may, moreover, be fairly questioned, whether the order of nature is followed or abandoned, when the contact of writers in the highest departments with the imperfectly educated



classes, is immediate. Heretofore it has been that the slowly-matured projects of great and tranquil spirits, after passing through minds of the next rate, have been disseminated over the wider surface of society by their means. Now it is plain that what is written, and intended to be written, for the class of *instructors*, will be very unlike that which is prepared directly for the instructed. It is, indeed, always well that writers should labour to attain perspicuity, simplicity, and vivacity; but it is not well when they feel themselves compelled, as in terror, to avoid whatever supposes in the reader high culture and intelligence."

We have asserted, and we repeat the assertion, that literary patronage is the true remedy for many of these evils. We conceive, with Mr. Harris, the author of *Mammon*, that patronage, properly so called, is one of the highest religious virtues and duties, however much it may be overlooked by our cotemporaries. It is intimately connected with the awful law of responsibility, which regulates the use and abuse of riches. The rich man who has the power of bringing forward master-minds, and yet refuses to do so, probably incurs a degree of guilt which no human calculation can measure; just because he omits that specific form of philanthropy which contributes more than all others to the ultimate benefit of mankind. A single wealthy individual who wisely distributed his fortune in literary patronage, would do more extensive benefits to his country, than half the charitable associations that obtrude themselves on our notice.

Literary patronage possesses a spark of the omnipotence of heaven itself, since it creates the very *mind* which it illumines. When, under its influence, first-rate books are produced, they are sure to insinuate themselves into the admiration of those chosen spirits who cherish a conception of the *excellent*. These thus kindled, and concentrated by the electricity of genius, begin to mould anew the character of their times. Like true poets, they create what they cannot discover, *inveniunt viam aut faciunt*. When Milton, Coleridge, and Wordsworth first wrote, they wrote what few read; but those that did read made others read likewise, and now every body reads.

Let no one, therefore, attempt to stop our pleading for literary patronage by this objection. Let no one tell us that, under such a system, authors indeed might write first-rate books, but that nobody would read them. No; give but good authors *time* to conquer and lead the public; and conquer and lead it they will. This time for truth's seed-sowing literary patronage alone can bestow. Under it every genuine literator might quote the motto of Sir Walter Scott, "I and time against two." The curse that attends the want of literary patronage is, that authors, unless they happen to be wealthy, have no time to lead the public, and so they must needs follow it, and minister to its insulting demands, however detestable, at the hazard of their bread and cheese.

In all this we are arguing for a wise patronage, not for a foolish one. We are arguing for that patronage which at once ennobles and improves its client, which elicits all his finer energies, and affords them their proper employment. Patronage, like every other good thing, may be abused; and we say no word in defence of that bad species of it, which

is bestowed indiscriminately on the undeserving, and leaves them more base than it found them. All such patronage we leave to the tender mercies of Miss Edgeworth's satire.

The wholesome patronage for which we plead, is the more necessary for those literators who are best worthy of the name; because their services are most wanted in reality, precisely at those periods when men imagine they need them least.

In the name of heaven, therefore, let us no longer be content with praising the Augustan age of literary patronage; but let the Victorian age in which we live become its rival, and outshine it.

We have approached the very crisis of the fate of literature. We must either conquer our enemies or be conquered by them. Our decision decides the future fortunes, not only of Britain, but the world. In the splendid language of Robert Hall, "There is no longer a moment for hesitation; our foes are fast, gathering their mighty legions around us, and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture which can oppose a resistance—in the Thermopylæ of the universe."

The position of authors without literary patronage is, at the present day, an unheard-of anomaly. They are in a worse bondage than that of the Jews, who were compelled to make bricks without straw; or that of the valets in the play, who were expected to keep the lamps burning though they were allowed no oil. Even so, now-a-days authors are expected to write first-rate books, worthy of Milton; and write them they do; but when they take their MSS. to the publishers, they are not accepted. The literator is a physician of the minds of men; but as the general disease of men's minds is blindness, they see least of their complaint when they exhibit the most. They must be told they are blind before they will believe it; and indeed they will hardly believe it then. The diseases of men's bodies are far more easily discerned by themselves and their friends; and, therefore, the doctor asks no better patrons than his patients, who are eager enough to call him in as soon as they want him.

How deep and deadly the lapse of our popular literature is at present, in consequence of the evil causes in operation. Alter the causes if you would alter the effects. Authors must lead the mob, or the mob lead them; and the mob invariably lead to the devil—Atrocious buffoonery! Unparalleled charlatanery! That the master genii of the age, who should irradiate the empire with a flood of light, should become the bullies of faction, or the panders of brothelism! A wonderful and horrible thing hath happened in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the people love to have it so. We look in vain through the literature of Asia, Greece, and Rome, for any thing analogous to the *scampishness* that now signalizes the press.

In Germany, literature is in an infinitely better condition. In that country the progress of *mind*, as mind, excites universal interest. Hence, German literature subtends a cosmopolitan and enlarging influence on all classes of society; and every author, who succeeds in making new intellectual developments, is crowned with the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. In this respect the Germans nationally resemble the Greeks; they have a national genius for moral and in-

tellectual achievements; an all-pervading instinct of the *noble* thought, and the *graceful* in expression. Germany, therefore, is the centre of free and gallant truth-searchers; the bold Promethean spirits that are the originators of new trains of fancy and feeling. There Mendelson, a Goethe, a Klopstock, a Schiller, a Herder, a Lessing became the favourites of a prince, and the idols of a people. But England, "the nation of shopkeepers," all this is reversed. The numberless volumes that Germany has sent forth on theosophical, syncretic, and æsthetic philosophy, have never yet penetrated the thick fogs of our insular prejudices. Strange and brutal ignorance! The very names of philosophies which give title to the books which have so often kindled the continent, are literally unknown by many of our popular pressmen! Superb presumption of penny-a-line conceitedness! that each puny embryo of letters; each prattling sciolist playing on the shore of that vast ocean of many-languaged learning should dare to jest at what should fill him with speechless veneration! But the hour is coming when the divine Minerva, who has so long animated Germany, shall extend her ethereal splendours over France, Britain, and America. Then shall the noble scholars that now sow tears, reap in joy. The chosen intellects, that rise above the hackneyed common-places of the million, shall soar into their native sphere; as like the martyred prophets of the Apocalypse, men shall tremble before them, whom once they trampled in the dust.

Perhaps you are ready to say that criticism and critics are sufficiently powerful to prevent the abuses of the press. It might, indeed be so, were critics, by patronage, wealth, or any other means, placed in that independence so necessary for those who should be impartial. But if the present state of things continue, criticism will become as more corrupt. There was a time, as Pope tells us in his inimitable essays,

"When generous critics fann'd the poet's fire,  
And taught the world with reason to admire;  
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,  
To deck her charms, and make her more beloved."

Thank heaven, there are still a few of the family of the same urbanity and discernment. Personally we have every reason to be grateful to them. But it is not the less true, in the majority of cases, that our critics are suffering from the same neglect as our authors. They, too, labour under the pining atrophy of unregarded talent; and irritated by petty rivalries, or allured by unrealized promises, they too often immolate the genius they should cherish, and flatter the stupidity they should lash. Even so, ye should be patrons! You may boast of criticism, but if you would make it praiseworthy, you must patronise its legitimate professors. The best wisdom of policy is to associate truth with interest. If you allow these to become divorced, ten to one that the former will turn hermit, and the latter prostitute. How can you flatter yourselves that criticism will flourish under influences so unfavourable? You have allowed critics to lose their moral dignity themselves, yet you expect them to preserve that of authors. Absurd delusion! If you permit the very regulator of the machinery to rust, how can you imagine that the machinery will work well?

You will say, perhaps, that authors ought to be true and virtuous without patronage; that they ought to consider virtue its own reward, &c. To be sure they *ought*. But do not trust to virtue with an empty stomach. Old Adam is too strong for young Melancthon. Do not throw your choice spirits into the temptation of poverty.

"All sciences your fasting genius knows,  
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

The patronage of which we speak is most needed for those transcendental and august forms of literature, which, from their very sublimity and refinement, cannot be immediately understood or appreciated by the crowd. It is just because there is no such patronage of the highest forms of literature, that these are so seldom produced. The ethereal models of ideal perfection, the ecstatic dreamings of more than earthly glory, are allowed to evanesce and evaporate in the hearts they irradiate. Thus the germs of the *superexcellent* are crushed long before they come into flower or fruit. Authors, however spiritual or *spirituel*, cannot exactly thrive upon air; they cannot fatten upon the chameleon's dish, promise-crammed. They remember that musty proverb, that while the grass grows, and set no great value on promises that are postponed *sine die*. Thus, they all find it their interest to enact the lawyer, *verba et iras locant*, they hire out their wits to the best bidder. At home and abroad they undertake any sort of job for pay; and if you object, they answer with all imaginable coolness, that necessity has no laws. They have not quite reached the heroic temper of the ancient one who exclaimed, "It is necessary to act justly, but not necessary to live." And thus, one after another strives to sink where he should strive to soar.

It is in this country that the want of literary patronage is most intensely felt. Nothing else can induce the master-spirits of our times to write worthy of themselves. They must be supported in writing those kinds of composition which are too supereminent to be immediately popular, yet whose production is essential to raise the debased temper of cotemporary literature. How cruel is it to force such men who long to excel in moral dignity rather than intellectual pantomime, to sacrifice the former to the latter. You are aware that a truly elevated literature consists in moral, rather than intellectual attractions, yet you compel the author to assume the style of the sharper and the mountebank. If you fulfilled your obligations as patrons, authors would fulfil theirs, as the genial instructors of the nation's mind.

You may tolerate the evil we describe, because you think it acts slowly in the dissemination of mischief, and will give you time to ward off its consequences. Its progress, however, is not quite so slow as you imagine, since in the course of a generation it can demolish an empire. If it indeed be slow, it is at least slow and sure; *lente festina* is its motto. Its slowness is that of a national phthisis, undermining the vitals of the constitution, and preparing for merry England the untimely sepulchre of debauchery.

"Such is the moral of all human tales,  
'Tis but the same recital of the past;  
First freedom and then glory, when that fails,  
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last."

First-rate literature cannot possibly flourish, when that of all others is least rewarded, and when all the emoluments that should attach to it are distributed elsewhere by a scale of spurious popularity. Can we wonder, amid such a system of abuse, at the marked rarity of men of high moral, compared to those of keen intellectual attainments? For one of the former, we can point out a hundred of the latter; yet that one is, in fact, worth more than all the rest; for he is doing good, while the rest are perverted to mischief.

To illustrate these remarks: the noblest kind of works which can be written, are those which rise to eternal and universal verities, and place the opinions of sects and parties in their true position, which is always subordinate. Now, such works are not written because they are not patronised; such works require much time to make their way, and publishers will not speculate in them. On the other hand, let a man write flaming party tirades, of the highest absurdity and malice, they at once find a market. Thus wisdom is at a discount, and folly at a premium. Capital is no longer expended in producing the best literary wares, and they are not produced.

The case reminds us of a fable in political economy, which is worth citing: "Once on a time, a number of artisans of all orders, emigrated to a certain island to seek employment. The first of these artisans who presented himself to the islanders, was a watchmaker. He told them that he knew how to manufacture a little machine, which would measure the lapse of time, and regulate the proceedings of all the other workmen. The islanders, however, were unwilling to pay for a watch or clock, imagining that they could transact business very well without them. They, therefore, expended their capital on the wages of the other artisans. Carpenters, masons, smiths, &c. were immediately set to work, and all seemed to proceed right prosperously. The islanders flattered themselves they had made an excellent speculation, and continued to laugh at the offers of the poor watchmaker. By-and-by, however, there arose an immense deal of confusion and quarrelling, respecting the hours that the workmen should require at their tasks, and as they had no watch to mark the hours, these disputes could by no means be settled. At length, just as the workmen and the islanders were coming to blows about the question of time, a wiser man than the rest, exclaimed—'What fools you were not to employ the watchmaker!' 'Let us employ him now,' said a thousand voices, 'and give him whatever wages he asks.' Away they ran to seek the poor watchmaker, determined to make him every amends in their power for their past neglect. Their resolution was excellent, but it came too late: the watchmaker had died of sheer starvation. So the island was plunged in a long civil war for want of a watch, and when the war was ended, the people knew the time no better than before."

We should think it idle to paint the disease thus graphically, had we no remedy to propose. But we have a remedy, and that remedy is, the *revival of literary patronage, both individual and associative*. This is the remedy, and this is the only remedy. So easy is this remedy, that even a single individual of talent, taste, and wealth, may bring it into fashion. And the fashion once set, will be carried on by force of its own utility for centuries to come.

It is even so. Ay, a single individual, possessed of the spirit and the power, may now accomplish that vast *literary reform* which is so imperatively needed, and which would make his name immortal in Europe. Such a man has only to encourage the development of those higher forms of literature which are the rarest, because the noblest. He has but to link together a few of the first-rate thinkers of his time, and at once a new galaxy of genius glitters over our land. Yes, in literary patronage, and this alone, is the panacea to be found. All things now resolve themselves into the use and abuse of mammon. You must begin by rightly swaying that which can rightly sway all other agencies. But, alas! for the spirit of literary munificence; it is little better than a name or a jest. The ancients, indeed, cherished such a thing; we find it still living in their imperishable writings. Let England look on them with reverence; for in many respects the periods of gentility were immeasurably superior to our own.

"Go, get thee, proud nation, to history's page,  
There learn what achievements were won  
By heathens, the pride of a far distant age;  
Go, blush for what Christians have done."

Verily, there is some demon in wealth, which seems to deprive its possessor of the will to philanthropize, in precisely the same ratio as it accords him the power. The good we find done, is done by the relatively poor—by those heroic spirits struggling, like Socrates, or a nobler than he, against the collected enmities of earth and hell. When we pass through the streets of this metropolis, and mark its long lines of sumptuous edifices; when we remember that any one of their proprietors might, by a proper application of riches, realize the best hopes of literature; and yet, among all their thousands, that one is not discoverable, we feel heartily ashamed that our fates have been linked with the destinies of cotemporaries so pitiful.

But this cannot last. Noble patrons of literature will yet arise to meet the call of the crisis. When at their worst all things begin to mend; for every revolution on the wheel of casualty elevates them by fractions. Statesmen and others will at last discover the truth of what we have so often stated. They will find that it is to the want of literary patronage, that the deplorable degradation of our national press is to be imputed. From this poisonous root spring all the infidelities, disloyalties, and obscenities, that now spawn over the land. The so-called religious people, who, with the best intentions in the world, generally commit the absurdest blunders in practice, will at length discover that it is mainly by purifying the fountains of literature, that they will effectually advance truth, virtue, and piety. One would have imagined that they might have discovered this long ago—before our land was overflowed by this tide of infamy. But they either could not see it, or would not. The innocence of the dove somewhat overlaid the sagacity of the serpent. Verily, the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

For want of a sound literary patronage, the several elements of religion, loyalty, and purity, which signalize a truly noble press, have all been perverted into opposite vices, and now illustrate that venerable proverb, *optima corrupta pessima*—the best things, when corrupted,

become the worst. We know several authors that began to piously and well, but finding their efforts to do good altogether guarded, as not being worth their salt or bread and butter, they seduced by necessity to do the devil's work, who gave much wages. One of these men, who might have been a William Pe now become a Tom Paine. But he is not half as guilty as those had the power of patronising his nobler writings, and refused to

Senators of Britain! we charge ye—we charge ye as Milton charged your predecessors—you must patronise the press, or you perish. prompt, delay not—at your peril delay not. The same causes produce the same effects—that which hath demolished other governments can shatter yours. Literature is now as an inverted cone—unless you place the top where it should be, your country will be inverted too. We warned ye in the pages of this Magazine, of the causes and consequences of the progress of Chartism. Many distinguished writers have followed our steps; they also warn ye. But that the real commencement of Chartism was in your own neglect of the press. Chartism is but an external sign of that neglect; and that neglect is continued, Chartism will continue likewise. The cause will be fought out morally on the field of paper, by shedding ink. But if your patronage does not conquer the Chartists, they will conquer you. We are no idle alarmists—we know what we are writing. If you allow the more loyal literature to sink, be sure the less loyal will rise. And as the rise and fall of literature always follows that of life, take care what you are about. A little patronage well bestowed, may make those publications your friends, that, neglected, may reject you. Senators of Britain! are you warned?

The third characteristic of a sound literature, in which the English has become shockingly deficient, is, as we have hinted, *purity*. purity we mean *truthfulness*, or the calling of things by their names. This purity is a perfectly different thing from prudery, and no means implies the masking of vice. Every thing is pure that is in morals, and every thing is impure that is false. For instance, the Bible, which describes the most atrocious vices with graphic precision is eminently pure—because it is true, and because its object is virtue. Thus, to the pure, all things are pure. It is the proof of a pure heart to read every delineation of life and nature without a blush. A blush is not the sign of virtue, but of vice. *Eve never blushed before she fell*. The persons or the family that blush at any phrase of Scripture only prove that their minds are morbidly sensitive to conscious sin. The blush may seem amiable, but in reality it is a confession of weakness.

We are, therefore, advocates for what is called plain-spoken literature. We like to hear a horse called a horse, and a rascal a rascal, and a harlot a harlot. In this liking for plain terms we are born by Scripture, and by all the great writers of antiquity. This plainness of style has always gone hand in hand with virtue. As Chaucer justly remarks—

“ Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,  
And well I wot no villainie it is;  
Eke Plato soith, whoever can him read,  
The word must be a cousin to the deed.”

Erasmus, we conceive, was no less pure than plain in the composition of his colloquies, in which he describes all manner of sensual things. He was pure, because he was true and virtuous. Our ancestors, who delighted in this downright system of phraseology, were, we opine, much more moral than ourselves, with all our confounded effeminacy.

It is not, therefore, any spirit of prudery that has induced us to censure certain authors of high ability. It is not for their *calling things by their right names* that we blame them. So far as they have done this they are estimable—so far they have applied their splendid talents to their legitimate objects. No! what we dislike in them is precisely the reverse of this—we mean the *calling things by their wrong names*. We abominate the subtle ingenuity which has put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. As long as virtue is distinctly set forth as virtue, leading to earthly peace and celestial happiness—as long as vice is set forth as vice, urging its victims onward through mazes of feverish delirium to inevitable ruin—there is an essential purity and virtuousness in [a composition which makes it dear to philanthropical spirits. But if any one thing is more to be dreaded in literature than another, it is the Bealeic sophistry which delineates Satan as a seraph of light, which eulogises villains as heroes, blackguards as finished gentlemen, and prostitutes as the most amiable of women.

But how, you ask, is the patronage of the press to prevent such abuses? Why, by encouraging those who seek to produce purer forms of literature. Be sure of this, that a wealthy press leads the people, and a poor press follows the people, which is the greatest evil that can happen to either. If good authors, whether they edit independent books, periodicals, or journals, are fortified by patronage and capital, they are then placed in their true position. They are enabled to elaborate the cause of truth through good report and evil report. And thus they lead the people as they should do, for it is not in man to resist the force of truth, if it be applied with sufficient continuity and consistency. This is the very argument which has been used so successfully for a patronised clergy, and it ought to be applied to the press, *a fortiori*, for, now-a-days, the press is a much more powerful agent than the pulpit. Then should we see a noble press nobly leading the people, and the master-spirits of the land swaying its destinies to the most propitious consummation.

The efficacy of pure patronage to raise a pure press, cannot be doubted, since even the impure patronage of sect and party is so conspicuously potent. Who knows not what powerful parties have done by patronising certain journals? The fact of the case is notorious, and whatever may be thought of such proceedings, they serve to illustrate our point. They evince that literary patronage has a power of making a press lead rather than follow. When a notable journal changed its politics for certain considerations, it boasted, with a penetration peculiar to itself, that it would bring a great portion of its former readers to the right-about. And the boast has been fulfilled. It sufficiently illustrates, therefore, the power of patronage amongst periodicals and journals. As a witty contemporary remarks, "The writers of such publications are for the most part unknown—they are like a battery, in which the shock of one ball produces no great effect—but the



amount of continual repetition is decisive. Let us suffer any one person to tell his story, morning and evening, but for one twelvemonth and he will become our rival and superior."

The moral condition of our wealthier journals, though by no means absolutely sound, is yet comparatively sounder than that of the poorer ones. If authors become too poor to keep a conscience, what will they not do? They at once resign their patent of nobility; they give up all idea of leading the public as its legitimate masters. This requires the independence and patience they possess not; and they are obliged to throw themselves, in spite of their nobler desires, into the base position of followers and trimmers. Urged on by the dire scourge of the necessity they loathe, they are forced to cater for the grosser appetites of the gross million. Each one becomes like a fallen angel—blighted and blighting, crushed and crushing, damned and damning his fellow-creatures.

Our religious and philanthropical people, good easy souls, stand aghast at this spectacle of moral pollution, and cry out to attorney generals and censors for indictments, prohibitions, and injunctions. Alas! none of these will do; they have all been tried in vain. Nothing but a generous effusion of literary patronage will stop this soul-corsuming plague. You must provide the people with something better week after week and month after month, before they will renounce this which is worse. You must create a new soul under the ribs of death, a new taste for the sublime and beautiful, and by degrees they will learn to despise the profane, the scampish, and the beastly.

Many of these ideas have been suggested by a little book that has just come into our hands, entitled, "The Fourth Estate; or the Moral Influence of the Press. By a Student of Law." The author, though somewhat Irish in his mode of writing, yet evinces a just appreciation of what literary excellence is. This is something noticeable in a period when the majority of writers really cannot understand what an elevated literature means, and in their execrable jealousy, strive to quench every emanation of that which posterity will honour and revere. Snarl or snarl on, ye glorious calumniators; try as far as you can to clap the extinguisher on every candle brighter than your own—indulge, to the top of your bent, the sneaking petulances you should endeavour to vanquish—imagine that all are your enemies who are not your sworn *protégés*, and assert that, in these imaginary enemies, no possible virtue can exist.

But let that pass, while we return to the book we have mentioned. Its author quotes for his motto some words of Chateaubriand, which cannot be too often repeated: "The discovery of printing has changed the conditions of society; the press, a machine which cannot now be broken, will continue to destroy the ancient world till it has formed a new one. Printing is only the creating word of all power. The word (*la parole*) created the universe; unhappily the expression of it in man partook of human infirmity; it will mingle evil with good till our fallen nature has recovered its purity.

"It is not, therefore (says our author), too much to say, at the present era, that we desiderate most the *right direction* of the press, which alone shall prove the regenerator of mankind. That is to say, w

most need the wholesome and vigorous tone which a free press is capable of affording; looking at the power with which it is invested, with a view to one mighty enterprise—the regeneration of man, and the final triumph of truth and virtue over falsehood and wickedness.”

We long to see the time when literary merit shall be diligently inquired after; when every man who writes a work of genius, shall be warmly taken by the hand by the wealthy and the powerful. Any patrons or publishers who now come forward to redress the grievances of literature, will acquire name and fame, and that good fortune which is their fair result. Then authors, in every way fitted to ennoble letters, will no longer be allowed to pine in obscurity unnoticed and unrewarded. Here are evils worth redressing. We know at the present moment several scholars of consummate talent, capable of successfully conducting any literary enterprises, and of raising the British press to more than its remembered glories, who now, for want of patronage, are withering to untimely graves.

Enough! we have said our say respecting the state of the press. We may have expressed ourselves too passionately, but the incalculable importance of the subject shall form our apology. All experienced authors will know and feel that we have spoken truly; and that we have proposed a worthy remedy for a most unworthy disease. Let them each and all, in their different spheres, support the same cause, and that cause will triumph. Let them support it not merely from selfish motives, but from that generous freemasonry of intellect which ought to signalize the brotherhood of authors. Be sure the cause is worth an eloquent pleading. Milton, in his *Areopagitica*, achieved the liberty of the press; but that, without the patronage of the press, is a curse rather than a blessing.

Meantime, brethren of the pen, be not disheartened. Fight on gallantly and unanimously; on evil tongues though fallen, and evil times. Coleridge and Wordsworth have given you this motto, “Write your best, whether it will sell or not.” Make a public mind, if you cannot find one ready made. There is a mysterious electricity in true genius, which will vibrate along all the lines of human sympathy. Intellect is the most contagious of all principles. It is the power which instantaneously calls up power in other minds, and transforms them into its likeness. The intelligent man is always intelligible; for a touch of *thought*, like a touch of feeling, makes the whole world kin. Yes, write your best—even for the sake of the best, though you get neither office, fee, nor emolument. The discerning few will then know what metal you are made of; first-rate thinkers will take you to their ambrosial fellowship, and the whole world will at last crown you with the laurels. Cast your bread on the waters, you shall find it after many days. So it was with Pope. When that philosophic poet first introduced the Leibnitzian theory of optimism and universalism into his far-resounding verse—heavens! what a cry arose among the descendants of Bavius and Mævius! But he lived it down, and wrote it down. Where live their names now, but in the very lines which impaled their foolery? There, suspended on the cross of his conscience-thrilling satire, they still seem to writhe and agonize—still dying, never dead—damned to immortality of fame.

Aye, write your best, and fame will come at last. Even if it is you in this world, it shall recompense you in the next, and grant your souls rejoicing in the stars. The verdict of posterity is not spised by the mighty dead. The justly-merited applause of generations is dear to the melancholy ghosts of dread renown. rest from their labours, and their works follow them—*vita enim tuorum in memoria vivorum posita*. Let not the inheritors of fulfilled glory lament their lot. They shall receive seven-fold.

“Seven Grecian states contend for Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.”

But while we bid you fear nothing, and trust frankly to time, the philosopher, we would remind you that there is yet a higher fame which your ambition may aspire—a fame which the passing generations of time can neither confer nor take away—the fame, not of man, but of eternity—the fame, not of man, but of God.

“Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glittering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;  
But lives and spreads aloft in the pure eyes  
And perfect witness of just-judging Jove,  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.”

## PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

### No. 1.—*The Evening Salaam.*

It is customary for the Persian monarchs to show themselves a day to their subjects at a public audience, where they hold may be termed a “court of common pleas,” for redress of grievance pronouncing judgment, &c., such as—“Off with his head,” “Cut his tongue,” or some such other imperial mandate, which is summarily executed. The sovereign is supposed to witness these executions; and during my stay at Tehran, a culprit, suspended the legs from two poles, was halved down by the henchman in royal presence. The ceremony of the “salaam” was much simpler than I imagined could comport with the dignity of the “Face of the Sun and Moon.” The raw-looking troops formed a large square near the “gulistan,” or garden of his majesty’s summer residence, environed with a park of artillery. On an elevation in the centre placed an English chair, without any ornament to denote it the imperial seat of justice. On one side was curiously grouped the band, and such music! enough “to split the ears of the groundlings.” The men blew wind and cracked their cheeks through ram’s heads attached to long poles, producing every imaginable discord; but this is the music of the spheres” to the Persians.

Within the ring were stationed small groups, either of the eunuchs or of his majesty’s ministers, among whom I noticed the burly, “Dee-Whaly Karigee,” or minister of foreign affairs—a man

Falstaff—he has been twice in England as ambassador from the court of Tehran, and is well sketched by Mr. Morier in his History of “Hadji Baba;” then came the “Ameen-ee Dowleh,” or finance minister; the Hackim Bashi, &c. They stood with the profoundest gravity, like a corps of mandarins, waiting the imperial nod “to nod again.”

Some half hour passed subject to this oriental discipline, when, as by the wand of enchantment, the scene was changed by the slow and majestic approach of “Fattee Ali Shah.” I minutely regarded this “king of kings;” and, upon my honour, every inch a king—of taper stature, long flowing black beard (worthy the Persians’ oath, since they swear by the king’s beard), and of gait royally imposing; he strode the earth, not with affected majesty, but with the innate dignity of oriental metaphor, “a god! a god!” Simply habited, I saw nothing in the way of distinction, but that the handle of his majesty’s dagger sparkled with brilliants, and when the imperial clay was seated on the chair, “the cannons bruited it to the heavens.”

His subjects, who live on his breath and are dependent on his will, now wait the royal pleasure, which was announced by the call of “calleon;” this the pipe-bearer presents on his knee; the king taking three whiffs of the odoriferous weed, returned it with the same ceremony. The doctor was then summoned, and reverentially bowing at stated distances, was admitted to audience some ten yards off, since it is never permitted to approach nearer the royal person, not even for the issue of his own loins. Successively Ali Shah and others were thus honoured; and, after a short conference, his majesty re-strode with equal grace to the “gulistan.”

“His most despotic majesty” has been renowned for the clemency of his government. Order, peace, and contentment reign throughout his dominions. Civilization has wonderfully progressed since the reign of his predecessor, “Agha Mahomed Khan,” when it would have been dangerous for the “ferengy” stranger to appear at the evening salaam.

No. 2.—*Mirza Aboo Thaloub.*

The lassitude of the Tehran climate in August (95 Fahrenheit in the shade), induces disease, which sometimes engenders death; and a six weeks’ stretch on my mattress had prostrated my strength, and almost converted me into “food for worms;” but nature rallied, and the God of nature had decreed that my bones should not undergo Persian calcination.

The table-land on which this city is planted, subjects it to a sort of vertical exposure, from which one is almost tempted to “call on the rocks and mountains to cover” one; the inhabitants flock to the neighbouring villages, and at a distance of three hours only, an extensive range of them, called “Shemrun,” offers delightfully cool retreats to the sicklied stranger. At “Kand” the British elehee was encamped, whose courteous hospitality is so well known to all travellers. His majesty goes either to camp or retires to the “gulistan,” accompanied by some of his wives and courtiers. The bazaars are then almost the only districts occupied; and here the man of pelf would almost rather sink into the arms of Plague than yield his money-get-

ting occupation. But Death stalked horribly around us in the city scarcely a morning but the howl was heard; the frantic cries of the women bespoke boisterous but not permanent grief; and the doleful signal of the moolah, who announces from the roof of the mosque that another of Ali's followers had drank of "the sherbet of eternity; the ear was daily dinning with the trophies of the great destroyer who eats his millions at a meal."

I have often watched from the house-top the hasty ceremony of taking the corpse to its last home, and have mingled (in feelings, at least) with the widowed or the orphaned mourner—there comes home a heart-stricken conviction of that awful truth, "In the midst of life we are in death."

New blood was engendered in my system, and anointed with the oil of resuscitation, I sprang into my saddle, escaping, as it were, from a pest-house. Once more I opened my lungs when without the city walls, and breathed new vitality; as a bird out of the snare of the fowler did I feel my escape; and buoyant beyond my strength, I was prostrated again in the Khan at Cazvine, more than thrown back in my former physical imbecility. What was to be done? To be situated in a Persian caravansary, where the only accommodation offered is a brick cell, twelve feet by eight, in a state of complete nudity how ached my weary bones, as during a week's stay on my mattress I sought every possible reclining position amidst diarrhetic inquietudes. This is a disease which, though not peculiar to, is prevalent in this climate. I have no medical knowledge on the subject, but it appears to me to be an intestinal rebellion against even the necessities of life. "Not even water," said my good Mahomedan doctor, "will I allow you; and I will cure you in three days."

"May your shadow never be less," said I, wonderfully cheered by this promise; and he did so! My food and drink were prepared and sent from his own house twice a day; some decoctions of herbs were given; and what were the secrets of his art beyond this, I know not to suffice it that he cured or starved the disease. I felt inexpressibly grateful, knowing what a prejudice exists amongst the Musselmans towards the "Ghiaours," as they term us, whom some would rather leave to rot than to recover; and his daily visits at six in the morning, when, with long flowing robes and shining black beard, squatted himself in my cell, taking care never to touch me, not even my pulse. Zhamet Kale my dekam hackim, ("I give you much trouble, Doctor.") "Not at all," said he, "I am your slave; all I have is yours."

Perfectly overwhelmed with both speech and kindness, I felt quite oppressed with obligation; but the Persians soon remove this nightmare from you—he had hinted to my attendant something from me in the way of "Pishkash." I was more than happy to get out of my debt, though I found it cost me more than would a London physician. Such was "Mirza Abas Thouloub," Huekim Bashi to the "Rook Dowleh," or "Prop of the State." Hippocrates has never reigned in Persia, or if he did, his family have woefully degenerated. Descriptive fails to speak of medical ignorance, and the natives have great respect for any talent in this way. I was constantly inquired of at Tehra

since all "ferengys" are supposed to be "Huckims;" and numerous veiled invalids came to my door "Nakoosh my sharam sahib." I could never decline the necessary inquiries, and had many a peep at a dark black eye, which otherwise to me would have remained obscured in its own orbit.

Sangrado-like, I ordered invariably bleeding and hot water.

The barber was sent for; the bath was prepared; and many a "zhamet" was I greeted with as the skilful "ferengy" doctor.

Never will I travel again in these countries without a box of pills and a lancet.

### No. 3.—*The Meshedees.*

These are pilgrims, who, having made a visit to the saint's shrine, Imaum Reza, at Meshed, in Khorassan, are from thenceforth always thus styled; a sort of religious honour, of which the Persians are very tenacious. I met large parties of them on the "Khoftan Khu," the mountainous district which divides Adjerbajan from Irak; these were headed by some moolahs, and the train composed of sundry devotees, including females; and, what is more extraordinary, bearing with them the corpses of their deceased friends, to inter them in this consecrated ground, which is by some deemed indispensable to their admittance into Paradise—therefore the enormous expense and trouble incurred.\* It is difficult to describe this motley assemblage of pilgrims, dead and living, under the banners of the prophet, since they bear his ensign floating over them, and, with a zeal unknown to the followers of the Messiah, thus show themselves devoted to the crescent; this pilgrimage is much insisted on by all good Musselmans. I find, in the different grades of society, that to be a *Meshedee*, or an *Hadji* (which is a still greater honour, belonging to those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca), gives great importance. The merchant will sacrifice his gains, and the khan his rank, to be thus deemed a holy devotee of the prophet; it is not unusual to disinter bodies, after two or three years' corruption, to find them a home in this holy ground, and, what is more amusing, to become food, not for worms, but for *rats*, with which it is so infested, that they have scarcely time to make the deposits, ere the ravenous man-eater seizes the putrescence, threatening the living as well as the dead, which is lowered uncoffined into its last cell. I once found myself in the train of one of these corpses, being then conveyed to Meshed, and wedged amongst their motley group, the Moolahs occasionally chaunting from the Koran, and the way so densely occupied as for some time to enlist me on the way to pilgrimage as one of the followers of the profligate polygamist, who has done more to bind a world in his chains of darkness than any other permitted impostor; but they soon found me out, and I made a hasty retreat from their ranks.

Interment of the dead in Persia is very prompt; sometimes in a few hours after death the body is consigned to its last home. I often meet them at the gates of the city, preceded by the Moolah, and the

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\* These corpses are contained in long chests, reminding me of gun cases—there being one slung on either side of the horse; and on passing near them, the smell is most offensive.

passing stranger gives his shoulder to the load, so that there is no lack of bearers to take it to the grave. The Persians have a superstitious idea, that by performing this service, they merit the approbation of the prophet, and that they are thereby more eligible to Paradise; but it has been sometimes known to inter the living amongst the dead—rather life has revived, discovered by soon after visiting the grave when the body has been found in a different position from that which it was placed. It is an ordinary custom amongst them to visit the graves of their deceased friends, particularly on the Sabbath (Thursday), where I often see groups of people uttering the most doleful lamentations, and bedewing with their tears the dry sod which they surround. They imagine the dead capable of *hearing*, but not answering their plaints; thus, the new-made widow laments her tenacious carpet, vowing constancy to her weeds, and with boisterous grief deplores their separation. Children have I seen in seeming agony whilst the young devotee, occupied with the Koran, reads aloud inspiring pages. I like these associations from the living to the dead and also Young's idea that—

“————— each soul  
That ever animated human clay,  
Now wakes—is on the wing.”

During the devastating cholera of 1830, in Persia, it was impossible to inter the numerous dead, nearly 25,000 of the inhabitants of the breeze alone having fallen victims to it; and, as described to me by eye-witness—

“Terror was struck into the minds of the people; many were taken ill through fear, and died. Men, women, and children collected together in large companies, crying and beseeching God to turn away his judgments from them; this they did bareheaded and without shoes, humbling themselves, they said, because they knew they were great sinners. The air resounded, day and night, with their cries; length all classes fled to the mountains, leaving the city quite deserted; the bazaars were shut up, and not a person to be seen in the place. In the October of this year, the cholera raged the most furiously, and of the villages, half the inhabitants had been swept away; the corn was left unreaped; the cattle were wandering without owners, and famine seemed to be the inevitable consequence of the pestilence.” Interment could not take place; servants dropped at the thresholds of their masters, and evident proofs were offered that the disease was infectious.

Near the different gates of the city is built up the “Nemaz Jah,” they call it, or place of prayer. It is merely a raised platform of brick work, on which the Mahomedans perform their morning and evening devotions, and the bodies are sometimes brought there to be prayed over previous to interment. Public devotion is the general practice amongst these people. It matters not any interruptions—the prostrations—the kneelings—the rapid play of the lips—all goes on with seeming fervency, peculiar to the followers of Mahomet; and on Thursday, the different gates have their Koran readers, proclaiming also the doctrines of the prophet.

What an ostentatious display this seems to be of religious profession

and so different from *His* injunctions who commands us, "And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet." I have always considered that religion, if it be merely external, is better than none at all; the want of these observances sometimes leads, not only to the neglect, but to the entire forgetfulness of God's worship. When shall we see the disciples of the Messiah proclaiming him in the market-places, or on the house-top? and, although he does not enjoin pilgrimages to Jerusalem, as the Mahomedans enjoin pilgrimages to Meshed, still why is the service so imperfectly observed, or seemingly the last duty thought of, as in nothing to compete with Mahomedan zeal?

No. 4.—The "*Tauj ee Dowleh*."

It was in the month of August that I was winding my way through the narrow streets of Tehran, to obtain a fresher respiration outside the walls than I could find within them, that my course was suddenly arrested by a troop of "*Feroshs*," with their long wands clearing the way, and with their menacing shouts frightening every poor wight that stood before them. "What is it?" I exclaimed to Gul Mahmoud. "The *Tauj*! The *Tauj*!" and with breathless haste, "*Kebardar*!" Scarcely uttered when the *Feroshs* were amongst us, one of whom turned me about suddenly to the wall to prevent my seeing the coming procession; another pommelled my poor fellow severely for daring to keep his stand with me, whilst all were shouting and clearing the way of every living animal, man and beast. I could compare it to nothing but the threatened coming of a wild bull, such was the general consternation. Placed in this position, I yet ventured to turn around for a peep at this wonderful "*Tauj*," but, alas! buried in shawls and in rich oriental embroidery, I could form no idea if it was male or female clay on the horse, since they both use the same saddles. A boy richly habited, and his steed sumptuously caparisoned, preceded this "*Crown of the State*" (such is the title of the "*Tauj ee Dowleh*," or the King's Head Wife). Then followed some ladies of the household, all in rich wrappers of crimson or gold colour, sparkling with Asiatic finery. In the midst of them came the *Tauj* herself; her principal distinction consisting in the richness of her shawls, and the splendid housings of the horse bestridden by her, and accompanied by the black eunuch, whose vigilant eye, lest any one should glance at the wrapper even which enveloped his fair charge, bespoke the trusty keeper of the harem; the train was brought up by a motley group of attendants—I should think about a hundred altogether; the *Tauj* was returning from the "*Gulistan*," or Rose Garden, which was her favourite summer residence; and except on these extraordinary occasions, none of the royal haremities are to be seen in the streets of Tehran. She was said to be the favourite wife of "*Fattee Ali Shah*," and to manage the affairs of the "*Andaroon*," which are by no means unimportant, since large sums are annually expended by her for the females who inhabit it; the number of these royal prisoners it is difficult to ascertain—I have heard them estimated at a thousand! but not long before my arrival they had been much thinned out, but whether from his Majesty's caprice, or from sudden qualms of avarice,



touching the expense, was not known. Suffice it that some of them were bestowed as wives on the Khans, being the most gracious mark of the royal favour. The "Tauj" was formerly the daughter of an obscure "Kiabab" cook at Shiraz, who kept a public eating-house for these Persian dainties; her brother, it was said, was then in the same profession. How she found her way to the royal favour, I know not; but she was esteemed to be a woman of talent—and a woman of taste too, so far as English porter goes, of which she took her bottle daily. Such was the "on dit" of Tehran. How remarkably strong is the jealousy of the Persians that their females be not seen by any but their legitimate lords, I have seen numerous instances. The observance of this custom among the ancients of the East is first instanced in Rebecca covering herself with a veil at the approach of her affianced lord and the observance of it is thus enforced in the 24th chapter of the Koran:—"And speak unto the believing women that they restrain their eyes, and preserve their modesty, and discover not their ornaments except what necessarily appeareth thereof; and let them throw their veils over their bosoms, and not show their ornaments unless to their husbands," &c.

'Tis perfect pollution to the female, they imagine, for any stranger man's eyes to light upon her. I was coming into Sulimania very early in the morning, having made a night travel of it from Tehran, when I met the "Takht Revan" of one of the royal wives, in which she was being conveyed to that city. The "Takht Revan" is a machine built upon two poles, and suspended on the backs of mules—one before, and the other behind; it is sufficiently long to lay in at length, and high to sit up comfortably, reminding me more of a bier than any thing else, except that it is covered in, and so completely enveloped in curtains and wrappers, as to render it impossible to see the person within, even were they not cowled and coiled in shawl. "Buala!" cried out the eunuch and attendants, and clearing the way with menacing aspects. I was then so far off as to be almost insensible of what was coming, but the road must be cleared, and I had to go at an inconvenient distance to avoid looking even at the wrapper which contained the royal prisoner.

What an absurdity does this appear to us! but unless the strictest attention be given by Europeans to this custom, their Persian travels might be much endangered. I was once riding round the walls of Tabreez, as was my wont, and suddenly I saw some horsemen galloping towards me. "Beru! Beru!" I inquired why? since this was a public path. But I must immediately go out of it—a daughter of the Shah, and then the "Caimacan's" wife, had fancied to promenade a little on this road, which must be entirely cleared for her royal presence. It is extremely rare that ladies of the court take these fancies; so looking round me I did get a glimpse of this diminutive branch of royalty, for so she appeared to be, but exercising all the dignity which short limbs and a robust frame would permit.

It were endless to narrate similar instances of Persian jealousy, as regards female seclusion. A Khan with whom I am well acquainted, and lately married, offered a large sum for permission to see his bride elect; but no! the seeing her would be deemed a sort of profanation;

and the case has sometimes happened in Persia of a Laban deceiving Jacob—who thought he had married “Rachel, and behold it was Leah.”

*No. 5.—The Eyd y Nu Rooze.*

Who can determine that knotty point, at what season of the year “the evening and the morning were the sixth day?” Even our immortal bard admits—“For man to tell how human life began—is hard.” The Persians contend for the 21st March, when the new year’s day is observed by them as their grandest festival of the year; then the relations of life are renewed (if I may so say), of family ties, friendly ties, and numerous other ties, known only on this day; then the sequestered haremite comes off her carpet, and bedizened in the costly trappings conferred by her lord, exchanges courtesies with other splendid prisoners—all happy in that seeming vacuity of existence which may be likened more to animal than to spiritual life. The men in the warmth of their congratulations extend it even to *two lips*; I must confess that I do not like this custom of bearding it—the intended seal of intercourse between the sexes. On this day, from the prince to the peasant, all must be happy, or at least appear to be so; the former receives gratulations, presents,—confers gifts, orders, governments—in fact, a renewal of the year in all its bearings—“Eyd y Shuma nu Borak,” and they seem inspired with the sensations of our first parents—“With fragrance and with joy my heart overflowed.” The servants are clothed in their new liveries, business is partially suspended, and the monarch, in regal array, is surrounded by his vassals, all of them offering some substantial proofs of their homage; and the “Shah Padi Shah,” in the midst of his numerous family, deigns to honour them with permission to approach “the dust of his Majesty’s feet.”

That the Persians should observe the new year in March, seems to me much more rational than the gloomy season chosen by the Europeans. Adam describes “each tree loaden with fairest fruit;” and I prefer the Mahomedan’s calculation of “when all things smiled.” At this season nature evidently renews her strength; the teeming earth bursts with her vegetable produce, and life quickens—even animal life; since it is notorious that the hitherto straightened tongue-strings become loosened at this period, and mothers hang over their babes for a spring salutation. And strange as it may appear (if it be no interpolation to my subject), that I have heard their language spoken as well *without a tongue* as with it. Now “the womb of nature teems—and the spirit of joy pervades all space.” In the cold frigid climate which we inhabit, I query if the sensations of delight can be so lively as under the animating rays of an oriental sun (I have often been told that I never saw the sun in my own country); the very juices of the veins which should bubble into joy are frozen in their course; and such is the power of the animal over the *mental* system, that the Persian (the Frenchman of the East) knows nothing of that torpidity and languor of the brain so peculiar to “the Englishman of the West.”

The “Nu Rooze” is distinguished by a series of fêtes which occupy

many days. Voluntary taxation to an immense extent are among its fruits in every shape—of shawls and horses, money and jewels. I have heard of an offering of an hundred thousand tomacens;—the royal dispensations to the inmates of the harem are made at this period and the illustrious “Tauj ee Dowleh,” to whom the many hundred captives look for those favours, scatters in profusion her silks, brocade velvets, &c., to an immense amount.

The ladies’ toilet in this country is no inconsiderable item in his Majesty’s expenditure; to feed an “overweening vanity,” which is the character of the Persians, who now compliment beauty as “a sweet scented rose, that had never looked upon dust—a spring that has never been vexed by a cold blast,”—the “Eyd y Noorooz,” or the vernal equinox, was instituted by the fire-worshippers; it is also the anniversary of the elevation of Ali to the Califat—hence the great veneration of the Persians for its observance. It is amusing to see when any royal gift is conferred, with what respect the receiver raises it to his forehead, and then kisses the same.

I do love respect for dignities—not that which degenerates into slavish fear, and converts a rational creature into a Mandarin; but religious loyalty unto the powers that be ordained, whether it be to the king as supreme, or “unto governors as unto them that are sent to him;” and the great Governor of all, who raises up kings for the benefit of his people, has implanted generally that love and fear which make them obedient to authorities. Though I have seen the Asiatics fly at the presence of their sovereign, yet I deem the Persian peasant’s more enviable lot than the British artisan’s, who, if once stimulated to democratic licentiousness, and red hot with this demon of delusion, soon to be destroyed by the fabrications of his own smithy.

F. G.

## THE BRIDEGROOM OF ETERNITY.

*Woodstock, January 20th, 1840.*

SIR,

In looking over the papers of my uncle, Charles T—— of —— College, Oxford, I found the accompanying one in a portfolio labelled “for future publication” *alone*. As I have not the power of publishing it otherwise than by the medium of a magazine, and wishing to fulfil the evident intention of my poor uncle, I venture to enclose a copy of it to you, with an earnest request that you would insert it, if you possibly can, before March 1st. On that day I sail to America, and should be glad if I could take such a memorial of my poor uncle to his family who are now residing at Boston. With regard to the paper itself, I hope and trust that his state of mind was not as he describes it but that this particular paper was written during one of those states of morbid excitement to which he was liable. Pray, sir, excuse the trouble I am giving you; I know no Magazine which I would so willingly see it in as the Monthly, and there is none to whom, as far as

writings go, I would more willingly entrust it than yourself. With sincere apologies for so troubling you,

Believe me, sir, your obedient servant,

J. A. HERAUD, Esq.

W. T. C.

*Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

— College, Oxford, January 3rd, 1793.

I AM an old man now, and with me the waters of experience are fast flowing into the ocean of eternity. Little communion have I had with my fellow-men, and even that little has been full of sorrow and bitterness. Entering college in the very hey-day of life, I sought with avidity the living fruit of knowledge; but I sought it in the gardens of the dead, and what wonder if it turned to ashes on my lips. Many were my friends, at least many so called themselves; but I was rich, and the rich never want friends. I shrank from the cold selfishness of society, and felt not that I stood on the brink of a deeper precipice—the selfishness of retirement. I saw it not, and fell, and thenceforth became an isolated wretch, a thing wrapped up in its own nothingness:—a Christian, because all around were Christians, moral because immorality was inconvenient, charitable because too weak to resist importunity.

For me all is lost! for me, this side the grave no rest—no hope! Beyond it, a vague inanity, which my sluggish spirit dare not strive to fill up. Death or life are to me alike. I live as though I lived not, and when death shall hurl the dart which he has already lifted, I shall die as though I were to live no more. And yet even upon me have the light and warmth of friendship shed their beams—the sunny smile of youth hath pierced my spirit's inmost recesses, and for a short moment the frosts of selfishness have flowed into the warm streams of human sympathy. Once those beams were frequent; they have long—long ceased to shine; and in their stead, darkness palpable and eternal ice. Are these tears that glide down my furrowed cheek? Shame upon my weakness! I had deemed their fountain was for ever dried:—but they will flow no more; they are the last dewdrops of humanity flowing into a world whose sympathies were with all but me. I could tell the tale of the woes that blasted my being, but the cold world would only mock at me, and it shall not know. I might have done so once: in better days I wrote records of scenes which brought down heaven to earth—and yet—and yet that heaven had a fence around it, which bristled against me alone:—I saw and could not enter. I was very proud, and yet I begged its happy inmates for but a drop of its overflowing streams of warm joy; and they spurned me—yet not all: a few—a very few sought me out in my desert solitude, but the waters that were joy to them were gall to me. My taste was palled, or they were miserably cheated—I know not which. A future world may perchance disclose it—but I cannot. I kept these records once—they are useless now—to me worse than useless—gall and wormwood. I cast them from me into a world deceiving and deceived. They may pour balm into a wounded spirit, or give the last blow to a broken heart; which, I care not. Be happy they who list—my happiness is in the curelessness of woe. When these papers, which no man's hand

save my own has touched, shall see the day, the waters of life will have closed over a weary swimmer in their dull expanse, and the depths beneath may have revealed somewhat to his spirit—more misery they cannot reveal. I shall sink calmly into the gulf, more calmly perchance than the Christian, to whom men say all joy opens beyond the tomb, for he has love and life, hopes and fears, joys and delight—all to lose, and I have—nothing.

The Bridegroom of Eternity! they were his own words, even when death was just rending in sunder the veil that hides life's nothingness. But he rejoiced to depart, for this side the grave there was nought for him, save the bitter memory of a too happy past. Poor Willie! his years had been few indeed, but he was grey in experience. It is but three years since he entered my college, with life and joy before him, and now—he lies pale and cold in the room where we have so often talked of pleasure to come, and strewed life's thorny path with imagination's fadeless flowers; yes, we talked of joy *together*, for I then could, at times, think of joys in store for me—for *me*; my name and joy together! The bitter laugh of despair is rising within me at the thought. But I may not laugh *now*, for he—Poor Willie!

Oh! how well can I remember even now—now when the cold dews of death are upon his brows, the first time I looked upon his sunny smile. I knew him not, but I loved him for his smile; smiles were plenty around me, but none like his. He was much my junior, yet I sought his acquaintance. I, who never smiled, sought him who was all smiles. It was strange, at least all around thought, and said so; yet why strange? We all seek that which we have not; why should I not seek his beaming smiles? I loved him, and he returned my affection with warm and openhearted confidence. He spoke to me of love—the faithful love of woman—*faith* and *woman*; how I should scoff at the thought *now*! and yet when I heard him speak, I could not but believe:—he spoke to me—the cynic—the sceptic—the scoffer of earnest prayer, of trust in God, and of his never-failing providence, and I—mocked not; nay, I—the sceptic—the scoffer—listened to *him*, and—believed. He loved, deeply, earnestly loved, and he was beloved again; but they were both poor—he and she who swayed his whole being, and he was come to wring from the hands of science and of classic lore the dross for which alone the world sells its comforts; he was come to drag down the beautiful, the noble, the generous from their heavenly thrones and coin them into—money! And yet with *him* it was not quite so, for the brightness of his buoyant spirit cast a halo of glory even around his struggles for subsistence; an immortal soul struggling for daily bread! He, too, felt the bitterness of the trial, but it was sweetened by his exceeding love. Oh, how often have I listened breathlessly to his gentle voice, as he poured forth to me the raptures, the very madness of his adoration. I thought him but an enthusiast *then*; I think *now* that he must have been *mad*—none but a madman could have built so trustfully on woman's faith and woman's love.

Three long years had he wrestled with the high phantoms of the past, and wrung from them all the treasures of their wisdom; the wisdom to others so cold—so miserable; to him so warm—so gentle—so

noble ; for he had cast around the dry skeleton the bright garment of his own love, and himself had clothed the bare bones with living flesh, and breathed into them the breath of life and love. He was dying ! the spirit and the flesh maintained in him perpetual conflict, and the body was fast yielding. Day by day he became more altered ; his step was less light and gay, but he became more deeply spiritual. The torch within burnt more brightly as the casket which contained it wore away. The lady of his love was in a distant land. He had not seen her for years, and heard but rarely from her—he was upheld by his ever buoyant hope *alone*.

The time of his trial was near, when his labours were to be crowned with their due reward. As yet every honour in the university had been his ; acknowledged by all the best scholars of his time, he had nothing to fear, and waited calmly for the result. It was a glorious May evening when he entered my room after one of the long solitary walks with which he was wont to relieve the weariness of his labours. The day following was the first day of his examination, and he had protracted his walk far beyond the usual time. As he entered he brushed hastily away a starting tear, and sat down near the open window in silence. The May moon was pouring its full effulgence over hill and dale, and Oxford's grey towers were drinking in a new spirit from its gentle beams. A few moments he remained in unbroken silence ; at last he spoke, but in a lower and more subdued tone than I had ever heard him do before, " Charles, I feel as though I had loved too deeply for a perishable and dependent creature." I answered not, and he proceeded : " I saw the sun set behind the hills to-day, and I thought how soon I might set behind the dim horizon of time ; at the farthest how near we are to our setting ; and I strove to pray that *that* lesson might be deeply grafted in my heart, deeper than it yet had been. But my spirit was with her and not with God. I looked up to the darkening sky, over which the red wings of the sunset were still spread, and I sought, through those clear heavens, to raise my spirit to my Maker, and I could not. All things around reflected *her* alone, but God was not there. The moaning winds, the odorous breathings of the opening flowers of night, the pale stars, the dark blue heavens, all spoke the same, all breathed her adored name. I was sick with love, yet I wept at its exceeding emptiness ; mortal love, unsustained by the eternal God ! As is the slender tree bending beneath the weight of its own fruit, and no man near to support it, so was finite love struggling to fill an infinite spirit, and God not near to clothe its weakness with his own infinity. The shadow of her sway deepened over me, until I beheld in the universe but *one* being in whom was centred every thought. Oh, but such love is a fearful thing ! It is as though one were in Paradise, upheld by a thin line that ever threatened to break. It was not that I had forgotten God, but I saw him in the light of her exceeding loveliness ; the infinite in the finite ! Pray for me, friend, pray deeply—earnestly, that the reed whereon I have leant may not be broken by a justly jealous God. Pray for me that I may sanctify my mortal love by His immortal presence."

He knelt in prayer, and I beside him. I know not why I knelt ; it

was not for prayer. We were in solemn silence. He rose, and seemed calmed. "I was thinking," he said, "how many accidents might prevent our union, and I wept in the bitterness of the thought. But, praise be to God! who sent his angel, I *knew*, that however that should betide, we should be united in heaven to part no more."

How I could mock in that hour, I know not; but I said bitterly "In heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage." He seemed not to mark the bitter irony of my tone, but answered me calmly and gently, "Oh, no! the hot breath of passion is far from the heavenly unions; in heaven they do *not* marry, neither are they given in marriage. Passion is of the earth, earthly; but as surely as I know that my Redeemer liveth, so surely feel I that those souls, the pulse of whose being beat together upon earth, are destined for an everlasting union in heaven; the communion of spirits; the perfecting of either nature with that which it lacked; the filling-up of the gentleness of woman with the proud boldness of manhood; the calming the pride of man with the exceeding gentleness of woman. Of such as these is the union in heaven; and such, if on earth we be not united, will be ours. In this, henceforth, shall be the strength of my love, for God hath given it to me."

He ceased, and we separated; he to the rest of calm confidence and serene joy, I to the sleepless slumber of an anxious and perturbed spirit.

That night a dream of desolation was upon me. The bright moon on which we had so lately gazed, was before me still, silvering hill and dale with its pallid beams; but there was a fearful tremor in the air; the breezes sighed sorrowfully as they passed along, and mournful the dark leaves rustled. I looked, and a black cloud was drifting to the distance; slowly it spread over the face of the heavens, and the stars one by one sank beneath it. Even the bright moon at length was hidden. Then, methought a pale figure sped across the heaven, and its eyes were veiled with its own bright wings, and it spread thin hands abroad, and cried aloud, "Death! death!" and all nature shook, and every leaf and blade of grass, and every odorous flower waved mournfully, and their echo was still "Death! death!" I, with excess of pain—I started—for Willie was weeping by my side.

"She is dead!" the words choked in his throat, and he rose and left me alone.

"She is dead!" I repeated, "and fled are all his bright hopes, asunder is the silver cord, and broken the golden bowl; fled the dream of love, and for ever! Her beautiful form is gone—gone the worm will nestle in her golden hair, while he shall fruitfully mourn over vanished hopes and profitless love." I dressed myself and went in search of him; he was nowhere to be found, and in restless anxiety, fearing for his unrestrained despair. But safe; for the angel of the God in whom he trusted was with him.

It was late when he returned. The moon was up and at its pale, moveless beams seemed to calm all grief into rest. He entered my room, and reclined, as fatigued, upon a couch. His face was very calm, but so pale, and the silvery moonbeams came

a halo around it. Had I believed in spirits, I might have fancied him one then, so utterly had all vestige of humanity faded from him.

"I have seen her," he said, solemnly; "she has not forgotten me."

"You are ill," I replied; "your fancy is disordered; were it not better that you sought repose?"

"I sleep no more," he answered; "no more on earth. She has called me hence, and God in his mercy has confirmed the summons. It was no fancy. I stood alone beneath the moonlight, and prayed for my deliverance,—and I was heard. Suddenly, by some mysterious spell, all earthly things fled from me, and my eyes were turned inwardly upon mine own soul, and she was there within my spirit. I felt her presence. Another might have deemed it but a passing thought; but I knew her spirit was upon mine. She was around and within me; one mighty, overwhelming presence; I was under one strong, irresistible influence. And that presence spake within me; it told me of higher hopes, of a purer union, and of a better world; it called me thither, from earth to heaven. And all was past. I saw again the pale moonbeams over all the earth, and the bright stars again glittered in their courses, and warm breath was upon my cheek; it was her spirit as it parted from me, and I was alone. Earth and sky—flowers and trees—hopes, fears, cares, troubles, were no more in his spirit—God had sent *his* peace, and I saw in death only the passage through which he had gone before me, and through which I must follow. I am trembling on the verge of eternity, and again I tell you that there is union in heaven. I have broken the bonds of earthly love, with its wild passions and its bright ecstasies. Earthly love hath, indeed, wondrous bliss, and mighty were the throes that tore it from my bosom; yet it is but the struggle of two divided spirits for union, which may never be on earth; but in heaven it shall be so. We shall no more be two, but one spirit—one in every thought, and hope, and fear, if, indeed, beyond yon calm blue pavilion there be hopes and fears. Earth is vanishing fast; my sight is failing me. Old things are passing away, and all things becoming new. Friend, yestere'en thou saidst, in heaven there was no marriage. Our spousals were upon earth, but our union shall be consummated in heaven. I am *the bridegroom of eternity*." He smiled faintly—a gentle sigh, and the broken-heart was at rest; the spirit had passed to its eternal home.

I think they were united in heaven.

## AN HOUR AT THE ECCALEOBION,

OR, THE ARTIFICIAL MADEIRAS.

"THERE is very little to be seen in London just at this season, my dear Emma," said I; "but if you will wrap up yourself warm, I will take you to see the chickens in Pall Mall, or, as Mr. Bucknell has called it, *The Eccaleobion*."

"The chickens! my dear uncle; why, what can you mean by that?" said my young and extremely pretty niece, who was come to pay me a visit from Berkshire; "but I will put myself under your guidance,"



she added, "and as the day is rather sunny, and warm for the time of year, I think the ride will do me good."

As my little favourite was cloaking herself up, and crossing her sable boa over her delicate bosom, for the proposed excursion, I could not help mentally exclaiming, "What a cursed climate this must be, which endangers the health, nay, even the life, of such a number of young fair beings, with frames so slight, and lungs so tender, that one knows not how to manage them. This ride now up to town, may, perhaps, increase Emma's cough, and help to bring on that foul fiend, *Consumption*, which has already carried off a couple of her sisters, and is, I fear, very likely to leave my sister *childless* and desolate in her old age, and myself, bachelor as I am, not much the happier for losing my playmate, my nurse, and my companion altogether, in the person of my niece, Emma Blackburn! She certainly coughs more than usual, and, as I live, has that bright, delusive spot on each cheek, somewhat like that glow the sun is sure to paint the clouds with, just before its setting. I believe I must run off with her to the Madeiras, where she can breathe more freely."

"My dear uncle, I am ready," exclaimed Emma Blackburn, tripping lightly into the room. I sighed heavily as I beheld her. Beautiful she looked in her new black velvet bonnet, lined and trimmed with pale pink satin, but there sat the two *oracular* pink spots also, speaking of incipient disease, and finally the tomb.

It took about an hour, our drive from Blackheath to Pall Mall; the windows were kept closed of my carriage, so we stepped into *The Eccalcobion*, without any injury, I believe, to my tender and beloved charge, who, on our way there, had asked me to give her an explanation of the term, which I told her I believed was derived from two Greek words, namely *Εκκαλέω*, *I bring forth*, and *Βίος*, or *life*, meaning that the machine there employed for hatching eggs, *brings forth life*.

It is unnecessary to describe the machine invented by the intelligent proprietor: it is enough to say that it is an oblong wooden box, about nine feet in length, covered, except at the doors, with cloth, and divided into eight compartments with glazed doors. Eggs of different kinds of birds, but more especially of *chickens*, lie in one or more of these, neither covered with flannel nor immersed in sand, and are there hatched by artificial means, to the amount of more than a hundred daily; they are then put into another chamber of the machine, where they are provided with proper food and warmth; a day or two after they are transferred to another, and then another, each graduated in its temperature to their peculiar state, until they can bear the external atmosphere, when they are placed, healthy and chirping, in great quantities together, to shift for themselves. But to judge of the *Eccalcobion*, and the ingenuity of its life-preserving power, it must be seen. My pretty niece was much delighted with the whole exhibition; had one or two eggs opened for her, to show her the different stages of the incubation, and amused herself some time in watching a little healthy chick emancipating himself from the imprisoning shell, and tottering out to full light and life, bold and strong as an infant Hercules. The egg of a tortoise too, nearly hatched, interested her much, as she was

allowed to take it in her hand, and rattle its hard, shelly little form, as yet unborn, in her ear.

On inquiry, I found that by this process, all eggs, if perfect and healthy, must be duly hatched, as is frequently not the case under the parent-bird, who, by alternation of heat and cold, by unsteady sitting, often addles her eggs; the embryo, in such cases, partially develops itself, but dies away before the full period of incubation. Here, all being regulated by unerring science, no accidents of this kind can occur, and when the little creatures have burst forth, they are not exposed to the many enemies they have to encounter in the farm-yard, but eat, sleep, and thrive in safety.

Whilst Emma was fondling a couple of handsome cats, who were performing the part of foster-mothers to about a score of young chickens, just taken out from the machine, but still coveting a little warmth, which they obtained by nestling under the legs and in the bosoms of the cats, skipping about upon their heads, and pecking their sides and tails, I entered into conversation with Mr. Bucknell, the inventor of the whole apparatus, and as the matter of our discourse was, I conceive, of great importance, I will give the heads of it as shortly as I can.

"You have improved very much, my good sir," said I, "upon the Egyptian *mammals*, or ovens for hatching of chickens, that we have read so much of, and even on those experiments under the direction of M. de Reaumur, of the French academy; all your little nurslings appear to be in perfect health, and some of them nearly ready to lay more eggs for you to put into your machine, that you may hatch their descendants. Now it has this moment struck me, that under your scientific management, of course assisted by sensible and skilful medical men, a place might be constructed, where delicate-lunged *human creatures*, like my niece there, might have the benefit of a warmer atmosphere during our dreadful winters, or as long as might be judged expedient, and derive as much good there as if they visited the *Maderas*, or Southern Italy. What is your opinion, sir?"

"That the thing is perfectly practicable, and would save thousands from an early grave, if it could be begun and carried on with spirit," answered Mr. Bucknell. "I would engage to make a large suite of apartments, fit for a national establishment, with public libraries, dormitories, and musical saloons, &c. &c. quite as sanitory to delicate, consumptive people, as this room is to the offspring of chickens, turkeys, &c. We only want *the means*, that is, public encouragement, and parents would no longer have to deplore the premature loss of their sons and daughters, one after another, as is often the case now in families, by that bane of our changeable climate, called *decline*."

"Why is not such a desideratum immediately set about?" cried I, glancing as I spoke at Emma, who was inspecting, at that moment, with a microscope, an egg which had been broken after twelve days of incubation, showing the orbits of sight now fully developed, and the ribs of the future bird perfected. "Oh!" thought I, "if I could place that beloved girl in such a sanctuary during half the year, we should not, I am persuaded, lose her, but as it is—" and I warmed in the contemplation of her, and in my wishes to promote such a scheme

for the preservation of so many young, fair creatures, all fading away, like hot-house plants exposed to the inclemency of a northern climate.

"It shall be done, Mr. Bucknell," exclaimed I, seizing and buttoning up my great coat, "I will go at once and consult my friend, Dr. Elliotson, that able and unprejudiced physician; he shall give us his advice and support; taking the medical charge of our artificial Madeira. We will have a resident surgeon to superintend all the arrangements, so that our inmates may be classed according to their peculiar state; and I know a young medical gentleman just fit for the thing, who being delicate himself in his health, would like, no doubt, to avail himself of the delightful temperature, you, Mr. Bucknell, would provide by your warm and genial air. What think you, sir, of the Colosseum, to begin with?"

"It would do very well as a place of experiment," answered Mr. Bucknell, "but we should want it much enlarged."

"Oh, no doubt," answered I, "we must have commodious sleeping and private apartments, as well as public rooms; but all those pretty sights there, the Swiss cottage, the panorama, the fountain, and the conservatories, might remain to amuse our beloved inmates, who, some of them, especially the females, must have their friends and mothers with them. All these arrangements, of course, Mr. Bucknell, would be duly considered, and all the proprieties strictly attended to, that *moral* health should not be endangered, whilst we are seeking to preserve the physical. We shall want a patron, and ought to have the Queen, which no doubt we shall, if we can *get at her*, to make her understand our plan; but in the meantime, what do you think of laying it before the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, out of the sea of politics himself, is ever ready to promote the good of his fellow-creatures? With his name, we shall soon get a sufficient number of shareholders, who, I doubt not, even as a matter of money speculation, would soon get most ample interest for their investment."

Mr. Bucknell smiled at my enthusiasm, and observing that my niece looked fatigued, I took my leave of him, promising to see him again soon on the subject. But as we must begin *somewhere*, I sat down, on my return to Blackheath, and put down on paper, an account of the hour I spent at the *Eccaleobion*, with the fixed determination not to let the matter rest there. I have a thousand pounds now lying unemployed, and am quite willing to embark that sum in an undertaking in which so much positive good may be derived; and although in the early stage of the experiment, only the rich could be benefited there, who could afford to pay for their admission into our Arcadia, where no rude blast would be permitted to intrude until summer gales were blowing, yet there is still hope that should this one answer our expectation, temporized hospitals, or sanitories rather, would be built, in which the poor might be sheltered and preserved, carrying on their various avocations within the walls of their protecting *arks*; and how pleasing would it be, to carry on the metaphor, to behold the young, fair creatures (for consumption generally attacks the loveliest, at least, so it seems to me) emerging from their ark of refuge, when the tempest has ceased to rage, and the frost to exacerbate, coming out in the month of May, like the young blossoms,

and to find that the plague amongst them was stayed, at least until the approach of another English winter, when their old quarters could be sought, or their lungs be rendered strong enough to combat with its keenness.

\* \* We consider our correspondent's letter of so much importance to thousands of hapless victims, suffering under that dreadful malady, consumption, that we readily insert it. We concede to the writer that the principle which produces (develops) life at the Eccleobion, is identically that which would be most effectual in its preservation. The proposal, we trust, will be immediately carried into effect.

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### LEIGH HUNT'S PLAY,\* AND THE COVENT GARDEN MANAGEMENT.

THIS drama is quite refreshing after Bulwer's blasphemies. What liar was it who declared that dramatic genius in England was dead, and that only he remained to redeem it? Have we not yet poets, whose energies, long exercised, are not yet exhausted, and others who have shown themselves well skilled in the accomplishment of verse, and are fast rising into artists? Yes—thanks to the everlasting Muses! thanks and praises! Poets! and let no man who begins not his literary career as a poet attempt the drama! It is the one condition of success. Shakspeare was a poet ere a writer for the stage—Scott a poet before he became a novelist. The proseman lacks what after-study cannot give. It is utterly impossible now that Bulwer ever can write a good play, simply because he never can become a good poet—or rather a poet at all.

This is the *rationale* of the whole case—and any one who controvenes the position assumed, declares thereby his total incapacity for the argument at issue.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, though much ill-used by those who have since apologised for their bad conduct, began life as a versifier, and grew up into a poet of exceeding delicacy and sweetness. The production before us is distinguished by all his excellencies, and very few of his defects. It was originally offered to Mr. Macready during his management, and though infinitely superior to any thing that gentleman has yet produced (including the *Mary Stuart*), was rejected. We mean not to speak ill of Mary Stuart; we have already given it its due measure of praise—but, nevertheless, its faults are monstrous, and its merits altogether artificial. Its artificialities, however, probably recommended it to Mr. Macready, who must now be looked upon as the patron of the *artificial* school. True and genuine poetry makes him shudder—it puts to flight all his stage conventionalities—it sets the author above the actor—and, therefore, he will have none of it. Pity—pity! We weep for him, and for what he has left undone—having promised so much.

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\* *A Legend of Florence*, a play in five acts. By Leigh Hunt. London: Moxon, 1840.

He promised too much. To him is due the regeneration of the stage—the redemption of the drama belongs to the poets.

Mr. Leigh Hunt's drama justifies us in what we sometime ago said as to the superiority of the rejected. We know of other specimens, some equal, others almost equal in excellence, and all the work of true poets. We thought of publishing one or two of these in whole or in part—but as this proceeding might injure the chance of their being acted, we therefore refrain for a while.

It seems that the Covent Garden management are thoroughly alive to the absurdities of the Macready system of favouritism; that they behave with the greatest politeness to authors; and are resolved to prefer the poet to the play-wright and the novelist. This principle, well acted out, will make the era of their management a blessed epoch; and while they continue in it, and do their best to promote it, they shall receive the guerdon of our approbation.

Mr. Leigh Hunt bears willing testimony to the kindness with which he, the author of a Macready-rejected play, has been treated. "I cannot help," he says, "taking the first opportunity of saying, how delightful has been the intercourse it has occasioned me with my new friends the performers, from the moment when the fair manager first held out to me her cordial hand, down to the last pleasant interchange of jest and earnest during the business of rehearsal. In all my life I never met with a reception, on all sides, so full of what is most precious to an anxious author,—willingness to hear, promptitude to decide, an absence of every species of insincerity and mystification, and, what has particularly touched me, a generous encouragement to proceed in my new efforts, even should the first have tried the philosophy of every party concerned, by proving unsuccessful. When authors are treated in this manner behind the curtain, and the public see what is done to please them by indefatigable attentions to every propriety of the stage, no wonder a sense of cheerfulness and abundance is associated with the idea of Covent Garden Theatre in the general mind, and that Madame Vestris, night after night, has seen her larger house fill as the smaller did, in spite of those who had begun to think large houses impracticable, and of the hostility even of that late pertinacious anti-playgoer, the bad weather."

Now for the play itself. Have we not said more than once that literature, as literature, fights the battle of morals *versus* manners? How often is fidelity to the symbol, treason to the idea! In all cases of martyrdom for man's regeneration, conscience has had to eliminate itself from convention. Excellent is convention, but more excellent is conscience. Excellent is convention when representative of conscience—but bestial, abominable, when its substitute. Yet to this what is called mere respectability attains only. Respectable is the wight who keeps a gig—respectable is the actor who never trespasses on the boundary of theatric proprieties—respectable is any man who is neither above nor below the ordinary standard of character and conduct. Mediocrity and respectability mean the same thing—inoffensive enough, if not ostentatious of merit—but if claiming even to be only good enough, remarkably offensive. Let not mere respectability boast—for it has nothing to boast of. It takes whatever it can get;

it gives nothing, having nothing to give. It makes no sacrifice, and has no motive thereto—but keeps on the winning side of things—looks to its own safety—and if it be prudent, will not interfere with that of others.

But there is an imprudent respectability. Respectability is imprudent when, instead of remaining negative, it would affect to be positive—when, instead of being a very little thing, it would claim to be all things—instead of a small part, the great whole. No virtue, as we have said, resides in respectability, if the higher, quickening principle be wanting. It is nothing but disguised selfishness. It is utterly wanting in love.

Francesco Agolanti, a noble Florentine, was a respectable man, such as convention makes a man. Noble by birth—rank—station—accidentally noble, but not essentially so. In nature, he is only a “fellow,” nothing more.

“Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.”

And he wanted the worthiest of things without which nothing can be worthy—a true, confiding, unselfish love; *love that casts out all fear*. Rightly, therefore, is he called by Cesare Colonna, a fellow. Something denotes it to the said Colonna, though a stranger to Agolanti, even in his external bearing; “a lavish courtesy and a close eye.” Da Riva defines him—

“That fellow,

As you call him, is one of the most respectable men  
In Florence. *Men*, do I say? one of the richest  
And proudest nobles; of strict fame withal,  
Yet courteous; bows to every one, pays every one—  
(Oh, villain!)—flatters every one; in short,  
Is as celestial out of his own house,  
As he is devil within it.”

He has no “household grace,” sneaking or other, and what grace he has “is not sneaking.”

“In all, *except a heart, and a black shade*  
*Of superstition*, he is man enough!”

Our dear Hunt, we are afraid that the words we have italicised, are not strictly grammatical—or if so, not expressive of thy meaning. Hast thou not made the word *except* do double duty? We know thou hast. The black shade of superstition, unfortunately, is not to be excepted, but incepted, among his attributes. Agolanti is man enough, in all “except a heart, and the white light of pure religion.” The black shade of superstition sits heavily upon him. He substitutes the conventions of the religious spirit for the religion itself. He is a man of rites and ceremonies.

Thus incapable of the spiritual in love and in religion, he has, nevertheless, married—married a lady whom another had truly and spiritually loved; who, when she was wedded, still loved her spiritually, and no otherwise. Carnal passion stained not his love's purity—when Ginevra was wedded to another, he was well content to cherish her memory, as his soul's wife. Ah! but Ginevra was wedded to a tyrant—she was unhappy. A husband, not jealous, so much as sus-

picious, was wasting her to death—she was dying. Could he all this and be calm? No, he must interfere; he writes to him. The husband and the lover meet.

*Enter AGOLANTI.*

*Agolanti.* I recognise the Signor Rondinelli;  
And in him, if I err not, the inditer  
Of a strange letter.—He would speak with me?

*Rondinelli.* Pardon me. I am sensible that I trespass  
On many delicacies, which at first confuse me.  
Be pleased to look upon them all as summ'd  
In this acknowledgment, and as permitted me  
To hold acquitted in your coming hither.

I would fain speak all calmly and christianly.  
*Agolanti.* You spoke of my wife's life. 'Twas that that brou  
*Rondinelli.* Many speak of it.

*Agolanti.* To what end?  
*Rondinelli.* They doubt  
If you are aware on what a delicate thread  
It hangs.

*Agolanti.* Mean you of health?

*Rondinelli.* I do.

*Agolanti.* 'Twere strange,  
If I knew not the substance of the tenure,  
Seeing it daily.

*Rondinelli.* A daily sight—pardon me—  
May, on that very account, be but a dull one.—  
I pray you, do not think I use plain words  
From wish to offend: I have but one object—such  
As all must have, who know, or ever have known,  
The lady,—you above all others.

*Agolanti.* Truly, sir,  
You, and these knowing friends of yours, or hers,  
Whom I know not, might leave the proverb alone,  
Which says that a fool knows better what occurs  
In his own house, than a wise man does in another's.  
Good Signor Antonio, I *endure* you  
Out of a sort of pity: you understand me;  
Perhaps not quite a just one. This same letter  
Is not the first of yours, that has intruded  
Into my walls.

*Rondinelli.* We understand each other  
In some things, Signor Agolanti, and well;  
In some things one of us is much mistaken;  
But one thing we know perfectly, both of us,—  
The spotlessness of her, concerning whom  
We speak, with conscious souls, thus face to face.—  
Signor Agolanti, I humbly beg of you,  
Well nigh with tears, which you may pity, and welcome,  
So you deny them not, that it will please you  
To recollect, that the best daily eyes,  
The wisest and the kindest, made secure  
By custom and gradation, may see not  
In the fine dreadful fading of a face  
What others see.

*Agolanti.* Signor Antonio,—  
When others allow others to rule their houses,  
To dictate commonplaces, and to substitute

For long experience and uncanting love  
 Their meddling self-sufficiency, their envious  
 Wish to find fault, and most impertinent finding it,  
 When this is the custom and the fashion, then,  
 And not till then, will I throw open my doors  
 To all my kind good masters of fair Florence,  
 To come and know more in my house than I do ;  
 To see more, hear more, have a more inward taste  
 Of whatsoever is sweet and sacred in it,  
 And then vouchsafe me their opinions : order me  
 About, like some new household animal  
 Call'd servant-husband, they being husband-gods,  
 Yet condescending to all collateral offices  
 Of gossip, eaves-dropper, consulting-doctor,  
 Beggarly paymaster of discarded page,  
 Themselves discarded suitor.

*Rondinelli (Aside).* Help me, angel,  
 Against a pride, that, seeing thee, is nothing.—  
 You know full well, Francesco Agolanti,  
 That though a suitor for the prize you won  
 (Oh ! what a prize ! and what a winning ! enough  
 Surely to make you bear with him that lost)  
 Discarded I could not be, never, alas !  
 Having found acceptance. My acquaintance  
 Not long preceded yours ; and was too brief  
 To let my love win on her filial eyes,  
 Before your own came beaming with that wealth,  
 Which, with all other shows of good and prosperous,  
 Her parents justly thought her due. For writing to her  
 Since, with whatever innocence (as you know)  
 And for any opinions of yourself  
 In which I may have wrong'd you, I am desirous  
 To hold my own will in a constant state  
 Of pardon-begging, and self-sacrifice,  
 And will engage never to trouble more  
 Your blessed doors (for such I'll hope they will be)  
 One thing provided.—Sir, it is,—  
 That in consideration of your possessing  
 A treasure, which all men will think and speak of  
 (The more to the just pride of him that owns it),  
 You will be pleased to show, even ostentatiously,  
 What more than care, at this supposed sad juncture,  
 You take of it : will call in learned eyes  
 To judge of what your own too happy ones  
 May slide o'er too securely ; will thus revenge  
 Your wrong on ill mouths, by refuting them ;  
 And secure kindlier ones from the misfortune  
 Of being uncharitable towards yourself.

*Agolanti.* I will not suffer, more than other men,  
 That wrong should be assumed of me, and bend me  
 To what it pleases. What I know, I know ;  
 What in that knowledge have done, shall still do.  
 The more you speak, the greater is the insult  
 To one that asks not your advice, nor needs it ;  
 Nor am I to be trick'd into submission  
 To a pedantic and o'erweening insolence,  
 Because it treats me like a child, with gross  
 Self-reconciling needs and sugary fulsomeness.



Go back to the world you speak of, you yourself,  
True infant; and learn better from its own school,  
You tire me.

*Rondinelli.* Stay; my last words must be heard.—  
In nothing then will there be any difference  
From what the world now see?

*Agolanti.* In nothing, fool!—  
Why should there? Am I a painter's posture-figure?  
A glove to be made to fit? a public humour?  
To hear you is preposterous; not to trample you  
A favour, which I know not why I show.

*Rondinelli.* I'll tell you.  
'Tis because you, with cowardly tyranny,  
Presume on the bless'd shape that stands between us;  
Ay, with an impudence of your own, imméasurable,  
Skulk at an angel's skirts.

*Agolanti.* I laugh at you.  
And let me tell you at parting, that the way  
To serve a lady best, and have her faults,  
Lightliest admonish'd by her lawful helper,  
Is not to thrust a lawless vanity  
'Twixt him and his vex'd love.

*Rondinelli.* Utter that word  
No second time. Blaspheme not its religion.  
And mark me, once for all. I know you proud,  
Rich, sanguine during passion, sullen after it,  
Purchasing shows of mutual respect,  
With bows as low, as their recoil is lofty;  
And thinking that the world and you, being each  
No better than each other, may thus ever,  
In smooth accommodation of absurdity,  
Move prosperous to your graves. But also I know you  
Misgiving amidst all of it; more violent  
Than bold, more superstitious ev'n than formal;  
More propp'd up by the public breath, than vital  
In very self-conceit. Now mark me—

*Agolanti.* A beggar  
Mad with detection, barking like his cur!

*Rondinelli.* Mark me, impostor. Let that saint be worse  
By one hair's-breadth of sickness, and you take  
No step to show that you would have prevented it,  
And every soul in Florence, from the beggar  
Up to the princely sacredness now coming,  
Shall be loud on you, and loathe you. Boys shall follow you,  
Plucking your shuddering skirts; women forego,  
For woman's sake, their bashfulness, and speak  
Words at you, as you pass; old friends not know you;  
Enemies meet you, friend-like; and when, for shame,  
You shut yourself indoors, and take to your bed,  
And die of this world by day, and the next by night,  
The nurse, that makes a penny of your pillow,  
And would desire you gone, but your groans pay her,  
Shall turn from the last agony in your throat,  
And count her wages!

*Agolanti.* Death in thine own throat.

*Rondinelli.* Tempt me not.

*Agolanti.* Coward!

*Rondinelli.* All you saints bear witness!

[Cries of "Agolanti! Signor Agolanti!"]

*Enter Servants in disorder.*

*First Servant.* My lady, sir.

*Agolanti.* What of her?

*Servant.* Sir, she is dead.

*Agolanti.* Thou say'st what cannot be. A hundred times I've seen her worse than she is now.

*Rondinelli.* Oh horror!

To hear such words, knowing the end!—Oh dreadful!

But is it true, good fellow? Thou art a man,  
And hast moist eyes. Say that they served thee dimly.

*Servant.* Hark, sir.

[*The passing-bell is heard. They all take off their caps, except AGOLANTI.*

*Rondinelli.* She's gone; and I am alone. Earth's blank;  
Misery certain.—The cause, alas! the cause!

[*Passionately to AGOLANTI.*

Uncover thee, irreverent infamy!

*Agolanti (uncovering).* Infamy thou, to treat thus ruffianly  
A mute-struck sorrow.

*Rondinelli.* Oh God! to hear him talk!

To hear him talk, and know that he has slain her!

Bear witness, you—you of his household—you,

That knew him best, and what a poison he was—

He has slain her.—What you all fear'd would be, has come,

And the mild thread that held her heart, is broken.

*Agolanti (going off with the Servants).* Pietro, I say, and  
Giotto! away! away!

[*Exit with Servants.*

*Rondinelli.* Ay, ay; to justice with him! Whither with me?

[*Exeunt opposite.*

This scene, even as a piece of stage effect, is exceedingly beautiful. Stage effect! We dilate on this point, because it is the very one on which professional actors have been jealous of true poets—Mr. Macready, especially. They have no faith in a poet who has never set his foot behind the lamps. They should, for that reason, have all the more faith in him. The unhackneyed poet will make situations unthought of by the poor, wearied, conventional playwright. The *Legend of Florence* is a proof of this. Not only is all original in it, but almost all is new. The character of Agolanti is especially so. This is as it should be. The first poets had no exemplars in theatricalities—but became such by the force of genius. The true poet cannot construct a play incapable of being acted; and every true poet who has constructed a play, should be entitled to have it acted. Until he can demand this by law, the legislature has still something to do for the benefit of dramatic literature.

Poor Ginevra is buried—yet is not dead. Her husband's cruelty had only thrown her into a long trance. She rises again from the tomb, and haunts the streets by night. Her superstitious husband—her bargaining mother—shut the doors upon what they deem her ghost; but Rondinelli, better instructed by true love, gives her shelter. After five days, Agolanti comes to claim her. The patient saint would return, but the unrepentant husband shows himself in his true colours.

*Agolanti.* Who triumphs now? Who laughs? Who mocks at panders,  
Cowards, and shameless women?

*Ginevra (bursting away from him).* Loose me, and hearken.

Madness will crush my senses in, or speak :—  
 The fire of the heavenward sense of my wrongs crowns me ;  
 The voice of the patience of a life cries out of me ;  
 Every thing warns me. I will *not* return.  
 I claim the judgment of most holy church.  
 I'll not go back to that unsacred house,  
 Where heavenly ties restrain not hellish discord,  
 Loveless, remorseless, never to be taught.  
 I came to meet with pity, and find shame ;  
 Tears, and find triumph ; peace, and a loud sword.  
 The convent walls—Bear me to those—In secret,  
 If it may be ; if not, as loudly as strife,—  
 Drawing a wholesome tempest through the streets !  
 And there, as close as bonded hands may cling,  
 I'll hide, and pray for ever, to my grave.—  
 Come you, and you, and you, and help me walk.

*Agolanti.* Let her not stir. Nor dare to stir one soul,  
 Lest in the madness of my wrongs I smite ye,

*Ginevra (to AGOLANTI).* Look at me, and remember. Think  
 how oft

I've seen as sharp a point turn'd on thyself  
 To fright me ; how, upon a weaker breast ;  
 And what a world of shames unmasculine  
 These woman's cheeks would have to burn in telling.—  
 The white wrath festers in his face, and then  
 He's devilish.

*Rondinelli.* Will you let her fall ? She swoons.

[*He catches her in his arms.*]

*Agolanti (turning to kill him).* Where'er she goes, she shall not go  
 there.

*Colonna (intercepting him with his own sword).* Dastard !  
 Strike at a man so pinion'd ?

*Agolanti.* Die then for him. (*Strikes at COLONNA.*)

*Diana and Olimpia.* Help ! Help !

[*The doors fly open, enter GIULIO followed by Officer and Guard.*]

*Giulio.* 'Tis here ! Part them, for mercy's sake.

*Colonna.* Die thou. (*He pierces him.*)

*Da Riva.* He's slain ! What hast thou done ?

*Colonna.*

The deed

Of his own will. One must have perish'd, sir (*to Officer*) ;

One, my dear friend (*to DA RIVA*). Which was the corse to be ?

*Da Riva (looking at it).* There's not a heart here, but will say, 'Twas he.  
 [*Curtain falls.*]

This drama enforces a moral monition, which observed, will make marriage and religion the holy things they ought to be. Such minds as Mr. Leigh Hunt's have sometimes thought, or seemed to think, that the fault was in the institution, not in the individuals who abused it. All reform, to be good, must commence with the individual. Such an exhibition as this will *shame* bad husbands, and show them to be the monsters that they are. To the wives of such husbands, the law gives a protection, which preserves them from further wrong, that would be sure to follow but for it. The poetic moralist, however, was wanting to do that which law cannot reach. Mr. Leigh Hunt has now supplied the want, for which all good wives will bless him.

A critic, in nearly the best of the weekly journals, well observes, that " the subject here selected by the poet is a bold and trying one ;

it is the spirit of humanity, with all its love, its sweet life, and its yearning capacity of good, against the abuse of power, and the violation of sacred duties, and still more sacred rights. The mere formalist—trembling for the naked outworks of convention, and not daring to penetrate the morality that lies bleeding within, approaches the subject with a world of misgivings, and, looking upon social usage, as he has ever looked upon it, as a thing not to be investigated, but to be held in awe and mystery, he prohibits the theme, and shuts up his reason and his affections in a protest pregnant with more real danger to society, than can ever flow from the exposition of a wrong." To literature, in all its forms, belongs the privilege of such exposition, which, if it neglects to make, it forfeits its great office.

A word upon the acting of this play. Very fortunately the system of starring prevails not at Covent Garden. The drama supports the actors, rather than the actors it. Miss Ellen Tree performed the wife with much delicacy, and Mr. Anderson, the lover, with sufficient tenderness. The part of the husband was assigned to Mr. Moore, a gentleman whose education as an actor has proceeded in an amateur school, and who accordingly is free from the peculiar exaggerations of the stage, both in his elocution and his action. He very greatly improves in the performance of the part, and impresses us with the conviction, that when he shall have thoroughly taken wing, that he will soar a bold flight, and look the sun in his face at noonday. He has the great advantage of a good person, an excellent voice, and a quiet temperament. All that he does now, he does judiciously, and well—with a little practice he will do more.

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#### LONDON AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT IS TO BE.

*Reports from the Select Committees of the House of Commons on Metropolis Improvements; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. 1836, 1838, 1839.*

THERE are few subjects of greater interest, or even importance, than the history of the gradual rise and growth of a great city, especially of the capital of a renowned and mighty empire. The history of such a city is, indeed, that of the kingdom itself; of its advancement, of its most important events, and of its progress in civilization and in power. Such a city will probably abound with records and trophies of these, not only in its antiquities, and monuments, and temples, but also in the names of its different streets, which, in most cases, originated from some remarkable events which occurred in their vicinity, and by which they obtained celebrity.

If these remarks apply to the history of great cities in general, they do in a peculiar degree to that of London. It is, therefore, our intention to enter somewhat fully into this topic, while treating on that very important one which we have selected,—the examination of the different plans now before Parliament, for effecting an amelioration in the condition of London, not only as regards its architectural decorations and the improvement of its streets and thoroughfares, but its moral

and intellectual state, which will be largely affected by the projects under consideration.

At the present time, when improvement in every way is progressing, in art, in manufactures, and in our general social condition, that of the metropolis, the state of which necessarily exercises so vast an influence upon each of these, is a matter of the highest importance and of peculiar interest. Every individual in the kingdom may be said to be in some degree, more or less, affected by the condition of the capital, so extensive is the power which it possesses over every department of commerce, and every interest flourishing within these realms. Although residing hundreds of miles from it, and never intending to visit it—yet the manner in which its traffic is conducted, or in which intercourse is kept up, both between the different points of the town, and also with the various and distant parts of the empire, which are in constant communication with it—the moral and intellectual state of its masses—the condition of those who are either permanently or temporarily located within its walls (subjects to which the Reports under examination are more especially directed), are matters both of consequence and interest to the very humblest individual, who can hardly pass one hour of his existence without in some way or other availing himself of the conveniences afforded by our commercial prosperity. The vast importance of this subject to that immense mass of population whose constant residence is London, and to that large portion of the people of this country, who, by their different avocations, are frequently called there, is wholly unnecessary to point out.

Apart, however, from these considerations, drawn from the direct influence which the state of the metropolis exercises upon that of the nation, there are others not less to be regarded, because their effects may appear to be less directly experienced. The national glory—which every person is concerned in promoting, as one of the constituents of the national body—is extensively advanced by the grandeur of the metropolis, which is so constantly visited by foreigners, and the sensations produced upon whose minds, as regard their ideas of our real greatness and power, is of no mean importance to our influence among the nations of Europe. The general appearance and condition of London also operate in an important manner throughout the nation; in many ways the capital of every kingdom being, to a certain extent, adopted by the other towns as a model for them, not only as regards its architectural superiority, but in the general character and convenience of its public buildings and streets, the carrying on of business, and the means for the promotion of the intellectual, moral, and social condition of its inhabitants. The Reports of the Select Committees of the House of Commons, appointed to take into consideration the improvement of the metropolis, are, therefore, of the most momentous importance, and well deserving of our very serious consideration.

As regards the opinion to be pronounced of the actual grandeur and excellence of any city, this must, in a great measure, be determined by its comparison with the other principal cities that are contemporary with it; and it is by viewing London in this manner, that we are best enabled to form a correct estimate of its real importance and greatness.

In comparing London with Paris, which is its nearest rival, and in some points of character resembles it, though in many others the peculiar differences, and even contrasts between them, render this a matter of considerable difficulty—we may consider them each as the capital of a nation flourishing in the highest state of civilization and refinement; and in which the progress of improvement is exhibited in full vigour. Both have the advantage in situation of being placed on the banks of a great river; and which, while it enables London to carry on the most extensive commerce, to Paris it affords the opportunity of placing its public edifices in the most commanding and imposing position, and exhibiting them in all their grandeur—an advantage which London has neglected to make use of; though, as we shall have occasion hereafter more fully to point out, from the width of the Thames and its winding direction, it affords, in many respects, greater means for displaying buildings on its banks than the Seine does. The elevation of its banks is also greater, and the current of air more extensive. It is the position of her palaces and public buildings on the borders of the Seine, on each side the whole length within the barrier of the city, which form spacious and handsome terraces before them; that renders Paris, as a city, so striking at first view. Each building is seen to full advantage at once; and the gardens of the Tuileries and open spaces in that neighbourhood, with the numerous statues, and fountains, and groves, and triumphal arches, which are scattered about, produce a most enchanting effect. In all this, London is a complete contrast to Paris. Not only are the public buildings of London not placed in open spaces where they might be seen to advantage, or on the banks of the river, but the noblest edifices which adorn it, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, are so choked up by houses as to prevent their being viewed, except very partially, unless close to them, and their value as public ornaments of the metropolis, nay, even their very existence, almost lost or annihilated. The banks of the river, so far from forming the noblest points of view in, or even contributing to the ornament of, our metropolis, are at present the very worst and most disagreeable parts within its precincts. Thus it would appear that the two most important considerations to be attended to in the design of a great city such as London, have been altogether neglected, or are at present quite lost sight of. Yet, notwithstanding all this, we cannot hesitate to give the palm of superiority to London, taken as a whole, over Paris. In the real grandeur and dignity of her public buildings, the size and structure of her streets and principal thoroughfares, the spaciousness and beauty of her squares—in all the essential qualifications which constitute the true claims to admiration of a great city, London, though at present suffering under these great disadvantages, decidedly surpasses her rival. It must also be admitted that the bridges of the Seine are not to be compared with those over the Thames, either for beauty or magnitude, though greater in number. Perhaps, indeed, there are points of view in Paris which, for beauty, surpass any thing that London can produce; but it is as a whole that we must give the preference to London in the contest for pre-eminence between these two great cities. It is only from the great and lamentable defects now existing in the latter, which

we trust the Reports under consideration will do much towards remedying, that the supremacy can be deemed in any respects doubtful. With all its excellencies, and they are many, Paris gives too much the idea of being built for effect, and to strike the eye. London, on the other hand, puts forth no such meretricious claims; and utility and convenience appear to have been the leading principles which directed its construction.

Brussels, although it has no fine river flowing through it, has many qualifications which entitle it to hold a high rank among the cities of Europe renowned for their beauty and grandeur. The inequalities of the ground on which it stands afford it advantages of which Paris is destitute, but which London possesses to an extent sufficient for producing those effects in architectural scenery arising from distant points of the town being visible together from each other, and the gradual fall of some of the principal streets, which contribute so much to the beauty of some cities. The public buildings of Brussels, those of more ancient date, including the splendid Hotel de Ville, and the old palace and other edifices standing together, and forming a magnificent square, and those of more modern structure, which are placed in the Park and the Place Royal, are seen to very great advantage; but being so congregated together, do not so much contribute to the general ornament of the city as if dispersed in different parts of it, as in London and Paris. Nor are they, with one or two exceptions, of the magnitude and beauty of many of the public buildings in those cities; though from the excellence of their position, they are seen to full advantage.

Frankfort, while it possesses but little to excite admiration in its public edifices, must be considered in many respects as one of the finest continental towns, from the space and grandeur of its principal streets, and the extreme beauty of its situation upon the banks of the Maine. In no city, perhaps, are the advantages afforded from a river flowing by it for placing its streets and buildings on its borders so well illustrated as at Frankfort. Though it can lay claim to nothing extraordinary from its magnitude or style of architecture, yet that part or street of Frankfort fronting towards the river, most of the houses in which are of the first order, cannot fail to excite the warmest admiration of every one who views it. From the elevation of its position on the rising banks, the street appears to the greatest advantage, as regards its height; while the broad quay between it and the river affords an ample space for surveying it, and all the conveniences of a spacious thoroughfare. The bending of the river causes the houses built upon its banks to run into the form of a crescent, instead of a straight line, which adds much to the beauty of their appearance.

To this position on a river, over which eight fine bridges are thrown, and on the banks of which the different public buildings are effectively exhibited, Dublin owes its beauty as a city. It is thus that both the streets themselves, and the several national edifices which are situated in them, are seen to the utmost advantage; and the effect produced by this combination of grand architectural objects is exceedingly striking. From the admiration which is bestowed upon these two last-mentioned great towns, we see how much may be gained by the situation being

on the banks of a river, and to how large an extent such an advantage might be availed of in the case of London, which is so happily placed, both as regards its position on a river, and the extent and grace of the windings which that river exhibits.

The celebrity of Edinburgh, of the architectural excellencies of which so much has been said by some, and which has assumed to itself the title of "Modern Athens," is owing, perhaps, more to the natural beauties which it possesses, the views obtained from it, standing as it does upon a group of hills, and the numerous associations connected with it, than to its intrinsic merit considered merely as a city. The principal streets are not sufficiently lofty or spacious, nor are the public buildings, for the most part, upon a sufficiently large scale to merit the appellation of grand, and the national monuments that have been erected are not only deficient in this respect, but are too evidently intended for effect and display to excite any very lofty feelings in the mind. The extreme fineness and variety of the surrounding scenery, combining rocks and mountains with fertile country, and an extent of water; the romantic position of the castle on a craggy eminence overhanging the town; the numerous objects of curiosity; and the many very interesting historical associations connected with the "Old Town," are what chiefly render Edinburgh so attractive as it now is, and ever ought to be, to all admirers of the picturesque, and all the lovers of antiquarian lore.

We have been induced thus far to take a cursory view of some of the leading features of a few of the principal cities in Europe, and to compare them with London, in order to point out more effectively, both in what manner those great cities derive the peculiar merits and beauties which they possess, and in what respects that—to the condition of which our attention is now more especially directed—is deficient in those points which most chiefly contribute to render it pre-eminent among them. It is striking, indeed, to reflect, while pursuing this survey, how little for the direct purpose of producing effect, or adding to its architectural beauty alone, has been done for London, and in how small a degree many of the natural advantages that it possesses have as yet been availed of for this end.

There is, perhaps, no city in the world which is endowed with so many of those characteristics that contribute to make a truly great and renowned city as London is. None so rich in historical associations of the deepest interest—none so valuable for the antiquities of its country that it possesses—none so distinguished for the number and real grandeur of its public edifices—the stately beauty of its bridges—its spacious and lofty streets, or, above all, the numerous munificent institutions with which it is enriched. In these, the really solid endowments, worthy of a great and powerful city, London stands pre-eminent, and without a rival. As a monument of historical record, and a rich antiquarian relic, what a national treasure have we in the Tower of London, whose history is the history of the kingdom itself, and within whose walls have been enacted so many of the most tragic and memorable deeds which marked our earlier historic career. From the days of its early splendour, when graced by successive courts—the scene at once of the most brilliant levity, and of the most sanguine



cruelties and tyranny—to those of our own day, when it stands as a monument of its former grandeur, and is used only as a repository for those relics of ancient days which are exhibited within its walls. How many events are recalled to the mind's eye. All certainty of its original history, whether Roman or Saxon, appears to be lost in the mazes of antiquity. It was established, we are told, as a Roman fortress, enlarged by William the Conqueror, repaired by Rufus, fortified against, and afterwards surrendered to, Stephen. Henry made additional fortifications to it, and kept there his elephant and his white bear at the expense of the sheriffs of London. We may trace it as the palace of that monarch, and of many of his successors. It was here that Richard II. was imprisoned, and that Henry VI. died, and it is known as the scene of the tragic events which preceded the usurpation of Richard III. It was within these walls that Izaak Hastings was beheaded, and that the infant Edward V. and his brother were murdered; we may also contemplate it as the prison and place of execution of Sir Thomas More—of the victims of Henry VIII's caprice—of Lady Jane Grey, and as containing the dungeon where Raleigh, while consigned there, wrote his *History of the World*; and also the famous Lord Bacon was for a time imprisoned after his fall. How intimately connected with the rise of our constitutional liberties is this most interesting pile! What triumphs as regard these does it not record! Or, if we follow the court to Westminster Hall, to which they so frequently progressed in state from the Tower, what a noble relic of our earliest history is here remaining, associated as it is with the most splendid pageants of royalty for upwards of seven centuries. It was in these precincts, we are told, that the Confessor resided; that the Conqueror kept his court, surrounded by his Norman barons and all the stern magnificence of feudal state. Here kings, princes, and the chivalry of England, have many times banquetted within these walls a monarch of England was tried and condemned to death; and on its floor the English parliament once used to assemble. How identified with the various struggles for freedom is this venerable edifice; or who can contemplate, without the strongest emotions of reverential awe, that neighbouring sacred pile so associated with all that is great and good and glorious in our history and nation, and which contains the ashes of so many of our most celebrated characters, both of earlier and later times. The origin of this edifice leads us back to the first dawning of our existence as a nation. It was on this spot, we are told, that the Romans erected a temple to Apollo, and there is even a fabulous story that St. Peter himself raised here a chapel or oratory. This is said to have been rebuilt by Edward in 958; Edward the Confessor pulled down the old buildings, and laid the foundation for one of a more magnificent kind, and endowed it richly, and consecrated it with great pomp. How abundant is the cathedral in objects of the highest interest and curiosity. Here, around are the tombs of kings and nobles and prelates—“kings lying beside those who deposed them,” and “rival wits placed side by side.” Here have our monarchs been crowned from the earliest times in the highest state and magnificence. The historian, the artist, and the moralist, each find here the richest food for contemplation and

admiration. Later buildings also serve, in a like degree, to record the national history. Somerset House stands as a monument, at once of the rapacity and of the fall of the Protector. Whitehall serves to recall to our recollection the fate, and to mark the place of execution of the unfortunate King Charles. Nor are these the only relics which possess an historical or antiquarian interest. There are many spots within this vast metropolis which must always be of a certain degree of importance, though containing nothing at present to mark them out, from having been the scene of some great events in earlier times. Smithfield can hardly be visited without calling to our remembrance the many transactions of historic interest which have been enacted there. It was on this spot that tournaments were formerly held, and where the grand one in 1467 was celebrated, through a challenge to the display of feats of arms being given to the Lord Scales, brother to Edward's Queen, by the Bastard of Burgundy. It was here, also, that the conference took place between Richard II. and Wat Tyler, and that the latter was slain. Smithfield is also famous as the place where those extraordinary scenes of torture were exhibited, previous to the Reformation, in the burning of heretics. In like manner we may interest ourselves in tracing out the site of what were remarkable buildings in their day, though long forgotten except as regards the events which occurred in them; as, for example, the spot where the Globe Theatre once stood, in which Shakspeare acted in person the products of his genius. This building, which was destroyed in 1613, during the performance of one of Shakspeare's plays, stood nearly opposite the end of Queen Street, Cheapside, on the site now occupied by the brewery of Messrs. Perkins & Co. His residence was near the Bear-garden, in Southwark, and it was at St. Saviour's, Southwark, that he buried his brother, "Edward Shakspeare, a player."

The spot may also still be pointed out which was formerly the Ring, in Hyde Park, and which must ever be remarkable as a memento of ancient customs, and as serving to record the vast progress in civilization among us which has since been made. Objects of antiquarian interest are, indeed, numerous in different parts of the metropolis. Of these, London Stone, which stands in the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, is one of the most curious as a monument of the former existence of the Roman power in this country. It is said to have been used as a milliary, similar to that in the Forum at Rome, where all the highways in the country met, and from which they were measured. This is also adduced as a proof that the Romans regarded London as the seat of British power. It is this stone that Jack Cade struck when he exclaimed, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city, and here sitting upon London Stone." Charing Cross may also serve, in like manner, to excite our interest, as the spot where tradition records the body of Queen Eleanor to have rested, when carried in state to Westminster Abbey.

It affords a not less curious topic for research to those whose genius inclines them towards that kind of pursuit, to endeavour to discover the ancient boundaries of the city, the walls of which are asserted to have been originally built by Helen, the mother of Constantine the

Great. It was burnt by the Danes in the year 851, and visited very early by plague, and at various intervals dreadful havoc was made among the inhabitants by this disease, and the town itself several times dismantled by fire. It is also interesting to endeavour to reconcile the names, which some portions still retain, with remarkable events associated with them; to trace its gradual growth and expansion, until it became united in one mass of population with the different villages in its vicinity. We may also attempt to carry our minds back to the particular events of which it has been the theatre—to imagine the scene which the metropolis presented during that most extraordinary calamity, the great plague of 1665—to picture to ourselves the gloom and desertion of the city—the shutting-up of the houses—the carrying the dead in carts along the streets, and the many horrors that were then witnessed, as described by De Foe. Some of the most remarkable spots where the dead were buried in heaps, and which were peculiarly the scene of devastation, may still be pointed out. It is also a subject of curious research to those who are interested about the history of London, to trace the progress of the unaccountable and unexampled catastrophe which followed in the great fire of London, and to mark its boundaries. Pudding Lane still stands to record the spot where it first broke out. Most interesting, however, to every one must it be to endeavour to recognise those parts with which we appear to have been long familiar—that are immortalized as the birth or residence of those great men who have most contributed to adorn the page of our history as a nation, or added most, by their genius, to the stores of our literature—to figure to ourselves Milton, in his earlier years, at the house of his birth in Bread Street—to follow him to St. Paul's School, where that mind was nurtured and began to expand, which was shortly to astonish the world by its genius—to imagine him at his residence in St. Bride's Church Yard, an instructor of youth—afterwards at his house in Aldersgate—and, last of all, at that in Bunhill Fields, where the evening of his days was passed in blindness and neglect—or to stand over the spot where his remains are deposited, in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, near those of his father. The majority, indeed, of our most remarkable characters have been identified, in some way or other, with London, either by constant or occasional residence; so great an attraction, in various ways, does it hold out to men of genius of every description, that a large portion of it might be termed "classic ground." The studying their biography, this tracing out their haunts, is peculiarly interesting; as, for instance, in the case of that great but eccentric genius of the last century, Dr. Samuel Johnson, with whose manners and habits we have been all rendered so familiar by Boswell's biography of him, our pleasure in reading the memoirs is much enhanced by our knowledge of the different places described. It is then only that we can properly imagine those scenes with which we all appear so well acquainted, and can almost believe we have witnessed, from the minute description of them—can fancy him fixing his residence in Exeter Street, upon his first arrival in London—afterwards at Bolt Court and Temple Lane, or supping with his friends at the Mitre; or that we see his huge and uncouth form moving along in Fleet Street, as Boswell describes him, when he was first pointed out to him.

If we turn to the architecture of the metropolis, what grandeur do our great public edifices possess, obscured as they now are—whether we view them towering above the surrounding buildings, or adorning the streets in which they are placed! What magnificence in the structure of our bridges, from which the most commanding views of the metropolis are to be obtained! What city can we compare with ours for the spaciousness and grandeur of its streets, even where not decorated with architectural ornament, or built with strict uniformity; as in the case of some of the older parts of the town, such as Farringdon Street, the parts of Holborn extending from Middle Row to Holborn Bridge, Oxford Street, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, which must be regarded as noble structures, and present the finest outlines for really grand streets that could be designed? or if we turn to those parts of the town which have been more recently erected, and in which more attention to ornament has been bestowed—to the classic beauty of the terraces and buildings in the Regent's Park, where the houses are of magnitude sufficient to produce dignity in their appearance, and have space about them so as to allow of their being viewed at a proper distance—to Portland Place, Regent Street, and part of the West Strand, as also the newly-built streets in the city, where the spirit of improvement and tasteful decoration appears to vie with that at the West end, we shall have afforded to us the most beautiful modern specimens of architecture. From Charing Cross to Whitehall, as far as the commencement of Parliament Street, where an unfortunate and unsightly obstruction impedes the thoroughfare and obscures the view both of the Abbey and Hall of Westminster in the one direction, and of the buildings in Trafalgar Square in the other, there is also a magnificent street in every respect. Our squares are, in regularity, extent, and beauty, far beyond comparison with those in the towns to which we have alluded as eminent rivals of London from their architectural excellencies.

The parks, without seeming to possess the display and attempt at effect observable in the public grounds of Paris, with more of the beauties of nature, are richly ornamented with trees and water, and form a most agreeable and healthful recreation to the inhabitants of the metropolis. Indeed there is nothing in Paris which can equal St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens, where the scenery is of the most charming kind, without any of those artificial contrivances which detract so much from the real excellence of that in the gardens at Paris. But those which chiefly serve to mark the character of a great city—which proclaim the mental and moral dignity which adorns it, are the public institutions for the advancement of learning and morality, and the charitable endowments which are established within it. And how abundant in each of these is London found to be. Her public schools, how rich in their foundations; Westminster, Christ's Hospital, the Charter House, and St. Paul's, being all of the first order and endowment; besides which, is the University, recently established in London, and the colleges of University, and King's College, with the schools attached to them; as also the inns of court, which must be regarded as universities of a particular class.

Her different societies and institutions for the cultivation and ad-

vancement of science ; her museums, libraries, and collections of works of art, how splendid ; her charities and hospitals, supported solely by the munificence of the people ; her religious societies, dependent also upon, and so nobly flourishing by, the aid of these alone, what tests do they afford, if viewed only as proofs of the national wealth and liberality. In London, the livery companies alone yearly distribute nearly £80,000 in charities, of which they are the guardians ; and the sum annually expended in the various hospitals, colleges, alms-houses, and other miscellaneous charities, is not less than a million sterling. In the metropolis there are more than forty religious societies, formed for the purpose of disseminating religious instruction to every nation and every people, and in one year—since which the funds of many of them have greatly increased—near £400,000 was received by these. There are also twenty-four hospitals, and upwards of thirty dispensaries for supplying medicine.

The establishments for the carrying on of commerce :—the Bank ; the Docks, so replete with treasure from every quarter of the globe ; the shipping, presenting the appearance of an animated forest ; the convenience and preparation for travelling to every part of the empire ; the extraordinary rapidity with which this is now accomplished by the power of steam ; and the splendour of the shops, mark the eminence which London has attained, commanding, as it does by its situation on the banks of the Thames, the commerce of the world.

Indeed, after thus reviewing the condition of this great city, the seat of the power and intelligence of England—from which all its civil regulations issue ; where its laws are framed, and their execution dispensed ; from which proceeds daily and hourly through the press, by books, periodicals, and newspapers, the instruction which is vibrated to each remote part of the empire ; the central point of its civilization, and the occasional resort of the people of, and which is carrying on intercourse with, every nation under heaven, we cannot but consider it to have reached a point of glory to which no other city approaches. While witnessing the vast splendour that is here exhibited, the amazing concourse, moving in each direction, with which its streets are animated, we are reminded of the picture which Milton, in his *Paradise Regained*, draws of the glory of Rome while flourishing in the height of its magnificence.

The present defective state of the streets and public buildings in different parts of the metropolis, from no regular system having been followed in the construction of new thoroughfares, nor any proper restriction exercised with regard to building in places which ought to have been kept clear for the public convenience, is a subject of which all who are located within its precincts cannot fail to be aware, and which has long been a matter of serious complaint. The particulars of this we shall however leave to be pointed out by the evidence of competent persons adduced before the committees as we come to consider, in their order, the several recommendations contained in the Report. Deeply, indeed, is it to be regretted that the noble opportunity, which was afforded after the destruction of the city by fire in the year 1666, was not taken advantage of according to the plan of Sir C. Wren. By the adoption of the plan he laid down, he would have rendered it, as

he said, the wonder of the world. His design was to have made one large street from Aldgate to Temple Bar, in the middle of which was to have been a large square capable of containing St. Paul's, and allowing a proper distance for the view all round it. He intended to make three principal streets, running straight through the city, at least ninety feet wide; one or two cross ones, of the same breadth; others sixty feet; and none less than thirty feet. He also proposed to rebuild all the parish churches in such a manner as to be seen at the end of every vista of houses, and dispersed in such distances from each other as to appear neither too thick nor too thin in prospect, but would give a proper heightening to the whole bulk of the city as it filled the landscape. He intended to unite the halls of the twelve companies into one regular square annexed to the Guildhall. He also wished to have built all the houses uniformly, and supported by a piazza. The Exchange to stand isolated in the middle of a piazza, and to be the centre of the town, whence the streets should proceed to all the principal parts of the city—the structure to assume the form of a Roman forum, with double porticos; and by the side of the Thames, from London Bridge to the Temple, he had planned a long and broad wharf or quay, where he had designed to have ranged all the halls that belonged to the several companies of the city, with proper warehouses for merchants between, to vary the edifices, and make it at once one of the most beautiful and most useful ranges of structure in the world.

How different would have been the condition of London as regards its convenience, its health, and its architectural beauty, to what it now is, had this most magnificent and noble plan, worthy of the gigantic mind of the architect of St. Paul's, been carried into execution. London would then, indeed, have been without a rival, and formed a model for all the cities of the world, and from which they might have designed their plans of improvement. All that we can now do is to act in the spirit of that mighty project; and while we reproach our ancestors for not availing themselves of such an occasion, we ought, at least, to be careful to exonerate ourselves from a similar reproach for apathy, and want of taste, and liberality, now that another opportunity is presented for the extensive improvement of our metropolis, the condition of which is our national character and glory.

The first grand effort recently made to carry into effect the general improvement of the metropolis, and which was directed in the true spirit of improvement, was the appointment of the select committee of the House of Commons, on the 16th June, 1836, on the motion of Mr. Alderman Wood, who were directed "to consider of the most effectual plan for raising of money to carry into effect the necessary improvements required in the cities of London and Westminster, Borough of Southwark, and Counties of Middlesex and Surrey, and for the purchasing of the interest of the proprietors of the Waterloo and Southwark Bridges, that they may be thrown open for the use of the public free of toll." That committee agreed to their report on the 2nd of August in the same year.

The first of these improvements is the plan for making "a new street from the Bank to the General Post Office." This is proposed to be effected by widening Cateaton Street, by taking down the houses on each

side, but continuing the present line of street as far as Milk Street and Lad Lane, from whence an entire new passage is to be made to the commencement of Maiden Lane, in the centre of Wood Street. Maiden Lane, which is to be the continuation of the new street, is to be widened to twice its present breadth, by taking down portions of all the houses on the north side of it. The new street will be thus carried into St. Ann's Lane, which does not require any alteration to fit it for this purpose, and thence continued close by the north side of the Post Office into Aldersgate Street. The importance of this new line of communication between two points of such consequence to all commercial men as the Bank and the Post Office, requires not to be argued here.

The second of the proposed city improvements, is that for making "a new street from the General Post Office to Newgate Street;" which is to be carried from the part of the street exactly fronting the portico of the Post Office, in a direct line from it into Newgate Street, by Christ Church Passage. To effect this, the three houses, 23, 24, and 25, immediately opposite the Post Office, will be taken down, and the line carried on through the intermediate houses in the proposed line, crossing Bath Street and Butcher Hall Lane, close by Christ Church. The expense consequent upon being obliged to purchase so large a number of buildings, and which will be required in order to effect this line, appears on first consideration very great; but it should be borne in mind, as the evidence given before the committees serves to show, that the far greater number of these houses and buildings being now shut out from any thoroughfare, and hemmed in on all sides by surrounding edifices, and being used for no trade, are of but very inferior value to those which front a regular thoroughfare: whereas, by cutting the proposed line of street, the value of the frontage to be obtained for the houses to be built in it, will in a great measure compensate for the expense incurred in the purchase of buildings which are intended to be pulled down, and in making this new line. Buildings that can now only be used as warehouses, or are inhabited by the lowest order of people, and are approachable only by close and confined courts, will then be eligible for shops of the first quality, and command a situation and thoroughfare of the highest importance. The convenience of a new line of communication being opened to a place of such necessary and daily resort, is at once obvious; and which the excessive difficulty of the present approach by Newgate Street, which is constantly choked up with carriages and vehicles of every description, and thronged with butchers' carts and others for conveyance of heavy goods, renders it a point of the first importance to effect. The junction of Newgate Street and St. Martin-le-Grand is not only extremely awkward and dangerous as a thoroughfare, but forms a point of collision for all the vehicles rushing from Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, St. Martin-le-Grand, and Newgate Street. As regards the architectural improvements which would be obtained by this plan, they would be many, and of the highest order. The opening of a commanding view of the New Post Office, which must rank as one of the finest modern edifices in the city—though from its situation being so blocked up by buildings on all sides, it is scarcely possible fairly to view it at present—

would be a point of no mean importance in this respect ; by which a full prospect of its central front and portico would be obtained, the whole length of the proposed new street—forming a magnificent termination to it. The erection of a spacious and handsome street in this part of the city, and to the dignity and grandeur of which the building at the head of it would highly contribute, will be an improvement of the first order.

“The improvement of Skinner Street and Holborn Hill,” by constructing a viaduct or “new level foot and carriage-way, fifty feet wide, and twenty-one feet above Farringdon Street,” extending from the point of junction of Skinner Street and Farringdon Street on the one side, to that point in Holborn Hill which is opposite to Ely Place, is another project of great importance as regards the facility and safety of communication through one of the greatest thoroughfares of the metropolis. This is alluded to both in the Report of 1836, and also in the second Report of 1838 ; and the necessity for remedying the evil complained of declared. To carry this design into effect, it is proposed to widen that part of the street along which the viaduct is intended to be constructed, to about one hundred feet, or twice its present breadth : and to allow one-half, being that on the north side, or about fifty feet of the street, to remain as at present, and as a communication to King Street, and to carry the viaduct over the remaining half side of the line of street. The number of accidents which at present occur by the falling of horses while descending the hill leading either way, imperatively demands some plan of communication of this nature to be adopted. The proposed extension of Farringdon Street will be one of the most important and majestic improvements of the metropolis.

(To be continued.)

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## A CHAPTER OF ANECDOTES.

ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH BANDITTI, CALLED CHAUFFEURS.—LEGEND OF ST. CLAIR.—THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF DREAMS.

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### ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH BANDITTI, CALLED CHAUFFEURS.

THE robbers' cave in Gil Blas is one of those scenes of romance which makes the most vivid impression on the youthful mind, and which retains its fascination in our riper years : most probably it had its origin in real life, and an authentic narrative of a similar case, in the early part of the French Revolution, has lately appeared in the “Souvenir” de M. Berryer Doyen, des Avocate de Paris.

“In the 4th year of the Republic, as a relief to our discussions before the civil tribunal, we had at Chartres the extraordinary spectacle of the criminal proceedings then directed against the band of *Roasters (Chauffeurs)*, known by the title of the robbers of Orgères, who appeared at the prisoners' bar to the number of 100 or 112. A large church in the centre of the city had been arranged so as to place the whole band at once before the jury. Every morning they



were brought from the prison in line to the court, under the escort of the *gendarmérie*. At their head marched a great red-haired man, on whose face appeared strongly marked the features of villainy : he was the recognised chief of the band, and had been brought from the galleys at Brest to be confronted with his fellow-prisoners, with the witnesses, and the numerous victims who still survived the cruelties practised on them. The history of these robbers, of the long continuance of their plunder, of the atrocity of their acts, and, lastly, of their arrest, presents something apparently fabulous, even almost incredible, in the state of existing civilization.

"About 10 or 12 leagues from Chartres, towards the district of Vendôme, is a vast forest, called the forest of Orgères. In the most retired and thickest part of this forest, at a very remote period, large quarries had been opened, from which had been extracted the stone used in the construction of the magnificent Cathedral of Chartres. In the course of time, some malefactors had taken refuge in this quarry, and had founded a sort of subterraneous colony which kept up its own population, women having been admitted there. This colony had its mode of government, its police, its rules, adapted to the frightful profession of its members. This profession was a regular system of robbery confided to the individual enterprise of the associates, with orders to effect their purpose, if necessary, by open force, by torture, and even by murder. These robbers of Orgères had even in distant provinces emissaries who went on the look-out to mark those isolated dwellings which it was most easy either to surprise or surround by numbers. These the spies marked out to the troop, who, like the Old Man of the Mountain, from the depth of their retreat, directed men to the spot to execute their projects. These wretches generally introduced themselves in the evening, under the most specious pretexts, into the houses pointed out to them, and instantly made themselves masters of the place, by binding the labourers and male servants : as for the women, they alarmed them by the most terrible threats, and if they resisted, they bound them, lighted a large fire, before the blaze of which they exposed the soles of their feet, until the violence of the pain had drawn forth the confession of what property their husbands possessed, and had forced them to point out the place where money and articles of value were concealed. The repetition of these frightful tortures, in many different places, had given to the robbers, the perpetrators of these cruelties, the name of *Chaufeurs*. The police had, indeed, succeeded in taking up several of them for thefts committed with violence (housebreaking), and several had been condemned to the galleys, but no one had as yet been convicted of the crime of *roasting*. Still less had the authorities been able to detect the central cavern in which were collected all the stolen articles which were afterwards sold in the markets near Orgères, where they could not be identified.

"The mystery of the habitual retreat of the robbers, for a long time impenetrable, was, at last, discovered by chance : two *gendarmes* of the horse brigade were one day going their rounds in the forest of Orgères, when one of them having occasion to pass a little way into the interior of the high wood, observed a lad, of about ten years of age, so singularly dressed, as to attract his attention : he called him to him

by a friendly beckon, when the lad, who was suffering from hunger, came forward and asked for bread. The *gendarme* caught hold of him, and offered him a good breakfast if he would come with him: the boy consented, was mounted behind the trooper, and taken to the nearest inn, where an excellent meal was set before him. While the child gave himself up to the enjoyment of his good cheer, the *gendarmes* watched him narrowly, and they remarked that he crammed into his pockets every thing that fell into his hands that struck his fancy, without any attempt at concealment, as if the taking every thing was the most natural action possible. In a short time, a silver fork and spoon, a knife, a corkscrew, were very openly deposited under the shirt of their little guest. When they asked him why he thus laid violent hands on every thing within his reach, his ingenuous answer was that the things pleased him; he gave no other reason, and did not seem to suspect that any other was requisite, nor that he did any thing wrong in thus appropriating every thing to himself: he said, that every day his father brought similar objects to his mother, who found no fault. Startled at finding in so young a customer, a disposition so perverted, the *gendarmes* had no doubt that the lad was the child of some malefactor who had brought him up in some retired corner of the forest. They took advantage of his improvident loquacity, brought out by a glass of wine, to ask him where he lived. They learned that the place of his abode was a vast subterraneous cave, in which were a great many people besides his father and mother; that he had some little comrades who had ill-used him, and that on that account he had run away: that he was very unhappy because his father and mother would not give him all he saw and wished to have to eat and to amuse himself with. The *gendarmes*, calculating from these disclosures that the child of the forest, if he remained with them, might by his disclosures put them on the track of the malefactors who took refuge in these unknown underground retreats, proposed to give the lad every day as much as he liked to eat, and even to put some money in his purse besides, under two conditions; first, that he should no longer take any thing but what was given him; and, secondly, that without saying a word to any one else, he should point out to them all the inmates of the cave who were known to him, whenever he met them; and that every time he made a good discovery, he should receive the reward of five francs. The bargain was soon concluded; the boy was washed, newly clad, and shod, his hair well combed, so that he was no longer to be recognised; and thus disguised, he was led by his two patrons to the next town, and on market day was placed in ambush side by side with a woman who passed for his nurse—he pointed out with his finger to his two good friends the *gendarmes*, those of the band whom he was in the habit of seeing every day in the forest, who had come to the market to dispose of some of the articles which had been stolen. As fast as the men were pointed out by him, they were taken into custody and conveyed to prison. These journeys, and these markings-out of the robbers, were repeated in the different public markets in the country; the number of arrests insensibly increased, so that the lad, whose acuteness led to the discovery, got the name of General Finfin.

"It is worthy of remark, that Finfin did not include in his information his father and mother : now, this exception is rather encouraging as a proof of natural feeling, however the interest of society might have been forwarded by an opposite conduct. The result of the interrogatories to which the prisoners were subjected, the depositions of witnesses who hastened from all parts, led by the descriptions of the stolen articles inserted in the public papers, was, that the troop of robbers, who successively came from the forest of Orgères, were precisely the *Roasters (Chauffeurs)*, who had laid waste such an extent of country, even at great distances. Many men, who had been implicated in these abominable crimes, and had been sentenced to the galleys for burglaries, were brought forward to be confronted. At length the ray of truth was cast on this long course of crime so long in obscurity, or rather the atrocity of the infamous acts of these wretches was brought forward into full day, with all its hideous and revolting accompaniments. The public indignation was most remarkably roused by the case of three sisters, daughters of a rich farmer, whose house had been broken into by the robbers of Orgères : they had burnt the feet of these unfortunate women with such barbarity, that they were reduced, all three, to the necessity of using crutches. The confronting these victims, with the perpetrators of this dreadful mutilation, was heart-rending. One single verdict delivered society from this scourge, and avenged the crimes of all these monsters. The den in the forest of Orgères was walled up."

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#### LEGEND OF ST. CLAIR.

The calendar of the Romish church contains the name of a St. Clair, some details of whose legend we offer to such of our readers as are curious in such matters, because, though an Anglo-Saxon, we believe he is little known in the English calendar ; yet he has given his name to more than one noble family in England and Scotland, and it is still used as a baptismal name in some ancient families in Essex. The little town of Clare, on the borders of Essex and Suffolk, so remarkable for its castle and strong earth works, and which was formerly the seat of an earldom, has also probably derived its name from him.

The following account is taken from the *Martyrologium Gallicanum* auctore Andrea de Saussay, 1637. "St. Clair was born at Rochester in England, about the year 890, of a noble family. He was remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the endowments of his mind. His parents were desirous he should marry a beautiful young woman, but he, anxious to preserve his virgin purity, escaped privately from the paternal roof, crossed over to Neustria, landed at Cherburg, and lived for a while as a hermit, in a wood near that city ; but the envy of the devil having raised persecutions against him, he betook himself to the monastery of the Abbot Odobertus. A lady of noble family, in spite of the effect of the rigid course of austerity which he practised, conceived a violent attachment for him, and used every means to induce him to break his vow ; but St. Clair, like a second St. Joseph, constantly resisted her, and betook himself to another convent on the river Epte, near Gysors. The lady, being violently incensed by the

resistance of the holy man, hired two ruffians, who sought him out in his cell and cut off his head; upon which, the saint rising from the ground, took his head in his hands, and by the assistance of holy angels, proceeded with the trophy to a fountain, in which he plunged that sacred head and washed it in the water, and then carried it to the oratory of his cell, which is not far from the town; and having there deposited his mortal remains and completed his course, his glorified spirit rose up to heaven. The head of the saint was conveyed to the town which bears his name, near Paris, where it became an object of great veneration."

St. Clair is still, in lower Normandy in particular, an object of great veneration, and of that worship (or however the word *cultus* is to be translated), which Roman Catholics pay to saints. Many statues, some of the size of life, either of porcelain, or of plaister, coloured and gilded, are to be seen in chapels in the churches of Carentan, Moutaburg, and other towns. The saint is represented with his head held in his two hands in front of his breast. The peasants say that the tradition of the miracle thus represented, has descended from father to son. He is celebrated for the cure of complaints of the eyes; and if, when persons afflicted with such complaints ask money of a traveller to purchase candles to adorn his altars, he suggests that application might be better made to the physician, the answer is, that prayers to St. Clair are far more efficacious. And this superstition also prevails: wax candles, which have been burnt for a short time at the altars where his statue is erected, are eagerly purchased by the faithful, in the belief that when a person is at the point of death, one of these candles lighted, softens the pains, and that the spirit will pass gently away as the candle becomes burnt out.

What is the motive of the Roman Catholic priesthood in sanctioning, in the nineteenth century, superstition such as this? Can it be in some degree the profitable traffic in candles to eke out their slender revenues, or are they afraid, now that the progress of infidelity is so rapid, of losing their hold on the *more ignorant* of their flock, if they oppose the blind belief and habitual veneration of ages? Do they fear that if reasoning be once admitted, it may question the divine origin of *numerous* unauthorized practices? Certain it is, that there is a general tendency to the revival of ceremonies long discontinued. The processions of the St. Sacrament (*corpus Domini*), have this year been re-established in great pomp in Normandy, little children dressed up with gold wings, to represent angels, and bearing baskets of flowers, accompanying it. The mysteries of the ancient drama are also revived at the fairs, in which the persons of the Divinity are represented by wooden puppets.

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#### THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY

Is unquestionably one of the most curious historical documents in existence; for a long period it did not meet with the attention it merited, but later English historians have constantly referred to it, and M. Thierry quotes it in the same manner as written chronicles. This document bears important evidence on the point, that the conquest of England, though indisputably the result of the victory obtained by

William in the battle of Hastings, was not a conquest obtained of foreign invaders, merely by the force of the *jus fortioris*. Edward the Confessor, according to the custom of the age, had the power to appoint his successor, and on that appointment, and his nearer consanguinity, William founded his claim. The chronicler, Eadme, overlooks the facts represented in the tapestry, that Harold made a solemn oath on the relics of saints, to respect the rights of William: "*nisi communi mortalibus sorte præsenti vita precipiteretur.*" Pope Alexander II. ordered William to arm himself against his *perjurer* adversary, and sent him a consecrated standard, and a ring containing a hair or a tooth of St. Peter; and Ordericus Vitalis relates, that William, previously to the expedition, "heard the mass, strengthened his body and soul by the sacraments of our Lord, and hung at his neck with humility, the relics of saints on which Harold had sworn."

The tapestry of Bayeux is a piece of embroidery, worked by the needle in worsteds of various colours, on a cloth of flax; it is 21 French feet in length; according to Ducard, 232 feet English, and 18 inches in width. That a work of such frail materials should remain almost uninjured during the space of nearly eight centuries, is truly remarkable; but this circumstance becomes more extraordinary by the disclosure of the risks of total destruction it has incurred, according to a statement of facts now for the first time made public.

At the end of November, 1838, this information was published in "Report made to the Municipal Council of Bayeux as to the best means of insuring the preservation of the Tapestry of Queen Matilda by M. Pezet, President of the Civil Tribunal." An abstract of the Report may be interesting to those who are familiar with the subject, and call the attention of others to this historical document, of which they may find etchings of the most scrupulous exactness in the *Archæologie*.

Ancient tradition in Normandy relates that Queen Matilda, during the long absences of William in England to secure his conquest and give laws to his new dominions, employed the leisure hours of herself and her ladies in tracing in embroidery the most glorious events of her husband's life. Of this princess, Orderic Vital gives the following character: "*Reginam hanc simul decoravere forma, genus, litterarum scientia, sanctitas morum, et virtutum pulchritudo.*"

This tapestry was given to Otho, bishop of Bayeux, and it is probable that it was exhibited along the nave of his cathedral, for the first time, at the solemn dedication of that edifice, after William's return from England. The same walls had witnessed the oaths taken by Harold on the relics, and might naturally be chosen as the place to deposit for the evidence of the vengeance which had followed his treachery. The above tradition meets with the greatest support from the exceeding fidelity with which all the details, the representation of the arms, the instruments of war, the ships and buildings, are depicted, all of which accord with such sculptures of the same age as still exist. The first danger which this memorial incurred, was in the year 1104 in the expedition of Henry I. of England, to deprive his brother Robert of the dukedom, when Bayeux was taken, and all the churches destroyed. Again, in 1356, the city was reduced to ashes by Philip

brother of Charles the Bad, king of Navarre. The tapestry was first officially noticed in 1476, in an inventory of the jewels and other valuables belonging to the church. "Item, une tinte tres longue et estroite de lille,\* à broderie de ymages et escripteaux faisant representation du conquest d'Angleterre, laquelle est tendue environ la nif de l'eglise le jour, et par les octaves *des reliques*." During the religious wars of the sixteenth century (1562), the principal treasures of the church were burnt; the bishop and clergy entrusted to the municipal body many objects of value, among which was the tapestry, but the mob broke into the town-hall and carried them off. It is not known how the tapestry was preserved; but it appears afterwards to have been annually exposed to the curiosity and veneration of the public in the nave of the cathedral, and in 1724, it became the subject of a memoir by M. Lancelot, and was engraved by direction of Dom Bernard de Montfaucon, in "*Les Monumens de la Monarchie Francaise*." At the commencement of the French revolution, the repositories of public documents were ransacked and their treasures destroyed. "Now," said Condorcet, in his speech in the National Convention, "reason burns at the foot of the statue of Louis XIV. those immense volumes which are but evidences of vanity; other deposits exist in libraries and chapters—they must all be involved in one common destruction." The tapestry of Queen Matilda, however, again, as in 1562, escaped as by a miracle from these disorders, which were calculated to wither the heart and degrade the understanding; it remained uninjured within the walls of the cathedral during all the events of 1792, up to the period when the invasion of the French territory called all her citizens to arms. A battalion was raised at Bayeux, and in the midst of the confusion of its sudden departure, a covering was required for one of the baggage-waggon. Cloths were wanting, and the tapestry was pointed out as fit for the purpose. The municipal authorities had the weakness to give orders that it should be given up: it was placed on the waggon, and was already gone, when M. A. Foustier, a citizen of Bayeux, distinguished during a long life for the good he has done, and the evils he has prevented, pursued and rescued it from its unworthy destination, and presenting other cloths in its place, conveyed it to his study as to a safe asylum. Afterwards several respectable inhabitants of the town formed themselves into a committee for the preservation of the remains of art and science, and the most valuable object of their solicitude, the tapestry of Matilda, was confided to their care, not without cause, for again it had narrowly escaped being cut into pieces to ornament a civic car.

When the First Consul was preparing the expedition against England, to raise the ardour of the people by this memorial of former success, he ordered the tapestry to be sent to the Museum at Paris. Many persons wished it to remain in the capital, but the claims of its native place prevailed, and this memorial of Norman valour was restored to the episcopal city in which the brother of the Conqueror had exercised ecclesiastical and temporal power. The following letter was sent by Denon to the Sub-Prefect of Bayeux:—"Paris, 30 Pluviose,

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\* Toile.

year 12. Citizen—I send you back the tapestry embroidered Queen Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror. The First Consul has seen with interest this precious memorial of our history; he applauds the care which the citizens of Bayeux have shown in its preservation during seven centuries and a half, and charges me to communicate them his satisfaction, and again to confide it to their care. I invite them then, citizen, to increase their zeal in the preservation of this frail relic, which recalls one of the most memorable actions of the French nation, and preserves the recollection of the boldness and courage of their forefathers. I have the honour to salute you. Denon

The Report continues: "The great value of this pictorial representation in an archæological and historical point of view is thus established on the highest authority, and is admitted by English authors, who declare it the most noble document relating to English history. It is most desirable, therefore, to take the necessary measures for its preservation, and it is proposed to extend the library so as to obtain a gallery 55 feet long and 18 feet wide, to place in the centre the tapestry folded twice on itself, and to secure it from the injuries of time and wilful damage by glass frames. The estimate for the expense of this gallery is nearly 11,000 francs, and for the glass cases, 5000 francs."

This Report was unanimously adopted, and a petition sent to the Minister, 26th Nov., 1838.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF DREAMS.

Philosophers have, in all ages, been trying to analyze those curious phenomena called dreams; and have thrown what light they could on their nature and properties. The last writers who have enlarged on information on the subject are, Macnish, in his *Philosophy of Sleep*; Abercrombie, on the *Intellectual Powers*; and Warren, the brilliant author of *Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*.

With the philosophy of dreams I have, however, nothing to do at present. I would merely afford a few original illustrations of those which my own recent experience has afforded.

About a week ago, I was attacked by one of the numerous forms of scarletina, accompanied by a most provoking and pertinacious sore throat, which lasted five days. During this period, I suffered from considerable accession of fever, and a perpetual series of delirious and disordered dreams. These were so much more graphic than usual that they not only excited my utmost attention at the time, but they fixed themselves in my memory. A more favourable opportunity for the study of dreams I never met with; and fearing lest their evanescent reminiscences should soon disappear, I write them down while they are yet fresh and palpable. It is only from notes of this kind taken immediately after their occurrence, that the science of the remarkable productions of the human mind will ever be advanced.

Two general remarks must be made, before I enter on the details. One is, that the fever called up unusual powers of memory and imagination, which I seldom perceive at other times. The other is, that these dreams assumed a new character and form each succeeding day as regularly as the acts of a drama.

On the first day, *Saturday*, I was fully possessed with the idea, whenever I closed my eyes, that Esculapius, the god of medicine, and the whole faculty of physic, had met in solemn convocation inside my head; I had in consequence to fabricate an infinity of most learned speeches for these most learned gentlemen, who, being of all ages, nations, and languages, were invested with peculiar and distinctive characteristics. The main topic of their debates was my own case. Among them I thought two physicians especially distinguished themselves by the depth and brilliancy of their remarks upon fever. These I invited to be my bedfellows; one was to lie on my right side, and one on my left. I seemed to employ myself for hours in turning from one side of the bed to the other, and asking their respective opinions. Whenever I got dissatisfied with either, or, in other words, found no more relief on his side of the bed, I turned round to consult his antagonist. Whenever I opened my eyes, the delusion instantly vanished.

The second day, *Sunday*, a new form of dream presented itself. I imagined myself to be Exeter Guildhall. Within me were assembled sheriff, mayors, aldermen, councillors, and all kinds of lawyers. I thought that we had to examine numberless accounts relating to the county of Devon. The most intricate and involved statements of public expenditure were brought before us; speeches innumerable, many of them far from temperate, were made on the occasion. My repeated cries for order were unattended to, and the debates appeared to gather strength through the whole day. I found it continually necessary to open my eyes to convince me that all this was delusion.

On the third day, *Monday*, my throat was very much inflamed, the defluxion very great from the glands of the mouth, and my neck abominably stiff. I thought I had got for my bed-fellows, two superannuated uncles, crazy old men as you can imagine, and that they had unluckily infected me with the disease of old age, which it is inconvenient to anticipate even in dreams. These uncles I imagined to have been fine gentlemen in the days of Addison and our friend William Honeycombe. In the midst of my conversation with them, I was interrupted by a sudden irruption of three imaginary cousins; they were just such fellows as we may suppose young Sheridan, Fox, and Monk Lewis to have been—the merriest knaves in creation. In spite of the age and infirmities with which my uncles had inoculated me, these noisy companions of the bottle hurried me away. They laughed immoderately at the antiquated absurdities of my uncles; and in spite of my protestations and entreaties, dragged me over the whole of my uncle's ancient mansion. There they pointed out so many singular and prodigious curiosities that they disarmed my resentment at their violence. Among other things, they showed me a chair ten feet high, in which good Queen Bess, they affirmed, delighted to sit—as she then found her feet above the level of her subjects' heads. My cousins were so amazingly facetious in relating unheard-of anecdotes of various illustrious persons, now dead and gone, that I began to think them the best fellows in the world. After visiting several subterranean apartments, we emerged into an old vaulted chamber—"And this," said my cousins, "is the greatest curiosity of all; this is the famous magical library of the famous Dr.



Henry More." "Impossible!" said I; "More's library remains still at Cambridge." "Nay," they replied, "More, with his friends Glanville and Ashmole, were so confoundedly fond of ghosts, that they used to come west to seek for them. They conjured our uncle's good humour out of this very apartment, where they established a select coterie of the lovers of the darker arts." Whether my cousins were laughing at my credulity in all this, I could not for the life of me determine, but I suspect they were, from a peculiar wink of the eye that accompanied many of their observations. This dream occupied me the whole night; and when I heard the clock strike the successive hours, it was only by a violent effort of reason that I convinced myself that it was all fantastical.

On the fourth day, *Tuesday*, I got a notion into my head that I set off for Bristol, the sole passenger of a stage coach. By some peculiar process of self-multiplication, I filled the vehicle, without difficulty, with a dozen exact fac-similes of myself, to the infinite discomfiture of the coachman. On arriving at Bristol, this self-multiplication was carried to an astounding extent, indeed. There I assumed at least a hundred forms and characters at once. By a singular kind of ubiquity, I was conscious of living at the same time in all these new people and characters, in every variety of circumstances. This dream of a few hours embraced a period of at least fifty years. I watched the progress of all my personifications, from the cradle to the grave, and am happy to say that, generally, they turned out very respectable members of society, and left Bristol deeply indebted to them for the brightest passages in her history.

Such were the dreams that took possession of my fancy during this short interval of illness. I am perfectly amazed at their distinctness, their regularity, and their variety. No effort of imagination in days of health or strength can surpass such idle fantasies in ten thousand ingenuities of fiction, which I have no time to record. Let them fade into the land of Limbo—their fitting resting-place.

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## FREEMASONIC REVELATIONS.

### CHAPTER III.

IN this chapter we continue our quotations from the curious treatise of R. S.; and extract his account of the lecture, or rather three lectures on the entered apprentice's degree. The knowing reader will find it a curious jumble of truth and lies. Having said thus much, we leave Mr. R. S. to speak for himself—his sins be on his own head. Thus he proceeds, *totidem verbis*.

The reader having been led thus far, it is high time to introduce the apprentice's lecture, which is intended, not only to amuse, but likewise to instruct him in the part he is entered into. The readiness of many of the brethren in answering the questions, adds a lustre to the order, the members vying with each other who shall most contribute to the edification of their new brother.

THE ENTERED APPRENTICE'S LECTURE,\* WHICH IS DIVIDED INTO  
THREE SECTIONS.

*Mas.* Brother, is there any thing between you and me ?

*Ans.* There is, right worshipful.

*Mas.* What is it, brother, pray ?

*Ans.* A secret.

*Mas.* What is that secret, brother ?

*Ans.* Masonry.

*Mas.* Then I presume you are a mason ?

*Ans.* I am so taken and accepted amongst brothers and fellows.

*Mas.* Pray what sort of man ought a mason to be ?

*Ans.* A man that is born of a free woman.

*Mas.* Where was you first prepared to be made a mason ?

*Ans.* In my heart.

*Mas.* Where was you next prepared ?

*Ans.* In a room adjoining to the lodge.

*Mas.* How was you prepared, brother ?

*Ans.* I was neither naked nor clothed ; barefoot nor shod, deprived of all metal ; hoodwinked, with a cable-tow about my neck, where I was led to the door of the lodge in a halting moving posture, by the hand of a friend, whom I afterwards found to be a brother.

*Mas.* How do you know it to be a door, you being blinded ?

*Ans.* By finding a stoppage, and afterwards an entrance or admittance.

*Mas.* How got you admittance ?

*Ans.* By three knocks.

*Mas.* What was said to you within ?

*Ans.* Who comes there ?

*Mas.* Your answer, brother ?

*Ans.* One who begs to have and receive part of the benefit of this right worshipful lodge, dedicated to St. John, as many brothers and fellows have done before me.

*Mas.* How do you expect to obtain it ?

*Ans.* By being free born, and well reported.

*Mas.* What was said to you then ?

*Ans.* Enter.

*Mas.* How did you enter, and upon what ?

*Ans.* Upon the point of a sword or spear, or some warlike instrument, presented to my naked left breast.

*Mas.* What was said to you then ?

*Ans.* I was asked if I felt anything.

*Mas.* What was your answer ?

*Ans.* I did, but I could see nothing.

*Mas.* You have told me how you was received, pray who received you ?

*Ans.* The junior warden.

*Mas.* How did he dispose of you ?

\* The reader is desired to observe, that I here give the *whole* of the lectures, as delivered in the primitive time ; but the modern masons leave out at least one half.

*Ans.* He delivered me to the master, who ordered me to kneel down and receive the benefit of a prayer.

BRETHREN, LET US PRAY.

O Lord God, thou great and universal Mason of the World, and first builder of man, as it were a temple; be with us, O Lord, as Thou hast promised, when two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt be in the midst of them; be with us, O Lord, and bless all our undertakings, and grant that this our friend may become a faithful brother. Let grace and peace be multiplied unto him, through the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ: and grant, O Lord, as he putteth forth his hand to Thy Holy Word, that he may also put forth his hand to serve a brother, but not to hurt himself or his family; that whereby may be given to us great and precious promises, that by this we may be partakers of Thy Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world, through lust.

O Lord God, add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance prudence, and to prudence patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly love, and to brotherly love charity; and grant, O Lord, that masonry may be blest throughout the world, and thy peace be upon us, O Lord; and grant that we may be all united as one, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.—*Amen.*

*Mas.* After you had received this prayer, what was said to you?

*Ans.* I was asked who I put my trust in?

*Mas.* Your answer, brother?

*Ans.* In God.

*Mas.* What was the next thing said to you?

*Ans.* I was taken by the right hand, and he said, Rise up, and follow your leader, and fear no danger.

*Mas.* After all this, how was you disposed of?

*Ans.* I was led three times round the lodge.

*Mas.* Where did you meet with the first opposition?

*Ans.* At the back of the junior warden in the south, where I gave the same three knocks as at the door.

*Mas.* What answer did he give you?

*Ans.* He said, Who comes there?

*Mas.* Your answer?

*Ans.* The same as at the door, One who begs to have and receive, &c.

*Mas.* Where did you meet with the second opposition?

*Ans.* At the back of the senior warden in the west, where I made the same repetition as at the door. He said, Who comes here? One who begs to have and receive, &c.

*Mas.* Where did you meet with the third opposition?

*Ans.* At the back of the master in the east, where I made the repetition as before.

*Mas.* What did the master do with you?

*Ans.* He ordered me back to the senior warden in the west, to receive instructions.

*Mas.* What were the instructions he gave you?

*Ans.* He taught me to take one step upon the first step of a right angle oblong square, with my left knee bare bent, my body upright, my right foot forming a square, my naked right-hand upon the Holy Bible, with the square and compass thereon, my left-hand supporting the same; where I took that solemn obligation or oath of a mason.

*Mas.* Brother, can you repeat that obligation?

*Ans.* I will do my endeavour, with your assistance, worshipful.

*Mas.* Stand up, and begin.

[Here the oath is repeated, as mentioned before.]

After repeating this obligation, they drink a toast to the heart that conceals, and to the tongue that never reveals.

The master in the chair gives it, and they all say ditto, and they draw the glasses across their throats, as aforesaid.

*Mas.* Now, brother, after you received the obligation, what was said to you?

*Ans.* I was asked, what I most desired?

*Mas.* What was your answer?

*Ans.* To be brought to light?

*Mas.* Who brought you to light?

*Ans.* The master and the rest of the brethren.

*Mas.* When you was thus brought to light, what were the first things you saw?

*Ans.* Bible, square, and compass.

*Mas.* What was it they told you they signified?

*Ans.* Three great lights in masonry.

*Mas.* Explain them, brother.

*Ans.* The Bible, to rule and govern our faith; the square, to square our actions; the compass is to keep us within bounds with all men, particularly with a brother.

*Mas.* What were the next things that were shown to you?

*Ans.* Three candles, which I was told were three lesser lights in masonry.

*Mas.* What do they represent?

*Ans.* The sun, moon, and master mason.

*Mas.* Why so, brother?

*Ans.* There is the sun to rule the day, the moon to rule the night, and the master mason his lodge, or at least ought so to do.

*Mas.* What was then done to you?

*Ans.* The master took me by the right hand, and gave me the gripe, and word of an entered apprentice, and said, Rise, my brother, JACHIN.

[Sometimes they show you the sign before this gripe and word is given, which is JACHIN: it is the entered apprentice's word, and the gripe thereto belonging is to pinch with your right-thumb nail, upon the first joint of your brother's right-hand.]

*Mas.* Have you got this gripe and word, brother?

*Ans.* I have, worshipful.

*Mas.* Give it to your next brother.

[Then he takes his next brother by the right-hand, and gives him the gripe and word, as before described: he tells the master that is right.]

The 1st brother gives him the gripe.

The 2d brother says, What's this?

1st Bro. The gripe of an entered apprentice.

2d Bro. Has it got a name?

1st Bro. It has.

2d Bro. Will you give it me?

1st Bro. I'll letter it with you, or halve it.

2d Bro. I'll halve it with you.

1st Bro. Begin.

2d Bro. No, you begin first.

1st Bro. JA :

2d Bro. CHIN.

1st Bro. JACHIN.

2d Bro. It is right, worshipful master.

Mas. What was the next thing that was shown to you?

Ans. The guard or sign of an entered apprentice.\*

Mas. Have you got that guard, or sign, of an entered apprentice?

[He draws his right hand across his throat (as aforesaid), to show the master that he has.]

Mas. After all this, what was said to you?

Ans. I was ordered to be taken back, and invested with what I had been divested of; and to be brought back to return thanks, and to receive the benefit of a lecture, if time would permit.

Mas. After you was invested with what you had been divested of what was done to you?

Ans. I was brought to the north-west corner of the lodge, in order to return thanks.

Mas. How did you return thanks?

Ans. I stood in the north-west corner of the lodge, and, with the instruction of a brother, I said, master, senior and junior wardens, senior and junior deacons, and the rest of the brethren of this lodge, I return you thanks for the honour you have done me, in making me a mason, and admitting me a member of this worthy society.

Mas. What was said to you then?

Ans. The master called me up to the north-east corner of the lodge, at his right-hand.

Mas. Did he present you with any thing?

Ans. He presented me with an apron, which he put on me: he told me it was a badge of innocence, more ancient than the golden fleece or the Roman eagle; more honoured than the star and garter, or any other order under the sun, that could be conferred upon me at that time, or any time hereafter.

Mas. What were the next things that were shown to you?

Ans. I was set down by the master's right hand, and he showed me the working tools of an entered apprentice.

Mas. What were they?

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\* The guard, or sign, as they call it, is by drawing your right hand across your throat edgeways, which is to put you in mind of the penalty of your obligation, that you would sooner have your throat cut across, than discover the secrets of masonry.

*Ans.* The twenty-four inch guage, the square, and common gavel, or setting maul.

*Mas.* What are their uses?

*Ans.* The square to square my work, the twenty-four inch guage to measure my work, the common gavel to knock off all superfluous matter, whereby the square may sit easy and just.

*Mas.* Brother, as we are not all working masons, we apply them to your morals, which we call spiritualizing; explain them.

*Ans.* The twenty-four inch guage represents the twenty-four hours of the day.

*Mas.* How do you spend them, brother?

*Ans.* Six hours to work in, six hours to serve God, and six to serve a friend or a brother, as far as lies in my power, without being detrimental to myself or family.

I come now to the entered-apprentice's reasons; but as the ceremony of drinking healths among the masons takes up much of their time, we must stop a little, in order to introduce some of them. The first is, "To the heart that conceals, and the tongue that never reveals:" then "To the king and royal family;" and "to all brethren wheresoever dispersed."\* The pleasures they enjoy, the purity of their sentiments, and the uniformity that always reigns in their assemblies, is far from being tiresome or insipid. I am sensible that anybody but a freemason would take little pleasure in what gives the society delight; but to a mason, every thing that concerns the order is important and interesting. I next proceed to the

ENTERED APPRENTICE'S REASONS.†

*Mas.* Why was you neither naked nor clothed, barefoot nor shod, with a cable-tow (or halter) about your neck?

*Ans.* If I had recanted, and ran out in the street, the people would have said I was mad; but if a brother had seen me, he would have brought me back, and seen me done justice by.

*Mas.* Why was you hoodwinked?

*Ans.* That my heart might conceal, before my eyes did discover.

*Mas.* The second reason, brother?

*Ans.* As I was in darkness at that time, I should keep all the world in darkness.

*Mas.* Why was you deprived of all metal?

*Ans.* That I should bring nothing offensive or defensive into the lodge.

*Mas.* Give me the second reason, brother?

*Ans.* As I was poor and pennyless when I was made a mason, it informed me that I should assist all poor and pennyless brethren, as far as lay in my power.

*Mas.* Brother, you told me you gave three distinct knocks at the door: pray what do they signify?

\* These toasts or healths, are all drunk with three times three, which is performed in a most regular manner, and an huzza at the end of each, as before described.

† This in fact is only a continuation of the lecture.

*Ans.* A certain text in Scripture.

*Mas.* What is that text, brother?

*Ans.* Ask, and you shall have ; seek, and you shall find ; knock and it shall be opened unto you.

*Mas.* How do you apply this text in masonry?

*Ans.* I sought in my mind ; I asked of my friend ; I knocked, and the door of masonry became open unto me.

*Mas.* Why had you a sword, spear, or some other warlike instrument, presented to your naked left breast particularly?

*Ans.* Because the left breast is the nearest the heart, that it might be the more a prick to my conscience, as it pricked my flesh at that time.

*Mas.* Why was you led three times round the lodge?

*Ans.* That all the brethren might see I was duly prepared.

*Mas.* When you was made an apprentice, why was your left knee bare bent?

*Ans.* Because the left knee is the weakest part of my body, and an entered apprentice is the weakest part of masonry, which I was then entering into.

[Here the brethren resume their glasses, and drink a health, sometimes to the grand master, at other times to the wardens, or other officers, and then proceed.]

#### THE FORM OF A LODGE.

*Mas.* Brother, we have been talking a great while about a lodge ; pray what makes a lodge?

*Ans.* Right worshipful, a certain number of masons met together to work.

*Mas.* Pray what number makes a lodge?

*Ans.* Three, five, seven, or eleven.

*Mas.* Why do three make a lodge, brother?

*Ans.* Because there were three grand masons in the building of the world, and also that noble piece of architecture, man ; which are so complete in proportion, that the ancients began their architecture by the same rules.

*Mas.* The second reason, brother?

*Ans.* There were three grand masons at the building of Solomon's temple.

*Mas.* Why do five make a lodge?

*Ans.* Because every man is endowed with five senses.

*Mas.* What are the five senses?

*Ans.* Hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling.

*Mas.* What use are those five senses to you in masonry?

*Ans.* Three are of great use to me, viz. hearing, seeing, and feeling.

*Mas.* What use are they, brother?

*Ans.* Hearing is to hear the word ; seeing is to see the sign ; feeling is to feel the gripe, that I may know a brother, as well in the dark as in the light.

*Mas.* Why should seven make a lodge?

*Ans.* Because there are seven liberal sciences.

*Mas.* Will you name them, brother?

*Ans.* Grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

*Mas.* Brother, what do those sciences teach you?

*Ans.* Grammar teaches me the art of writing and speaking the language, wherein I learn according to the first, second, and third concord.

*Mas.* What doth rhetoric teach you?

*Ans.* The art of speaking and discoursing upon any topic whatsoever.

*Mas.* What doth logic teach you?

*Ans.* The art of reasoning well, whereby you may find out truth from falsehood.

*Mas.* What doth arithmetic teach you?

*Ans.* The virtue of numbers.

*Mas.* What doth geometry teach you?

*Ans.* The art of measuring, whereby the Egyptians found out their own land, or the same quantity which they had before the overflowing of the river Nile, that frequently used to water their country; at which time they fled to the mountains till it went off again, and this made them have continual quarrels about their lands.

*Mas.* What doth music teach you, brother?

*Ans.* The virtue of sounds.

*Mas.* What doth astronomy teach you?

*Ans.* The knowledge of the heavenly bodies.

*Mas.* Why should eleven make a lodge, brother?

*Ans.* There were eleven patriarchs, when Joseph was sold into Egypt, and supposed to be lost.

*Mas.* The second reason, brother?

*Ans.* There were but eleven apostles when Judas betrayed Christ.

*Mas.* What form is your lodge?

*Ans.* An oblong square.

*Mas.* How long, brother?

*Ans.* From east to west.

*Mas.* How wide, brother?

*Ans.* Between north and south.

*Mas.* How high, brother?

*Ans.* From the earth to the heavens.

*Mas.* How deep, brother?

*Ans.* From the surface of the earth to the centre.

*Mas.* Why is your lodge said to be from the surface to the centre of the earth?

*Ans.* Because that masonry is universal.

*Mas.* Why is your lodge situated east and west?

*Ans.* Because all churches and chapels are, or ought to be so.

*Mas.* Why so, brother?

*Ans.* Because the gospel was first preached in the east, and extended itself to the west.

*Mas.* What supports your lodge?

*Ans.* Three great pillars.

*Mas.* What are their names?

*Ans.* Wisdom, strength, and beauty.

*Mas.* Who doth the pillar of wisdom represent?



*Ans.* The master in the east.

*Mas.* Who doth the pillar of beauty represent ?

*Ans.* The junior warden in the south.

*Mas.* Why should the master represent the pillar of wisdom ?

*Ans.* Because he gives instructions to the crafts to carry on their work in a proper manner, with good harmony.

*Mas.* Why should the senior warden represent the pillar of strength ?

*Ans.* As the sun set to finish the day, so the senior warden stands in the west to pay the hirelings their wages, which is the strength and support of all business.

*Mas.* Why should the junior warden represent the pillar of beauty ?

*Ans.* Because he stands in the south, at high twelve at noon, which is the beauty of the day, to call the men off from work to refreshment, and to see that they come on again in due time, that the master may have pleasure and profit therein.

*Mas.* Why is it said that your lodge is supported by those three great pillars, wisdom, strength, and beauty ?

*Ans.* Because wisdom, strength, and beauty, is the finisher of all works, and nothing can be carried on without them.

*Mas.* Why so, brother ?

*Ans.* Because there is wisdom to contrive, strength to support, and beauty to adorn.

*Mas.* Had you any covering to your lodge ?

*Ans.* Yes, a cloudy canopy, of divers colours, or the clouds.

*Mas.* How blows a mason's wind, brother ?

*Ans.* Due east and west.

*Mas.* What is it o'clock, brother ?

*Ans.* High twelve.

*Mas.* Call the men off from work to refreshment, and see that they come on again in due time.

[The entered apprentice's lecture being finished, it is customary for the master to call upon one of the brethren, who can best acquit himself, for the following song, which is always readily complied with.]

### SONG,

#### AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE ENTERED APPRENTICE'S LECTURE.

Come let us prepare,  
We brothers that are  
Assembled on merry occasion;  
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,  
Our wine has a spring;  
Here's a health to an accepted mason.  
Chorus. Let's drink, &c.

The world is in pain,  
Our secrets to gain,  
And still let them wonder and gaze on;  
They ne'er can divine,  
The word or the sign,  
Of a free and an accepted mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,  
 They cannot tell what,  
 Why so many great men of the nation,  
 Should aprons put on  
 To make themselves one,  
 With a free and an accepted mason.  
 Great kings, dukes, and lords,  
 Have laid by their swords,  
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on ;  
 And ne'er been asham'd,  
 To hear themselves nam'd,  
 With a free and an accepted mason.  
 Antiquity's pride,  
 We have on our side,  
 And it maketh men just in their station ;  
 There's nought but what's good,  
 To be understood,  
 By a free and an accepted mason.  
 We're true and sincere,  
 And just to the fair,  
 Who will trust us on ev'ry occasion ;  
 No mortal can more,  
 The ladies adore,  
 Than a free and an accepted mason.  
 Then join hand in hand,  
 T' each other firm stand,  
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on ;  
 What mortal can boast,  
 So noble a toast,  
 As a free and an accepted mason ?

While this song is singing, they all stand round the table, and when they come to the last verse, they join hands cross-ways, in the following manner : The right-hand man takes hold of the left-hand of his neighbour with his right-hand ; and the left-hand man takes hold of the right-hand of his next brother, with his left-hand, so as to form a chain by so many links, and all join in the chorus, jumping violently with their feet on the floor, and shaking their hands up and down, linked together as above, keeping exact time with both.

Every one now talks of what he pleases ; and as it is generally half an hour before they proceed to business, those who perhaps have ordered a supper retire into another room ; but before they are permitted, the master proceeds to *call the men off from work*, as it is termed, which is done in this manner. The master whispers to the senior deacon, who sits on his right hand, and says, " It is high time to call the men from work, to refresh themselves ;" the senior deacon whispers it to the senior warden ; and it is communicated from him to the junior deacon, who carries it to the junior warden ; he proclaims it openly to the lodge, and sets his column\* upright, and the senior warden lays

\* The senior and junior warden's columns are about twenty-five inches long, and represent the columns that support the porch of Solomon's temple ; the senior's is called Jachin, and signifies *strength* ; the junior's, Boaz, and signifies, *to establish in the Lord*. See the first book of Kings, chap. vii.

his down, which signifies that the junior warden is entrusted with the care of the lodge; while the brethren refresh themselves.

In this place it will be necessary to acquaint the reader how he may discover an entered apprentice by drinking with him in company. Take the glass with your right hand, and draw it across your throat, either before or after you drink, and if an apprentice is present, he will immediately take notice of it, by asking you some question in masonry, which you will readily answer from this book. If he asks you the meaning of your doing that, you may whisper to him, that it is the penalty of the obligation of an entered apprentice. From this answer he will, at a proper opportunity, proceed farther in his inquiry.

The brethren having now regaled themselves, they take their seats, and the master proceeds to set them on again, which is performed in the same manner as the calling off; with this difference, the warden proclaims, "It is our worshipful master's pleasure, that this lodge is called from refreshment to work." The junior warden lays down his column, and the senior sets his up. But as it often happens, that the time will not permit for the fellow-craft's lecture, they close the lodge, which is done much in the same method as that of opening. The senior warden declares it in the following words, "It is our master's will and pleasure, that this lodge stand closed till the first or third Wednesday in next month," according to the night the lodge is held. Then the master, wardens, deacons, secretary, &c. take off the ensigns and ornaments from their necks, and every one is at liberty to depart or stay longer, as they think proper; every thing of masonry is excluded; they talk of what they please, and sing various songs, for the amusement of each other.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE CLOCK.

LINES WRITTEN, AT ERLANGEN IN GERMANY, ON HEARING THE  
CHURCH CLOCK STRIKE SIX IN THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 22,  
1839. BY CHARLES VERREL.

WHAT! old acquaintance, have I found you here?

Here am I wandering in a stranger land,  
And not a voice, save thine, hath met mine ear  
For many a day that I could understand.

But thou, old greybeard, with thy scythe and sand,  
Speak'st in "a monarch's voice," what all must heed

And all must comprehend, and writ'st a band,  
Our ignorance of which 'twere vain to plead,  
In characters so clear that all who run may read.

In sooth, old time, I understand thee well;

Thou talk'st of one more day for ever gone;  
And, though thou speak'st it with that German bell,  
I know another night is hastening on.

And soon thou'lt prattle of the blue-eyed dawn,  
One—two—three—four—five—six, and then the sun,  
As at thy call, advancing o'er the lawn,  
Begins his course; and when that course is run,  
Thou'lt moralize again that one more day is done.

Thou speak'st in many voices, but the tongue  
Is universal, in all nations known;  
The same when now, from lofty turret flung,  
The learn'd Erlangen hears thy solemn tone,  
As when thy speaking trumpet is the groan  
Of mighty forests, or the crash of trees,  
That long resisting fall at length o'erthrown;  
Or the soft whispers of the vernal breeze;  
The noise of tumbling rocks, the roar of wintry trees.

And for thy writing, every mouldering tower  
Holds volumes. Yonder garden, late so fair,  
Now tenanted by scarce a fading flower;  
Of that wide forest, yellow, brown, half bare,  
Who doth not read OCTOBER written there?  
While in the church-yard, on the very stone  
Raised to defy thee with such pious care,  
Oft has thy hand, to make thy prowess known,  
Defaced the sculptor's lines and traced instead thine own.

And thou hast written GREY upon this head;  
While in my furrow'd cheek may well be kenn'd  
THREESCORE AND UPWARDS. And in letters dread,  
Five times upon this heart thy hand hath penn'd  
DEATH, and the record lives, and to the end  
Will live; albeit the cares of life awhile  
To brief forgetfulness may kindly tend,  
The graven sorrow nought can e'er beguile,  
That pains in every throb, and saddens every smile.

Well, thine are melancholy greetings! yet,  
Though to mine ear thou bring'st no sound of glee,  
Thou grave-companion, I will say, well met!  
And if I did not 'twere the same to thee,  
For thou wilt still march on, and man must be  
Thy sport, thy victim; yet, I bid thee hail!  
Content if when thou toll'st the knell for me,  
The good shall honour, and the loved bewail,  
To meet thee thus, and hear thy more than thrice-told tale.

## IONA.

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACTS, BY E. L.

## PART I.

It was in the year 1797, that the "Superb," an English ship of war, rode at anchor, at some distance from the city of Lisbon. The sun had shed his parting ray on the noble ship, that now lay a shrouded mass on the sleeping waters.

The officers had been enjoying the glorious spectacle of sunset. The orb had plunged into the waters, "in one unclouded blaze of living light," and some were contrasting the same operation of Nature in their own northern clime—its "obscure brightness," with the gorgeous farewell the day had just given them. There is something so befitting to most minds in the transition of floods of glorious light into the dreamy hues of evening, and most of the young men now assembled on deck appeared to feel this influence—more particularly one who stood aloof from the others—leaning pensively over the side of the vessel and watching the broad moon that had just arisen.

At length, the silence was broken by a young lieutenant, who had led too short and too merry a life to experience long a "sympathy with suns that set."

Addressing the surrounding group, and pointing to their solitary companion, he called out,—“I propose, gentlemen, that we leave Cynthia with her young Endymion yonder, and retire to the recreations of the evening.”

Saying thus, he walked over with an arch smile to him he had thus designated, who was at the moment looking with much interest at a little boat that was approaching the vessel, and exclaimed,—“How now, Reginald Thurôt, projecting, I perceive, another solitary trip to meet the fair Juno on the wave?”

The person thus addressed bowed a graceful salute by way of answer to his gay young friend, and leaped hastily into the boat, while he assisted a sturdy sailor to row merrily away—having first deposited his guitar beside him on the bench—his graceful movements and fine romantic, but melancholy, cast of countenance blending well with the moonlight scene on the calm and majestic waters.

With a few sturdy strokes, the two good oarsmen soon cleared the ship, and proceeded in silence to near a dark mass of building which appeared to be built in the sea on some rocks, or rather cliffs, and which, by its numerous crosses and sombre appearance, proclaimed itself to be a religious edifice. It was, in fact, a convent, toward which our young Endymion bounded on leaving the boat. He returned, however, and called out to his trusty tar, Tom Browne, to hand him his guitar, and to keep a sharp look-out against surprise; and, in a few seconds, was striking his guitar with a masterly hand, standing in a graceful attitude on a high rock, not at a great distance from the only ungrated window in the convent. Indeed, Nature had so apparently fully fortified the place from its position over the

perilous rocks, at times bathed by the sea, that further precaution appeared unnecessary—but it was evident the longing spirit for liberty was within—and when was that spirit restrained when genuinely felt!

Thurôt had just added a few notes of a peculiarly rich voice to the tones of his guitar, and was proceeding to sing a Spanish serenade more full of love than well suited the holy precincts, when he was arrested by a signal that had before, on several occasions, made his heart palpitate, and which, though trifling, was sufficient foundation for romantic imaginings in the breast of the enthusiastic Reginald. This was no other than the waving of a delicate white veil, held by a still whiter hand, from the window before mentioned, and on Thurôt's springing closer to the casement, a sealed parcel was dropped from the same at his feet. But as the window was still open, Reginald contrived to throw in a paper, in which he had poured out as much warm-hearted folly as a young romantic sailor ever did. As however he was perfectly ignorant of the person he addressed, her wants, misfortunes, or character, his letter was as wild and vague as his knowledge was uncertain, but a shrewd reader might have concluded from it, that the writer held the happy conviction within himself, that he had made a conquest of some lovely captive within those walls. What, then, must have been his disappointment, when, upon perusing the address of the mysterious packet, Reginald found it to run thus:—"To the Honourable Commander of the English man-of-war, lying within view of the convent of Saint Ursula." Mortified that his adventure had not taken a more personal turn, our young Endymion returned to the honest tar, who, not expecting him for some time, was quietly sleeping on his oars; and shaking him rudely, he ordered him "to be up and stirring, as he wished to return to the ship immediately." Thurôt's curiosity as to the nature of the contents of the parcel determined him on requesting an interview with Captain Ellison that night, in order to put him in possession of the parcel, with the facts attending its committal to his care. He also trusted to his influence with his commanding officer to be made himself the hero of any enterprise the mysterious communication might involve. Upon reaching the vessel, demanding and obtaining the desired interview, he could, however, do no more than acquaint his superior officer, that a few weeks since, as he was indulging in his favourite evening row, and singing to his guitar, he was attracted by the flutter of a white veil from one of the convent windows; that on every succeeding evening, when his duty enabled him to leave the ship, the same signal had been repeated from the same place, and that on this evening, a fair hand had dropped the parcel he now presented: His turn of duty had by this time arrived, and Captain Ellison, reminding him of this, dismissed his young favourite, who tormented himself throughout the night and following morning with conjectures as to the mystery of the white veil. At length he received, late the next morning, the expected summons to the captain's cabin, and with a flushed cheek and eager eye did the handsome young sailor stand before his kind commander, who, remarking his agitation, and inviting him to a seat, exclaimed,—

"One would think, Reginald, that you suspected the nature of the

chivalrous service I am about to propose to you, so eager do you appear to hear and obey; indeed, as you and your guitar have begun the romance, I suppose you are destined by the court of Cupid to finish it '*en preux chevalier*.' " He then proceeded to acquaint Thurôt, that the parcel, of which he had been the bearer, contained a letter to the captain of the English vessel, from a young person signing herself " Isabelle de Castros;" and who represented herself as one who had rashly consented to accept the black veil at an unusual early age, and under excited and enthusiastic views of the pleasure of a religious life; that, too late, she found she had mistaken the paroxysm of piety for a genuine religious vocation, and implored the English captain, for the sake of his children and his sisters, if he had such, to assist in emancipating her from the thralldom which would bind both soul and body; she conjured him also, for the memory of her blessed mother (who had been an English lady), to take her to her maternal relations; referring him to the papers accompanying her letter, as to who they were.

By a singular coincidence it turned out, that Captain Ellison had some connexion with the friends of the fair petitioner, and this circumstance, with that of his being himself the father of three lovely girls, proved a powerful auxiliary to the Spanish maiden's entreaty, which was not the less eloquent, as (although written in English) it was evidently translated from a language and heart alike lofty and glowing while, with a confiding and dignified sense of truth, she threw herself without reserve, on the honour of an Englishman, and scorned, as she said, "to send a letter to one with whom she could not trust her name." Had she been less open, the captain might have waited to consult prudence, but naturally gallant and generous, he entered with all the romance of youth, into Thurôt's various plans for the rescue of the interesting captive. At length it was agreed that Reginald should repair, on that evening, at the usual hour, to the convent furnished with a letter from his commander, a ladder of ropes, and accompanied by the trusty Browne, and there await the issue. The letter which the delighted Reginald bore to the fair religious, expressed warmly the interest Captain Ellison felt in the success of his enterprise; the more so, as her family were not unknown to him; and he pledged himself for the honourable conduct to the British shore of one who had so fearlessly relied on the gallantry of British sailors. When Reginald expressed his anxiety as to how he could convey the letter to the fair hand for which it was destined, his captain told him that he might be tranquil on that subject, and trust to the ingenuity of the writer of the eloquent epistle, which had proved such an "*elix vitae*" to himself as to engage him at once to undertake so romantic an adventure, which was even a rash one for his friend of five-and-twenty summers.

With a thrilling heart and trembling limbs did Reginald commence this novel and mysterious enterprise; and he, who had beheld from early youth the front of battle undismayed, felt a sickening sensation of anxiety, as, after having waited (for the first time in silence) under the frowning walls of the convent, the sound of the opening window struck his ear, and a roll of cord was let down, to the end of which

Thurôt having attached Captain Ellison's letter, threw himself on the rock, and sought to steady his nerves for the coming events. A period which appeared to him interminable elapsed ere he discerned a scroll of paper floating down towards him, containing the words, "I am ready—be swift and silent." This was no sooner read, than, cautiously returning to the boat (which he had brought up on this occasion as close as possible under the signal window), and enjoining strict silence on the part of Tom (whose only fault was that of loquacity), both returned, furnished with the rope ladder, &c. At length they succeeded in fixing it, with some assistance from above, and having waved his handkerchief in token of encouragement, Thurôt soon felt every fibre wrung (as it were) by the extreme tension of anxiety, as he saw that the young female had fairly planted her foot on the perilous pass from whence a single false step had inevitably plunged her into eternity.

Winged, as it would appear, by alternate hope and fear, in an incredibly short time the dark figure had reached within a few steps of the ground, when, as though the powers had retired just as there was no further need for their exertion, she had sunk insensible to the earth but for the arm of Reginald, who caught and supported a light form that seemed to droop in death, and that showed so fair and pure in the moonlight, arrayed in her sacred robes, as to appear almost too precious a thing to desecrate by a touch.

Respectfully bearing the sylph-like form to the boat, Reginald knelt beside her, chafing her delicate hands, cold as marble, with the tenderness he would have used towards an infant; while Tom, the rough sailor, unaccustomed to the sight of mimic death, exclaimed, as he drew his coarse hand across his eyes, "Why, how now? What's the matter with my daylight? Didst never look death in the face afore? But, my eyes! 'twas all in the natural way of fighting, and not just as a lass was about to be made happy for life." The strange uncouth accents of Browne's voice aroused the slumbering powers of the terrified girl, who now turned on Reginald eyes, where all of "best in dark and bright" centred, to entrance and steal his heart away. The moon never looked on more sympathetic loveliness than that of the fair being who had just cast herself on the rough waves of a stormy world. She should always have been seen by those sister rays, "so calm, so pure, so eloquent," was that young brow, through whose pale transparency you could see the workings of a soul ingenuous, tender, and intelligent.

The sight of perfection (it has been well said) is calculated to produce a feeling of awe; whether the beautiful nun owed the respect and devotion she received on board the "Superb" to the "might and majesty of her loveliness," or to the unaffected modesty of her manners, is uncertain; but no queen could have received more homage than she did from every individual on board.

The captain treated her as a fond parent; and, having given up his own cabin for her use, he supplied her with every female elegance for the toilet, &c., having taken care that her outward dress should be of the plainest and coarsest material; and he now, after some weeks, began to be seriously desirous of obtaining orders for sailing home-



wards, or to meet some British vessel under similar ones, as he dreaded any discovery that might be made of the fugitive, whose certain destruction it would involve, as well as that of the amicable relations that continued to subsist between the Portuguese and English governments.

Isabel's fascinations of mind, manners, and person had not failed to finish the impression which the first glance of her soul-speaking eyes had made on the sensitive heart of Thurôt; she never appeared on deck but in company with him and Captain Ellison, between whom she would walk for hours, after sunset, when no eye could detect her. She would then relate her sad story, how that her mother (a Protestant and an English lady) had been scarcely known to her when she was forced by the unkindness of her father (a Spanish don of noble blood, but bigotted principles) to return to her parents in England. That she had in vain implored to have her daughter, but that Don Castros, whose only dislike to her mother arose from her steady adherence to the Protestant faith, had from early infancy desined his only child for the cloister; that his intentions, once known to the abbess of the Ursuline convent (where Isabel was brought up), were constantly placed before her eyes as irrevocable; while at the same time all the asperities of the conventual life were softened as much as possible to the young heiress, who by her father's will was left all his vast possessions, in case she should accede to his desire to take the black veil without any noviciate, or at least after a very short one. That on her father's death (which occurred about one year before her flight), the anxieties of her youthful mind (being at that time not fifteen), had brought on a severe illness; in the course of her recovery from which, and during the extreme weakness attendant on it, she had been flattered into a rash acceptance of vows, the sacred nature of which she did not then understand, and with which, on her recovery, she found she had no inclination to comply! Thus far the young Isabel accounted for the bold thought which had struck her, as every day, from the window of her cell, she gazed with longing eyes on the British vessel, which brought back the memory of a thousand infant endearments between herself and her mother, when home and liberty had been hers! But to do her justice, the pure and noble mind of Isabel also revolted from certain matters connected with the confessional, &c. which had no small share in determining her in the decisive step she had taken.

With thrilling interest was the story of this young and noble mind heard by both auditors. One, alas! drank in the most impassioned draughts of love and admiration. Nor could it be wondered at, that so circumstanced, a mutual attachment should spring up between the preserver and the preserved; the one, ignorant from innocence and inexperience, had only the wild natural veil of modesty wherewith to conceal her tender feelings; while, in the eyes of the other, Captain Ellison soon saw that devoted passion which the deep and ardent character of his romantic, but hitherto highly principled and steady young friend, rendered but too serious. Under these circumstances, this good man felt it to be his duty to make every effort to have his too lovely charge placed with her natural protectors; and having heard of

a merchant-vessel being about to sail from Lisbon, he determined on confiding her to the master, on whose character he could depend; and, having acquainted Isabel with his purpose, he was shocked at the immediate effect his communication had on her, as, falling at his feet, which she bathed with her tears, she conjured him not to ask her to leave the ship, which, as she said, "was the whole world to her, as it contained the only beings that had ever loved her!" and the tender heart of the father yearned over her, as he became fixed in his conviction of the line of duty he should adopt.

Reginald's despair was more violent in its nature, and he accused the terrified Isabel of coldness, of ingratitude towards one whose soul she had made her own, when she refused to consent to elope from the ship with him, and to become his own for ever. At length his violence alarmed the gentle girl, and she yielded from terror, while her judgment and conscience resisted. Thurot had laid his plan so well that, on the very night that Captain Ellison was passing on shore, in order to make the last arrangements for Isabel's transfer to a merchant-vessel, the devoted pair effected their escape, assisted by the faithful Browne, who knew the localities perfectly, and rowed them to a village about seven miles from Lisbon, the *curé* of which he had bribed to unite the hands of a brother tar and a peasant girl of a neighbouring village (as he described Isabel to be); and had procured her a dress suitable to the character under which he had represented her; while Reginald, arrayed in a jacket of Tom's, received his lovely bride from the hands of the *curé* with a rapture that more than repaid past difficulties, and obliterated all sense of present danger; yet did the lives of these two beings (exalted now beyond all shade of sorrow) hang by a single thread.

The step they had taken involved the life of both by the laws of their respective countries; but for many days, no thought of evil dimmed the rapturous flow of the hours; as, seated on a little mule, Isabel beguiled their tedious night journies through unfrequented and lonely paths with her smile, her song, and her Reginald's loved guitar (which even in the hurry of her flight she had not forgotten), and he leading her little steed, or sharing it with her, forgot all else beside, as they pursued their course to Switzerland, their proposed resting-place. They always halted during the day in some obscure hamlet, or shady and unfrequented wood; and Isabel, whose conventual life had only increased her love for liberty and for nature, could scarcely support all the new and blissful sensations that now burst as a tide over her young and buoyant spirit, as, "all earth forgot and all heaven around her," she seemed scarcely to tread the earth; and proud was the arch of her snowy neck, and loving the glance of her soft black eye, as she clasped her noble Reginald to her heart, and called him "her beautiful, her own!"—and they were happy—oh! that I could stop here! For one moment, I shall allow the benevolent reader to revel with them in the purest source of bliss earth presents to her children; but, like all springs terrestrial, even the happiness arising from the pure fount of affection may soon, *must* ultimately, dry up. The human heart is not an eternal well; happiness cannot then be found there. Some say the mind is its seat; alas! this world is one vast ocean,

strewed with the wrecks of mental ruin ; we must enthrone this shadow in the soul, where alone it becomes a tangible, a real, an essential thing. It dwells with the soul of the universe, and visits, in refreshing streams (even here below), those who are stamped with its impress. An union of hope, then, for the soul is, the only imperishable basis for wedded happiness. This, alas ! our fugitives possessed *not*. On their arriving in Switzerland, Thurôt determined to pursue his journey to Geneva. At St. Gingoux (a village adjoining) there was a neat cottage and small farm attached, of which he became the yearly tenant ; and with the usual improvidence of his profession, and inexperience, having a sufficient sum of money for all present purposes, he anticipated gaily for the future. While the cultivation of his farm occupied his mornings, and his evenings were devoted to rambling with his lovely bride along the enchanting lake scenery which surrounded them, full of the reminiscences of St. Preux and his Julia, or satisfying her inquiring and intelligent mind by reading or study, on those subjects with which her education had rendered her not conversant, he found with delight that Isabel's intellect was worthy the lovely casket that enshrined it. Yet did he first awake from the dream of bliss in which their senses had been steeped, and he became painfully conscious that he was a deserter, whose life was due to his country (whose cause he had forsaken in time of war), and that his children could never claim a name stained with dishonour. He had taken that of " Rosenback," and kept himself as retired as possible, only associating with the minister of the place, who was, unfortunately, a rigid orthodox divine of the extreme Calvinistic order, but very much imbued with the spirit of asperity commonly attributed to the ultra preachers of that church. Isabel sometimes heard him, in order to please her husband, but she could not conceal the dislike his manners and preaching inspired her with, as, knowing her bigotted adherence to her own faith, (which no persuasion of Reginald's could induce her to conceal, far less to give up), the old minister's philippics were often directed against her with more zeal than love. Thurôt's religion was that of the head, not the heart ; and he strove, by reason and argument, to convince Isabel of its truth ; but his cold orthodoxy showed badly beside her warm but mistaken piety ; for though the austerities of her religion, and other things connected with it, had disgusted her, yet Isabel loved all of it that she said "*man* had not touched." The birth of a son, beautiful as the day, fastened another link of love, however, to the chain which bound the hearts of the parents, and it was not till death deprived them of their treasure, that Isabel's superstitions became the source of all her future sorrows.

She began to look upon her flight, and subsequent marriage with a heretic, as mortal sins, that must bring vengeance in this world and the next ; and in her agony she went secretly to a little catholic chapel at some distance from her home, in order to make as full a confession as was consistent with her personal safety and that of her husband, to a Jesuit minister who officiated there. The voice of the Church was not slow in sending home the arrow of conviction to her heart, although her confessor only knew she had married one of a different creed. A second boy was given her, and once more the mother smiled ; but

again the blossom perished, and the parent-flower nearly sank with it. Reginald's unceasing love and devotion never tired during a long illness which succeeded this second loss; and when at length health and strength were, in some degree restored, and that on the fourth year of their marriage, a lovely girl blessed their arms, he hoped that peace and joy would once more visit his home. But a deep melancholy took possession of the mother from the moment of her baby's birth; she scarcely allowed herself to sleep, lest, during her slumbers, death should seize it also; and the unhappy Thurôt saw his two treasures fade daily before him with an agony unsupported by the consolations of true religion. At length, comfort came through the hand of fortune.

Captain, now Admiral, Ellison, had been acquainted by Reginald with his retreat and circumstances on the birth of his second son, and this true friend had ever since conducted Thurôt's business in secret for him. Admiral Ellison now wrote him an account of the death of Isabel's maternal uncle, without leaving any family or will, and that, of course, the law made his deceased brothers' and sisters' children his heirs; he further informed Reginald that he had already taken the necessary steps to have Madam Rosenback's title acknowledged, for which purpose he had made use of the papers committed to his care by Isabel, before she had effected her escape from the convent, and desired that the power of attorney he now sent, might be signed by her, in order that he might receive her portion of the property and transmit it to her, as she might deem proper. He also sent many kind letters from her English friends, containing invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Rosenback to come and live amongst them, and expressing their satisfaction at her escape from an unnatural profession, and one which had shortened her mother's life; as they attributed her early death to the sorrow the account of her only child's destination for a convent had caused her, and the hopeless separation it involved. Remittances to a large amount soon followed this packet, and so many smiles from fortune, Reginald fondly hoped would light up his Isabel's faded eyes once more to bless him with their wonted happy rays. But, alas! her lovely mind and body were alike hopelessly sinking under the pressure of exaggerated, but real feeling; the spirit of mourning possessed her entirely, but not a shadow of moroseness had ever stained her fair brow with its blighting influence, or wrung one bitter word from her marble lips. Her mind and form seemed chastened, and almost sublimated by her mental sufferings; the tones of her lovely voice had acquired a touching tenderness, that often brought tears to the eyes of her still adoring husband; they were like those of an Eolian harp, "monotonous, yet passing sweet." At length the crisis came. One morning the anxious husband missed her from his side: starting up, he called on his beloved, supposing she had stolen in as usual to visit her sleeping treasure in the adjoining closet. He entered—all was blank and cheerless. He flew to his baby's little couch—it was cold and empty; and the icy bolt of death seemed to strike the father's heart, as a thousand horrible surmises struck him. It was winter, and the cold was intense; before rushing out of the house, he seized on the terrified girl that had hitherto been their only attendant, and appealed

to her, by every thing sacred, to reveal all she knew of the flight. Her unaffected surprise and grief at the loss of her mistress and the baby, at length convinced him of her innocence, and scarcely knowing where he went, the distracted husband and father continued, for three days and nights, without rest or food, to pursue his hopeless search. No trace could be found of either mother or infant, although the pitying inhabitants of the neighbourhood had all joined in the pursuit. On the fourth night the bereaved man laid himself down on his widowed bed, but busy, aching memory forbade sleep, and his senses seemed to exist but to torture him. Every well-known object brought the sigh; every familiar sound the tear; all around lay the wrecks of his vanished treasures; and the forsaken man wrung his hands and wept in uncontrollable anguish, as he accused himself of having goaded her he adored to some fatal act, through his opposition to her religious opinions, for he observed that while all other things which usually met his eye, stood in their wonted places, not a vestige of her religious pursuits remained.

Her golden rosary, her crucifix, her missal, her Douay Testament, had all disappeared with a little bottle of water, with which it was Isabel's wont to sprinkle her fair child every day, and which he now suspected must have been holy water; and he, for the first time, asked himself whether his orthodox faith had produced more *practical* results than her erroneous one? At length he arose, and determined to search in a little cabinet that had exclusively belonged to her, whether some of these articles might not have been placed there; and a lingering hope of finding some clue by which he might discover her retreat, animated his search. At length he drew forth her nun's veil, with which Isabel had never parted; and on opening it, the raven hair that, for the last four years, had been allowed to grow in native luxuriance, met his view; and now reached from his hand to the floor in jetty waves. With a cry of despair, the wretched husband remembered it was but the night or two before her flight, that he had sportively displaced the ribbon that bound them, and seen them fall (shroud-like he now thought) around her form, then warm with life and beauty. He shuddered as he thought what might now be the sad reverse, and he pressed the silken tresses to his aching heart as he would have done her corpse.

The next discovery he made, however, restored a ray of hope to the mourner's heart: her pocket-book, which contained the last remittances in checks, to a large amount, on a banker in Paris, was in its accustomed place, but empty; and it now, for the first time, struck him that Isabel's remorse might have led her to give herself up to the powers of the Church, and that she might have returned to the convent of St. Ursula, whither he immediately determined on following her; and the next day, having given up his farm and turned every thing he could into money, he mounted his mule (the partner of so different a journey), and began his perilous journey to Lisbon, although he knew nothing could be more dangerous for himself than a return thither. But no personal consideration retarded Thurôt's progress, although his latent hope of tracing his beloved's footsteps led him frequently out of his way; and the little rest and food he allowed him-

self had nearly worn him out, when, on the sixth evening from the day of his setting out, his spirit was reanimated by the account a peasant gave him of the arrival of a young female at his house the night previous. She had a baby in her arms, and appeared agitated, and in haste. She had refused to remain the night, but said she must proceed on her journey with all despatch, as life and death were in question. She had taken the road to a small town some miles distant, to which the peasant's son had been her guide; and the boy offered to conduct the stranger to the very house where she had stopped, if he would remain with them until morning. It was with great difficulty, and only by bribing him very highly, that Thurôt could get the man to allow his son to proceed immediately with him. Then placing the boy on the mule, and running himself beside it, he proceeded, scarcely breathing, so great was his agitated delight at the prospect of recovering his lost ones. The fatigue he underwent that night, and the number of miles he continued to walk without refreshment, were quite inconceivable, and could only have been endured under such excitement as his; but, at length, in the morning, having reached the object of all his toil, and being introduced by the boy into the house where he had fondly hoped he should find all that made life dear to him, he could not support the disappointment, when Madeline, the peasant he had pursued (supposing her to be Isabel), with her child, met the strained glance of his burning eye-balls, and he sank at her feet in a trance-like state of insensibility.

Long was it ere the worn-out frame of the wanderer could be restored to animation, and then it was only to the endurance of a long and painful illness, brought on by the hardships and misfortunes he had undergone.

Happily he had fallen among good Samaritans; Madeline had arrived at her mother's cottage too late to receive her parting blessing; the hand of death had been there before her, and the wayfaring man was presented to her cares just as the streaming sympathies of her artless bosom had been opened. She sent for her husband to come and assist in the house, while she attended Reginald with the devoted tenderness woman alone can show in sickness.

There, on his lonely cottage bed, during many a night of sleepless suffering, did Reginald bring in review before his mind and conscience, the events of the latter years of his life—and the effect was salutary; for the spirit was humbled within him; and, feeling that he had sacrificed his duty to his country, himself, and his God, through idolatrous affection, he recognized the justice of the punishments he now suffered. He turned in this his dark night of adversity to Him who will never reject those who seek him, and who gave him strength to cast all his cares upon One who so cared for him, as to provide such assistances in his hour of total destitution; in a word, he sought for comfort in that Book whence streams of consolation ever flow for the humble penitent.

He arose from his bed (as he thought) content to be afflicted, until a slight circumstance occurred that convinced him, that the wounds so mercifully bound up could be torn open by many a breath of chilling memory.

On the second day that the invalid had arisen from his couch, the happy Madeline, wishing to assure him of the kindness with which (for his sake) her Josef had treated the little mule, "Flight," this mute companion of so many joys and sorrows was brought to the opened cottage door, that his master might notice his sleek appearance. At the sight of the little animal, a wild cry of agony broke from the pale sufferer's heart; the form of his Isabel, such as when on their flight, four years ago, she had sprang in innocent happiness to his bosom, while their little steed bounded merrily along beneath its double load; all this stood before him.

"Father of mercies!" cried he, "grant me patience, and give me to feel the justice of the rod which corrects my heart's idolatry." Long was it ere he could renew his search, which, however, he did, sanctifying it by becoming a self-sent messenger of mercy to the souls and bodies of the people amongst whom he strayed. This was a work for which his misfortunes as well as his profession singularly adapted him; he had learned from them one lesson, which if the reader become assured of from this tale, it will not have been written in vain. It was this,—that dogmatism avails nothing to him who would save souls; that he who dares invite sinners to the love of Christ, should himself feel that love within his heart, consecrating it to the work, and purging it of every root of bitterness. How little *doctrinal* disquisition should we hear! How few arenas should we see displayed for the gladiators of dogmatic theology on any side in the present day, were all to become as convinced of this truth as they are of the ignorance and guilt of their opponents! The barb of sorrow had entered deep into Reginald's heart; the stricken deer could not hurt the feelings of others; his converse was of love and peace; wherever a spot of common ground existed, he would take it, and thereon erect the standard of the Cross; need I add he was successful even beyond his own hopes, and the peasants of France and Switzerland were sincerely attached to the "good missionary," as they called him.

His subdued and placid countenance had kept the secrets of his sorrows, had not the fingers of care passed a blight over his chestnut locks, turning them prematurely into silver, and stamping his brow with her own furrows; but pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus, had sweetly sealed his soul with the promise of eternal rest; and although the surface was at times troubled, the mourner had now a deep *well* of consolation within, despite his desolation of heart.

Thirteen years rolled on; the bereaved man still sought, but sought in vain, his Isabel; he was more successful in his endeavours to convert souls; and in every village and town a faithful few loved to listen to the words of life, breathed from lips touched by a holy fire, consecrated by the Spirit to the work.

Reginald had hitherto abstained from taking orders, not from any disrespect to the holy ordinance, but having the true liberality and generosity of the Christian, he did not wish to hurt the prejudices of his Catholic hearers, on the one hand, or on the other, to involve in any personal risk he might incur, any body of Christians.

In the heart of the city of Lisbon he had a small and faithful congregation; and he became now so emboldened by his frequent visits

to that city, that he determined to take as many opportunities as possible of visiting the chapel of the Ursuline convent, and of prosecuting his inquiries amongst its functionaries, as to the fate of the fugitive nun, who, it was whispered, had fled some thirteen years since with a common sailor, to whom she had been married, and, as some asserted, had since returned and been immured for her crimes; but, according to others, she had never since been heard of.

Thurôt's anxious and repeated inquiries on this subject at last aroused the observation of the authorities; and it was determined to take an opportunity of seizing and examining the suspected stranger, who, although changed in appearance, so as to have been able to evade any suspicion of being himself the offender, might (it was thought) possibly have some evil design towards the Church, as he was observed to avoid entering the chapel during the sacrificial part of the service, and never to pay any reverence to the altar.

One evening Thurôt lingered about the aisles until the vesper-chaunt rose high within the chapel of the convent; and, on entering, he could almost fancy one voice, that he singled from the rest, must be that one still ringing in the ear of his memory. Long after the strain had ceased, he remained gazing up at the latticed portion of the building destined for the choral sisters, when, at length, he perceived that the chapel was nearly empty, all the lights extinguished, and he was proceeding to the door, when he found his passage to it obstructed by two ferocious-looking men, who, seizing each one of his arms, declared they made him their prisoner, in the name of the Church, for contempt of the holy altar, to which he had made no reverence.

"Friend!" said Thurôt, "I am a Protestant, and adore not the altar, but Him who sits thereon."

"You are a heretic dog!" cried one of the men, laying hold of Reginald by the throat; while the other, striking him on the mouth, muttered something about the gag of the Inquisition.

Hitherto Reginald had been passive, but the slumbering fire of youth and valour now returned to his eye, as, with the resentment of a free Briton, he felt his conscience and person thus attacked, and rising to his full height, and exerting, with one mighty effort, all his muscular strength, he flung the officers of justice from him on either side the marble pavement, and strode along the middle aisle of the church towards a side-door, as he found the grand entrance had been secured before the *fracas*. This scene was witnessed with intense interest by a person who alone of all the congregation had remained, and now, standing in the shadow of a pillar, heard the murderous threats of the ruffians, as, slowly rising, gathering their aching limbs from the ground, and muttering curses, they retired for more assistance.

Wrapping himself in his cloak, and retreating still further into his place of concealment, the stranger, unperceived by any, appeared to await, while Thurôt in vain endeavoured to force the side door. In a few minutes it was opened from without, and the same officers, accompanied by two more robust, and, if possible, more ferocious-looking than themselves, entered, and, with dreadful imprecations, approached Thurôt, whose features had now faded into their usual palor, and who, addressing them in an authoritative, and yet mild tone, said,—



"Desecrate not what you consider a most holy place, by such expressions, in the name of Him for whom you pretend such zeal—your numbers do not alarm me—but if you have authority for your orders, I shall, without further resistance, surrender myself to you."

Awed by his dignified look and manner, one of the officers handed him a paper, which, having looked upon, he returned, saying, "Sir, I am your prisoner." As he passed the stranger's place of concealment, the latter heard him murmur in English, "Imprisonment and death await me, but the servant of the Lord may not strive."

At this moment, a voice, that sounded home his country's accents to every fibre of Thurôt's heart, exclaimed,—"May heaven forsake me if I abandon a countryman at such a pinch as this!" And the hitherto concealed stranger emerged from the shade, his form towering far above even that of Thurôt, and his martial eye glancing through the gloom, seconded well the terrors of his arms, which now descended on either side of Thurôt, shaking off his new assailants, as he cried, "Bear up, sir, and defend yourself against these heroes who are about to indulge in the Portuguese mode of warfare!"

As he spoke, Thurôt, turning round, perceived that a short poinard was within a few inches of his back; disarming the cowardly ruffian, and flinging the instrument from him, Reginald suddenly felt his own arm seized, and himself borne along with irresistible power, and that so swiftly, that not until after he found himself under the clear sky, and saw his protector lock the private door on the outside, was he aware that it was a friendly arm that thus provided for his safety; while a gay and hearty laugh met his ear, and his gallant companion uttered, with much apparent satisfaction, "A night's penance in St. Ursula's chapel will do these murderous ruffians but little harm—while, my good sir, it gives you respite from the thumb-screw, at least for a while—but swiftly and silently, if you please—I must secure the life, scarcely yet safe; you must to my quarters, where I shall conceal you until you can effect your escape, else your life, my dear sir, is not worth an hour's purchase."

"After God, I thank you, brave sir!" said Reginald, following him, his whole soul filled with gratitude for his escape, which he discovered, on reaching his friend's habitation, he owed to Colonel Beaumont, an English officer, alike remarkable for his majestic beauty of person, bravery of spirit, and kindness of heart.

The frank soldier admired the elegant simplicity of his *protégé's* manners, and felt that uncommon degree of interest for him, that the circumstances of their introduction might easily account for, while this was heightened a hundred-fold, when Thurôt, sometime afterwards, in full confidence, threw open to him the still bleeding sorrows of his bosom, while pity for his griefs, and admiration of his pious and active resignation, all combined to fix in the gallant soldier's heart, the strong desire to save, protect, and comfort him.

In order to effect this, he advised Thurôt again to retire to Geneva, where he promised to send or bring him any tidings he might obtain of his wife and child. His means of information were hopeful, as an Irish lady of his acquaintance was just then receiving her education at the Ursuline convent.

"But I grieve to say," added this generous friend, "that I have little hope that you may ever recover those so cruelly torn from you; and I think it unlikely they should be located in this place, even if (as I have no doubt) both are under the protection of the Church; there is too much mystery about all their proceedings for that; the rich prize Isabel de Castros is, I am pretty sure, safe, *too* safe, alas! But your child—Thurôt—ah! my heart bleeds with you—I, too, am a father—a happy, a blessed husband!"

"To continue such," replied Reginald, "be not an idolatrous one. Oh! my friend! my preserver! love the Giver supremely, and He will bless the gifts."

"Nay," said Colonel Beaumont, "you make me a poor return for saving your valuable life; you are gloomy, and I who never knew what it was to think of death, since we have been so much together, cannot put the thought from me by day nor even by night." And as he said this, an unusually melancholy expression shaded his animated features.

"What you call gloom, my friend," replied Thurôt, "is the only shadow for a broken heart—the only refuge from despair—'my light in darkness'—my hope of immortality. The grave you look upon as so mournful, is the home I ardently long for, yet dare I not pray for it; look on it as Jesus left it, still streaming with the rays of his arisen glory, and you will long to bathe yourself in its blessed beams." While he spoke a heavenly light seemed to play on his features, and Colonel Beaumont saw the reality of his friend's longing after immortality.

"It is comparatively easy, however," observed the Colonel, "to long for heaven, when all we loved on earth is lost; however, my friend, I hope to put you to this proof—for if your daughter be alive, I will search her out, and restore her to you. Ah! why can you not be with my gentle Gertrude? She would cheer, she would comfort you!"

Stung with bitter remembrance, the wanderer exclaimed, "Ah! faithless are the bonds of woman's love! How have I been betrayed; my deep affection repaid by abandonment!"

"Nay," replied Colonel Beaumont, "I pledge my Gertrude for the unflinching truth and devotion of woman; your Isabel only loved her God better than you. You must promise me, if I fail in discovering your own, that my family shall be yours. My lovely Ellen shall be your daughter, and you shall repay my love to you, by making my Lionel worthy to be your own son."

Moved and distressed by the agony of tears these unusual words of kindness drew from the wanderer's heart, Colonel Beaumont muttered, "Those execrable Papist priests ought all to be exterminated."

"My friend and comforter!" ejaculated Thurôt, "may heaven bless your generous enthusiasm! but let me entreat you to lay aside expressions so unworthy your own kind heart, as those you have just now indulged in; and if we have more light, oh! let us have more love than they; in this matter we all offend, and what is the result? they remain unconverted. An injurious epithet never effected a conversion. Let us try the force of pious and loving example. Will you come with me, my friend, where, every night during my concealment here, I have

stolen out, and put my life into the hands of some of the followers of that benighted Church you have just now so hardly designated; with the Bible in one hand, I plant the common standard of the Cross with the other; and the field of my labours is often watered and hallowed by the tears of penitence."

"It is then as I suspected," said Colonel Beaumont; "and you are a preacher?"

"Self-constituted," was the reply, as leading the way through many a lane and winding alley, Thurôt stopped at the door of a mean-looking house, where his well-known voice no sooner made itself heard, than the glance of affection and respect from many eyes greeted the searcher for souls, who, after a short prayer, proceeded to address his weeping flock from the affecting words of Saint Paul, "And behold I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more."

Every tone of that sorrow-stricken voice was in accordance with the pathetic words as he took his mournful leave of his devoted little band. Although loftier themes engaged his powers, and the voice of weeping was hushed, and the balm of consolation poured in, as he cast his loved ones in the Gospel on the supporting arms of a Saviour's mercy; as he declared Him, from experience, to be the only friend, unchangeable, "that sticketh closer than a brother!" And as the Christian preacher warmed with his subject, and soared into the boundless ethics of a Saviour's love, their spirits mounted with his, and a heavenly rapture seemed to pervade the assembly.

Colonel Beaumont was spell-bound. He had never heard any thing in any country so real, so genuine, and therefore so soul-subduing in its fascination, as this eloquence. And as he hurried with his friend from the apartment, (now again filled with the stifled sorrows of parting), he wrung his hand and whispered, "Friend of my soul, we meet again!"

(*To be continued.*)

## THE ENGLISH CORN LAWS.

BY A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

IF there be a question complicated, and of very ponderous bearing, it is that of the mutual exchange of commodities amongst men; it is the question relating to what we call "value," "labour," and "the price of things." But there is no necessity for entering, on the present occasion, into the *metaphysic* part of "political economy." The question of the Corn Laws has been lately discussed very largely, and so much light has been thrown upon it, that the wheels and secret screws of this complicated machine have certainly been thoroughly illuminated; yet illuminating any subject is not unriddling, or explaining it—nay, any subject might have been more plain and comprehensible at any former time, than after it has been minutely anatomized; provided this anatomy lacks the principle of *higher generalization*.

One thing is certain, that England, on one side, has remained sta-

tionary with its price of bread; whilst, on the other, the people of the continent and the colonies have progressed in mechanics, manufactures, and all sorts of industry. Taken from this point of view, therefore, the question stands thus:—that *there was a period* when England manufactured almost exclusively cotton, wool, iron, &c.; whereas, now these articles are *produced largely* in other quarters. But, as living (regulated as it is by the price of bread) is any where cheaper than in England, it follows, that the produce of this country, which sold thirty or forty years ago abroad, *because* it enjoyed a sort of accidental monopoly, will not sell at the present conjuncture of affairs. This anomaly, which, if ever it be consummated in an absolute manner, could not but annihilate the English commerce, was suspended temporarily, some twenty years ago—*first*, by the introduction of complicated machinery, and *secondly*, by the application of steam. Yet, even the first of the above-named correctives (we mean machinery) has been already adopted on the continent, in the United States, &c.; and the only thing remaining, with which England can still *force* a market, is its extended application of steam. The moment that this last weight in the scale of its trade should also be possessed by foreign nations, the commerce of England would come to a standstill. It has been lately observed in a place where no one could have expected such an allegation (we mean in the Commons' House), that England should circumscribe itself to its *internal trade*. The absurdity of this assertion is beyond conception. Without speaking of the vast complication of English wholesale commerce, we would just refer the gentleman who made this statement to a majority of even the shops in this metropolis, when it would become apparent, that perhaps one-third of their business is carried on with foreign countries. On the other hand, the discrepancy of the prices in England and the latter countries is not less palpable. The retail price of the sheet of paper upon which these lines are written, is in London one penny, whereas in Vienna it would be one farthing and perhaps a fraction. A serviceable watch costs, in London, five pounds; for which two or three may be bought in Switzerland, in France, &c. These most homely examples hold good for many other articles of merchandise; and it is obvious that whenever trade can take its *natural* and *unrestrained* course, it will and must decrease, as far as England is concerned. The comparative value of money and merchandise are most discrepant; and commerce can therefore only be carried on, either by conventional and artificial aid, or as long as machinery and steam are not so effectively resorted to abroad as they are in England.

In a word, England does not produce so much as, according to its population, its resources, and its commercial relations, it could produce; *because* the price which such article would cost in England is not that which could be given for by other nations; or, inverting our assertion, labour in England is dearer than its remuneration throughout the world amounts to. What a vast complication of truth these few words imply! They contain, as it were, an epitome of the present industrial state of England! It can never be properly said, that there is not sufficient occupation for the people of this realm, *because* every sort of merchandise can *obtain some price*;

but it is the *discrepancy* between labour and remuneration which deleterious, and which, in the present instance, ruins the labouring class of the people. A hundred thousand weavers *would* weave; hundred thousand girls *would* sew; a million of other people *would* work in other ways; but the work which they might do, is neither ordered nor done; because the people in the United States, or on the Continent, or in the Brazils, do not give, and cannot give, so much in return, as the people in England require. In the present state of English commerce, there are seventeen millions of people who are in opposition to—say *three hundred millions*, with whom they trade.

To remedy this state of anomaly, several expedients present themselves. FIRST, to repress the manufacturing and producing exertion of the world, and to give England that monopoly again, which it once possessed. This is impossible. SECOND, to increase the price of living (regulated by the price of bread), in the remainder of the world so as to bring the value of its manufactures to a higher level than that of the English standard. This is equally absurd. THIRD, to decrease the price of living in England, so as to bring the price of its manufactures within the reach of the world. This *alone* is possible and this, as every other political innovation, can be effected in two ways; viz., by a *mutual arrangement* of the parties, the interests whereof are here at issue (viz. the manufacturer and agriculturist), or by more violent processes.

It has been asserted, that the English commerce is increasing—and so it may, as far as it is led into *new* channels (the trading by iron steam-boats up the Niger, &c.); but certainly, many of the ancient and richer channels are drying up. Articles once largely *exported*, are now largely *imported*;\* and this must yearly increase, as the extraneous world progresses in manufactures and arts. But if it were to come (as it is the case now), that the English were expatriating themselves to, or employing their capital in establishing manufactures in, *foreign* places, because the profits are expected there to be larger—in this case the impoverishment of English commerce would be accelerated in very complicated ratio, taking shipping, rate of commission, storage &c., into account. And consequently the number of people unemployed would increase in the same manner, as the capital which *might* have given them employment, is conveyed out of the country. This leads to a further complication of affairs. To whatever cause the Tory party may ascribe it (because the popular one is unanimous about it the *miseries* of the lower classes are very great; and if a map should be composed, upon which the poor-houses alone should be laid down and statistics of the people living upon public charity be adjoined it certainly would startle every sensible mind. It is not the case here as it is in other countries, that the aged and infirm are maintained by their fellow-men—it is the strong, the healthy, the young, the powerful, and, in many cases, the gifted and talented, who are doomed to lead an idle and distressed life. Legislative and philanthropic speculation seems at a loss how to cope with circumstances so ominous;

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\* Vide Baron Thenard's (President of the Jury of Prises) Report of the last "*exhibition industrielle*" in Paris, which alluded to several articles of that kind.

and certainly, no *partial* remedy will ever be able to overcome them. It is not in Great Britain *alone*, that a remedy can be found for the miseries of those two millions of people, who are a considerable integral of a nation spread over the world, and the wealthy and affluent of which are accustomed to live in boundless luxury. The *remedies* for the embarrassment of a nation which *rules* the commerce of the world, are only to be sought for on the stage of the world itself. The artificial and hereditary *opulence* of the landed proprietors can be only maintained by dooming millions to a not less artificial and hereditary, yet unnatural *starvation*. Where can, and where will, all this end? History answers these questions, by pointing to the agrarian laws, and the French Revolution. Although the latter was produced by causes not exactly similar, yet it was also the faction of the over-rich and over-powerful, which stood between the nation and those reforms which were asked from the government. And *what* was the result?—the burned chateaux of France, their scores of thousands fallen under the guillotine, the scores of thousands dead in exile, answer this question.

Amongst the many objections raised against the repeal, or a liberal modification of the Corn Laws, one must be particularly noticed. It is stated, that *if* the above were the case, the English agriculturist would have to compete with the serfs of Poland, and the other countries of the Baltic, who being accustomed to live on a very moderate scale, would sell the grain at an equally low price. But this objection is entirely futile. Is it to be believed, that the Baltic peasant, who at present does not find it worth while to cultivate his land, and who earns only, say ten pounds a year, would, if he were to earn twenty pounds, content himself to live at the same moderate rate at which he now does? By no means. This surplus yearly ten pounds, he would employ in buying cloth, and calico, and implements, and other manufactures. And as the reduction of the price of living in England would necessarily reduce the price of English manufactures, they *would find* a market in all places—where now they find *none*: *first*, because the people have no money to buy them (*viz.* no produce to give in exchange); and *second*, even if they have some money to spare, they cannot afford the high prices demanded for them, on the very account of the high price of living, of which they are again the consequence. But we find to our great satisfaction, that our arguments are crossing themselves, corroborating each other reciprocally. On the other hand, the agriculturists ought not to be afraid, that the price of wheat would remain at that low price, for which it is now sold on the shores of the Baltic and other agricultural countries. By no means. As the Polish, Egyptian, or other agriculturist, would increase in wealth or competency, his wants and desires for refinements would increase, and with it the price of labour. It could be proved mathematically, that in a few years, the price of bread would regulate itself so as to be the *medium* between the present (artificial and unnatural) high price in England, and the present (equally artificial and unnatural) low ones on the continent, in Egypt, the United States, &c. And what a happy consummation would this be! England being the emporium of the commerce of the world (all parts of which would become open and

accessible to the produce of its manufactures), it is impossible to culminate what great and general improvements such an alteration would bring on in this country; but, like every thing else which is the result of fair and liberal measures, it would be beneficial and pregnant for every party interested.

It has been further objected, that a repeal, or a liberal modification of the Corn Laws, would not benefit the lower classes, as it would lower down the rate of wages. But this is also a very futile objection. In the first instance, if the modification of the Corn Laws would do this (which there can be no doubt it would), it would just do what which we assert would benefit the nation at large, viz. bring the price of life and labour more on a level with that of the world, and make the immensity of commercial speculation possible, which is not so at the present moment. And then, is it by the *weight of money* by which men are living, or is it by the amount of produce which they are to obtain for a certain sum earned? Decidedly the latter. Therefore, the question does *not* turn on that, whether the poor would earn more money, but whether he would earn more subsistence under the regulations contemplated. After all, there is much truth in Mr. O'Connell's argument, that if bread were plentiful a poor woman would be able to give her children two slices of bread instead of one, which they get now.

It is a strange occurrence, and perhaps a sign of the times (as some writers have characterized as atheistic), that amongst the arguments adduced in favour of cheap bread, only those relating to political economy have been broached; and the philanthropic, I would fain say, Christian, have been entirely blinked. If nothing else, the ten or twenty persons who annually die in London by starvation are a heavy weight in the scale of argument for the modification of the Corn Laws. But the death of these ten or twenty people is no occurrence isolated, or standing by itself. Such horrible anomalies are (wherever, and in whatever form they appear) but the acme and the highest degree of a disorganization, which must have attained an unprecedented height, before it could burst forth into such hideous and heart-rending symptoms. Legislation should insist upon, and higher classes even give up (voluntarily) some of their luxuries—such a state of things ought to cease. Deep ailments (as well in the physical, as moral world) require a speedy determination, and a directed and sincere effort to eradicate them successfully and for ever, else they undermine the body thus affected, and bring it to the verge of vehement convulsion!

“ Quod medicina non curat, ferrum curat (!), aut imo ignis.”

## SONNETS.

BY J. W. MARSTON, ESQ.

Sorrow hath uses. Thou! who wert to me  
Absorbent of all love, and sense, and thought,  
My every act of being bound by thee,—  
The universe, beyond which life had nought

Save that which is another name for death ;  
 Thy bodily form no more respires heaven's breath,  
 Thy lip is a mute instrument, thine eyes  
 Are no more mirrors to the sympathies ;  
 And on thy pale, still aspect of repose  
 No colour deepens, and no feeling glows.  
 The sceptic saith that thou hast faded aye,  
 Yet doth strong will empower me to reply,—  
 " Oh, not for ever can our spirits part,  
 Earth hath surrendered thee, and yet THOU ART."

## II.

'Tis common from tradition's voice to learn  
 The doctrine of eternity, a creed  
 Of verbal signs, whence doth the hearer turn  
 To make his home in time's domain, and feed  
 Low hopes with low success ; but from him rend  
 His heart's elected and peculiar friend,  
 And heaven-instructed nature loud doth cry—  
 " Loves which survive the grave must have their birth  
 In being which the finite doth transcend."—  
 I thank thee, oh, dear Father, that a power  
 In sorrow dwells, which bids the mind deny  
 The aggregated wealth of sea and earth,  
 As all unmeet to be its lofty dower.

## AD REGINAM.

VICTORIA ! unto thee,  
 Thou young resplendent queen  
 Of this proud empire of the brave and free,  
 Our spirits vibrate. Thou hast seen  
 Little of life's dim mysteries,  
 Yet more than what suffices to reveal  
 The one truth, and the myriad falsities  
 Of those who seek its pure light to conceal.  
 Gaze on the spectral past—  
 Elizabeth the peerless empress  
 Beckons thee to thy throne—on which, at last,  
 After long years of discord and distress,  
 Thy people hail thee. Oh, but emulate  
 That lion-hearted and heroic one,  
 Who quelled the dissonance of Church and State—  
 She knew to speak with power, and it was done—  
 See how the world her memory doth bless,  
 Who hurled the Armada into nothingness.  
 Even so, Victoria !  
 Be thou her more than equal in the art  
 Of governing thy people. From afar  
 Disperse pure patronage, and heal the heart  
 Of broken loyalty. Once more become



The genial mother of our nation's trust—  
 Unto the stranger a benignant home,  
 And to the weary rest. Then the august  
 Britannic diadem shall brighter shine  
 On thee, the queen of beauty—blue-eyed heir  
 Of a long-blazoned, song-renowned line—  
 Bland—generous—universal. All who dare  
 To teach thee otherwise, are a false shame—  
 Deceiving and deceived ; all who declare  
 That thou art not the queen of every name,  
 Religious and political, within  
 Britannia's realms. To thee, points the best love  
 Of thy far-scattered subjects. From the din  
 And crash of tempests, mariners gaze above  
 To rising Hesper. So from the wild jar  
 Of faction, trembling hope aspires to thee,  
 Star of new peace—sweet banisher of war.  
 Be unto all thy subjects, fond and free—  
 Whether the Israelite, self-exiled man—  
 The Papalist, whose strong faith defeats strong lies—  
 And Lutheran, whose eager reason can  
 Rescue vast truths from vague perplexities.  
 Therefore I wake the song  
 To thee, our hope, our glory, and our might ;  
 For unto thee shall still belong  
 The fame of well-restoring the quenched right  
 Of Catholics, and raising from the dust  
 The liberty of Protestants. Let not these,  
 Thy bright designs, be cankered by the rust  
 Of blinding parties. No ; the fixed decrees,  
 That heaven hath registered, are not so crost ;  
 Wherefore the charge hath come into thy hand  
 To carry on the work. Truth is not lost  
 Because her servants err. And in this land,  
 Young queen, even thou hast witnessed the fair ray  
 Of light that knows no setting—the mild beam  
 That tells of love's imperishable day,  
 Which shall burn on when we have ceased to dream.  
 The Muses honour thee, because the blast  
 Of slanderous hate hath done its worst to stain  
 Thy pure renown—but when its rage is past,  
 Men shall make fairer judgement. Yet, again,  
 They shall remember, and behold in thee  
 A queen who justly won her nation's smile,  
 Because she urged the cause of liberty,  
 And cherished, in this passion-struggling isle,  
 The hopes of patriots. Unto thee we owe  
 Renascent coalition, whose desire  
 Is equal patronage, which shall bestow  
 Fair play, not unfair privilege. The fire  
 Of Britain's genius glitters o'er my soul,  
 While I discern that policy revived

Which thus consults the interest of the whole,  
 By a pure toleration, heaven contrived.  
 Though young and delicately nurtured, yet  
 Thou know'st this lesson, and wilt ne'er forget,  
 All ministries are measured by this scale.  
 By it they stand or fall—they are found good  
 As they support its influence, and they fail  
 When they renounce it. Therefore have I wooed  
 This art of governing an empire torn  
 By sects and parties—madden'd by the draughts  
 Of Mammon—faction's tools will scorn  
 These words, but they are true. No cunning craft  
 Of keen diplomacy can long maintain  
 Exclusive barriers. They are breaking now,  
 And time shall wash away each damning stain  
 Of foul monopoly, according to my vow.

ALERIST.

## LIBRARY STUDIES.

adjusted the apparatus of our Perryian inkstand—(a capital invention; it has an air-pump which filters and regulates the quantity of ink, and we recommend thee to purchase a specimen immediately)—armed that mighty weapon—the pen!—and then fell into a musing fit. Two of the two leading articles of the present number were lying before our heart was swelling with the deep sense of literary wrongs. But we hope, nevertheless, for authors; proof whereof lay before us:—Mr. Talfourd's three excellent speeches delivered in the House of Commons in favour of copyright extension.\* Fine specimens of the chastest of these, in which every period is musical; and which, taken altogether, present the entire argument with a wholeness and a detail that leaves much to be desired. Our approbation of the measure is grounded on the consideration of its benefits. We are aware that mistakes have been the mutual intentions of the parties litigant. Mr. Tegg, for instance, was supposed to be against the extension altogether. On the contrary, he maintained, that even he concedes the principle, but would place books under the protection of patents, and grant an indefinite power of renewal of the term one twenty-eight years to another. We are afraid, however, that the present regulation wants itself to be amended, and is not a good example on the basis of expediency or principle.

termining these rights, it is, certes, necessary to steer clear of monopoly on one side and robbery on the other. We must aim at making laws of all kinds as few and as brief as the encouragement of individuality will permit. And when we have determined the time in which monopolies shall legally exist, we must take care that they suffer no interference within that period.

But Talfourd, to whose exertions in the cause of authors the world owes much gratitude, conceives that it is desirable to extend this term to authors. We should have no objection to this term being renewable, and, on special application. The prospective action of this regula-

\* Speeches delivered in the House of Commons in favour of a measure for the extension of Copyright. By T. N. Talfourd, Serjeant-at-Law. To which are added Petitions in favour of the Bill, and Remarks on the Present State of the Question. London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1840.

tion would injure none and benefit all. At present, the mischief is, an author dies twenty-eight years after the date of his publication, the property is lost to his family. According to the above proposal, let him when he will, his family would enjoy the benefit of the copyright years after his decease.

If the right of renewing the term were added on payment of fees, as a case in the law of patents (which should be made as analogous as possible to the law of copyright), the fees should not be too high, as is notorious in the present patent system. A fee of £1 would in all respects be preferable to the exorbitant charge of £120 now demanded. But as we do not dissect the patent law in a separate article, we need not add more at present.

The law of copyrights has risen into very great importance as regards authors, publishers, and the public at large. If privileges of authors are no longer recognised—if that literary patronage, so warmly recommended by Dr. Southey, and approved by Sir Robert Peel, is not to be recognised at least let the rights of authors be clearly defined and steadfastly maintained. This is the more desirable, as authorship has now become a distinct profession, of immense extent and unbounded influence, so as to attract especial scrutiny of politicians in every civilized state.

We know not that we can place the whole argument in a better point of view, than by extracting from Serjeant Talfourd's very elegant voluminous petition of Mr. Thomas Hood.

PETITION OF THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.\*

"THE humble petition of the undersigned Thomas Hood,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner is the proprietor of certain copyrights which the law treats as copyhold, but which, in justice and equity, should be his to hold. He cannot conceive how 'Hood's Own,' without a change of title-deeds as well as the title, can become 'Everybody's Own' hereafter.

"That your petitioner may burn or publish his manuscripts at his own option,—and enjoys a right in and control over his own productions which no press, now or hereafter, can justly press out of him.

"That as a landed proprietor does not lose his right to his estate by throwing open his grounds for the convenience or gratification of the public, neither ought the property of an author in his works to be taken from him—unless all parks become commons.

"That your petitioner, having sundry snug little estates in view, does not object, after a term, to contribute his private share to a general scrapple provided the landed and monied interests, as well as the literary in the country, were thrown into the heap; but that, in the meantime, the fruits of his own labour ought no more to be cast amongst the public than a Christian's apples or a Jewess's oranges.

"That cheap bread is as desirable and necessary as cheap books, and hath not yet been thought just or expedient to ordain that, after a certain number of crops, all corn-fields shall become public property.

"That whereas in other cases long possession is held to affirm a right of property, it is inconsistent and unjust that a mere lapse of twenty-four or any other term of years, should deprive an author at once of his principal interest in his own literary fund. To be robbed by Time is a serious discouragement to write for Futurity!

"That a work which endures for many years must be of a sterling character, and ought to become national property—but at the expense of the public or at any expense save that of the author or his descendants. It must

\* This petition was thought too richly studded with jests to be presented to the House of Commons; but its wit embodies too much wisdom to allow of its exclusion from this place. It is therefore inserted, by permission of its excellent author.

ungrateful generation that in its love of cheap copies can lose all regard for 'the dear originals.'

"That whereas your petitioner has sold sundry of his copyrights to certain publishers for a sum of money, he does not see how the public, which is only a larger firm, can justly acquire even a share in copyright except by similar means, namely, by purchase or assignment. That the public having constituted itself by law the executor and legatee of the author, ought, in justice and according to practice in other cases, to take to his debts as well as his literary assets.

"That when your petitioner shall be dead and buried, he might with as much propriety and decency have his body snatched as his literary remains.

"That by the present law, the wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best of authors is tardily rewarded, precisely as a vicious, seditious, or blasphemous writer is summarily punished—namely, by the forfeiture of his copyright.

"That in case of any infringement on his copyright your petitioner cannot conscientiously or comfortably apply for redress to the law whilst it sanctions universal piracy hereafter.

"That your petitioner hath two children who look up to him, not only as the author of the 'Comic Annual,' but as the author of their being. That the effect of the law as regards an author, is virtually to disinherit his next of kin, and cut him off with a book instead of a shilling.

"That your petitioner is very willing to write for posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to the long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to posterity, he will be referred back to antiquity.

"That as a man's hairs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs—whereas, on the contrary, your petitioner hath ascertained, by a nice calculation, that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his only son should come of age. The very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for anybody's posterity except his own.

"Finally, whereas it has been urged, 'if an author writes for posterity, let him look to posterity for his reward'—your petitioner adopts that very argument, and on its very principle, prays for the adoption of the bill introduced by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, seeing that by the present arrangement posterity is bound to pay every body or any body but the true creditor."

*Woman's Mission.* The Second Edition. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1839.

M. Aimé Martin has written a work, *Sur l'Éducation des Mères*, from which the present writer has drawn the idea of the volume before us, and part of which she has translated into the same; and she hopes that these specimens may induce the English reader to turn to the French original. The power and influence of women certainly deserve consideration—of the latter they have more than men; and of the two, the latter is the most operative. Opinions, disposition, sentiments and character are the work of influence. In considering the principle of social regeneration, the authoress reminds us, that "an error in first principles can be rectified by no after-application of scientific rules." How grandly true! "Neither in political institutions, nor in intellectual cultivation, should we seek the moral regeneration of the world. It is neither industry, nor science, nor machinery, nor books, which can make the happiness of a people." Man is a recipient of divine and moral influence from the Eternal Fountain of such—with this governments have nothing to do; but to the mother is granted the sympathetic affection that can appeal both to the reservoir and to the spring. "Napoleon said one day to Madame Campan, 'The old systems of instruction are worth nothing. What is wanting, in order that the youth of France be well educated?' 'Mothers!' replied Madame Campan. This reply struck the Emperor. 'Here,' said he, 'is a system of education in one word. Be

it your care to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children!"

From this point the writer proceeds to treat of maternal influence, which she contends is more especially operant on the character of men. Most great men have had extraordinary mothers, and it seems as though by some peculiar influence, the nature of the mother acts upon the son. Boys are improperly removed sooner than girls from the beneficial atmosphere of purity and love, with which family affection, and, above all, maternal affection, environs them. It is the mother who, as the source of moral influence, is the former of the *moral atmosphere*. Let each mother engrave upon the heart of her son such an image of feminine virtue and loveliness, as may make it sufficient for him to turn his eyes inward in order to draw thence a power sufficient to combat evil, and to preserve him from wretchedness. And here is a great inducement for mothers to cultivate their intellectual powers, for those powers will materially affect their influence over grown-up sons. Unintellectual mothers of gentle tempers, good sense, and strict moral principle, may be, and often are, most excellent trainers of childhood; but it is important, that, as sons emerge from childhood, respect and veneration be added to fondness. Progression is important to the mother—length of days should increase her wisdom.

In proportion as woman is respected is society elevated. On the other hand, if the advance of intelligence in men is not met by a corresponding advance in women, the latter lose their equilibrium in the social balance. As to the equality of the sexes, mental and *physical*, our author treats the notion with contempt. She advocates expansion of views and contraction of operation—the awakening the sense of power and limitation of its exercise. She proposes that the intellect of women should be invigorated only to enlighten the conscience—the conscience enlightened only to act on details—and graces and accomplishments cultivated only or chiefly to adorn obscurity. The established opinions concerning the true sphere of women, whether dictated by reason or derived from intuition, are right; they require self-renunciation. The greatest benefit which they can confer on society, is to be what they ought to be in all their domestic relations. Conscience and charity (or love) are the very essence of woman's beneficial influence, therefore every thing tending to blunt the one and sour the other is sedulously to be avoided by her. It supposes, indeed, some magnanimity in the possessors of great powers and widely-extended influence, to be willing to exercise them with silent unostentatious vigilance. There must be a deeper principle than usually lies at the root of female education, to induce women to acquiesce in the plan which, assigning to them the responsibility, has denied them the *écât* of being reformers of society. Our author requires the purest self-devotion on the part of women.

As to the education of women, she contends that that of our grandmothers was well-grounded, though not sufficiently comprehensive. It needed extension beyond the physical, to the intellectual and moral being and comfort of her husband and children. Accomplishments must not be acquired for public exhibition. The vain and selfish exhibitor of paltry acquirements will never mature into the mother of the Gracchi;—the tutelary guardian of the rising virtues of the commonwealth. No education is good unless it bears on the future duties of the educated. Love and its temptations, maturity and its responsibilities, must be provided for. Wisely denied a liberty of choice, woman's power of rejection is a mighty engine, not sufficiently appreciated. If used in defence of morals, what a beneficial change might women not thereby effect in the tone of society! Is it not a subject that ought to crimson every woman's cheek with shame, that the want of moral qualification is generally the very last cause of rejection?

A mother goes out of herself to live in her child. But women ought to know, and how shall they know, if no one dare tell them? that they are only

mothers in the true sense and comprehensive dignity of the term, if they labour in developing the *souls* of their children. No woman ought to undertake duties so responsible as the maternal without having counted the cost, and fairly estimated the probability of being able to fulfil them.

In conclusion, the saying of the French woman may be quoted to be denied:—"We are born to adorn the world, rather than to command it." "We are born," says the author before us, "for neither. We are born for a nobler destiny than either; we are born to serve it." Such, in a few words, is the scope and spirit of this volume.

*Poems of Chivalry and Faerie, and the Olden Time.* BY WALTER PRIDEAUX, Esq. Smith and Elder.

Welcome by the manes of Ariosto and Spencer—right welcome are ye to lays of Chivalry and Faerie. In this dirty age of coal-gas and steam we never expected such refreshments; yet here they are—bouquets of fancy flowers—ambrosial—unfading—roses without thorns, just plucked from "the paradise of daintie devices." The faeries, we imagine, will soon be *deterré*, as Pope said of Johnson, both by the *knowing* ones of the east end, and the *glowing* ones of the west end.

Smile all ye loves, and all ye lovers,  
And all ye sentimental rovers,  
The faeries are neither dead nor buried,  
They are all alive and merry, and most of them married.

Aye, by the personal affidavit of the muse-inspired Troubadour, who sends us this piquant little volume, imprinted in a style worthy of one of Dibdin's ecstasies. We had long indulged the hope that some of the "gude people" would yet cross our path; and here they are bearing, as in the old time, charmed lives and inviolable youthfulness.

The beings of the mind are not of clay—  
Essentially immortal.

As supernaturalists we rejoice in every demonstration of the etherial spirit world; from the Prometheus of Æschylus down to Jack o'Lantern.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets—  
The fair humanities of old religion;  
All these have vanished; yet they reappear,  
For still the heart doth need a language—still  
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

Well done, Coleridge of Coleridges. To the philosophy no less than to the poet, the study of mythology is intensely interesting. Under its fantastical symbols and shadowy impersonations, are many of the divinest verities enveloped and sealed up. When shall the arch magician arrive, who shall unveil these resplendent mysteries? The theosophists have done much to explain the mythology of the Oriental and classic states; but that of the Gothic and Celtic tribes is still extremely obscure. We are not left, however, without a sufficient number of scattered notices on the subject, if any laborious antiquary, with a dash of the imaginative in his composition, would take the pains to collect them. In one of the latest editions of the Eddas, we have seen numerous annotations that throw new light over these intricate topics: an excellent epitome of such matters might be formed from the German, French, and English scholars that have, of late years, travelled into fairy land. We propose, at some future time, to astonish the world with some such performance. Meantime, for the special edification of our readers, we quote an introductory note of the present little volume, and one of its most characteristic chansons.

"The story of the following poem is somewhat similar to those of Sir

Lanval and Sir Gruelan, which may be found in the collection of *Fabliaux* of M. Le Grand, and in the elegant translations of Mr. Way. The ancient poems and romances are full of tales of knights who had strange encounters with the fairy race, and many of the heroes of chivalry had the reputation of having had fairies for their wives or mistresses. These stories were not confined to works of poetical romance: they were commonly believed both in the north and south of Europe, a fact abundantly proved by the serious manner in which they are related by other authors, besides the writers of fiction.

"Gervaise of Tilbury, writing in the beginning of the thirteenth century, to the emperor Otho IV., says, 'It has been asserted by persons of unexceptionable credit, that fairies used to choose themselves gallants from among men, and reward their attachment with an affluence of worldly goods; but if they married, or boasted of a fairy's favours, they severely smarted for such indiscretion.'

"Einer Gudmund, a native of Iceland, mentions as an undoubted fact, that a fairy bore a child to an Icclander, and claimed for the infant the rite of christian baptism, depositing him at the gate of a churchyard, with a golden cup as an offering.

"Brantome relates that the famous Guy de Lusignan, Count of Poitou, was married to a fairy, whom he calls *The Fairy Melusina*, by which I suppose she was known in some other character than that of the wife of the hero of the crusades, though I do not find her name in any other faerie legend. She built him a beautiful castle, by the aid of magic, and was the mother of many children; a condition was attached to their union, that he was never to intrude on her solitude. In an unlucky moment he violated his promise, from a desire to see her in her enchanted bath, and she departed in the shape of a dragon, uttering the most woeful cries. No one ever beheld her afterwards, but her wailings were often heard by her descendants; and when the castle of Lusignan was destroyed, she was heard to utter the most touching lamentations around its towers.

"Chaucer, in the *Wife of Bathes Tale*, writing about the middle of the fourteenth century, speaks of the fairy race as of a conquered people, driven from the land by the '*grete charites and prayeres of limitours and other holy freres*.' But he tells us that

" 'In old dayes of the King Artour  
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,  
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie,  
The Elf-quene with hire joly compaignie  
Danced full oft in many a grene mede.'

"It was one of the charges against Joan of Arc, that she had frequented the fairy fountain at Dompré, and owed her power to talismans received from the fairy race; and although, by the above passage from Chaucer, it would appear that the belief in the influence of these beings had almost departed in his time, the following instance, amongst many that might be cited, from a judicial record in Scotland of the conviction of Alison Pearson, who suffered death for witchcraft in 1586, will show how firm it was in the north at a much later period.

"She was indicted, 'For hanting and repairing with the gude neighbours and Queene of Elfland, thir divers years by-past as she had confessed; and that she had friends in that court *which were of her own blude*, who had gude acquaintance of the Queene of Elfland,' &c.

"The gude neighbours here alluded to are fairies, for, notwithstanding that these harmless spirits were included by the Church in the general denunciation against witches—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"—the fairies were very commonly called 'the good people.'

"The forest of Brechelian, somewhere in Brittany, was the most celebrated

scene of fairy adventure.—The imagination of the poet filled it with enchantment, and peopled its solitudes with a supernatural and mysterious race. It was the land of magic and of chivalrous deed. There dwelt the invisible and the mystic knight, whose nature had been changed by the enchanter; and thither repaired the warrior, who, having already sufficiently established his reputation in combat with his mortal enemies, had yet to add to its brilliancy by giving battle to monsters and subduing the enchanter. To this forest the ecclesiastic, Wace, made a journey, with the view of seeing the wonders that it was reported to have contained; and he mentions gravely, and with a tone of disappointment, that he saw the forest, but found none of the marvels that he went to see.

"The ballad of The Knight and the Fairy, which follows the Lay of Sir Amys, and to which this may likewise serve as an explanatory note, is grounded on a story which the author remembers to have read, but has lately searched for in vain. The heroines of the two ballads are beings of a very different character, and, indeed, there appear to be some discrepancies in the natural history of the fairies, who have often been confounded with other imaginary beings. Sometimes they are represented as a minute race—in shape no bigger than an agate stone—perfect in symmetry, but so small as to inhabit the bell of the cowslip or the foxglove; other times we read of them as beautiful beings, matched with the human race in size and form, but possessed of a supernatural existence. Again, some stories represent them as not only harmless, save to punish the sluggard, the untidy housewife, or the slut, but possessed of all good feelings, and in nowise akin to the spirits of evil. Such are the fairies of Sir Amys; whilst the fairy princess to whom the knight in the other ballad is unconsciously wedded, is one of those spirits of sin—beautiful in form, and possessed of human affections,—but by some sad and unexplained necessity, allied to the fiends of darkness, and deriving her fascinations from the prince of evil. They are thus differently spoken of under the same name, as the fable, or the minstrel, required them for the purposes of his story.

"The mythology of ancient Greece awakens, perhaps, a higher sort of interest than the fairy mythology, by making its creatures the representatives of particular classes of human sentiments, and of abstract ideas. It is allegorical as well as picturesque. But, although the belief in the fairy world has departed, the exquisite beauty of this imaginary creation renders it one of the most charming ornaments of poetry. The mind that has dwelt upon these fictions perceives an additional charm in nature. The wood, the close-shaven green, the solitary glen, and the rocky mountain, all beautiful in themselves, are rendered yet more so by the fancy which sees them peopled with a mysterious race, and figures to itself their grotesque dances, and the woodland court of the fairy queen.

"Some obsolete words, and antiquated expressions, have been used, almost unconsciously, in the Lay of Sir Amys; the author has left them there, believing that they do not injure the character of the poem. They are impressions of the mould of antiquity, in which he has endeavoured to cast his thoughts.

#### "THE FAERY WIFE.

THE guests are gone—the feast is done,  
Hushed is the minstrel's strain,  
A lady and her lord alone  
In the festal hall remain,—  
The guests are gone, who late were there,  
The proud, the high-born and the fair.  
The lady's cheek is flushed and warm,  
Her neck, like marble white;—  
Fondly she rests her beauteous arm  
On the shoulder of the knight,  
And, hanging on his neck, receives  
The amorous sigh his bosom heaves.



A parting kiss, and a fond adieu,  
 And that lady fair is gone ;—  
 The hall is still—the lights are few—  
 And the Baron is left alone,  
 And where his guests had lately been,  
 Strange forms of chivalry were seen.

Knights in armour, and horses in mail,  
 Figures of warriors bold,—  
 Helm and hauberk on massive nail,  
 Stirrup and bridle of gold,—  
 Pennon and lance, and glaive and shield,  
 Burnished and bright for the battle field.

Midnight on the castle bell  
 Had just begun to toll,  
 When a form the Baron knew full well  
 Into his presence stole ;—  
 It walked up close beside his chair,  
 With stately step and solemn air.

'Twas the Abbot of the Carmelite friars—  
 Before the Baron he stood,  
 From his girdle hung his roll of beads,  
 And the figure of holy rood,—  
 He looked around with searching eye  
 To see that none beside were nigh.

Welcome—welcome—holy friar !  
 Welcome by night or day !  
 Whatever of me thou dost desire,  
 Lord Abbot, I prythee, say !—  
 My sword, my hand, and eke my blood,  
 Are thine to use for the Church's good !

Our Lady bless thee, gentyl knight !—  
 I come not to demand  
 Thy knightly aid, thy noble blood,  
 Nor an acre of thy land ;  
 My lonely visit this night to thee  
 Is a mission of Christian charity.

I come to tell thee an awful truth  
 'Tis fitting that thou shouldst hear,  
 Though it rob thee of thy chief delight,  
 And fill thy soul with fear ;  
 For thou art bound with a fatal spell  
 By the lady that thou lovest so well.

Sir Knight, she is no mortal thing,  
 But a devilish spirit of hell,  
 In the fairest form of clay wherein  
 A spirit did ever dwell :—  
 Thou tookest, the night that thou didst wed,  
 An evil spirit unto thy bed.

She was a faery queen, who long  
 Had power o'er air and earth,  
 By an eternal league of sin  
 With the devil who gave her birth ;  
 Her beauty, in an evil hour,  
 O'ercame thee with its fatal power.

The Baron's face turned ghastly pale,  
And he clenched his fist with rage ;—  
But the Abbot he was a reverend man,  
And his form was bowed with age,  
And none could hear his voice, nor feel  
That he spake for man's eternal weal.

Sir Knight ! he said, I fain would prove  
The truth of what I tell,—  
In our chapel, on the Sabbath day,  
Go watch thy lady well,—  
Examine narrowly what doth pass,  
When she goeth there to mass :

And thou wilt see that she doth seem  
To tell her beads and pray ;  
But ere the Host is raised on high  
She walketh straight away.—  
No power on earth could hold her there  
When the body of our Lord we bear.

The Baron's limbs they shook with fear,  
And his cheek was cold as clay,  
For, sooth to tell, his ladye dear  
Had always walked away,  
Ere the Abbot before the altar stood,  
With our holy Saviour's body and blood.

Benedicite ! my son !  
To my convent back I go ;—  
The truth is said—my task is done :  
For thy future weal or woe,  
I charge thee break the fatal spell  
That binds thee to a Spirit of Hell.

Away then walked that holy friar,  
Muttering ghostly prayers :  
The Baron was bold, but his blood ran cold  
As he stepped the oaken stairs,  
And stood beside the nuptial bed,  
Where his lady laid her beauteous head :

Softly slumbering on her couch,—  
In deep repose she lay ;—  
Her hair unloosed, hung o'er her arms  
In beauteous disarray ;  
And her swelling bosom white as snow,  
Beat with an equal ebb and flow.

Alas ! that night was a grievous night,  
Which followed the festive eve,  
To the husband of that lady bright,  
Who laid him down to grieve,  
With anxious fears, and doubting mind,  
And fancies of a fearful kind.—

To the convent of the Carmelite friars  
The old and young repair,  
'Tis the Sabbath day, they wend their way  
Unto the house of prayer ;  
And thither with a courtly train  
The Baron passed from his domain.

That day he told his yeomen bold  
 At his lady's side to stand,  
 Or, when she prayed, to kneel and hold  
 Her silken robe in hand,  
 When the Abbot before the altar stood,  
 With our holy Saviour's body and blood.

Before the altar down she knelt,  
 And straight began to pray,  
 She said her creeds, and told her beads,  
 In a seeming zealous way;  
 And the Baron all the while was nigh,  
 Watching her with an anxious eye.

But when the Lord Abbot began  
 To consecrate the Host,  
 Trembling, and turning pale and wan  
 Like to a midnight ghost,  
 She straight arose, with troubled air,  
 To leave the house of Christian prayer.  
 Fast they hold,—the yeomen bold,—  
 They hold her mantle fast,—  
 Six stalwart arms her kirtle hold,  
 Till the raising of the Host,  
 When, deep as thunder pealing round,  
 The air rang with a fearful sound.

The roof of the chapel was torn away,  
 And an opening wide was there,  
 Through which that fair, but evil fay,  
 Had passed into the air;  
 Still in their hands the yeomen bore  
 The kirtle and mantle which she wore.

With a shriek and a howl she passed away,  
 And never was seen again:  
 But often, at the close of day,  
 Around the baron's domain,  
 Her voice was heard with a moan and a sigh,  
 Lamenting her fatal destiny.

Sometimes were heard a shriek and a howl,  
 When the night was dark and drear,  
 When the wind blew shrill, and the lonely owl  
 Hooted, as if with fear,  
 In the dark recesses of the tower,  
 Where once that lady had her bower.  
 And sometimes when the night was clear,  
 And the moon shone o'er the dale,  
 Around the castle ye might hear  
 Her voice, with a tender wail,  
 Sighing for those she loved below,  
 In a deep and touching tone of woe."

*The Eglinton Tournament and Gentleman unmasked, in a Conversation between the Shades of King James V. of Scotland and Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount.* BY PETER BUCHAN. Simpkin & Marshall.

This is a very amusing, readable little book. It contains a considerable body of matter-of-fact, though by no means written in a matter-of-fact style. As we have already reviewed the affair of the tournament, we need add little

here. The description we quoted from the *Morning Herald* is introduced into the present work, but without acknowledgment.

*Trip to the Far West.* By BAKER PETER SMITH. Sherwood & Co.

This is a little journal of a tour in Cornwall, dedicated to the Cornish ladies, for whom the author cherishes a right fervent admiration—in which, as a Cornishman, we heartily sympathize. Let us but quote this passage, dear damsels of our native county, for your especial edification:—"I feel ineffable satisfaction in stating, that much as I was amazed and gratified by the beautiful and wonderful places I visited, and the works of art which I surveyed, there was yet one subject of surpassing interest, one source of predominant delight—whether it was their personal beauty, or their graceful manners—their frank expression, or sweet simplicity—one thing I know, that I left Cornwall charmed with that lovely and magnificent region, and still more enamoured with the beauty and comeliness, the manners and piety, of the Cornish ladies." Now, by Cupid and Venus, do you call this nothing? If Mr. Smith is a bachelor, as many of the Smiths are, we tremble for his celibacy. The little book is altogether a specimen of light writing and light reading—half an hour's *delassement*, and no more. It contains some anecdotes anent Cornish mining, that may be useful to several people we know in the city. "I was lamenting (says Mr. Smith) the sacrifices made by the Londoners, whose avarice incited them to work mines which the Cornishmen deemed unprofitable. 'You've hit it—you've hit it, my friend,' said my fellow-passenger; 'I can assure you, that if capital were wanted in a rational undertaking, Penzance alone can raise £90,000; so that there are fearful odds against London speculators, and that mine is a *Wheal rara avis* which first and last promotes their *weal*.' There is a notable tin mine situate a few furlongs to the south-west of Penzance, called the Wherry mine. It is also termed the *Wheal Wherry*, the *Huel Wherry*, or *Huel Ferry*. The general opinion is, that the word *wheal*, or *huel*, is ancient British, Gaelic, Celtic, or Erse. I find the word *wheal* in my Bailey, expounded *fire*, *ignis ratá*, among chemists, a fire for the melting of metals, &c. But the Cornishmen tell me that *wheal* means *mine* or *riches*, which is reconcileable with our use of *wealth*, *weal*, or *well* being. I instanced a lamentable case of a man who, after saving a fortune, by standing behind the bar of a city gin-shop, had, in a short space, lost £10,000, by a Cornish mine. 'I remember,' said another passenger, 'the case of the Wherry mine being re-opened by a set of mad adventurers, whom no Cornishmen joined, thinking it hopeless; and upon that occasion, one Cornish gentleman said to his neighbour, as they were chatting over their wine—'Friend Coolish, do you purpose holding shares in the *Wherry*?' 'No,' said he, with a look of unfeigned astonishment, 'I am not so *werry* foolish.' The Londoners spent more weight in gold in working this mine than they extracted of tin.' A third passenger, who seemed in his glory, said,—'The first mine I lost by was the *Wheal Diddle'em*, and the next the *Wheal Cheat'em*.'" Our author justly recommends the Cornish spade, which is generally triangular, in order to penetrate hard stony ground, but whose principal advantage consists in being furnished with a long handle of five or six feet, a most invaluable lever. A labourer having unearthed divers roots of potatoes in an easy position, triumphantly exclaimed, "That's the way we do it; we can work all day without bending our backs!" But we must now wish Mr. Smith a good morning; warmly recommending his little book to the lovers of Cornwall, and hoping to meet him again in the same good humour.

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LITERARY NOTICE.—EARLY IN MARCH,  
**GEOMETRICAL PROPOSITIONS DEMONSTRATED; OR, A SUPPLEMENT TO EUCLID:** being a Key to the Exercises appended to the 'Elements,' by W. D. COOLEY, A.B., author of the 'History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.'

## THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE—SOCIALISM—LITERARY PENSIONS.

MONDAY, the 10th February, was a happy day for Victoria, Queen of England. On that day she was united in wedlock with Prince Albert of Saxe Gotha Cobourg—a young man amiable and accomplished beyond the mark of ordinary princes. Some men have desired that the husband had been older—we are not of that school. We hold that the parity of years is a good auspice to both bride and bridegroom. More than all, have we reason for much hope in the fact, that the holy rite has wedded loving hearts. There can be no doubt of the attachment on both sides. This is not a state marriage—not a mere marriage of convenience—or even of duty—but a marriage of love. There is a world of significance here, if we have but skill to interpret it.

Faith, hope, and love, these three—but the great with these is love! Of these three eras of development, the world has already seen two. Is the second period closed or closing?

Some of the deepest thinkers of the time declare, that little or nothing of the competitive remains, or can long operate in human affairs, and that the associative principle is all in all. The theory is beautiful—our heart responds to it. But is it true? Oh! there is no throbbing in the heart of man but has its object—no desire to which a consummation is not finally appointed. As there is a world for the natural senses, so is there a world for the spiritual powers. And although a perfect realization of the spiritual is not possible on earth—yet the nearest possible approximation to it may be realized, and at no distant time. Indeed, any day it may be realized, if it please God to pre-dispose the hearts of men to its elimination and display. Thus it is, that the idea is ever present in the soul of humanity, and inspires strongly the minds of such individuals as are ordained to feel and to think for their fellows.

At no time can a benevolent faith in the reign of love be unseasonable. Why then at this? It may be productive of large benefit even to accept the event just celebrated as its type and symbol. The symbol, too, has a reality in itself, the example of which cannot be without influence on the mass of society.

The tone of the court gives, in a great degree, the tone to the country. If Love be the deity of the palace hearth, he will preside likewise at the cottage ingle. There would never have been any outcry against the institution of marriage, had love—true love—always consecrated the contract. No Socialist Owen would have proposed a better way—no Bishop of Exeter been alarmed, lest in destroying the symbol, the idea too should be destroyed. No doubt, however, can exist that the idea of fidelity to the *one*; is held equally sacred by both parties litigant. Vain, however, is it in the present state of society, to think of doing without the sign, as it is hurtful that the sign should exist without the thing signified.

We are exceedingly glad that the Bishop of Exeter has brought forward the subject of Socialism. The advantages of publicity greatly overbalance the inconveniences. The eloquent prelate has, however,

not sufficiently estimated the extent of the question. It relates not only to England but to France. Socialism has many names, many forms, and many phases. In this, as on other topics which have lately appeared above the horizon, the MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been the first in the field. We have had great experience in the world of opinion—have made ourselves acquainted thoroughly with its workings on the less privileged orders—and have directed our inquiries on principles of philosophical insight which have constantly proved to be also those of philosophical foresight.

The system introduced into France by Fourier, is not liable to the same objections that beset Mr. Owen's. So far from proposing a religion without mystery, Fourier was only too mystical in some of his notions. The differences between the two systems, however, demonstrate that there is something to be considered apart from the accidents which may accompany either. In a word, Socialism is one of the forms of the Associative Principle, which is working itself out in almost every direction, and which *must* be recognised and assisted by government, or will come, ere long, to *substitute* government. Let this be properly considered—and particularly by the Church.

Our readers will recollect a system of Home Colonization, as recommended by us in our last January number, in the leading article, intitled, *The Working Classes, and their Relation to the State*—(we are happy to find, that the portion to which we allude, has been quoted into the newspapers.) They will be prepared, therefore, for our approving of the following sentiments in a pamphlet, written by a member of the Church of England.\*

"Differing, *toto celo*, from Mr. Owen's religious sentiments, I cannot comprehend why his opinions upon other subjects are to be disregarded. The views of Adam Smith were notoriously sceptical, but his work on the *Wealth of Nations* maintains a high reputation; and no writer who quotes it is thereby considered identified with his opinions on the important subject of religion. It may, however, be contended, that the cases are not exactly parallel, as Mr. Owen has incorporated his obnoxious opinions in all his works. This is not true; but, if it were, it is surely incumbent upon us, in these troublous and alarming times, to examine for ourselves, and select whatever may be found unexceptionable and useful.

"Finding the result of his own practical measures totally neglected, and viewing the heat and bitterness of rival and contending sects as the inevitable consequences of their respective tenets, he denounced them all; but in turning away from these fierce combatants, he omitted to seek Him who brings mighty things to pass, and his efforts became less powerful in accelerating the progress of those beneficial changes, the necessity for which he had been permitted to discover. It ought, however, to be a subject of deep humiliation to professing Christians, that those who are exploring the material world alone should be the first to detect errors in the structure of society, inimical to the best interests of man, and subversive of true religion."

"If a legislator, after consulting the pages of ancient and modern history, were to form, with families consisting of two or three thousand persons, a distinct community, giving it such laws and institutions as had been invariably found conducive to the growth of virtue, and excluding those of an

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\* A Letter to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Melbourne, on the Presentation of Mr. Robert Owen at Court. By a Member of the Church of England. London, James Ridgway, Piccadilly. 1840.

opposite tendency, availing himself also of all the appliances afforded by recent improvements and discoveries, he would exhibit, so far as terrestrial means were concerned, a general character superior to any before produced. But for the more exalted virtues, and even for unshaken constancy, for that self-dedication to the good of the community and for noble enterprise, dependence must be placed upon the higher and more enduring motives, and these religion only can supply.

" 'We must observe,' says Lord Bacon, 'that the light of nature has two significations: 1st, as it arises from sense, induction, reason, and argument; according to the laws of heaven and earth; and 2nd, as it shines in the human mind, by internal instinct; according to the law of conscience, which is a certain spark, and, as it were, a relique of our primitive purity. And in this latter sense, chiefly, the soul receives some light, for beholding and discerning the perfection of the moral law; though this light be not perfectly clear, but of such a nature, as rather to reprehend vice than give a full information of duty; whence religion, both with regard to mysteries and morality, depends upon divine revelation.' "

"How far we are removed from a state of society combining such improved circumstances as experience would suggest and religion sanction, may be gathered from a description of the present condition of the people in a letter addressed to Your Lordship by the Rev. Baptist Noel.

" 'Shut up in hot factories, and exhausted by severe toil, our artisans, without the restraint of Christian principles, or the support of Christian hope, seek excitement in the gin-shop, in the chamber of the 'Traders' Union, in the lecture-room of the Socialists, or at the Chartist club. Every sort of poison is abundantly provided for them. Cheap gin ruins their health, their characters, and their intellects—beggars their families—blasts their reputation, and destroys their souls. Cheap Sunday newspapers pander to their passions and inflame their discontent. There is (as I am informed) a wide-spread enmity in many trades and branches of manufacture between masters and men. Numbers among the million of Chartists, not content with the discussion of universal suffrage, of annual parliaments, of the ballot, and of the abolition of a property qualification, are propagating the legislation of pikes and pistols; while organized bodies of Socialists, throughout the most populous cities of the empire, are advocating unbridled vice, and exulting in a ferocious atheism. These are the teachers to whom the neglected civic population is abandoned. This is the moral training to which the legislature leave the millions committed to their charge.' "

"The remedy proposed is church extension, by devoting to that object the fourth part of the revenue on spirits and tobacco, which in 1834 amounted to no less than £11,614,829.

"In complying with the request of the Rev. Baptist W. Noel, to grant three millions to building churches, I trust that your Lordship will stipulate that one of those churches at least shall be raised in the centre of a community of two thousand destitute persons taken out of St. Giles's and Bethnal Green, and settled in comfortable habitations upon one thousand acres of land, there to raise their own food, and supply their own wants. If the institution were formed either in Middlesex or Surrey, and the right of appointing the minister devolved upon the bishop of the diocese, it would have the great advantage of the pastoral and enlightened care of one of two highly-respected dignitaries, both of whom have, with great sympathy, directed public attention to the altered condition of the working-classes.

"Considering, my Lord, that nothing has been hitherto done to improve the external circumstances of the people, I hope it will not be thought too much to ask, that a sum adequate to three experimental communities should be advanced on loan, as it could be easily proved that such communities could in due time repay it, whereas all other advances for churches and schools are made *in perpetuo*: when it is seen that these communities are

not, like churches and schools, designed for exclusive means of improvement, but include schools and also places of worship, the institution will, in all probability, give universal satisfaction.

"The first community could, as I have before observed, be established in Surrey or Middlesex, near the metropolis, for members of the Established Church.

"The second near Dublin, for two thousand Catholics.

"The third in the manufacturing districts, for two thousand persons of different religious denominations, who could have the good sense and right feeling to respect each others' honest convictions, and seek their mutual improvement in friendly advice, 'and in meekness instructing others.'

"There will still be a portion of society to be assisted in this way,—those distinguished by Mr. Noel as 'Socialists, Unitarians, and Infidels.' 'The orthodox dissenters of this country,' says Mr. Noel, 'Independents, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans, amount to about three millions.' Under these circumstances, I fear, my Lord, we must be constrained to admit, that the prodigious quantity of spirits and tobacco paying the enormous duties of £11,614,829 in the course of one year, was consumed almost entirely by the members of our own church, and by the 'orthodox dissenters.'

"The Society of Friends are not included among the 'orthodox dissenters,' although they are distinguished for active benevolence and sanctity, and, compared with their numbers, have produced more philanthropic characters than any other religious body whatever. Among them are many members of the Temperance Societies; and as the newspaper reports of the meetings of the Socialists represent them as tea-drinking parties, neither of these bodies can have contributed to the said fund of nearly twelve millions. The meetings of the latter, whatever may be their errors in opinion (and, if report speaks true, some of the proceedings are in very bad taste, and ridiculous enough), are said to be characterized by peaceful and orderly conduct; and Dr. Sigmond has lately published a work to prove the moral effects of tea as a beverage. Nevertheless, as it is difficult to imagine that a Minister of the Gospel, upon insufficient grounds, would be so wanting in prudence and charity as to accuse them of 'unbridled vice and a ferocious atheism,' in order to prevent the contagion spreading, they cannot be too expeditiously consigned to one of Mr. Owen's parallelograms.

"But to return to communities built upon a far surer foundation, eternal as the heavens, I would invite those who are striving to spread a knowledge of the Scripture in distant lands, to consider if there could be a better sphere for training missionaries than would be found in one of these self-supporting institutions, composed, as they necessarily must be at first, of the wretchedly poor, and many unacquainted with the first rudiments of religion. Here the missionaries might be initiated in the best mode of commencing their ministry, and acquire a variety of subordinate knowledge, including the application of the arts and sciences to the domestic and social purposes of life, which would materially contribute to recommend them, by friendly offices, to the attention of the savage or idolatrous tribes.

"Nor can we imagine a more eligible opportunity for training teachers than in a school planted in the centre of a population over which there is a complete control, with no counteracting circumstances beyond the reach of correction. Here, if any where, would education be based upon religion, and the pupils live and move and have their being in an atmosphere congenial with its purest principles, where no conventional fashions or customs need intrude, and the tendency of every regulation submitted to the test of religion.

"The same enlightened and generous policy adopted by the present government, of encouraging all who are honestly labouring for the public good, without pledging himself to participate in every opinion they might entertain, distinguished that illustrious prince, her Majesty's royal father,—a policy



that will do more towards strengthening and extending the established Church than all the vituperation of uncharitable zealots."

The result is, that the spirit of Socialism, being in itself the manifestation of a good principle, it is indifferent whether it animates materialists or spiritualists; whether its first promoters have or have not erroneous theories of the expediency of marriage or other institutions.\* It is to go quite out of the line of duty to consider these things too nicely; the right thing to do is none other than this; the government, and particularly the Church, should take advantage of a spirit so good for the purpose of ameliorating the social condition of the multitude, and bringing them more immediately under the dominion of the state, by legalizing corporations established on the basis of a religious as well as a political socialism. Let the Bishop of Exeter initiate a design of this nature, and he will soon outstrip the reputation of Mr. Owen for philanthropy. We must recollect that there is no error possible, but in the understanding of a partial truth as if it were the whole. This is the only error committed by Mr. Owen. If he provides for the body, he thinks he does enough—nay, does all! We hold that he only provides for half, and that the "worser half." Let the Church come forward with a plan that shall embrace both portions.

Of the virtual, and, in some cases, actual, connexion between Socialism and Chartism, we have been long aware. The former, in a certain materialist way, propounds the moral idea which Chartism proposes to carry out by physical force. There is, however, a difference between the two. Chartism is fanatical on certain religious points; but both agree in a demand for a better distribution of the property produced by the working classes—one party claiming to bring it about by peaceable and the other by violent means.

Now this notion of a better distribution of property has been instilled into the popular mind by itinerant lecturers and pamphleteers, whose interest it has been to plead *to*, instead of *for*, the people. The people, otherwise uninstructed, have been left to be miseducated by these peripatetic *litterateurs*.

We have already said enough, however, of the state of literature. Here is the head and front of the argument. Provide for your literary men in the first instance, and they will provide for the people; neglect them,—and a revolution is inevitable! Yet in the face of this great fact, what is the conduct of the present Ministry? one thousand two hundred pounds a year is all that is grantable in the way of pension to the literature of the country. Of this fund, it seems that *ONE THOUSAND POUNDS* are to be appropriated to Sir John Newport, for *services* (if any) as far from a literary character as possible. Is not this monstrous? Could Dean Swift have imagined, in the spirit of irony, any case more susceptible of ridicule? "Oh Shame! where is thy blush?" Clear enough it is that the spirit of party is smitten with a judicial blindness—perhaps the infliction is but the precursor of the mortal stroke. So be it!

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\* We are decidedly opposed to the act which has degraded a holy obligation into a civil contract.

THE  
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EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

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EDUCATION.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

\*.\* This article is written in the third person singular, because of the interest which the writer takes in its contents, and because it refers to an essay of his contained in another work—recently published by the Central Society of Education.

THE readers of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE cannot have failed to perceive that the aim of its editor has been to blend the practical and theoretical—to present at once principles and facts. He has aimed at this in all that he has written, and particularly in his "Essay on the Means of elevating the Character of the Educator," lately published as one of the prize Essays on the subject by the Central Society of Education. He was, therefore, much surprised when in the critique on that volume contained in a recent number of TAIT'S MAGAZINE, he found the opinion boldly stated that the public had gained nothing in a practical point of view by its appearance. Leaving each essayist to fight his own battle, the present writer is prepared to contend that his own essay is eminently practical, and he resumes the argument now with the full desire of carrying it into practical operation.

Not only the old world, but the new, has become fully impressed with the important nature of education. In America it is a topic of intense interest. We have, for instance, now lying before us an oration in which it is boldly declared that Education *must* eventually substitute government.†

"Union," says the orator, "is the leading tendency of this age. Individuals, families, states and nations, are drawing nearer to each other. Every where, mankind are coming to discern more clearly that they have but one interest, and to feel more intensely that they are heirs of one hope, and brothers of one blood. On the other hand, and in consequence, chiefly, of this increased attraction, governments,

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\* Expediency and Means of Elevating the Profession of the Educator in the Public Estimation. By John A. Heraud, Esq. author of "The Judgement of the Flood," "Oration on Coleridge," &c.

† An Oration, pronounced before the Citizens of Bangor, on the fourth of July, 1838. The sixty-second anniversary of American Independence. By Frederic H. Hedge. Published at the request of the City Government.

in the most civilized parts of the world, are gradually growing weaker, and will continue to grow weaker, just in proportion as mankind are united among themselves; for the very obvious reason, that strong governments are not needed where such union exists. It is only because mankind are not perfectly united among themselves, that governments are needed at all. A perfect state of society would be one, in which friendly agreement should be the only rule. Things which cohere of themselves, require not that they should be tied—and whenever society shall have attained that perfect union to which human culture is constantly tending, there will be no government but Education."

If this be true—and the present weakness of our own government more than testifies to the fact—how important is education—how doubly important then that every proposition relative to it should be eminently practical. Whether this be true or not of the state, it has been true of the church ever since the right of private judgement was instituted. But on this subject two quotations, from the prize essay which gives rise to this paper, are here expedient.

"The study of continental literature is necessary for any man whose profession requires him to trace the workings and the tendencies of opinion from time to time, with its state in the era in which he lives himself. More has been done in the way of destruction, and more is desirable and desired in the way of restoration, in the present, than probably in any other age of the world. The mind, unqualified to thread the mazes of this wonderful labyrinth, and to declare the specific locale of the object inquired after, is yet wanting in the requisite clue for the instruction of others. The history of modern literature is a storehouse of moral, psychical, and mental facts, such as the world has never before possessed. The genius of modern composition, moreover, being the opposite of the ancient, rigorously rejecting, as much as that required, the symbolical style, the secret places of the soul and spirit are laid bare for investigation with ruthless and bold indifference. There is now no robe in which filial piety can conceal a parent's nakedness, no veil to hide the sanctuary from profane eyes, no crypt or ark to enshrine the law and the covenant, no hieroglyphic cherubim, but all is literal, exposed, common, intelligibly enounced. The ministers of protestantism are neither mediators nor priests; but every man stands face to face with time and with eternity, to make whatever he can of the things of both, and be a revelation to himself. No visible authority of interpretation, no embodied agent of absolution, no temporal head of religious opinion, no judge, no advocate; every man now stands forth, stript in in the arena, valued more for what he is than for the office to which he would pretend or may have been appointed. Our literature shows man in this undefined position, in all his littleness, in all his weakness; or, if such be, in all his greatness, and in all his strength. He may be contemplated in both;—in Rousseau, Voltaire, Kant, Klopstock, Wieland, Werner, Richter, Novalis, Schiller, Goethe, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Châteaubriand, Cousin, Beranger, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, and in others whose minds are reflected from or in the opinions of the time. Egotism is now the law of the *belles lettres*—in poem

and in essay, in biography and autobiography; no disguise, no mysticism, any longer prevails, but the stern, personal fact stands out, whether to appal or to attract. Ignorance of these particulars cannot fail of leading a man into not only absurd, but mischievous errors. The want, however, of the intellectual enlargement that may be thus produced, is the main evil; to avoid which, no pains should be spared, no time or attention grudged."

"I have already spoken of the value of history and of the tradition that precedes it, and is concurrent with it. Since the opposition which exists between the two has become of religious and political importance, it is necessary to cultivate the gift which this discovery has brought along with it, and which is generally called the right of private judgement, by which every man is required (for every right involves a duty) either to decide the controversy, or to reconcile the differences which it involves, if not for others, yet for himself. The educator must teach both himself and his pupil to exercise both this right and this duty with proper discretion. The power they comprehend is an awful thing to be entrusted with, throwing the whole responsibility upon every individual, which previously was more than shared with an express order of men, publicly appointed to lead the faith and direct the consciences of the community. This sacred responsibility is now pressed on every member of the social body who needs, in consequence, all that can surely give him self-reliance, by edifying it on the true foundations.

"Thus led into the region of philosophy, a field of astonishing magnitude now claims the teacher's examination; one, however, which I should recommend to be traversed rather by Being than by knowing. I mean not to assert that the educator should be willingly ignorant of Coleridge and Brown, and Stewart and Loëke, and the two Bacons, or that he should remain purposely unacquainted with Aristotle and Plato—far from it. But I mean that he should take such care of his moral life as would support his intellect in the condition of a pure and untroubled glass that cleanly reflects the images that stand before it. If no turbid passion—no resentment—no remorse—cloud and pollute the mirror from within,—the understanding and senses of man will all the more readily perceive, and all the better judge, whereas if these torments of the human soul be permitted to steam up, as from 'a hell of waters,' and obscure its surface with the mists and fogs of a troubled bosom, the faculties of perception and judgement will become false media of apprehension, and fatally modify the appearances of objects.

"Philosophy, in its highest aims and results, unites itself with religion; one of the precepts of which is that he who *does* what it requires, shall *know* of the doctrines that proceed from its authority, and, as it were by an inward oracle, determine their truth and original in the light and the evidence of a spiritual interpretation. Argument this of high appeal in favour of the expediency, at least, of regarding the sources and tendencies of moral action, if we would regulate with effect the amount and direction of intellectual knowledge. I am bold, therefore, to avouch that a proper understanding of philosophy is facilitated by a student's attention to the essential elements and laws of morals, and a submission to the precepts and maxims that practically flow

from the recognition of the divine commands in the conscience, and its records in all ages of the world.

"All writers on educational discipline insist much on the habit of attention; none, however, enough on this of *moral* attention, out of which the mental will easily and almost unconsciously evolve itself. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added unto you.' Habits of inattention proceed from defect in early education, and the non-observance of the moral department, as almost universal, is the principal occasion of the deficiency, or rather the deficiency itself."

The most practical of all points then is to rear the pupil to self-government, both as a religious and a political being. Prior, however, to the education of the pupil, that of the master is necessary. This is proposed to be effected by means of a *NORMAL SCHOOL*.

For the teacher of a general school, talent is expedient—for the Founder of Normal Education, Genius is absolutely required.

"Such a man of genius as I now contemplate, must be one according to the most enlarged scope of the term; he must not only be possessed of genius intellectually but morally. He must not be a man whose conception of education is satisfied with providing for the different *branches* of knowledge; he must require that their connexion with the stem shall be maintained, so that the normal pupil may handle the living boughs, bearing leaf and blossom on the tree, and not sapless twigs separated from the root and trunk. He will not be content with dead logomachies—with theories, with systems, with manipulative processes, with analytic guesses, with verbal articulations, with empiricism learned or unlearned; but will appeal, in all cases, to the law and to the testimony, referring every fact and word, as a sign, to an idea, and every idea to a 'mandament eterne,' as the normal form of creation, generating, inspiring, and ruling. Such an one will endeavour to evoke the yet dormant spirit of Christianity; and, in the glorious possibilities of its awaking, will provide for an academy that shall more than equal the best of the schools of Greece, and include whatever Platonist and Stoic could imagine or desire, with more than they ever dared expect—the sanction of Divinity itself.

"It seems to the writer that such a man, acting in the spirit of his Divine Master, will look for little, and need less, aid from the mighty and the opulent. I can imagine him selecting from the orphans of our workhouses, healthy and promising youths of both sexes, from *twelve to fourteen*\* years of age, and rearing them, by an all-inclusive method of education, into stature and strength fit for the work. He would find in such otherwise outcasts of society, individuals whose only interest would lie in their self-devotion to the duties, and the labours, prescribed by the design and intention, and final cause, of the establishment. Seven † years would make of pupils such as these first-rate educators, whose character and subsistence would depend on their proficiency alone, and who would only be held in estimation according as they were qualified for the office for which they had

\* "The adjudicator of these Essays margins this proposition,—'four to seven.'"

† "And this,—'fourteen.' These suggestions deserve consideration."

been prepared. Sublime benevolence! Such an act as the initiative proceeding of such an institution would appeal to the charities of all Christian hearts. Private donations and parliamentary grants would follow without further effort. Attracted, at first, by the philanthropic spectacle into attention, the national importance of the project, and the general benefit accruing to the community from directing the efforts of a class of persons generally abandoned to doubtful pursuits to purposes of the noblest utility, would, at length, become irresistibly demonstrative, evident, and exemplary.

"Such a man of genius as is now contemplated, will proceed with faith and hope for his celestial leaders and guardians in all his undertakings. Tempted by no doubts, warped by no suspicions, he will trust in all generous impulses, confide in all magnanimous motives, and thoroughly believe in God's blessing on all gracious purposes. He will, therefore, suffer no charge of enthusiasm, no impeachment of fanaticism, no accusation of extravagance, to stop him in the prosecution of a grand idea—such, for instance, as the preceding paragraph attempts to embody. Supported by his rectitude of his intentions, and a consciousness of the Divine presence, he will feel his vocation sure, his walk safe, his duty well defined, and his desires supremely sanctioned.

"Thus protected, thus animated, the man of genius, nevertheless, will not proudly deem himself exclusively gifted; he will recognise the attribute as rightfully the common property of man, though some by accident may be deprived of the means of cultivating it, and as potentially existing in the large majority: he will, therefore, look on all the human family as brethren, and partakers of the gift in which he shines as an elder son of the Universal Parent. All the tribes of men are to him children of genius, and from every man he will expect indications of genial aptitude, and esteem them as earnest of great promise. He will endeavour to unfold 'the high capacious powers' that lie involved in the human being. But it is probable that, in each individual pupil, he will be contented with cultivating one art or one science only, in a prerogative manner. 'Art is long, and life is short;' it is, therefore, not likely that there should be many capable of excelling in many studies. In one thing one person may become eminent, but a general acquaintance with the outlying domain of knowledge is, in addition, highly expedient. The particular pursuit will be better understood by an enlargement of the information beyond its exact boundaries. In a word, one thing should be attended to and well learned; all other things should be looked at and sported with. One must be made the business of life, the other should variously occupy its leisure.

"The man of genius has equal reverence for women and childhood; he fails not to perceive how suited each is for the other in the relation of tutor and pupil. No man can sympathize with a child's feelings so truly—so intimately as woman; he is deficient in the kindness which in her overflows; from her heart she pours out nourishment to the infant mind which man's intellect in vain attempts to supply; nay, he wants for himself that milk of kindness which he would impart; it is his greatest need, without it he is comfortless; it is not his to give,

but to receive for his own solace ; and equally to him and to the child it must be communicated by woman. No education from which the mother, virtually or actually, is excluded, can suffice and satisfy ; no education can be normal in which woman has no part ; for without her, though the understanding may be brought out, the will, which yields not to hard and harsh motives, but to soft and inviting spontaneities—which does not and cannot respond to mere intellectual teaching, but answers only to sympathetic persuasions, must remain comparatively dormant. Weak are all intellectual efforts, however pure, impotent as a principle is the understanding, in comparison with the vitalizing will that shows itself in a certain flow of soul—an ever murmuring and gushing love. A fountain of sentiment and affection is the heart of woman, a well of sympathy and a spring of feeling, and these, in their flow, will seek and find the correspondent sources and tendencies in the bosom of the pupil, rushing and mingling, and in blended union, strengthening and accelerating each other, until mutual influence is irresistibly established. Man may excellently contrive, and modify, and govern the external arrangement and the course of society ; but it belongs to woman to give life to those mysterious emotions of which, while they spiritually communicate, it can be truly said, that ‘ deep answereth unto deep,’ though not, as in the outer world, in the storm of passion, but in the calm and unclouded ether of interior consciousness. From the cradle to the coffin, to her belongs the province of internal feeling—she reigns not over but in the human bosom ; and still she maintains this prerogative, though man do much to degrade her, both by commission and omission :—though much she languish and perish for want of genuine exercise, still is she the priestess of love and the angel of life.

“ The man of genius will, therefore, perceive at once the strong expediency of educating the sexes together, whatever prejudices may possess the minds of the ignorant and profane against it. His mind, however, will be readily inventive of the form of law, in consistent with liberty, that will be required according to the exigencies of time and place, and the emergencies of particular occasions. Many of these will war against the thorough and immediate working-out of his plan ; but he will feel and act on the principle, that whenever the accidents of the social life operate against divine laws, it is society that must needs alter its arrangements, as the decrees of the Most High are not susceptible of change. In proportion as society improves in civilization has man increased in respect for woman ; and the advantage of her co-operation in the practice of education is so great, that, whatever distinction society may yet recognise between the rights of the sexes, her authority in a normal school permits of no diminution—admits of no superior. There are spiritual desires which only she can gratify, and without which the mental and moral nature of a human being remains incomplete. Both as pupil and as teacher the principles of truly normal education require the female ; a rational union of the sexes working together for an end divine in itself, and it means the best calculated in the world for the promotion of the virtue of both.

“ It is as a moral teacher that the woman’s services will be most

valuable ; for is she not emphatically the moral teacher of the *race* ? why not then of a school ? The perception of beauty in a virtuous female has a moral charm for the eye of youth, that nothing can exceed. Men work better in the peculiarly intellectual and physical worlds, but women are superior in moral tact and discrimination. Women should be permitted, both by example and precept, to be the moral teacher of a truly normal school. Christian morals taught by female lips cease to be syllogistic disputations, and become at once living principles, receiving illustration not only in the pictures of fancy, and the moving shapes of strong imagination, but in the affectionate reality, true loving-kindness, good-will, and well-being, which live in woman. Nothing merely representative, but all is essential, voluntary, benevolent, in the character and conduct of a genuine woman. That the correspondent virtues may spring up and be nurtured in the normal pupil, female companionship is indispensable. 'It is not good for man to be alone.' There are certain faculties in man which cannot receive developement at all without female agency ; thereby will, in the form of love, pure, undefiled, and virgin, is educated ; and without it, the voluntary power remains in abeyance. But thus educated, kindness, sympathy, the affections and the feelings, are quickened in the human bosom ; and many otherwise excellent schools have failed from the want of the moral sentiments that can only be thus instilled. The intellectual man is hard, unkind, disputative ; nay, his morality is severe ; but that of woman is gentle as herself, bland, persuasive, soft, and glowing and good.

"The man of genius will apportion his means to his ends. As his end will be to exhibit and bring forth integral humanity in both sexes, he will provide for its three-fold nature, as moral, intellectual, and physical. Now, no single individual will be able to act in all these capacities on an entire school. Having provided for the moral department, he will confide the intellectual to the intellectual teacher, and the physical to him who has made the senses, with their organs and uses, his chief study. Nevertheless, of all three orders of teachers, intellectuality and morality must be required, and each will be expected to attend all the classes of which the school is composed. But, in reference to that which he is designed to impart, he must be himself especially qualified ; for if a mathematician be required to teach mathematics, is it not reasonable that a just man should be demanded to teach justice, a wise man to teach wisdom, a loving nature to teach love ?

"Of all qualifications, the man of genius wanted for the initiator of normal schools will most manifest the sublime attribute of love. He will shine with amiability, he will glow with charity ; verily, he will show that he has sucked milk from the fount of human kindness, at the breasts of his mother. None shall doubt that the man of genius was 'one of woman born ;' and in the exercise of that divine beneficence whereby he shall be gloriously distinguished, he 'will suffer long and be kind, he will envy not, vaunt not himself, be not puffed up, shall not behave himself unseemly, seek not his own, be not easily provoked, think no evil, rejoice not in iniquity, but rejoice in the



truth, bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, endure all things.'"

Such is the practical and practicable plan proposed for a normal school. In other parts of the same essay, a system of education, both *à priori* and *à posteriori*, is set forth, and shall be given in an abridged form in the present article. But first of all, what shall be done with this plan? It is clear that a personal initiation is wanting. The author, therefore, has determined to take it upon himself. And it is his object, in this paper, to invite the opulent and generous to forward to him their names and *subscriptions*, that he may carry the plan forward in the following manner.

Previous to the establishment of the normal institution, he now proposes an "EXPERIMENTAL NORMAL SCHOOL." This school he suggests shall be opened for the education of the sexes in general; the profits of it, and the *subscriptions* made to it, being applicable to the institution hereafter, for the Normal Education of Orphans of both sexes—such as are described in the preceding quotation. The Normal Education itself comes next to be considered.

"To secure the results of Normal Education, the end must be depended on rather than the means. This end must be openly declared, unprejudiced by association with the sordid subject of pecuniary recompense. The means to be employed being moral culture—to produce or encourage vital fruition is the end. A Christian education will tolerate no inferior purpose, no less elevated method. A Christian child born of Christian parents is, as it were, regenerate from its very conception; and, in such sense, may be said to be accompanied with a connate Redeemer at its birth. Wrong and contumely is done to such a being, if forced into unworthy conditions, and conducted to an unworthy end. We should seek to make the world what it ought to be, if only to surround the new-born infant with the requisite facilities to its fit and full developement.

"The supremacy of Conscience is now so confessedly established in every moral theory of any mark, that to insist more on the desirableness of its early developement is needless. Beware, however, lest its developement proceed negatively only: I mean, by the perception and denunciation of wrong rather than by the practice and illustration of right. Left to itself, the method of conscience is purely affirmative, and simply affectionate: it evolves itself as love, not as law. Not until it is violated and offended, it becomes prohibitory and legal. Until then the will and it (the spirit of the will) move in amiable accord and concurrence, and thereby the liberty of both is assured: but the will becoming active in the understanding, is straight limited and bound in and to the forms and objects of a scintial sphere—(a prison wide as the universe, yet a prison, with its wards conceptive and exceptive!) Our prime concern, in the education of children, should be to maintain them in the innocence that is previous to knowledge as long as possible. The system of making a *knowing* child is fatal to the individual, and injurious to society. Seek first to make a *good* child, so when knowledge comes, in the inevitable order of Providence, meeting with a 'conscience undefiled,' it will be so far incapable of com-

communicating evil that it will be itself qualified, whatever its previous nature, by the attributes of the recipient."

The author prefers the synthetical method of study, though he rejects not the analytic, where expedient. In particular, he is desirous of connecting the gradual evolutions of moral growth, and of completing the union that should always subsist between the Conscience, the Will, and the Reason of every human being.

"The educator who is forming his character, must see himself in his future pupil; whatever he will find wrong in him, already exists in himself. He must bring his own baser nature into subjection to his higher; and in undertaking this task, let him recollect, that he is only doing what every man ought to do at some period of his life; and that therefore, he is but performing an ordinary duty, which it would be disgraceful to omit.

"The heaven-descended 'know thyself!' is a law, to which the educator should be profoundly obedient, if he would succeed in the task of self-formation. The workman must become acquainted with his materials and implements, else his work will have little chance of proper execution. That he might know something of himself, we have set before him a picture of himself. The pupil we have drawn, may serve as a mirror in which he may behold his own reflection.

"That man is a being capable of self-knowledge, is the great prerogative by which he is supposed to be distinguished from all other visible creatures; and his capacity of personal intelligence constitutes the highest faculty that he manifests. By Consciousness, man learns to apprehend distinctions and differences—he sets things at a distance from him, and even distinguishes between himself and his thoughts; but by Conscience he first gains a perception of himself as a spiritual entity, and therein lays the ground of the separation which he is afterwards able to recognise. Retaining its elevation as a pure immaterial power, whatever it acts is performed in a sphere of liberty, in which, while a man abides, he is a free agent, however his body may be bound. Here, and here only, is to be recognised that freedom of the Will of which so much has been written, but so little understood. That freedom still maintained, those perceptions of the infinite and eternal continue, which, even after its loss, still haunt the mind as the ghosts of absent intuitions, under the denomination of ideas. The infinite and eternal are none other than the sphere of liberty in which the undegraded will is enabled to act; its perceptions are only the sense of exerted freedom, and the specific degree and measure in which the privilege is exercised receives the name of Reason. According to its developement, and in proportion to its capacity, and no further, are we enabled to judge of things, whether in time or out of it.

"The faculties by which we converse with the physical world, are dim copies and faint resemblances of these. Accordingly, we find the Reason, in its action with material objects, applying the same ideas to them which are only true in their strict sense of immaterial objects; or rather, of that one image in which the soul reflects herself. In the application of such ideas to temporal experiences, science commences. These ideas, however, being proved to be of incomprehensible compass, and each of them inclusive of the whole possible amount of experience,

it was soon instinctively felt to be desirable, in the domain of natural philosophy, to abate somewhat of their dignity and amplitude; in a word, to reduce them to the form of conceptions, which, by ascertaining their boundaries in relation to sensible objects, of course, admitted of exceptions. Such are the rules which are proper to the different sciences, and by which both the phenomena and the laws which govern them are equally summoned within the judicature of the human Understanding.

"Science, thus brought down to the level of limited objectivity, composed of conceptions and exceptions, and mainly occupied with defining the differences of things, becomes less and less abstract in its effects; and, with some, will result in the mere study of phenomena. This is a state of mind to be avoided; and from which, though nothing can be hoped, yet a narrow sectarianism is to be dreaded, as troublesome in philosophy as it is inconvenient in religion.

"Such a mind will occupy itself with the bare utilities of the sensible life, and will never even attempt invasion into the province of taste.—Sectarianism, in all its forms, is fatal to taste; it interferes with the sentiment of beauty that so peculiarly belongs to the benevolent affections. The sense of unity is disturbed by it, and therewith that of beauty: the rose is no longer beautiful, whose petals are scattered or the ground. The educator, if he be not a man of genius, must nevertheless be a man of taste; this is indispensable to him whose duty it will be to form the tastes of others; if he cannot produce, he must have sufficient susceptibility to appreciate. He should cultivate the pleasure that arises from ascertaining the relations of natural objects which, as the truest philosophy informs us, are all of an intellectual kind. Thus lifted beyond the mere arena of the senses, the understanding begins to appreciate the life of things, and to be recognised itself as an ideal bond of connexion between the appearance and its substantial cause, having also a reality in the truth of being. Thus, at once, the soul of beauty and its material form greet the astonished inquirer, and make him happy with their united attractions.

"Works of art should be contemplated in the light of principles by which the unity of each may impress the mind with a feeling of pleasurable discovery. An excellent volume has lately been written on the connexion between the sciences, the delight in the perusal of which proceeds from the sense of a universal unity which it induces; there is, likewise, a similar unity of all the arts. The drama, when well-conducted, is capable of finely expressing this unity, for in it the plastic and oratorical are wedded in one grand result. Sculpture, painting, and architecture, are there beheld in alliance with poetry, music, and eloquence. Wisely regulated, therefore, the theatre may be made tributary to the formation of the educator's taste, though it is to be devoutly wished that this end were better provided for on our national stage; better days are, however, dawning upon us, both in this and other very important affairs.

"But there is an art which indeed includes every other, and in which their unity is best realized—the Art of Life; here a correct taste is, above all things, needful. Something of this may be seen in the approved relations and amenities of the social state. Institutions

and laws have their uses and their graces; and the interchange of the charities is 'beautiful exceedingly.' But there is a world within man, as well as a world without. Is the beauty of the latter more than a dim reflection of a superior pulchritude in the 'palace of the soul, the temple of the spirit?'—Let the educator see well to this!

"The perception of moral beauty—the sublime sense of the dignity of virtue, is indispensable to a man of true taste. 'Woe unto them who call bitter sweet, and sweet bitter' in the field of morals. Well are we taught by the holy evangelists to contemplate the Divine Image in the human character—we cannot enough dwell on the perfections of the 'loveliest of the sons of men!' Having long and gratefully examined 'the beauty of holiness,' in his person, let us not rest satisfied until we have again realized it in our own. 'He has left us an example, that we should follow his steps.'

"The educator will not have won his proper elevation as a man of taste, until he has attained to the perception of moral beauty; nay, more, its realization in his own person and acts. Of all created objects that are beautiful or sublime, the human being is the most so. The relations that bind man to man, and family to family, are the most interesting of unions: love and friendship are the noblest of arguments. That man has not a human heart, who feels not his bosom kindle at their exhibition. The purer the heart, the purer will be the feeling for the beautiful; let, then, the educator mind that he be numbered among the pure in heart, to whom is promised the vision of God. All our conceptions of the true, and good, and fair, end in the apprehension of a First; and imagination, which a poet calls 'The vision and the faculty divine,' rests not until, ascending to the eternal throne, it hides, like an adoring seraph, its dazzled countenance with its wings in the presence of Deity!

"Such are the majestic results to which taste may justly aspire; but the man who shall claim its possession must be truly moral and religious. Nothing but what is moral and religious—nothing but what is in fact spiritual, can be truly beautiful."

The above quotation presents an abridged statement, in a few paragraphs, of the *largest* scheme of moral and mental philosophy that has yet been eliminated. It adds the wanting half to Kant's system, and corrects the deficiencies of the existing portion. In its full development, in fact, it exhibits fifty-two elements of mind, instead of the twenty proposed by the sage of Königsberg, and includes the entire method of Coleridge, with whatever is true in Stewart and Locke, in Aristotle and in Plato. The pupil, thoroughly educated in these principles, by a *practical* evolution of them, has the *humanity* in him thoroughly produced. A youth, to whom they have been applied, is at this moment, though not yet fifteen years of age, the author of certain essays and tales, that have been published to the delight and instruction of thousands, and have been read and praised by the professional critics as the productions of a man, full of experience and the highest wisdom. The writer, therefore, is not proposing any visionary, untried plan—but one approved and already productive of results. A student so educated shall find nothing in the world that can shake his faith, or impair his moral being. Whatever evil may happen to

him must proceed from himself; he must be his own tempter; from all external damage he is effectually secured.

With respect to the external arrangements of the academy, the writer is desirous of adopting, with improvements, those proposed by Milton in his letter on education to master Samuel Hartlib. With him he is disposed to hold that, in the course of instruction, poetry, "as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate," should have precedence of logic; not, of course, the mere 'prosody of a verse,' as he terms it, but 'that sublime art which, in Aristotle's poetics, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem—what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them,' concludes Milton, 'soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhimers and play-writers be, and show them what religious, what glorious, and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.'

"This passage is quoted, because it is desirable to impress on the reader the great expediency, almost amounting to a necessity, that exists, for the basis of a worthy education being, in some sense, poetical one; that is, poetical in the true meaning of the word, poetical as implying an *active* exhibition of the moral laws of our being. Seek not so much to teach pupils to write poems, as to enable them to become poets in their conduct—doers of the word, rather than hearers or repeaters of it—embodied images, indeed, and incarnations of conscience, as the legislator and the law of morals included and involved in one being. This is an idea which the reader must be content with having simply enounced; space now requiring that the scope of the remaining argument should be contracted. The practical poet is an Avatar yet to be witnessed—the veritable *doer* (*ποιητής*) who shall not be ashamed to walk the earth in the same 'singing robes' of which he is proud when 'soaring in the high region of his fancies.'

"The character of man may be said to have been made for him, though not (as in the Owenite doctrine) by circumstance, but absolutely previous to its operation, whether as action or reaction. The generic personality, according to the sages of old, precedes the specific individuality which the senses apprehend; and all bodily manifestation is but an out-growth of pre-figured faculties and powers, genially produced. The utmost art, or skill, or virtue, to which the individual can attain, is only a developement of this primitive capacity, and the more he is limited in the practice and perfectionating of either, the less of the real and true original character is seen. No man knows of what attainment or magnanimity he is actually capable until he has made proof, by utmost trial, of what he is, and can be, or do. Every man of any worth has almost audible suggestions within him of powers yet unexerted, abilities yet unexercised, which, if he had but opportunity for exhibiting, would raise him in his own estimation and that of the world. Let the normal pupil see justice done to himself, in his important relation with that essential character of which his accidental is but a meagre type, capable of indefinite improvement; and when he becomes an educator, he shall find that he will receive all the respect

and reward that can be desired by one who honestly wishes for no more than his due.

"The exponent of character is conduct; over this the normal pupil should himself keep diligent watch and ward. The dictates of reason, not the proclivities of sense, should be first heard, believed in, and obeyed; for every carnal indulgence is a limitation of the higher powers, as well as a degradation. Every sensual pleasure is of finite duration, whereas, rational delights are incapable of excess, the organs for such being calculated for endless gratification. Study these, and so absorbent will be their attraction, that time will be wanting for the lower joys; nay, it will be needful to husband time by distribution and arrangement, in order to secure the desirable compass of knowledge, and to arrive at that point of mental discipline where, according to the bard of *Paradise Lost*, 'those poets which are counted most hard, will be most facile and pleasant—Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius; and, in Latin, Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural part of Virgil.'

"I refer to Milton's epistle again and again, because I desire strongly, ardently, enthusiastically, and irresistibly to recommend his entire plan, with such additions as modern literature suggests, and some of which I have pointed out as containing the proper method of a normal school. Neither would I considerably omit those gymnastic exercises in which, as he tells us, 'Englishmen wont to excel;' nor that 'profit and delight' to be found 'in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned; either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony, with artful and unimaginable touches, adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer—sometimes the lute or soft organ stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties; which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions.' These recreations, on the authority of our great religious poet, I would carefully include among the arrangements of a normal school."

The reader, it is apprehended, now sees enough of the outline of the plan; for the methods of culture, particularly that which relates to the advantages of Conversation, together with the bearing which the entire proposition will have on the character of the educator, and the estimation in which he should be held, the writer must refer to the original essay itself. In conclusion, he is desirous of re-impressing the fact on his readers, that he hereby invites communications on the subject from all genuine lovers of true education whatsoever. A few hundred pounds will enable him to initiate the practical operations required, and he hopes that among the wealthy, the intelligent, and the generous, there may be a sufficient number sufficiently warmed to the proposal, to contribute the required funds.—In particular, the author desires the aid of the Central Society of Education itself, in the prosecution of a design so eminently national, and, in all respects, so agreeable with the objects for which its members associate.

## IONA.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS, BY E. L.

## PART II.

AND well did he redeem his pledge. No pains were spared by the indefatigable friend to discover the fugitives; but all his endeavours were unavailing. A deep mystery still hung around their fate, and the solitary Thurôt only reaped from the exertions of friendship, the certainty that no communications whatever had been made to the Ursuline convent up to that time, by the lost member of the sisterhood whom the Church had failed to trace farther than the village, where the priest himself suspected he had united her to a common sailor. These particulars Reginald obtained on Colonel Beaumont's first visit to him in Switzerland.

A few months after, Thurôt had become a regular Genevese pastor in which settled employment he remained for above two years, during which time he saw Colonel Beaumont as often as the latter could so arrange his duties as to permit his enjoyment of so great a privilege as he felt Thurôt's society to be. The latter, purified by sufferings, and lifted by circumstances out of all worldly interests, appeared to grow in heavenly grace and usefulness from day to day. Although he had joined the Calvinistic Church (whose doctrines he loved and felt to be true), he never became impregnated with any bitterness of spirit, but spoke from a broken heart home to the spirit of the contrite one, and with so sweet a dignity as even to overawe the careless and the scoffer.

At length the great crisis of Europe came on. The astonishing and mysterious despot who had so long governed the continent, playing with its kingdoms at his will, and bowing all things to his mighty mind, save mightier Britain, having fairly raised the spirit of the nation, was about to fall beneath her power; and Belgium had, in 1815, become the theatre of a war big with the interest of mankind, when Thurôt, very early in the spring, was sent to supply the place of the Dutch chaplain of a small Protestant church, near the town of Liege, who being a man of peace, and unwilling to witness the probable effects attending the vicinity of hostile armies, had asked permission to retire to his own country with his family. Thurôt having but his personal safety to consider, cheerfully volunteered to maintain the post of danger for his friend; and, accompanied by Monsieur Mellerai, a young minister who had been his pupil, Reginald set out, with some of his former spirit, to his new scene of labour. While here he had several letters from Colonel Beaumont, whose regiment was moving about with the army of occupation; and at last, early in June, having left his young friend in care of his little flock, Thurôt repaired to Brussels at his friend's earnest request, as he was surprised at the dejected and unusual style of the colonel's last letters; they implored Thurôt to come, if possible, and share with him the trials and honours of his *last campaign*; and assured Reginald that his presentiments of

ready death pressed so strongly of late upon his mind, as to produce the clearest convictions that he should ere long die in battle, and never again see his country, his wife, or children. At the same time that hopes for this world had appeared to set for ever, those for eternity seemed to shed a parting ray over the mind of the Christian soldier, and he seemed only to wish for Reginald's society as a further light to cheer him on the way to endless glory. Always manly, and free from every species of cant, there seemed a natural though holy boldness in the glance of the mental eye, as it seemed to fix and anticipate the full rush of manly power and strength, the hour of nature's solution.

The reasons wherewith he enforced his request were all-powerful to Reginald. One of the surgeons of the regiment had been killed; another wounded; so that Reginald's medical skill would be of the latest use, and the opportunities for the healing of soul and body were joyfully embraced by his pious and benevolent heart.

On arriving at Brussels, he was struck with the change of his friend's countenance. A look of more than mortal calmness sat on his noble brow; the former brilliant animation and command had given place to a holier, purer flame, while his upward glance incessantly sought the heaven it longed for.

"My friend," said the gallant soldier, "I could not die as brave men do, until I had seen you; bound you to free my parting spirit from its only remaining bonds, and once again to hear for the last time, what reached my heart from the same lips for the first time—the words of peace. Breathe, then, into my ear, friend of my life, amidst the horrors of a bloody death."

Reginald looked on his friend with the eyes of pitying love; he had suffered too much from the excitement of feeling himself, not to shudder at the thought of his only friend becoming the victim of it; and he knew that the dispassionate glance that met his eye, sought to veil deeper and more dangerous feelings than the troubled and changeable aspect of the ordinary enthusiast.

"Why dwell on such gloomy anticipations," replied he, "beloved friend? the Lord will be the shield and the buckler in the day of battle; the husband, father and friend; he has work for you to do in 'the time of peace,' my gallant friend, as well as against the armies of his life's foes."

"Thurôt," murmured he, "it is vain to spread the wing of hope beneath such a sky as this; the day of my flight beyond it is decreed; the event will prove it so. I am more than content if only I shall find myself accessible to my requests."

All this was pronounced so naturally, yet so awfully, that Thurôt could only conclude that his friend had had some dream of a warning future; and as he was no scoffer at such intimations, and that he perceived the even tenor of his friend's mind in all other things to keep his way, he listened with deep interest to his requests, and solemnly promised to fulfil his wishes. The first was that, if possible, Reginald should be with him at the parting hour, which he said, he had reason to think, would be on the field of battle; that Thurôt should carry to



Ireland the packet he should find in his breast, and give it to his wife, after having buried him on the spot where he should fall ; and, finally, that he should undertake to finish the education of his only son, now about seventeen years of age, and not leave him until he should come of age.

This conversation ended, a mountain of care seemed to have been taken from Beaumont's heart ; he was again the soul of animation, while a chastened joy seemed to overspread and illuminate his features. On that dreadful night, when the sound of the alarm of war hushed revelry in the halls of mirth at Brussels, and when many a gallant soldier sprang, clad in the robes of pleasure and from her very lap, into a bloody grave, our two friends were seated together, conversing on high and holy subjects, when the courier, "fiery hot with haste," rushed into the colonel's room, with orders for immediate midnight march—not a moment for delay—thought must now become action ; and never did Thurôt admire his friend more, now that he could look with delight on the brightness of his Christian armour ; not a nerve shook ; not a tone of his full voice failed as he became the soul of command and energy to every officer and soldier beneath him.

"Did you expect this ?" said Reginald, in surprise.

"Have I not peculiarly been called to watch ?" was the calm reply, but accompanied with such a look of meaning as Reginald felt must imply much.

The rest is a tale of three days' horrors and fightings, such as the pen sickens to detail, even though closed by the splendid miseries of the battle of Waterloo. On the third day, Reginald stood, towards the close of evening, within the walls of the château Hougomont. This vantage-ground had been taken and retaken several times in the course of the day, and at last Colonel Beaumont's regiment had finally taken possession of it ; and, within its shelter, Thurôt had been, for many hours, engaged in his useful labours amongst the wounded—the conflict immediately around had ceased—the rout of the French army had become universal ; and on the first moment that, in common humanity, he could leave his avocations, Reginald rushed out to meet and congratulate his friend, whom he had last seen charging *in person* a body of cuirassiers. He thought he had never seen him look so well—so animated, as he gallantly bore down, strong in his unprotected valour, against these steel-clad warriors. A vague feeling of alarm crept over him, as, advancing, he saw several of the colonel's men looking anxiously around, and others scouring the country in various directions. On inquiring he found they sought their commander, and as he really lived in their hearts, the anxiety depicted in their countenances soon spread itself over that of Thurôt, as, hastily returning for his horse, he resolved on pursuing the search himself. As he proceeded along what had been the garden of the château, to the shed where the animal stood, he passed a heap of slain, and thought he heard a groan issue from the heap. To cast aside many still warm though lifeless bodies, was but the work of a few moments ; with a feeling of instinctive horror, Reginald examined each, until his ear was struck by the sound of his own name, feebly pronounced by that voice now the dearest

on earth to him. The next moment presented to his agonized view the form of his noble friend, gashed by many a wound, while from one in his left side the life blood was welling.

The limbs were already palsied—in vain the dying soldier essayed to raise his hand to his breast. In this trying moment, however, when Reginald's look of despair too plainly revealed the awful truth, the Christian warrior's tameless soul sat firm, as, with composure, he directed his friend's hand to his breast, whence a packet of letters, a miniature, and a small pocket Testament were withdrawn by him—all were stained with blood.

"Remember your promise," gasped the dying man, as his glazed eye rested for a moment on Reginald, then closed as if for ever.

Wildly calling on his name, the distracted Thurôt poured a cordial through his closed lips, (for when did friendship ever despair?) the night—the happy spirit appeared to return for a moment to comfort the mourner, and irradiated the whole countenance with an halo of glory, while he whispered,—

"Friend of my soul, it is saved by the blood of Jesus. Tell my children—tell my Gertrude the glorious death I die—tell them to watch!" The last word was followed by the last sigh—and the happy soul winged its flight above the field of slaughter, to the land "where they shall not learn war any more."

The man who had seen deaths many and hideous in his life of action, and whose profession forced him to brace every nerve at the sight, now, for the first time, felt the grim monster, the child of sin, raw as it were his very heart-strings. His own friend lay dead before him, and he fell on the body, clasping it convulsively to his heart, while he cried, "Oh! thrice bereaved! thrice wretched—wretched Thurôt! what hast thou now to live for?"

Long did he remain in bitter agony, lamenting the untimely fate of the brave and warm heart fast freezing into death, when his eyes met the deep and melting glance of those of the miniature he held in his hand, and as he continued to gaze on it, 'twas sad to contrast the itching features of woman's loveliness with the ghastly scene around; and to mark that the fair face was stained with the blood of her well-loved. Reginald was again unmanned—he tore himself from the fatal spot, and having collected a guard from the colonel's regiment, placed around his body, he resumed, broken-hearted, his labour amongst the wounded until midnight.

The moon smiled sadly on the path—the bloody path—that led to the gloomy garden of Hougomont. As Thurôt, his labours ended, reluctantly uncovered "the face that was dead," the wan beams illumined the finely sculptured features, as he lay like a "warrior taking his rest," surrounded by his weeping soldiers. Many a burst of manly sorrow bore testimony to the touching pathos of our unrivalled burial service, as the noble soldier was lowered into the grave, his martial look for a shroud, the pale stars his funeral torches, the trampled soil his pall, and for his requiem the stifled sighs of his brethren in arms. As each retired from the sacred spot, and left Reginald kneeling beside it, he felt a second time the grief of being alone in the world; but the prayer of faith a second time revealed the friend unseen to his aching

heart, and Thnrôt experienced that the Christian's sorrows are never without a blessed alloy. In pious anticipation he dwelt on a happy reunion with the parted one, and exchanging "the spirit of heaviness for the garment of praise," he arose in peace, leaving the dead "alone in his glory," for no other grave but that of Colonel Beaumont is to be found within the precincts of the cemetery garden of Hougomont. On his return home, Reginald determined on immediately tendering his resignation, and embarking for Ireland in order to perform his promises to his dying friend; and being too much excited, from the agitation of his mind, to sleep, he gave expression to his feelings in the following lines:—

"Repose, blest spirit of the warrior saint,  
Rest, sweetly rest, for thee all conflicts cease;  
Ah! who the rapture of that soul can paint,  
Snatched from the blasts of war to endless peace.

"Peace, peace, thou brave one! and beloved as brave,  
And true as loved, fair honour's soul of truth!  
Thy friend's, thy country's sorrows steep thy grave,  
And showers from beauty's eye, and tears from youth.

"But glory with her wing of light from heaven  
Shall waft each tear away, and bid it cease;  
And with a plume from its own pinion riven,  
Write on the Christian hero's bosom—Peace!"

It was not until late in the following autumn, that Reginald could so arrange the matters of his ministry, as to make his promised visit to Mrs. Beaumont; a visit involving much of pleasure—more of pain—most of *fear*. The thought of again seeing his native land produced the warm thrill, known only to the true patriot. To look on the beings twined around the dying fibres of his friend's existence, was a melancholy duty not to be resisted despite the imminent danger to himself his return to the shores of Britain might incur; and, as he approached them, the mourner's heart was torn with many a conflicting feeling, and heaved like the billows that bore him onward to a land that would not own him; where no wife, no child, no friend should welcome the wanderer's return. Without a moment's unnecessary delay he ordered a conveyance, on landing near Dublin in the morning, to carry him to the county of Wicklow; and as he travelled through its lovely scenery, and listened to the familiar voices of its river spirits as they warbled through the witching glens of that lovely county, or, leaping from rock to rock, fell whispering their sportive farewell as they bounded along, he felt his spirits soothed by the magic voice of his native land welcoming him whom all beside had forgotten.

A few miles more brought him to Arranmore, the home of his friend's heart. The lovely casket that contained the still lovelier treasures of him whose "place now knew him no more."

Dismissing his conveyance at the gate, and having with difficulty gained admittance at the lodge (as he was told by the afflicted gate-keeper, "that no strangers were admitted since the Lord sent the trial to the mistress"), Thnrôt proceeded to walk along through the noble avenue. The summer had died like the dolphin, and the fingers of decay were painting with their hectic hues the woods around.

Some of the stately "sons of earth," still verdant, stood defying the season's laws, while others, in their prime, had received the deadly blight, reminding Thurôt of the untimely fate of their noble master. Plunged in mournful reflections, Reginald turned into a shadowy path, and sought to still the agitation of his nerves before appearing in the presence of those more deeply afflicted than himself. Just as he had come to the resolution of taking a short stroll, a sudden turn in the path brought him within a few yards of two persons, one of whom, clothed in the deepest weeds, and closely covered with a crape veil, stood at once revealed as the "new-made widow." Thurôt gasped for breath, as uncovering his brow and bending his earnest and pitying eyes on the sorrowing lady, his cheek was moistened with the tear of sympathy. There is no introduction like this. With the instinctive feeling of a woman's heart, the widowed wife exclaimed, "Reginald Rosenback," and throwing aside her veil, presented to his view the features of the cherished miniature :

"But o'er that face so wan and fair,  
Had stolen a shadow like—Despair!"

Winters of memory seemed to roll over each as the stranger-friends read each the other's sorrows in their eyes. At last the cheek of the widow turned deadly pale, and the large blue eye seemed to "freeze into vacancy," as she fell into the supporting arms of the youth who accompanied her, and who, carrying her to a garden-seat, knelt beside her, chafing her hands, and wooed her back to life with his kisses. His youthful form had not the fullness, or the features the matured beauty of his father's, but save in these respects, Thurôt could have imagined that the friend they mourned as dead, now stood in life before him, so great was the resemblance; and Thurôt now wept like an infant on the shoulders of the youth, who perceiving his mother had recovered from her alarming state of insensibility, and was giving way to a violent fit of tears, exclaimed, "Thank Heaven! dearest mother, these blessed drops are the first you have been able to shed. Weep on, my own dear mother!" while "into his own eyes his mother's softness crept." From this hour the link of sympathetic love bound these three hearts together.

The widow found a friend, the orphan a father, and the bereaved outcast a home, in loving hearts, from that hour. Reginald soon found the gentle mourner could not now be separated from her son, who was the image of his father, and the constant source to her of sad but sacred memories, of trembling hopes and agonizing fears; in a word, she was now all a mother; and the tender apprehensions which from his infancy she had experienced on his account, had reached to an almost alarming degree. Lionel, like his father, had been born a soldier. You could not have seen either without marking nature's impress of an hero. This martial propensity in those she loved, having been the only source of sorrow Mrs. Beaumont had ever known, it was not unnatural to suppose all her efforts had been directed to subdue this inclination in her son. She felt as though her Benjamin was already taken away from her, and she herself bereaved, when the smallest allusion to military life was made before Lionel; and as

she was the very soul of gentleness, she won and wooed and softened his mind by all the persuasions of maternal fondness to the pursuits of none other than what appeared to his young and ardent character effeminate occupations; but as he inherited the affectionate tenderness of his father, with his martial fire, he gave up the manly sports natural to his age, and became (as it were) tamed into the love of elegant literature, music, dancing, and the fine arts in general, so that when Reginald first saw him he thought he had never seen so matured and elegant a gentleman as was Lionel at eighteen.

He was not long, however, in seeing the fatal effects of this subduing system; he had long been convinced of the truth of the maxim, that the passions need only direction, not annihilation. There was a dangerous under-current of chivalric romance in Lionel's character, the effect of the artificial tone of mind his amiability had led him to assume, that Thurôt felt from experience might work him deep woe, and he became very anxious to get him under his own immediate care, as during the winter he was obliged to spend at Arranmore, he was forced to yield to the recent and deep affliction of his mother, more of the young man's society than he felt to be beneficial to either. At length Mrs. Beaumont's daughter, Ellen, who had been so deeply afflicted by her father's loss as to have fallen into a bad state of health, and had been sent to an aunt in town for the advice of physicians, returned with the unearthly rose of consumption colouring her fair cheek, and kindling her lovely eye with a fire all too bright. She was ordered to a more genial clime; and her mother, who was ignorant of the nature of the malignant disease that threatened her bud of beauty, looked with a smile of something like pride at the growing loveliness of her fair girl. Who could have planted another dagger in her still bleeding bosom by telling the truth? Who could bring himself to believe, that all the lovely Ellen's graces of body and mind were but so many grave flowers?

The gentle girl, who had adored her father, was prepared to meet his friend as part of himself. The letter now presented by him to her (one of those contained in the parcel taken from the bosom now mouldering in a foreign land) was received by her as a message from another world—but more; the Spirit's influence blessed the truths the tender parent taught, and soon the young saint became as heavenly in her mind and affections as she was in person. Her piety was unclouded by a doubt; it was the young heart's first love poured out on the only object worthy of it. She had naturally a rare combination of maturity and innocence of mind. She was a babe as to guile at sixteen; but so intelligent and inquiring that Thurôt found a most delightful exercise in answering her questions; and, as the bereaved father looked at her, torrents of tears would sometimes burst from him as he thought on his own Isabel.

It was agreed that, in spring, all the family should accompany Mr. Rosenback to Liege, where he advised Mrs. Beaumont and Ellen should become parlour-boarders in an establishment, on the opposite side of the Meuse from his dwelling, called by the Liegians the "*Cornévent Anglais*," but in reality it was a school, superintended by a very elegant English lady who had married a native of that country, an

who had several pupils of distinction from France, Italy, and Germany, as well as from the British Isles. The advantages of masters, &c. for Ellen, and the vicinity to Mr. Rosenback, were inducements not to be rejected by Mrs. Beaumont, who cared not where she lived, provided her children were near. Thurôt arranged all matters with Mrs. Heureux, whom he had known for some time in Switzerland before she had undertaken this charge. But it was with much sorrow he found that her husband insisted on her taking pupils of all persuasions (he being a Catholic himself), and consequently a Catholic as well as a Protestant chaplain were attached to the establishment.

The young friend who had supplied his place during the winter in his little church, had also performed his duties as chaplain at the Château Sclessin, the name of the "Convent Anglais;" but Madam Heureux urged Mr. Thurôt's speedy return, as she thought the ministry of so young a man as Mr. Mellerai was not suited for her establishment.

Thurôt thought it advisable to set out immediately with his young friend for Belgium, and be followed by the ladies, as soon as the equinoctial gales, which now prevailed, should have ceased; for as the knowledge of steam was then in its infancy, Mrs. Beaumont never thought of shortening her passage by having recourse to so awful an expedient as a steam-boat appeared to many at that period of comparative ignorance.

The evening before their departure, a deep gloom pervaded the circle assembled at the library at Arranmore. Mrs. Beaumont's griefs were the more poignant, as she always sought to conceal them; and she had been indulging her parting sorrows alone all the day. Thurôt and Lionel had been taking an adieu of their favourite haunts, accompanied by the sweet Ellen, whose heart deeply responded to the melancholy note of separation that had been struck. Her brother, and only companion, her guide and heavenly counsellor, were both about to leave her; and she felt too plainly within herself the frailness of her thread of life to trust much in the hopes of reunion that Lionel held out to her. Exhausted in body and mind, she returned to her room, and her companions going to the library, and entering, found the mourning mother reading from the blood-stained volume bequeathed her at Hougomont, so often watered by her tears, which now chased each other down her pallid cheeks: rising and flinging her arms, in a paroxysm of grief, around her son, she cried, "My only Lionel! memory of my joys, thou art about to leave me, too!"

Reginald, deeply moved, soothingly inquired how he could otherwise meet her wishes, and perform his promises to his lamented friend and his own ministerial duties?

"Mistake me not, Mr. Rosenback," cried she; "I feel the wisdom that dictated the wish that Lionel and you should be for sometime inseparable. For yourself, I have not words to express my sense of the unspeakable blessing you have been to me and mine; but pity a mother's folly, and make me only one promise."

Whilst they spoke, Lionel, ashamed of the excess of his feelings, and fearing to trust himself with the sight of his mother's griefs, had disappeared; and without giving Thurôt time to reply, Mrs. Beaumont

fixed her eyes on his, and murmured in a deep tremulous voice, "Have you been a father?"

At the question, unlocking, as it did, all the sorrows of his heart, the wanderer writhed internally, and the large drops, from constrained feelings, stood on his pale forehead, as he only answered by a groan.

"By the memory, then," said she, "of your lost ones (for, oh! I see you know a parent's feelings), never allow my Lionel any military associations, any martial reading, or, if possible, a thought stained by human blood;" and shudderingly she pointed to the little book in her hand.

"I promise, madam," said he, "to use all my influence with our Lionel to make him, from *principle*, a man of peace."

Satisfied with this answer, on the next morning, with comparative composure, the mother saw them depart, saying, "We meet, then, at Antwerp, early in May, if alive."

It was for this port our travellers were bound; and on their arrival Lionel was delighted with the magnificence of the religious edifices in those countries, particularly that of Antwerp. His love of painting, also, was gratified to the highest, by the exquisite pictures in that town, and in those of Namur, Ghent, and Bruges, from the hands of Rubens, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and many others; and on his arrival at the romantic residence of his friend, on the banks of the Meuse, he immediately procured a master, and pursued with all the enthusiasm of his character, an art in which he had already made considerable progress, and which his intense perception of the beautiful made it to him a most delightful recreation. Thurôt feared his health and other study might suffer from this passion that now occupied him. In order, therefore, to direct his attention from the dreamy state of existence, a young and imaginative votary of the pencil may too readily fall into, Thurôt sought to engage his young friend in the deeper acquirement of classic lore, and in philosophical reading, in order to strengthen his mind, which he found much enervated by desultory and fictitious literature; for whether they sought the forest-sanctuaries that abound in the woods of *Quinquenpont*, where his cottage lay within hearing of the silver-tongued cascade of Coo, or together perused the page where thought worked out its own immortality, the young enthusiast saw with a painter's and a poet's eye all things with that bright tint of youth's romance so often fatal to happiness. One day, Thurôt proposed a visit to Madame Heureux, whose château was at the opposite side of the Meuse, where it lay pillowed on its sunny slopes of vine, buried in bowers of roses, and flanked by woods and forests, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, while its little romantic turrets and garden temples shone in the dazzling sun, and a small chapel to the Virgin, which stood within its precincts, raised its white marble cross on high. As they were wafted across on the bosom of the noble river, Thurôt told his young friend, the valley before them was called the "Val Bénédict," or Blessed Valley, from the profusion of corn and wine it produced; it was also called the "Cote d'or," from the colour of its grapes, which hung in golden clusters on the graceful stems. Lionel was enchanted; and when having ascended the spiral stairs that wound over a bath to the beautifully painted entrance door, and standing in the marble vestibule

surrounded with statues and paintings, he heard the distant tones of a harp, his full and affectionate heart leaped with joy at the thought that soon his own Ellen's hand would touch the strings within this lovely habitation; and rushing on with his wonted impetuous recklessness, in the direction of the fascinating sounds, without attending to the remonstrating voice of Thurôt, he entered a salon and found himself in the next room to the invisible performer. Advancing towards a glass door, he was about to do the most natural and least polite thing possible, namely, to look through, when motion, nay almost thought, was arrested by the thrilling sweetness of the young, clear voice, that first rose, faint but distinct, and then soaring to its highest heaven, floated awhile, then sank again with a plaintive tone that alone betrayed its earthly origin; but for that note of touching sadness, the entranced Lionel had thought he heard an angel. To his excited mind, the aching sweetness was too much, and when the sounds ceased he felt relief. Now more curious, however, than before, he approached the door; the muslin screen defended, but his unusual height enabled him to look over it, and a vision of surpassing loveliness met his eye.

A young female knelt on one knee at the harp; her dress of a dazzling white, and of a simple and even religious form, flowed in ample folds around a figure so light and ethereal, it appeared but the gossamer prison-house of the soul, that spoke in eloquent flashes from her upraised eye, as resting her lovely cheek on her hand, she seemed to look up for inspiration as she drew the still vibrating instrument closer to her with one hand, and with the other, pushed aside a profusion of raven tresses that flowed over her white drapery, and contrasted well with the marble purity of her brow, and a cheek tinged with the palest rose colour. A rush of tumultuous feelings, such as he had never known, filled the young painter's breast, as all the images of beauty that had latterly flitted before the eye of his fancy, seemed now to stand embodied before him. He became all eye; the intensity with which he looked, ere "this Cynthia of a minute" should vanish, was so great, that he had not perceived that Mr. Rosenback (who had followed in pursuit of him) had entered, and now touching him on the shoulder, looked surprised at the indecorum of his conduct. The noise Lionel's turning round created seemed to have alarmed the lovely girl, for Lionel, who instantaneously resumed his fascinated gaze, saw her spring to her feet, and casting a timid glance at the door, glide through a side one and disappear. Still he stood gazing on the lonely harp, while thoughts winged with love and all a poet's fancyings came rushing over his spirit. At last, Thurôt finding his young friend heeded not his words, took him by the arm; and, leading him into another room, presented him to Madame Heureux, who, although a fascinating and elegant woman, he never looked at after the "*salut de ceremonie*," and to whose remarks and inquiries he only answered in monosyllables. Thurôt having shortened the visit as much as politeness allowed, endeavoured to elicit from his young friend the cause of his abstracted and extraordinary conduct, and when Lionel at last exclaimed, "I have seen an angel!" the smile with which his preceptor received the intimation, was subdued by the remembrance of the deep impression, the



lasting feelings, he knew he should always have retained of the loveliness of his own Isabel, had he never looked a second time on the young beauty. He saw much of his own disposition in that of Lionel and he knew that any thing of mystery would deepen the impression already made; he therefore sought to make him speak on the subject and having remarked that as he had never been favoured by an angelic vision, he should like to hear a description from one who had, was answered by the young enthusiast, in the following words: "I cannot paint a *soul* in words, but if I could ever attempt it on canvas I have now a model!"

Immediately on his return, Lionel shut himself up in his painting apartment, where he remained for hours on that and several following days, and the extreme application had already considerably dimmed the fire of his eye, and affected his spirits. Thurôt wisely appeared not to notice this total absorption, hoping that it would wear itself away, but he determined taking a little tour, and commenced by proposing to visit "Chaude Fontaine," an exquisite little bathing-place a few miles distant. But to his astonishment, Lionel pleaded particular business for his excuse, and added, that he must be absent part of the day and night. The preceding night he had been out to an unusual late hour, and Thurôt now felt all the responsibility of the promise he had made to Colonel Beaumont, as turning to his son he said, "Oh now no more, choose me for your companion; and you reject me?" This gentle reproof smote Lionel to the heart; he promised no more to oppose his best friend, but assured him that it was a matter of painting that now so entirely occupied him; muttered something about "night effects," at the same time colouring so deeply, that Thurôt's heart was wrung by the dread that his young charge might be guilty of duplicity.

The fact was, that Lionel had several times since his first visit to the "château" crossed the river, and lurked about the thick woods in hopes of catching another glimpse of her whose image was stamped upon his heart, and which he was seeking to transfer to the canvas. On two occasions, he was fortunate: once at a little chapel, not far from the château, where was a famous painting of the Madonna, to whom the building was dedicated. Lionel had entered just as the officiating priest had concluded mass, when a female figure dressed in white, attended by an elderly person, remained still kneeling on the steps of the altar. There was no mistaking the peculiar grace of the lovely songstress, if even her singular dress had not pointed her out as a long white mantilla, such as is worn by the ladies at Bruges, had fallen a little on one side of her face, which fervently sought that of the Madonna that it rivalled in beauty, and the Grecian outline and elegant sweep of the figure rivetted once more the eyes of the romantic young man who was not aware that he had become an object of attention to the companion of the fair devotee; and who, less heavenly-minded than he would appear) than her fair companion, played off (but, alas! he noticed) all the mummeries of an old French coquette, for the distinguished looking young stranger; who, to her great delight, perceived followed their steps at a respectful distance, as they returned. Their orisons ended, to the "Convent Anglais." When they entered

the court-yard, and the large "porte cochère" was bolted, Lionel determined to spend the rest of the day in the neighbouring woods. On his way he called at the "fermier's," the person who abroad farms the ground for the proprietors, and from him he ascertained that the ladies he described could only have been the French governess and Mademoiselle Iona, the young Greek lady, who had lately come from the celebrated "Convent des Madelines" at Florence, whence she had come in order to acquire the English language in perfection, for the purpose of teaching it at the convent on her return, where she was to be immediately professed.

"Then she is now a novice, I suppose?" sighed Lionel, as her religious dress and deep devotion of deportment suggested this idea to him.

"She is not yet a novice," answered the man, "but she is dedicated to the Virgin, until she shall take the white veil; and she is worthy the blessed mother, for she is as beautiful and as good as an angel, and she sings like one too."

"Where have you heard her sing?" inquired Lionel in a sharp tone, as if he only had a right to hear such sounds.

"Why, through the woods, singing like the nightingales of an evening," said he, "where, if you lie close, you can hear her and see her too; or, what is better, in the little chapel under the terrace walk, where she chaunts her vespers every evening, and sings her hymns. But you must not be seen, Monsieur, for M. l'Abbé Arséux, her confessor, is as careful of her as of the apple of his eye; and if it was known that I let any one into the grounds since she came, I should soon lose my place."

This hint was not thrown away upon Lionel, who secured the "fermier" with a Napoleon, which made the good man stare, and strolling about the woods and terrace walks, he wore away the hours until evening; when, getting in by a window pointed out by the fermier, and hiding beneath the shadow of the confessional, Lionel awaited with a palpitating heart the approach of the fair Iona. At length the door of the chapel opened, and with no veil but her flowing tresses, the consecrated being fitted rapidly and noiselessly up the aisle, and reverently saluting the altar, she replaced the drooping flowers of the shrine with snowdrops and white violets, pure as herself; then kneeling, she murmured her vesper chaunt, and ending with an "Ave Maria," arose, her pure brow beaming with holy joy, as from the heart she seemed to breathe the hymn, of which the following is a poor translation:—

"Ave Maria! Mother mine,  
Look on Iona down;  
Sweet eyes of melting pity thine—  
Say, am I not thine own?  
"Thine own! it may not, cannot be,  
Mother of God! and mine;  
I cannot bear to look on thee,  
That brow is too divine.  
"But still more awful—babe most blest,  
Thine eyes' diviner ray;  
Ah! shield me, Mother, in that breast,  
Where nestling glory lay."

As she sung, with impassioned expression, and varied her flexible voice so as to meet the modulations of feelings the words conveyed, it had all the bewitching effect of the *improvviso*, and Lionel, as he stood in half worship before the lovely votress, could not condemn a faith so heartfelt. He almost wished the Virgin could hear, see, and intercede for the creature thus pouring out her soul to her. His next thought was more selfish, but he conceived it more orthodox; he might himself yet win her to a better, to a truer way. However, all these visions departed with her who had raised them, and Lionel remained kneeling where she had knelt, and gazing on the picture to which she had addressed her hymn, till night had nearly closed on him. The next day he accompanied his faithful friend to the lovely valley of "Chaude Fontaine," and there yielding to the natural open and affectionate bias of his character, unfolded blushing to him the cause of his temporary alienation from him. Ingenuousness is the bright shield of youth; warmly and affectionately did his prudent guardian remonstrate with the young lover on the folly, the madness of allowing his mind to sink beneath the power of a silly, a hopeless passion; and in the intensity of his interest for the youth, Thurôt broke open his own secret wounds, and pointed out to him, by his own fatal experience, the miseries attendant on ill-assorted unions. But deeply as Lionel sympathized with his friend's sorrows, he could not promise not to admire such angelic purity and grace; and he added, with a sigh, that more he dared not, under any circumstances, feel for a being so wholly superior to him.

On his return, he still worked at his beloved picture, and took as many opportunities of invisibly haunting the fair subject, as her religious duties afforded. On one of these occasions, a circumstance occurred, that had well nigh disenchanted the young dreamer of romance, who, brought up in the most fastidious school of female refinement, thought unsunned snow a faint image of the purity of what he could love. What, then, were his feelings on reading the following note, which he found one morning on the edge of the "Bénéterre," that Iona's hand had, as usual, touched on her departure from the public chapel.

"The language of your eyes cannot be mistaken; mine have translated it, but it is not consistent with the holy place you linger in; a more suitable one might be found, and mentioned by a line left where this was placed by one who is not what she appears. Adieu."

The disgusting mixture of coquetry and cant contained in this billet, shocked the sensitive Lionel, and the cherished idol of many a month's secret idolatry, fell from the shrine of his heart, by this one supposed act of indelicacy. He returned home in the state of exhaustion consequent on mental and bodily excitement, but he felt that never again could he love her; and that night, drawing his brush across the lovely picture, and burning the fatal billet, he cast away the last light relics of woman's levity. He almost suspected the purity of mind of his mother and sister. His guardian was delighted with the change now apparent in the mind and habits of his young pupil; the one had resumed its ordinary quiet tone, and he became regular and studious. They were shortly joined by Mrs. Beaumont and Ellen,

and Lionel in his visits to them often started to hear the distant boom of Iona's harp, and listened with a mixture of pain and pleasure to his mother's praises of the lovely and interesting Greek, between whom and Ellen an intercourse of hearts was made with all the love and trust that extreme and pure youth alone produces. The chains that bound them were of the three-fold chord of sympathy, when mind, heart, and soul assimilate. When Iona spoke, Ellen's mind appeared to have suggested what she so beautifully clothed, for already did Iona translate into touchingly beautiful English the inmost thoughts of her heart to her friend, where it never failed to meet a deep response, and each pure soul within those lovely bosoms was bound for and panting after immortality. The young Greek was superior to Ellen in the almost superhuman intelligence she displayed, and her surpassing genius for the fine arts, in which, from the cradle, she had been nursed; while the fair gem of Ellen's native transparency and sedulous home-cultivation and polish, could scarcely admit of brighter adornment, but her soul was radiant with the light of pure truth, and shone out in bright action every day; there was a holy charm about her pious simplicity that the frail state of her health rendered touching and almost saddening; and prejudiced, as the young votress of the Virgin at first certainly was, against her new friend's faith, and determined as she had been (in obedience to her confessor's directions) to abstain from all religious conversation with her heretic companion, she soon found that her Ellen's life (like that of all true Christians) preached continually, and that the meek resignation of her lovely mother, under such a new trial as the declining health of such a daughter as Ellen, could only be produced by Christian principle.

(To be continued.)

## REVIVALS.—No. I.

### THE SABBATH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR.—I observe that you lament "the excessive sectarianism of English people;" and that you profess to be friendly to all sects and parties as far as you can, but, at the same time, opposed to all abuses wherever they may be found. These sentiments so much accord with my own, that I am induced to address you upon what appears to me to be one abuse which produces more rancour, uncharitableness, and bigotry, than almost any other, viz. that spirit of partisanship which *seems to prefer* the continuance of our unhappy disputes on the Sabbath, to that *calm discussion* which would settle the matter one way or the other—or, at least, induce those who take what is called a Sabbatarian view of the question, to abstain from *uncharitably* endeavouring to force the consciences of others. For my part, however decidedly I may express my opinions, my only object being the elucidation of truth, I shall most gladly, if I can be proved to be in error, see my opinions

refuted in the Monthly, v. c. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit*. And it will prevail ultimately, however party bigotry may succeed in obscuring it for a time. There is another opponent to truth, more formidable still, because generally more talented, viz. *pretended* bigotry; but truth will at last triumph even over that. To *wilfully* obscure the truth upon a religious subject, I must observe, by the way, appears to be a species of sacrilege.

I had wished to avoid altogether the *polemical* language that I am obliged partly to adopt; but, from the nature of the subject, I found it impossible otherwise to do *impartial* justice to the argument.

One of the most profound books in my little reading, is Bishop "Pearson on the Creed," a book admired, not only by high church men, but also by various dissenters, though for what reason I could never understand. In his Epistle Dedicatory to the Parishioners of St. Clement's, East Cheap, the bishop, after complaining of many in his time, who seemed to admire most that religion which appeared in the *newest* dress, as if they "looked for another *faith to be delivered to the saints*," proceeds to remark, that "in Christianity there can be no *concerning* truth which is not ancient; and whatsoever is truly new is certainly false;" and that, *therefore*, we should "look for purity in the fountain, and strive to embrace the *first* faith." To these sentiments I heartily subscribe, and, *therefore*, if I could see any reason to think that the Scriptures, in their fair *common sense* meaning, supported what is called the Sabbatarian and Evangelical doctrine; nay, if I could bring myself to believe that it is a doctrine supported by the commentaries upon those Scriptures of any authors of the first three centuries—times prior to the alliance of church and state under Constantine, prior to the commencement of the Roman domination, as all Protestants at least contend—if, I say, I could believe either of these things, I should feel bound, not merely to go the full length the Bishop of London and others advocate, but even much further, if only from a regard for consistency. But my conscientious conviction being so vastly different, I shall endeavour, sir, with your kind indulgence, to lay before your readers such a plain vindication of it as, I flatter myself, they will think complete.

I propose to consider this subject with reference to the Old Testament, with reference to the New, with reference to the doctrine of the Church (ancient and modern), and with reference to the question of expediency. I shall, I think, make it appear, that the legislature is bound to consider public prayers, preaching, communion, and charity to the poor, on the first day of the week, indispensable, and that, with regard to other points, it has liberty to use the most unbounded discretion.\* According to the Sabbatarian argument, a

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\* Besides the admissions that there is *apostolical sanction* for appointing public offices of prayer, communion, &c., for every first day of the week, as also for *any other* days the church and the government think proper to select, and that it is the duty of every member of the church to attend public worship,—duty with regard to apostolical examples—duty to the church, and duty to the laws of the land; let me be clearly understood to admit also, that "*REASON and COMMON SENSE prove the necessity of there being stated days dedicated to public worship, as long as it is intended to retain any particular religion;*" for no one laments more than myself

repeal of the "Lord's Day Acts" would not make their enactments less binding in *foro conscientie*: according to the system opposed to it, we are, with the four exceptions just stated, *at liberty* to petition parliament to make any alterations whatever. This is the practical difference.

The well-informed reader is aware that the Christian dispensation was intended to supersede the *ceremonial* parts of the law of Moses. "For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ," says St. John;\* and the language of St. Paul is still plainer, "For if that first covenant had been *faultless*, then should *no place* have been sought for the second:" "in that he saith, a new covenant, he hath made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away."† This he follows by a long argument to show that the Jewish ceremonies were merely figurative of Christ. Therefore, to contend that our Saviour meant his hearers to understand, by such expressions as "on these two commandments hang all the law (that is, the moral law) and the prophets," or "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil," (or accomplish)—to contend that he meant his hearers to understand the ceremonial commands, or *any one of them*, to be still binding, is too inconvenient to be attempted, as that would be like denying St. Paul to be an inspired writer. It is, therefore, curiously urged; that the fourth commandment is *moral*; and yet it is treated differently from *all other* moral commands, for they must be *literally* obeyed, whereas it would be called *Judaism* to so observe this one commandment; and, consequently, we are called upon to *so keep it* as to *altogether break it*, viz. by *resting part of the time therein appointed for work*, and by *working upon the Sabbath day therein appointed*. Archbishop Whately, in his, as I think, unanswerable "THOUGHTS ON THE SABBATH," says, that "there is *not* (as has sometimes been incautiously stated) *any* injunction to sanctify one day in seven," but "the seventh day." "Now surely (he further says), it is presumptuous to say, that we are at liberty to *alter* a divine command, whose authority we admit to be binding on us, on the ground that it matters not whether *this* day, or *that* day be set apart as a Sabbath, provided we obey the divine injunction to observe a Sabbath." Then, after referring to the cases of Jeroboam, the Samaritans, and Naaman the Syrian, he proceeds, "One river is as good as another; one mountain as good as another; one day as good as another; *except when there is a divine command which specifies one*; and then it is our part not to alter, or to question, a divine command, but to consider whether it extends to us, and, if it does, to obey it." In my humble opinion, it is impossible to refute this reasoning *fairly*, because nowhere can be traced *either apostolic precept, or example, for keep-*

the existence of an anti-sabbatarian system, which appears (judging from the line of argument adopted) to have more at heart the ascendancy of deism, or materialism, than of pure Christian truth. Only let me add, that surely it cannot be *necessary* or *expedient*, that Christians should, either directly or indirectly, be tempted (and more particularly by their pastors—the directors, if not the keepers, of their consciences) to *misapprehend* the nature of *any* day upon which they assemble at church.

\* Chap. i. v. 17.

† Hebrews, chap. viii. v. 7 and 13.

ing the *Jewish Sabbath* on the *original* day, or on *any other*. There is certainly the assertion sometimes made, that the apostles *changed* their Sabbath, from the seventh to the first day of the week; but it is a mere fallacy. The apostles were Jews, and, as we *afterwards* find to be the chief motive, from expediency, they, as other *Jewish Christians*, observed the Jewish Sabbath. Thus we read, "and went into the *synagogue* on the Sabbath day, and sat down."\* "And Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures."† "And he reasoned in the *synagogues* every Sabbath."‡ Now, *if only after* the apostles discontinued such habits, the assembling on the first day of the week had *originated*, there would, I confess, be something like retaining the Sabbath, only changing the day from the seventh to the first; but, *from the very date of the resurrection*, we read of their assembling on the first day of the week, and breaking bread. AT THAT TIME, at any rate, we have the Christian festival of "the Lord's Day," *less strictly observed* than a modern Sabbatarian would contend to be necessary, or there were *two Sabbath days* in each week, leaving (making allowance for other solemn days) less than five working days. But here it may be asked, if there is *one single* instance of *any one* of the writers in the New Testament (though they *all* set the example of public worship on the first day of the week), quoting the fourth commandment with reference to Sunday duties; and, if there is not, may we not reasonably ask Sabbatarians, *why* they will not be content to follow *altogether* apostolic example, instead of quoting what the inspired apostles never dreamt of quoting as *applicable to Christians*? And it may be observed, that even among the other nine commandments, there are things which require to be *finned down* by the Christian code. For examples, we are taught (and the prophet Ezekiel, in the 18th chapter, ushers in the same doctrine) that God does not show love, or hatred, to the third and fourth generation, but that he *hates a bad father*, and loves *his* good son, and *vice versa*. Paley, in a *sermon* upon the *second* commandment, contends that it relates exclusively, or nearly so, to the Jewish economy, and that the denunciations are merely of a temporal nature. There is to this day, in the common course of things, something like it, as children suffering in this world for the faults of their parents,—in their purses, for their fathers' extravagance,—in their constitutions, for their fathers' intemperance,—in their reputation, for their fathers' crimes; but who shall say that, in a future state, he, to whom "God hath given authority to execute judgment *because* he is the Son of Man"§ (as well as of God), will not make allowance for the temptations and disadvantages *incidental* to children from the faults of their parents? Again, as a reward for obeying the fifth commandment, the promise, or *assertion*, is long life in the *land of Canaan*: there are *temporal* inducements held out to *Christians* to obey their parents certainly; but they are only *secondary*, just as "the meek" are said to be more likely than those whose tempers are calculated to shorten their lives, to "possess the earth," with-

\* Acts, chap. xiii. v. 14.

† Acts, chap. xviii. v. 4.

‡ Acts, chap. xvii. v. 2.

§ John, chap. v. v. 27.

out any *positive* temporal promise being meant. St. Paul says, "Children, obey your parents," but he adds, "in the Lord,"\* thus reminding them of what we are told in the 10th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, that Christians must not obey commands of their parents, which are inconsistent with their profession, whom, indeed, they must even forsake in a case of *real Christian necessity*.† And then, in allusion to the temporal motive, St. Paul's language is remarkable,—"*Honour thy father and mother, that thou mayest live long on the earth,*" not "*in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*" I think we may, from this substitution (so free from that uncandid application of scriptural language, by which, I fear, more are tempted into the labyrinths of infidelity, than by the cleverest writings of sceptics),—I think we may conclude, that St. Paul would not patronise quoting the fourth commandment *literally*, to prove how we ought to behave *on a day, not, in that commandment, specially* distinguished from the rest. Moreover, the *Christian's* obligation extends beyond the letter of the fifth commandment, so as to comprehend submission to the laws, and magistrates (in the most enlarged sense of the word), of *whatever country he is in*: from the impatience of the Jews to throw off the Roman yoke, it is clear that they took a more contracted view of their obligations.

There is another commandment, the ninth, which, as the Jews understood it, comes short of the measure of benevolence required in the gospel: a Christian requires such an illustration as the parable of "the good Samaritan," to prevent him thinking himself authorized to bear *false witness against his enemy*, an opinion *consistent* with that *vindictiveness tolerated*, under the old system, to so great a degree, that even the *generally* good royal Psalmist indulges in it on his *death-bed*, when speaking to Solomon concerning Joab and Shimei.‡ I do not forget that some commentators say, that David's language is *merely* prophetic; but I must submit that all rules of common sense revolt against such an interpretation.§

Here I ought not, in candour, to omit alluding to one sentiment in the Old Testament, apparently in the purest Christian spirit, in the 4th and 5th verses of the 23rd chapter of Exodus: "If thou meet thine enemy's ox, or his ass, going astray, thou shalt surely bring it to him again." "If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him." This passage, however, carries with it no evidence of being intended, or at least understood, in the *comprehensive* sense of the *gospel word* "*neighbour*," which, indeed, would be wholly inconsistent with hundreds of other commands to *hate*, and *even kill*, idolaters. In short, the *second* division of the *declogue* was delivered to, and received by, the Jews, *solely with reference to their conduct to each other*; for, *with reference to other nations*, were they not permitted—*nay, even commanded*—to do many things *most strongly forbidden*

\* Ephesians, chap. vi. v. 1, 2, and 3. † St. Matthew, chap. xix. v. 29.

‡ 1st Kings, chap. ii. v. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 36, to the end.

§ Such commentators should, in consistency, call the *grateful* language of the 7th verse merely prophetic!



*in the gospel.\** The seventh Article of the Church supports this view, a view I have never seen attempted to be controverted by any arguments drawn from the New Testament. There was indeed a time—a barbarous and unchristian time—in which the command *to the Jews* to destroy all idolators in the land of Canaan, was made by nominal disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus—and zealous Sabbatarians too—a pretence to endeavour to destroy all who did not come up to their standard of divinity,—to commit sacrilege and “break down the carved work” of the sanctuary “with axes and hammers,” on pretence of “abhorrence of idols;”† but no modern author of eminence, except one celebrated Scotch writer (and he is now gone to his account), has attempted to justify such sad monuments of ill-directed zeal. Sad, however, as this part of ecclesiastical history is, it must not be lost sight of, for it has a great bearing upon the origin of Sabbatarianism. The truth is, there was such a dislike of appearing to agree with the Roman Catholics, or Episcopalians, in any thing almost, that had their opponents found them in the habit of observing Sunday more strictly, they would have quoted the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and denounced their practice as Judaism. Thus were the fasts and festivals, as Good Friday, Easter, and Christmas, discarded; and thus the prostration of the heart only (without the corporeal act of kneeling) was all that was necessary at public prayers, which were themselves to be extemporary (such being an innovation, that is to say, prayers in the first person *plural*)—while, with a whimsical inconsistency (as we should think, did we not bear in mind that the real object was to differ from the Roman Catholic posture), it was held to be the “*safer*” mode at communion to imitate the exact posture of the Saviour and his Apostles, at the institution of the Eucharist, *which exact posture, however, was not imitated after all*, as every well-informed reader is aware (this shows that we ought not, in precedence, to take for granted the assertions of the Sabbatarians of that day with reference to the proper observance of Sunday.)‡

If Sunday was intended to be made a *perpetual* Christian Sabbath (after the model of the Jewish), we might expect that it would be, *somewhat at least*, hinted at in the Old Testament, and *expressly commanded* in the New. Let us examine how the matter stands in these respects.

With regard to the Old Testament, the last verse but one in the last chapter of Isaiah is sometimes triumphantly referred to. “And it shall come to pass, *that* from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, *said* the Lord.” In the first place, it may be observed, that the prophet,

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\* Also the “servant” and the “maid” in the tenth commandment, were *slaves*—not servants in the modern sense of the word.—See 1 Corinthians, chap. vi. v. 21.

† Psalm lxxiv. v. 4—8. Rom. chap. ii. v. 22.

‡ It is a curious fact, that great Sabbatarians as most of the Society of Friends are, the original Quakers preached against Sabbaths *as much* as against the *outward* administration of the sacraments. Perhaps very few members of the sect are aware of George Fox’s sentiments on this point, which, at any rate, had the merit of consistency.

as well as St. Paul,\* classes sabbaths and new moons together; and that therefore this verse proves *too much*, consequently *nothing*. Secondly, if we compare this, and the *preceding* chapter, with the Apocalypse of St. John, we shall find, that the Prophet (like the Evangelist) is speaking of a future—a heavenly—Jerusalem, though adopting to it language *familiar* to the Jews of the time in which he wrote. Both prophesy that God shall gather all nations and tongues; and that they shall come, and see his glory; that God shall make them Priests and Levites; and that they shall reign *for ever*. Thirdly, sinking the allegorical style of this prophecy, (a style common in prophetic writers, used *perhaps* that the prophecy may be more a testimony *after* fulfilment, than the *premature* gratification of our curiosity,)—I say, sinking the allegorical style, and taking the words in their *literal* sense, the *preceding* chapter shows, that the time is *not yet* come for us to act upon them, seeing that *first* new heavens, and a new earth, are to be made,—mortality among children is to cease,—poverty and misfortune are to disappear,—and the wolf and the lamb are to feed together.

The last verse but one of the 58th chapter of Isaiah is also frequently quoted, but the *very next* verse shows *most unequivocally* that the prophet is speaking *to the Jews alone*: else *why* does he say “Jacob *thy* father?” Why not rather “Abraham *thy* father?” Abraham is called the father of *Christians as well as Jews*, “the heir of the world,” “the father of many nations,”† titles *not* given to Jacob, who was, however, *literally* the father of the *twelve tribes*. I have searched with great diligence, and I can find no other passage in the Old Testament, that has the *least* appearance of favouring the Sabbatarian doctrine. There was, indeed, nearly ten years ago, a clergyman of Shropshire, a Mr. Cameron, who, in *vainly* attempting to reply to Archbishop Whately, thought to astonish the world with the discovery that the custom, in the patriarchal times, of marriage feasts lasting *seven* days, and *not eight*, was out of respect to the Sabbath; but, unfortunately for the celebrity he no doubt thought to acquire, there were some plain men in the world who thought, that to support his assertion, that the Jews observed the Sabbath with all the strictness enjoined in the fourth commandment, before the time of the miraculous supply of *manna* recorded in the Book of Exodus, the marriage feasts should have lasted only *six* days. For my part, I can hardly conceive an advocate, on the right side of a question, exhibiting so ludicrous an instance of “zeal not according to knowledge.”‡

With regard to the New Testament, the *natural* place (reasoning from analogy) to find a Sabbatarian command from our Lord's *own* mouth, would be among his words upon the day of his resurrection—the day of the *new* creation—the day of the accomplishment of the redemption—a day and event *prefigured* by the creation of the world, and by the deliverance of the Jews from Egyptian bondage,—and a day upon which two of his disciples (as I shall hereafter have to show) acted, *under his own inspection*, inconsistently with the Sabbatarian

\* Colossians, chap. ii. v. 16. † Romans, chap. iv. vers. 11, 12, 13, 17 and 18.

‡ Romans, chap. x. vers. 2 and 3.

doctrine;—for, in the Old Testament, we have, after the account of the creation, an intimation that God “blessed the *seventh* day;” and, when the Jews are *regularly commanded* to “keep *holy* the seventh day,” they have two reasons given them for the institution; one, in the Book of Exodus, that it was to commemorate God’s resting on the seventh day; another in the Book of Deuteronomy, that it was *also* intended to commemorate their return from the land of Egypt. However, *not one word*, like a Sabbatarian command, do we find recorded by *any* Evangelist, or *any other* apostolic writer;—and, indeed, our Lord appears to have contemplated the time when St. Paul and others could *prudently* preach to Jewish converts the doctrine that the ceremonial law was abrogated, being “fulfilled,” which, from passages in the Acts of the Apostles, it is seen that they did not for a time think it expedient to do (and more particularly is this seen in the earnest address of the presiding apostle, St. James, and his presbyters, in the 20th, and following verses of the 21st chapter);—our Lord appears, I say, to have contemplated such times of liberty, when he *ridiculed* the stiff manner in which the Jews observed their Sabbaths,—*not* confining his strictures to their antipathy to his doing miraculous acts of mercy on those days; but *also* justifying the conduct of his disciples, when pressed with hunger while walking through corn-fields on a Sabbath day, in a manner which must have astonished the Jews, viz. by referring to the supposed profanation of King David, who, they knew, *only* gained Ahimelech’s consent through resorting to falsehood.\* It does seem probable—or rather evident—that, if our Lord had intended the fourth commandment, *either with or without a change of the actual day*, to be binding upon *Gentile, or even Jewish, converts*, he would have *confined* their vindication to the other part of his argument, that he, *in right of his Divine character*, could dispense with the observance of that day when he pleased; and that he would have cautioned his hearers against imbibing the erroneous notion, that they, *who had not his Divine prerogative*, were entitled to imitate his conduct in that particular.

Neither will it be found, that *any* of the Apostles, who wrote epistles, have delivered a *single* injunction of a Sabbatarian nature. But this part of the subject must, with your permission, Sir, be reserved for a future letter. And I trust, that, when I have concluded my argument, your readers will be inclined to cry out with that *very ancient* father of the Church, St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch *only* thirty-seven years after the Ascension, and the *personal* friend of St. John, and other Apostles, “Let us no longer Sabbatize.” And again, “Instead of Sabbatizing, let every Christian keep the Lord’s day, the day on which Christ arose again; the queen of days, on which our life arose, and death was conquered by Christ.”

SPERANTUS.

\* 1st Samuel, chaps. xxi. and xxii. ; Matthew, chap. xii. v. 1—8 ; Mark, chap. i. v. 23—28.

## LONDON AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT IS TO BE.

*Reports from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Metropolis Improvements; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. 1836.*

*First Report from the Select Committee on Metropolis Improvements; with an Appendix, 1838.*

*Second Report from the Select Committee on Metropolis Improvements; with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, Index, and Plans, 1838.*

(Continued from page 283).

THE next proposed city improvement is the construction of "a new street from the Mansion House to the Southwark Bridge." This is to be made by cutting a line from the point of junction of Charlotte Street, Bucklersbury, and Walbrook, close to St. Stephen's Church, to the point of junction of Upper Thames Street, Queen Street, and Queen Street Place (which leads directly to Southwark Bridge), close by the Church-yard, and which line will intersect Budge Row, Cloak Lane, and Maiden Lane.\* This project, as opening a direct and easy line of communication between the heart of business in the city, and that point in the Borough with which the Southwark Bridge forms the connecting link, is of very great mercantile value. The most direct thoroughfare between these points at present is by Queen Street into Cheapside, which is not only more than double the distance of that proposed, but from the extreme narrowness of Queen Street, there is great difficulty in carriages travelling along it, and no inconsiderable delay and danger necessarily incurred in passing it.

But the great and crowning improvement which is suggested by the report of 1836, and which, as tending to exhibit in its full glory that noble ornament of the city, St. Paul's Cathedral,—the most important, in an architectural point, of all the city improvements,—is the plan for making "a new street from St. Paul's Cathedral to Blackfriars Bridge." The line for this street is to run from the front of the cathedral to the point where New Bridge Street, Earl Street, and Water Lane meet each other. By this means a direct line of communication will be opened between St. Paul's Church-yard and Blackfriars Bridge. To pass from one to the other, vehicles are now obliged to go down Ludgate Street, Ludgate Hill, and New Bridge Street; thus half the distance and the difficulty of turning the corner into Bridge Street, while meeting the throng of carriages of all descriptions coming out of Fleet Street, will be saved by this improvement. The excellence of the line proposed, as the situation for a new street, would compensate for the expense incurred in purchasing the houses and buildings to be pulled down for forming it. The greater portion of the ground is used for yards and courts, and the buildings are principally back offices and stables. The erection of this street, so beneficial in itself on many points, would enable us to obtain a commanding view of St. Paul's, both by removing many of the houses in the Church-yard, which more immediately obstruct the sight of it, and by affording

\* The same remarks which we made with respect to the purchase of buildings that would be required to be pulled down for the formation of the street from the Post Office into Newgate Street, are applicable here.

a point from which it might be seen to full advantage, as it would be while approaching it from this street. Indeed, the value of our great national edifices must, to a very great degree, depend on the situations which are afforded for viewing them; and we cannot but consider, that the labour and expense of erecting and adorning them, are, to a great degree, thrown away, if their position is such that they cannot be seen so as to allow of a proper display of their excellences. How much of the grand and ennobling effect which these majestic piles might otherwise produce is lost, from their being so secluded from the general view! What a reflection is it upon our taste and genius to allow them to be thus obscured! Are we so sordid, or so poverty-stricken, as to be unable to allow even space of ground for those noble edifices, which our forefathers, whom we regard as less enlightened, and who were certainly less opulent than we are, raised for us? This street, if erected as proposed—and to carry into execution this part of the plan, it appears there would be less expense than that of effecting any other, though it is more essentially necessary for commercial communication—would doubtless be one of the noblest of which the metropolis could boast, having so splendid an object as the cathedral at its head, and the approach to Blackfriars at the other end.

The project for making “a new street from Farringdon Street to the Sessions House, Clerkenwell,” or as we should term it, continuing Farringdon Street to that point, is, as we have already hinted, one of the most important improvements, in many points, suggested by the Reports. In support of this, we will give an extract from the Report of the Clerks to the Commissioners of Sewers, which was put in during the evidence, and is incorporated into the minutes of evidence taken before the committee of 1836.

“An opening from Holborn Bridge, in continuation of Farringdon Street, (under which the river Fleet sewer runs in its way to the Thames), would be a great improvement to the metropolis, as forming a direct line from the obelisk in St. George’s Fields, over Blackfriars Bridge, along Farringdon Street, to near Clerkenwell Church, where the roads diverge to Islington and King’s Cross; it would also afford considerable convenience to all persons travelling or passing from any of the southern to the northern counties, being immediately through the centre of London; desirable, however, as such an opening is for the above reasons, it is far more important as relating to the health of that part of the capital through which it would be made, by the removal of a description of buildings that have long been a hotbed of disease, misery, and crime.”—*Report, 1836, Minutes of Evidence, p. 4.*

As regards the general promotion of the health of the metropolis, by the removal of small and dirty houses and sewers, and letting in currents of air, and also with respect to the amelioration of its moral condition by the demolition of those “hotbeds of disease, and misery, and crime,” as the clusters of small houses are justly termed, we shall reserve our observations until we come to treat more particularly on that part of our subject. We have now only to consider this project as forming a grand line of communication through the heart of the metropolis. In this point, as leading at once from the suburbs and the entrance of the Great North Road, it is an improvement of the very highest moment. London is peculiarly deficient, as regards its approaches in general, and is, in this respect, exceedingly inferior

to Paris, where many of them are of very great beauty. Such a street as this would be exceedingly ornamental to the metropolis; and as the district through which it is proposed to carry it is one of such extreme poverty, the expense of purchasing ground for the purpose can be but trifling, while the value of the houses when erected here, situated as they will be in one of the most commanding thoroughfares, and in a position the most beautiful and convenient, must be of the highest order. It is, therefore, with great satisfaction that we are able to record that an act of Parliament has been obtained for carrying into effect this plan, which will be forthwith commenced.

By the adoption of the plan for making "a new street from Westminster Abbey to Pimlico," much will be effected in clearing away the buildings clustered near the abbey, and which obscure the view of it. As regards the line of communication which will be obtained by means of this plan, which is to run from the back of the Abbey, near the space called Broad Sanctuary, by St. Margaret's Church, and Emmanuel Hospital to Eaton Street, several witnesses speak of the want of a communication between that part of Westminster near the Abbey and Grosvenor Place, to which there is now no direct thoroughfare.

The other improvements which we have enumerated in the Reports of the Committees, are important as forming direct lines of communication between different points which are now approached with difficulty and great loss of time. Such is that for making "a new street from Oxford Street to Plumtree Street, St. Giles's," which will, in fact, be carrying on the line of Oxford Street from its present point of termination, where it meets Tottenham Court Road, directly into Broad Street, and which will then be the thoroughfare towards Holborn, instead of the present crooked and inconvenient one by High Street. A direct line of communication will be opened by this means from High Holborn into Oxford Street, which is a matter of the highest importance in a commercial point of view. The "new street from Gower Street to Waterloo Bridge," which is to be carried from the termination of Charlotte Street, by widening Plumtree Street, crossing Broad Street, and continuing it by pulling down the houses in Bowl Yard, and widening New Belton Street, Old Belton Street, and Hanover Street, and so carrying it into Long Acre, nearly opposite to Bow Street, will form another desirable line of communication.

"A new street from Finsbury Square to Whitechapel Church and the Commercial Road," and "the improvement of the thoroughfare from St. Katherine's Docks to Eastcheap," will tend much to the improvement of the communication at the east end of London, and is of great importance as regards the carriage of goods from the docks into the city. The construction of "a new street from Holborn to the Strand," the line of which is to be carried from the point between Kingsgate Street and Dean Street, on the opposite side of Holborn, into Gate Street, by taking down the intermediate houses and widening that street; thence along the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields into Newcastle Street, which leads to the Strand, is also much required. The establishment of an additional direct communication between two such important thoroughfares as Holborn and the Strand, is of course of great consequence to the traffic of the metropolis. The proposals for "taking down the houses on the north side of the Strand, between

the Churches of St. Clement Danes, and St. Mary-le-Strand:" and for "the removal of Middle Row, Holborn," will be most essential improvements, both as regards the appearance and convenience of those streets, which are now so grievously disfigured and incommoded by those unsightly obstructions. To the Strand, such an alteration would be indeed a prodigious advantage. The part alluded to is at present much too narrow for the immense traffic which passes along it, in consequence of which, as we shall presently show, the greatest inconvenience arises. When the houses are removed as proposed, a full view of both the churches will be obtained. The increased value, both of the houses in Holywell Street, which will then front the Strand, and also of those now standing on the opposite side of the Strand, by the convenience and additional traffic thereby afforded, will, to a great extent, compensate for the expense incurred in effecting this very great and most desirable improvement. The same remarks are applicable to the removal of Middle Row, Holborn, which is a most enormous inconvenience to traffic by abruptly narrowing the street, and at a point too where Gray's Inn Lane runs into it, and where greater space is required than in any other part between that and Holborn Bars. This will also add very much to the appearance of this part of the town. Holborn, although the houses are irregularly built, and destitute in general architectural ornament, from its space, and height, and the fine ascent from towards the city, is one of the noblest streets of London; the proper effect of it is, however, at present very much obscured by this cluster of houses obstructing to a great extent the general view of it.

The two plans suggested by the Reports, and which indeed may be comprised in one, in the county of Surrey, are for making "a new street from St. George's Church, Southwark, to Blackfriars Bridge," and for the "continuation of the proposed new street from St. George's, Southwark, to Blackfriars Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, and to the proposed foot bridge at Lambeth." The former of these is to be carried as a direct line from St. George's Church, to the point of junction of Addison Street, Stamford Street, and Surrey Street. By this means a direct communication will be opened, by following the line down Stamford Street, Upper Stamford Street, and York Road, with Blackfriars Bridge, Waterloo, and Westminster Bridges; and thus the intercourse between the Surrey and Middlesex portions of the metropolis rendered far more easy and expeditious than at present.

The remaining plans which are suggested in the second Report of 1838, and the objects and advantages of which are so fully explained in the lengthened extracts which we have made from that report, as need no comment of ours, are, that for making a street from the south-eastern corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, to join the proposed line from Eastcheap to the Tower. That for relieving the traffic through Coventry Street, by constructing a line through Leicester Square, Covent Garden and Lincoln's Inn Fields; that for making a line of communication with Clerkenwell Green, from the new Street into Holborn, by Theobald's Road and Liquorpond Street; and the construction of a new street, by continuing the line of St. Martin's Lane into Holborn.

"The purchase of the interest of the proprietors of the Waterk

and Southwark Bridges," for the purpose of throwing them open to the public, would, of itself, be a great means of facilitating the intercourse between the inhabitants on the opposite sides of the river, which is much restricted by the present tax imposed on all passing those bridges. To how very large an extent this toll operates in this respect, is evinced by the following extracts from the evidence of Mr. Powell, the assistant clerk and superintendent of Waterloo Bridge, from which it appears that persons are in the habit of going some distance round to another bridge, in preference to paying toll for passing these.

"It is extraordinary to find how the tolls are operated on by the weather. A wet day will make a difference of £10 to £15 (increase) in the receipts from foot passengers; but upon a wet day we have more labourers than any other description of persons.

"477. I suppose they take a shorter line on a wet day? That is the reason: the man will say, 'you would not have had me to-day if it had not been wet;' and the tolls on each side will be nearly alike.

"*Chairman.* You cannot tell whether they (the labourers who pass the bridge) go home in the middle of the day to dinner? They, most of them, take their dinners with them; and we have many instances of their coming up to the gate and meeting their wives and taking a basket from them; you will see them daily do that about 12 o'clock in the day.

"480. But the tolls are paid on both sides? But one brings a basket with, perhaps, eight or ten different dinners, and they get the basket by paying one penny. You do not pay to come off the bridge, you only pay to go on.

"481. *Mr. Angerstein.* And in that basket there is provision for eight or ten people? Yes; and I have no doubt if the bridge was free of toll it would be quite as much used then as the other bridges. I am speaking of Westminster and Blackfriars."—*Report, 1836, Minutes of Evidence, p. 42.*

Facts, such as these, so strongly set forth, need no comment of ours upon them, or that we should dwell upon the extreme hardship to which the industrious classes are thus subjected in being obliged to part with their hard-earned pennies, to enable them to reach their place of employment without loss of time.

But it is not only upon these, but upon the wealthier classes and upon general communication, that this impost is also seen to operate, and occasions, in fact, an almost entire desertion of Waterloo Bridge, as will be seen by the following extracts from the evidence of the same witness.

"486. Do any stages pass Waterloo Bridge? Not a single stage or omnibus: and when I have stated this fact, it has occasioned very considerable surprise, because, from the number of omnibuses and stages constantly plying in the streets of London, it is singular that it is not used because it is more convenient than any other bridge; but it is the toll that operates."—*Report, 1836, Minutes of Evidence, p. 43.*

The moral benefits that would be produced by opening Waterloo Bridge, are of the most important nature, according to the evidence of Mr. Cottingham, an architect residing in the vicinity of Waterloo Bridge. He observes:—

"As regards the tolls upon Waterloo Bridge, I am of opinion that the opening of that bridge would be one of the greatest possible benefits to the parish of Lambeth, and particularly in a moral point of view. The depraved, debased, and infamous state that we are in, in the direct line of the Waterloo



Bridge Road, surpasses any thing that ever existed in this great metropolis. Such is the state now of prostitution, and thieves and vagabonds of every description on that side of the water, that property, within the last five years, has decreased in value at least 35 per cent. . . . I consider this, in a great measure, to arise from all the streets and communications, both in the road and out of the road, being inhabited by common prostitutes, and thieves of the lowest and worst description; and, I am of opinion, that if the toll were taken off that bridge, the influx of people into the parish of Lambeth would be more than 200 per cent. than it now is, and would be the great means of removing those intolerable nuisances occasioned by common brothels. There are whole streets that communicate with Waterloo Bridge Road entirely inhabited as common brothels."—*Report, 1836, Minutes of Evidence*, p. 46.

That the shutting-up of this bridge, by the toll, is the cause of all this, is fairly contended from the fact, that, in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, on the Surrey side, no such nuisances are found to exist. As more respectable inhabitants get access to a neighbourhood, through an increased communication being opened to it, houses of the description alluded to are no longer tolerated, and the class of persons who inhabited them are induced to retire into more obscure districts. There appears, therefore, to be the strongest reasons for advocating the free opening to the public of these bridges. As an important benefit to the working classes of society—for the promotion of traffic and commerce—and for the suppression of the grossest immorality—by every argument that could be adduced in favour of any projected improvement of this kind—are we impatiently called upon to support this measure.

Mr. Martin's plan for intercepting the sewage from being conveyed into the Thames, by which the water is now rendered impure, appears to be well deserving of serious consideration. In his evidence before the committee of 1838, he thus explains his project:—

"I have prepared a plan for improving the air and water of the metropolis, by intercepting the sewage from being conveyed into the Thames, thereby preserving not only the purity of the air, and preventing the contamination of the water, but likewise appropriating the manure for agricultural purposes. The objects of the following plan are, first, to materially improve the drainage of the metropolis; secondly, to prevent the sewage from being thrown into the river, so as to preserve, in its pure state, the water which the inhabitants are necessitated to use; thirdly, to prevent the pollution of the atmosphere by the exhalations from the river, and at the open mouth of the drains; and fourthly, to save, and apply to a useful purpose, the valuable manure which is, at present, wasted by being conveyed into the river, besides many other great and important collateral advantages.

"My proposition, in the first instance, is to preserve the whole sewage of the western extremity of London, by diverting it from the river into receptacles above Vauxhall Bridge, forming one at the termination of the Ranelagh sewer. The great sewer, which, at present, empties itself into the river below Westminster Bridge, should be continued down Parliament Street Abingdon Street, and Millbank, all the minor drainage, above the Houses of Parliament, being turned into it, and finally discharged into the receptacle at the termination of King's Scholar's Pond sewer, effecting great benefit to this inadequately drained part of the town, without intrrenching upon existing interests. For the body of the city I propose to form a grand sewer, com-

mening at Hungerford Market, running parallel with the bank of the river, and receiving all the minor drainage in its course, according to my previous plans. The base of this grand sewer at the commencement should be on a level with the base of the first sewer which enters it, and the top should form a quay about one foot above the highest known tide, so as to secure those houses from being inundated where the banks are now so low as to be subject to it; the width and depth should also gradually increase as its course is continued towards the Tower, where it should turn off, using the moat, if permitted; but in the event of that not being permitted, passing round the moat, behind London Dock, along Ratcliffe-highway, Brook Street, and the intermediate streets, to the first convenient space near the Regent's Canal, or to the ground proposed to be recovered from the river at Lower Shadwell, where the grand receptacle should be, from which point the soil should be conveyed and transported by canal or otherwise to various parts of the country. So far as this sewer would pass along the river, it is obvious how much the houses on the bank would be augmented, not only in health and beauty, but in utility. As a further improvement, I therefore recommend the erection of colonnaded wharfs upon the sewer quay at suitable intervals (such place as the Temple Gardens, &c., not requiring them), which would afford additional room, increase the convenience of the merchant and labourer, protect the merchandise from the weather, screen the work from observation, give greater security to the property landed, and prolong the time during which the craft could deliver or take in their cargoes. The tops of these colonnaded wharfs and sewer quay would form a healthy and magnificent public walk, realizing the grand idea for the erection of quays upon the banks of the Thames, formerly proposed by Sir Frederick French, who has since accorded me his valuable co-operation, generously declaring my plan to be deserving of his utmost support, as it comprised more objects than his own, and was superior in usefulness to the public. By these means, not only would the wharfrage be increased, but the navigation facilitated, from the sewers constituting an uniform embankment; the docks, which are, at present, little better than open receptacles, would be greatly benefited, and a great saving effected, as I am informed that cleansing the St. Katherine Dock alone from the deposit, costs annually £1000; the health of the air and quality of the water would be improved; the sewage saved for manure; land recovered where it is of the greatest value; public baths constructed, and a grand public walk formed through the most populous and richest part of the city, where it is most needful, shortening and rendering more easy the distance between Westminster and the Tower, relieving the streets of a great portion of their over crowd, without impeding the traffic of the wharfs, or the wharfs interfering with it; besides the power, when the walk is completed, of erecting shops, mansions, or public buildings, where they would be of the greatest value, both as to trade and grandeur of appearance; and, lastly, a work unequalled in either ancient or modern times would thus be produced, to remain a useful and magnificent monument of our own age. For the south side of the river, I propose that a receptacle be first formed at the termination of the Effra sewer at Vauxhall; and that instead of a parallel sewer upon the shore, all the minor drainage should be turned into the great Duffield, or any other main sewer which runs from Vauxhall to Bermondsey, and should discharge itself into a receptacle at some convenient spot opposite the London Dock, or near the Grand Surrey Canal; and the bank should then be rendered equally useful for the formation of quays, even more capable of being ornamentally diversified according to the situation of the ground. In this way, the Surrey shore, which has always been considered the most difficult, from the numerous docks and other obstacles, will be easy of execution, every objection being removed, and all the advantages of the sewer quay afforded at greatly diminished expense."—*Second Report, 1838, Minutes of Evidence*, pp. 148, 149. 150.

With regard to the improvement of the banks of the Thames, by the construction of quays and public walks, we have, in another part of this article, alluded to the great desirableness and feasibility of such a plan.

We have now examined the whole of the proposed improvements suggested by the Reports of the Committees, and have endeavoured to point out the direct beneficial effects that would result from their adoption. There are, however, others in addition to these that we would also suggest as in an equal degree desirable, and which we doubt not but that the same liberal spirit and good taste which originated those already proposed, would be also ready to promote. The first of these is the improvement of the approach to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, by removing the houses between King Street and Parliament Street. From Trafalgar Square to the Treasury, by Charing Cross and Whitehall, the street is of great width, and with the public buildings standing in it, and the gardens near, one of the most magnificent in the metropolis. The National Gallery forms a fine object in one direction, and the venerable pile of Westminster Abbey in the other. The street is, however, suddenly interrupted by the cluster of buildings to which we have alluded; and what ought unquestionably to be one of the finest and most spacious of our thoroughfares, as leading immediately to the seat of the legislation and judicature of the whole kingdom, decreases in its approach to those most important public edifices into one of less than the ordinary breadth. Owing to this, the architectural beauty and effect of the whole is much lessened, and a portion only of the street can be seen at once, instead of the entire length, with its various public buildings, thrown open to our view. By the simple improvement which we suggest, the approach to the Abbey, Houses of Parliament, and Law Courts, would be at once rendered of becoming splendour, and the whole length and breadth of the street from Trafalgar Square to Westminster Abbey would be thrown open. As a thoroughfare of constant traffic leading to Westminster Bridge, this is also a point of the highest importance. Although the expense incurred by this improvement would probably be greater than that occasioned by taking down the houses in the Strand between St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand, and Middle Row, Holborn, yet the importance of the improvement would doubtless be also in a comparative degree greater; and, as in the case of those, the increased value of property in the newly-erected or improved street would at least partially compensate for the loss of the houses pulled down. Indeed, there is no thoroughfare in the metropolis the condition of which so much concerns its dignity and glory as this, which is the constant approach of royalty and state processions upon all our most solemn occasions, at coronations, at the opening and close of Parliament, and of the judges and other great officers of the land. Shall we spare no cost to raise an edifice of becoming dignity for the legislature to exercise its functions in, and yet grudge the poor expense of making a decent thoroughfare by which it may be approached?

*(To be continued.)*

## ADDITIONAL SCENE TO FESTUS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF FESTUS.

SCENE.—HOME. FESTUS, and HELEN at her Piano.—Dusk.

*Helen.* I cannot live away from thee. How can  
A flower live without its root?

*Festus.* I, too,  
Must love or die.

*Helen.* But I must have. Attend!  
I am to say and do just as I please;  
I may command thee, may I? that I will.  
Near, as afar, I will have love the same—  
With a bright sameness, like this diamond,  
Which, wherever the light be, shines like bright.  
And thou shalt say all sorts of pretty things  
To me; mind, to me only: write love-songs  
About me, and I will sing them to myself;  
Perhaps to thee, sometime, as it were now,  
If I should happen to be very kind.

*Festus.* Sing now!

*Helen.* No!

*Festus.* Tyrant! I will banish thee.

*Helen.* Nay, if to sing and play would please thee, I  
Would die to music. I love this instrument;  
It speaks, it thinks—nay, I could kiss it: look!  
There are three things I love half killingly;—  
Thee lastly, and this next, and myself first.

*Festus.* Thou art a silly, tiresome thing, and yet  
I never weary of thee; but could gaze,  
Sick with excess and not satiety,  
Upon thy countenance, with the serious joy  
With which we eye and eye the unbounded blue  
Which is the visible attribute of God,  
Who makes all things within himself; and thus  
It is the heaven we hope for, and can find  
No point from which to take its altitude;  
For the Infinite is upwards, and above  
The highest thing created; upwards aye:  
So I could, thinking on thy face, believe  
An infinite expression, heightening still  
The longer that I thought, and leaving thee,  
Coming to thee, or being with thee,—love!

*Helen.* I am so happy when with thee.

*Festus.* And I.

They tell us virtue lies in self-denial.  
My virtue is indulgence. I was born  
To gratify myself unboundedly,  
So that I wronged none else. These arms were given me  
To clasp the beautiful, and cleave the wave;  
These limbs to leap and wander where I will;  
These eyes to look on every thing without  
Effort; these ears to list my loved one's voice;

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\* This additional scene has been written by way of rejoinder to our critique on the original Poem. The contribution is long—but then, is it not by a poet?—Ed.

These lips to be divinised by her kiss :  
And every sense, pulse, passion, power, to be  
Swoln into sunny ripeness.

*Helen.* Virtue is one  
With nature, or 'tis nothing : it is love.

*Festus.* I come fresh from thee every time we meet,  
Steeped in the still sweet dew of thy soft beauty,  
Like earth at day-dawn, lifting up her head  
Out of her sleep, star-watched, to face the sun—  
So I, to front the world, on leaving thee.  
Oh ! there is inspiration in thy look ;  
Poesie, prophecy. Come hither, love ;  
The evening air is sweet.

*Helen.* It comes on us  
Fresher and clearer through these dewy vine-leaves,  
Fit for the forehead of the young wine-god.

*Festus.* A large, red egg of light the moon lies like  
On the dark moor-hill, and now, rising slow,  
Beams on the clear flood, smilingly intent,  
Like a fair face, which loves to look on itself,  
Saying—"There is no wonder that men love me,  
For I am beautiful!"—as I heard thee.

*Helen.* It was not right to overhear me that.

*Festus.* 'Twas very wrong to do what I could not help ;  
But vanity speaks out.

*Helen.* Well, I don't mind ;  
I never knew that I was as I am  
Till others told me.

*Festus.* Now were soon enough.

*Helen.* Ah, nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow

*Festus.* Helen, my love !

*Helen.* Yes, I am here.

*Festus.* It has  
Been such a day as that, thou knowest, when first  
I said I loved thee ; that long, sunny day  
We passed upon the waters—heeding nought,  
Seeing nought but each other.

*Helen.* I remember.  
The only wise thing that I ever did—  
The only good, was to love thee, and therefore  
I would have no one else as wise as I.

Didst thou not say that student would be here ?

*Festus.* I think I hear him every minute come.

*Helen.* It is not kind. We should be more alone.  
There was a time when thou wouldst have no one else:

*Festus.* Am I not with thee all day ?

*Helen.* Yes, I know ;  
But often and often thou art thinking not  
Of me.

*Festus.* My good child !—

*Helen.* Well, I know thou lovest me ;  
And so I cannot bear thee to think, speak,  
Or be with any but me.

*Festus.* Then I will not.

*Helen.* Oh, thou wouldst promise me the clock round. No  
Promise me this—that I shall never die,  
And I'll believe thee when I am dead—not till.

But let it pass. I am at peace with thee;  
And pardon thee, and give thee leave to live.

*Festus.* Magnanimous!

*Helen.* When earth, and heaven, and all  
Things seem so bright and lovely for our sakes,  
It is a sin not to be happy. See,  
The moon is up, it is the dawn of night.  
Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady star—  
Star of her heart, and heir to all her light,  
Whereon she looks so proudly mild and calm,  
As though she were the mother of that star,  
And knew he was a chief sun in his sphere,  
But by her side, in the great strife of lights  
To shine to God, he had filially failed,  
And hid his arrows and his bow of beams.  
Mother of stars! the heavens look up to thee.  
They shine the brighter but to hide thy waning;  
They wait and wane for thee to enlarge thy beauty;  
They give thee all their glory night by night;  
Their number makes not less thy loneliness  
Nor loveliness.

*Festus.* Heaven's beauty grows on us;  
And when the elder worlds have ta'en their seats,  
Come the divine ones, gathering one by one,  
And family by family, with still  
And holy air, into the house of God—  
The house of light He hath builded for Himself,  
And worship Him in silence and in sadness,  
Immortal and immoveable. And there,  
Night after night, they meet to worship God.  
For us, this witness of the worlds is given,  
That we may add ourselves to their great glory,  
And worship with them. They are there for lights  
To light us on our way through heaven to God;  
And we, too, have the power of light in us.  
Ye stars, how bright ye shine to-night; mayhap  
Ye are the resurrection of the worlds,—  
Glorified globes of light! shall ours be like ye?  
Nay, but it is! this wild, dark earth of ours,  
Whose face is furrowed like a losing gamester's,  
Is shining round, and bright, and smooth in air,  
Millions of miles off. Not a single path  
Of thought I tread, but that it leads to God.  
And when her time is out, and earth again  
Hath travailed with the divine dust of man,  
Then the world's womb shall open, and her sons  
Be born again, all glorified immortals.  
And she, their mother, purified by fire,  
Shall sit her down in heaven, a bride of God,  
And handmaid of the Everbeing One.  
Our earth is learning all accomplishments  
To fit her for her bridehood.

*Helen.* He is here.

*Festus.* Welcome.

*Student.* I thought the night was beautiful,  
But find the in-door scene still lovelier.

*Helen.* Ah! all is beautiful where beauty is.

*Student.* When first and last we met, we talked on studies;

Poetry only I confess is mine,  
And is the only thing I think or read of.

*Festus.* But poetry is not confined to books.  
For the creative spirit which thou seekest  
Is in thee, and about thee ; yea, it hath  
God's everywhere.

*Student.* Truly. It was for this  
I sought to know thy thoughts, and hear the course  
Thou wouldst lay out for one who longs to win  
A name among the nations.

*Festus.* First of all,  
Care not about the name, but bind thyself,  
Body and soul, to nature hiddenly.  
Lo, the great march of stars from earth to earth,  
Through heaven. The earth speaks inwardly alone.  
Let no man know thy business, save some friend,—  
A man of mind, above the run of men ;  
For it is with all men and with all things.  
The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,  
And natural chivalry to aid the weak.  
He must believe the best of every thing ;  
Love all below, and worship all above.  
All animals are living hieroglyphs.  
The dashing dog, and stealthy-stepping cat,  
Hawk, bull, and all that breathe, mean something more  
To the true eye than their shapes show ; for all  
Were made in love and made to be beloved.  
Thus must he think as to earth's lower life,  
Who seeks to win the world to thought and love,  
As doth the bard, whose habit is all kindness  
To every thing.

*Helen.* I love to hear of such.  
Could we but think with the intensity  
We love with, one might do great things, I think.

*Student.* Go on, I pray. I came to be informed.  
Thou knowest my ambition, and I joy  
To feel thou feedest it with purest food.

*Festus.* I cannot tell thee all I feel ; and know  
But little save myself, and am not ashamed  
To say, that I have studied my own life,  
And know it is like to a tear-blistered letter,  
Which holdeth fruit and proof of deeper feeling  
Than the poor pen can utter, or the eye  
Discover ; and that often my heart's thoughts  
Will rise and shake my breast, as madmen shake  
The stanchions of their dungeons, and howl out.

*Helen.* But thou wast telling us of poesie,  
And the kind nature-hearted bards.

*Festus.* I was.  
I knew one once : he was a friend of mine,  
I knew him well ; his mind, habits, and works,  
Taste, temper, temperament and every thing ;  
Yet with as kind a heart as ever beat,  
He was no sooner made than marred. Though young,  
He wrote amid the ruins of his heart ;  
They were his throne and theme ;—like some lone king,  
Who tells the story of the land he lost,  
And how he lost it.

*udent.* Tell us more of him.

*elen.* Nay, but it saddens thee.

*stus.* 'Tis like enough :

slip away like shadows into shade ;  
end and make no mark we had begun ;  
come to nothing, like a pure intent.  
en we have hoped, sought, striven, and lost our aim,  
n the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness,  
a white brow, through its overshadowing hair—  
hough the day were overcast, my Helen !

I was speaking of my friend. He was  
ck, generous, simple, obstinate in end,  
h-hearted from his youth ; his spirit rose  
nany a glittering fold and gleamy crest,  
bra-like to its hindrance ; mastering all,  
e one thing—love, and that out-hearted him.  
did he think enough, till it was over,  
r bright a thing he was breaking, or he would  
ely have shunned it, nor have let his life  
ulled to pieces like a rose by a child ;  
his heart's passions made him oft do that  
ich made him writhe to think on what he had done,  
thin his blood by weeping at a night.

adness wrought the sin, the sin wrought madness,  
made a round of ruin. It is sad  
ee the light of beauty wane away,  
w eyes are dimming, bosom shrivelling, feet  
ng their spring, and limbs their lily roundness ;  
it is worse to feel our heart spring gone,  
ose hope, care not for the coming thing,  
l feel all things go to decay with us,  
twere our life's eleventh month : and yet  
this he went through young.

*elen.* Poor soul ! I should  
re loved him for his sorrows.

*stus.* It is not love

age sorrow, but love's objects.

*udent.* Then he loved.

*stus.* I said so. I have seen him, when he hath had  
tter from his lady dear, he blessed

paper that her hand had travelled over,  
i her eye looked on, and would think he saw  
ams of that light she lavished from her eyes  
ndering amid the words of love she had traced  
e glow-worms among beds of flowers. He seemed  
bear with being but because she loved him.

was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,  
bath a sword from war : and he at night  
uld solemnly and singularly curse  
h minute that he had not thought of her.

*elen.* Now that was like a lover ! and she loved  
t, and him only.

*stus.* Well, perhaps it was so.

he could not restrain his heart, but loved  
hat voluptuous purity of taste  
ich dwells on beauty coldly, and yet kindly,  
night-dew, whencesoe'er he met with beauty.

*elen.* It was a pity, that inconstancy—



If she he loved were but as good and fair  
As he was worthy of.

*Student.* It was his way.

*Festus.* There is a dark and bright to every thing;  
To every thing but beauty such as thine,  
And that is all bright. If a fault in him,  
'Twas one which made him do the sweetest wrongs  
Man ever did. And yet a whisper went  
That he did wrong: and if that whisper had  
Echo in him or not, it mattered little;  
Or right or wrong, he were alike unhappy.  
And there were many strange and sudden lights  
Beckoned him towards them; they were wreckers' lights:  
But he shunned these, and righted when she rose,  
Moon of his life, that ebb'd and flow'd with her.

*Helen.* A poet not in love is out at sea;  
He must have a lay-figure.

*Festus.* I mean not  
To screen, but to describe this friend of mine.

*Student.* Where and when did he study? Did he mix  
Much with the world, or was he a recluse?

*Festus.* He had no times of study, and no place;  
All places and all times to him were one.  
His soul was like the wind-harp, which he loved,  
And sounded only when the spirit blew.  
Some time in feasts and follies, for he went  
Life-like through all things; and his thoughts then rose  
Like sparkles in the bright wine, brighter still.  
Sometimes in dreams, and then the shining words  
Would wake him in the dark before his face.  
All things talked thoughts to him. The sea went mad  
To show his meaning; and the awful sun  
Thundered his thoughts into him; and at night  
The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh hers.  
He spake the world's one tongue; in earth and heaven  
There is but one, it is the word of truth.  
To him the eye let out its hidden meaning;  
And young and old made their hearts over to him;  
And thoughts were told to him as unto none  
Save one who heareth said and unsaid, all.  
And his heart held these as a grate its gleeds,  
Where others warm them.

*Student.* I would I had known him.

*Festus.* All things were inspiration unto him:  
Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,  
And crowds and streets, and man where'er he was;  
And the blue eye of God which is above us;  
Brook-bounded pine spinnies where spirits flit;  
And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,  
Where cold wet ghosts sit ringing jingling bells;  
Old orchards' leaf-roofed aisles, and red-cheeked load;  
And the blood-coloured tears which yew trees weep  
O'er churchyard graves, like murderers remorseful.  
The dark green rings where fairies sit and sup,  
Crushing the violet dew in the acorn cup;  
Where by his new-made bride the bridegroom sips,  
The white moon shimmering on their longing lips;

The large o'erloaded wealthy-looking wains  
Quietly swaggering home through leafy lanes,  
Leaving on all low branches as they come,  
Straws for the birds, ears of the harvest home.  
He drew his light from that he was amidst,  
As doth a lamp from air which hath itself  
Matter of light although it show not. His  
Was but the power to light what might be lit.  
He met a muse in every lonely maid;  
And learned a song from every lip he loved.  
But his heart ripened most 'neath southern eyes,  
Which sunned their sweets into him all day long.  
For fortune called him southwards, towards the sun.

*Helen.* Did he love music?

*Festus.* The only music he  
Or learned or listened to was from the lips  
Of her he loved, and that he learned by heart.  
Albeit she would try to teach him tunes,  
And put his fingers on the keys; but he  
Could only see her eyes, and hear her voice,  
And feel her touch.

*Helen.* Why, he was much like thee.

*Festus.* We had some points in common.

*Student.* Was he proud?

*Festus.* Lowliness is the base of every virtue.  
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest;  
My God keeps all his pity for the proud.

*Student.* Was he world-wise?

*Festus.* The only wonder is  
He knew so much, leading the life he did.

*Student.* Yet it may seem less strange when we think back,  
That we, in the dark chamber of the heart,  
Sitting alone, see the world tabled to us;  
And the world wonders how recluses know  
So much, and most of all, how we know them.  
It is they who paint themselves upon our hearts  
In their own lights and darknesses, not we.  
One stream of light is to us from above,  
And that is that we see by, light of God.

*Festus.* We do not make our thoughts; they grow in us  
Like grain in wood: the growth is of the skies,  
Which are of nature, nature is of God.  
The world is full of glorious likenesses.  
The poet's power is to sort these out,  
And to make music from the common strings  
With which the world is strung; to make the dumb  
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw  
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water,  
Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,  
Illimitable faith, strong as a state's  
In its own might, in God, no bard can be.  
All things are signs of other and of nature.  
It is at night we see heaven moveth, and  
A darkness thick with suns. The thoughts we think  
Subsist the same in God as stars in heaven.  
And as these specks of light will prove great worlds  
When we approach them sometime free from flesh,  
So too our thoughts will become magnified

To mindlike things immortal. And as space  
Is but a property of God wherein  
Is laid all matter, other attributes  
May be the infinite homes of mind and soul.

*Helen.* And was this friend and bard of whom thou spak  
And she whom he did love, happy together?

*Festus.* They parted; and she named heaven's judgment  
As their next place of meeting: and 'twas kept  
By her, at least, so far that no where else  
Could it be made until the day of doom.

*Helen.* So soon men's passion passes! yea, it sinks  
Like foam into the troubled wave which bore it.  
Merciful God! let me entreat Thy mercy!  
I have seen all the woes of men; pain, death,  
Remorse, and worldly ruin; they are little  
Weighed with the woe of woman when forsaken  
By him she loved and trusted. Hear, too, thou  
Lady of Heaven, Mother of God and man,  
Who made the world His brother, one with God—  
Maid-mother! mould of God, who wrought in thee  
By model as He doth in the world's womb,  
So that the universe is great with God—  
Thou in whom God did deify Himself,  
Betaking Him into mortality,  
As in Thy Son He took it into Him,  
And from the temporal and eternal made  
Of the soul-world one same and ever God!  
Oh, for the sake of thine own womanhood,  
Pray away aught of evil from her soul,  
And take her out of anguish unto thee  
Always, as thou didst this one!

*Festus.* Who doth not  
Believe that that he loveth cannot die?  
There is no mote of death in thine eye's beams.  
To hint of dust, or darkness, or decay;  
Eclipse upon eclipse, and death on death:  
No! immortality sits mirrored there  
Like a fair face long looking on itself;  
Yet thou shalt lie in Death's angelic garb  
As in a dream of dress, my beautiful!  
The worm shall trail across thy unsunned sweets,  
And fatten him on that men pined to death for,  
And have a further knowledge of thy beauties  
Than ever did thy best-loved lover dream of.

*Helen.* It is unkind to think of me in this wise.  
Surely the stars must feel that they are bright,  
In beauty, number, nature infinite;  
And the strong sense we have of God in us  
Makes me believe my soul can never cease.  
The temples perish, but the God still lives.

*Festus.* It is therefore that I love thee; for that when  
The fiery perfection of the world,  
The sun, shall be a shadow and burnt out,  
There is an impulse to eternity  
Raised by this moment's love.

*Student.* I pray it may!  
Time is the crescent shape to bounded eye  
Of what is ever perfect unto God.  
The bosom heaves to heaven, and to the stars;

Our very hearts throb upwards, our eyes look ;  
Our aspirations always are divine ;  
Yet is it in the gloom of soul we see  
Most of the God about us, as at night.

*Festus.* Think then God shows His face to us at night.

*Helen.* But of thy friend ? I would hear more of him.

Perhaps much happiness in friendship made  
Amends for his love's sorrows.

*Festus.* Ask me not.

*Helen.* But loved he never after ? Came there none

To roll the stone from his sepulchral heart,  
And sit in it an angel ?

*Festus.* Ah, my life !

My more than life, my immortality !

Both man and womankind belie their nature

When they are not kind : and thy words are kind,  
And beautiful, and loving like thyself ;

Thine eye and thy tongue's tone, and all that speak

Thy soul, are like it. There's a something in

The shape of harps as though they had been made

By music : beauty's the effect of soul.

And he of whom thou askest loved again.

Could'st thou have loved one who was unlike men ?

Whose heart was wrinkled long before his brow ?

Who would have cursed himself if he had dared

Tempt God to ratify his curse in fire :

And yet with whom to look on beauty was

A need, a thirst, a passion ?

*Helen.* Yes, I think

I could have loved him : but, no, not unless

He was like thee ; unless he had been thee.

Tell me, what was it rendered him so wretched

At heart ?

*Festus.* I will not tell thee.

*Student.* But tell me

How and on what he wrote, this friend of thine ?

*Festus.* Love, mirth, woe, pleasure, was in turn his theme,

And the great good which beauty does the soul ;

And the God-made necessity of things.

And like that noble knight in olden tale,

Who changed his armour's hue at each fresh charge

By virtue of his lady-love's strange ring,

So that none knew him save his private page

And she who cried, God save him, every time

He brake spears with the brave till he quelled all—

So he applied him to all themes that came ;

Loving the most to breast the rapid deeps

Where others had been drowned, and heeding nought

Where danger might not fill the place of fame.

And 'mid the magic circle of those sounds,

His lyre rayed out, spell-bound himself he stood.

Like a stilled storm. It is no task for suns

To shine. He knew himself a bard ordained,

More than inspired, of God, inspirited.

Making himself like an electric rod

A lure for lightning feelings ; and his words

Felt like the things that fall in thunder, which

The mind, when in a dark, hot, cloudful state,

Doth make metallic, meteoric, ball-like.  
 He spake to spirits with a spirit tongue,  
 Who came compelled by wizard word of truth,  
 And rayed them round him from the ends of heaven.  
 For as be all bards, he was born of beauty,  
 And with a natural fitness to draw down  
 All tones and shades of beauty to his soul,  
 Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which lies  
 Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all  
 Colours of skies and flowers, and gems, and plumes,  
 And all by Nature, which doth reproduce  
 Like loveliness in seeming opposites.  
 Our life is like the wizard's charmed ring :  
 Death's heads, and loathsome things fill up the ground ;  
 But spirits wing about, and wait on us,  
 While yet the hour of enchantment is.  
 And while we keep in, we are safe, and can  
 Force them to do our bidding. And he raised  
 The rebel in himself, and in his mind  
 Walked with him through the world.

*Student.* He wrote of this ?

*Festus.* He wrote a poem.

*Student.* What was said of it ?

*Festus.* Oh, much was said—much more than understood ;  
 One said, that he was mad ; another, wise ;  
 Another, wisely mad. The book is there.  
 Judge thou among them.

*Student.* Well, but, who said what ?

*Festus.* Some said, that he blasphemed, and these men lied  
 To all eternity, unless such men  
 Be saved, when God shall rase that lie from life,  
 And from His own eternal memory :  
 But still the word is lied ; though it were writ  
 In honeydew upon a lily leaf,  
 With quill of nightingale, like love letters  
 From Oberon sent to the bright Titania,  
 Fairest of all the fays—for that he used  
 The name of God as spirits use it, barely,  
 Yet surely more sublime in nakedness,  
 Statuelike, than in a whole tongue of dress.  
 Thou knowest, God ! that to the full of worship  
 All things are worship-full ; and Thy great name,  
 In all its awful brevity, hath nought  
 Unholy breeding in it, but doth bless  
 Rather the tongue that utters it ; for me,  
 I ask no higher office than to fling  
 My spirit at Thy feet, and cry Thy name  
 God ! through eternity. The man who sees  
 Irreverence in that name, must have been used  
 To take that name in vain, and the same man  
 Would see obscenity in pure white statues.  
 Call all things by their names. Hell, call thou hell ;  
 Archangel, call archangel ; and God, God.

*Student.* And what said he of such ?

*Festus.* He held his peace

A season, as a tree its sap till spring,  
 Preparing to unfold itself, and let  
 All rigour do its worst, which only served

To harden him, though nothing nesh at first.  
And then he said at last, what, at the first,  
He deemed would have been seen by other men,  
By men, at least, above low-water mark,  
Who take it, they lead others; that it is they  
Who set their shoulders to the stalled world's wheel,  
And give it a hitch forwards.

*Helen.* There were some  
Encouraged him with goodwill, surely?

*Festus.* Many.  
The kind, the noble, and the able, cheered him;  
The lovely, likewise: others knew he nought of.

*Student.* Take up the book, and if thou understandest,  
Unfold it to me.

*Festus.* What I can, I will.  
Poetry is itself a thing of God;  
He made His prophets poets: and the more  
We feel of poetry, do we become  
Like God in love and power.

*Student.* Under-makers.

*Festus.* All great lays, equals to the minds of men,  
Deal more or less with the Divine, and have  
For end some good of mind or soul of man;  
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's.  
The wise man joins them here all in his power;  
The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,  
Stand up like churches among village cots;  
And it is joy to think that in every age,  
However much the world was wrong therein,  
The greatest works of mind or hand have been  
Done unto God.

*Student.* So may they ever be;  
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great.

*Festus.* It is not enough to draw forms fair and lively,

Their conduct likewise must be beautiful;  
A hearty holiness must crown the work,  
As a gold cross the minster dome, and show,  
Like that instonement of divinity,  
That the whole building doth belong to God.  
And for the book before us, though it were,  
What it is not, supremely little, like

The needled angle of a high church spire,  
Still its sole end is God the Father's glory,  
From all eternity seen; making clear  
His might and love in saving sinful man.

One bard shows God as He deals with states and kings;  
Another as He dealt with the first man;  
Another as with heaven, and earth, and hell;  
Ours writes God as He orders a chance soul,  
Picked out of earth at hazard, like oneself.

It is a statued mind and naked heart  
Which he strikes out. Other bards draw men dressed  
In manners, customs, forms, appearances,  
Laws, places, times, and countless accidents  
Of peace or polity; to him these are not;  
He makes no mention, no account of them;  
But shows, however great his doubts, sins, trials,  
Whatever earth-born pleasures soil his soul,

*Additional Scene to Festus.*

What power soever he may gain of evil,  
That still, till death, time is ; that God's great heaven  
Stands open day and night to man and spirit,  
For all are of the race of God, and have  
In themselves good. The life-writ of a heart  
Whose firmest prop and highest meaning was  
The hope of serving God as poet-priest,  
And the belief that he would not put back  
Love-offerings, though brought to Him by hands  
Unclean and earthy, even as fallen man's  
Must be, and most of all, the thankful show  
Of His high power and goodness in redeeming  
And blessing souls which love Him, spite of sin  
And their old earthy strain, these are the aims,  
The doctrines, truths, and staple of the story.  
What theme sublimer than soul being saved ?  
'Tis the bard's aim to show the mind-made world  
Without, within ; how the soul stands with God,  
And the unseen realities about us.  
It is a view of life spiritual  
And earthly.

*Student.* Let us look upon it, then,  
In the same light it was drawn and coloured in.

*Festus.* Faith is a higher faculty than reason,  
Though of the brightest power of revelation,  
As the snow-headed mountain rises o'er  
The lightning, and applies itself to heaven.  
We know in day-time there are stars about us  
Just as at night, and name them what and where  
By sight of science ; so by faith we know,  
Although we may not see them till our night,  
That spirits are about us, and believe,  
That to a spirit's eye all heaven may be  
As full of angels as a beam of light  
Of motes. As spiritual, it shows all  
Classes of life, perhaps, above our kind,  
Known to tradition, reason, or God's word.  
As earthly, it embodies most the life  
Of youth ; its powers, its aims, its deeds, its failings ;  
And, as a sketch of world-life, it begins  
And ends, and rightly, in heaven, and with God ;  
While heaven is also in the midst thereof.  
God, or all good, the evil of the world,  
And man, wherein are both, are each displayed.  
The mortal is the model of all men.  
The foibles, follies, trials, sufferings  
Of a young, hot, un-world-schooled heart, that has  
Had its own way in life, and wherein all  
May see some likeness of their own, 'tis these  
Attract, unite, and, sunlike, concentrate  
The ever-moving system of our feelings.  
Like life, too, as an whole, it has a moral ;  
And, as in life, each scene, too, has its moral,  
A scene for every year of his young life,  
Shining upon it, like the quiet moon,  
Illustrating the obscure unequal earth :  
And though these scenes may seem to careless ey  
Irregular and rough, and unconnected,

stones at Stonehenge, still an use,  
 and a purpose may be marked  
 in of a temple reared to God.  
 n, but no plot ; life hath none.

How does the book begin, go on, and end ?  
 I'll us, love ; we will listen, and not speak.  
 derstood it, for I know  
 rather hear me than yourselves talk.

Surely.

half the organs in my head,  
 undiscovered faculties,  
 ich a lecturer ; and then  
 enough, perhaps, to comprehend.  
 Twere needless that, to one half-witted now.  
 There is an opening scene in heaven, wherein  
 m of all things, spirit and matter,  
 nd the permission of temptation ;  
 : worship of the Trinity,  
 ame uttered thrice ; and the complete  
 necessity and end of all things.  
 n we come to earth, and so do souls.  
 cceeds a soft and sunset scene,  
 shown the collapsed, empty state  
 l worldly pleasures leave us ; youth's,  
 ural, fitful, unavailing, struggle  
 reat temptation come unlooked for :  
 sin is to curse God in deed.  
 ave under meanings, and the scene  
 etfulness and indecision  
 not ends. A starry, stirless night  
 ich shadows out youth's barren longings  
 ss, greatness, marvels, mysteries.  
 we by the dead ? The dead have life,  
 d ; and, if they come, it is to show  
 re is for the better. The bait takes.  
 s foe shake hands upon their bargain.  
 ets out for joy, and 'neath the care  
 . enemy, begins his course.  
 ene seems to promise fair ; for sure  
 s be one scene in life, wherefrom  
 nt, it is pure early love.  
 Alas ! when beauty pleads the cause of virtue,  
 mptation to embrace it 's wanting.  
 A man in love sees wonders. But not love  
 soul happy : so the youth gets hopeless.  
 es on a stern and stormy quarrel  
 two foe friends. Youth demanding what  
 and the other withholding safe  
 rants. They part and meet, as though  
 d happened, in the next scene : none  
 we reconcile ourselves to evil.  
 hey are, together, aiding each  
 and abusing others.

I

g for an eloquential pause  
 terious, allegorical,  
 eological, odd story.  
 n, I shall ask myself to sing ;



And granting, I agree to my request,  
I think you ought to thank me.

*Student.* That we will :

But not just now.

*Helen.* Oh ! yes, now ; yes, this moment.  
I'm in the humour.

*Student.* We are not.

*Festus.* Yes, let her !

*Helen.* What shall I sing ?

*Festus.* Sing something merry, love.

*Helen.* I won't : I'll sing the dullest thing I know ;  
One of thine own songs.

*Student.* What a compliment !

*Festus.* Sing what thou lik'st, then.

*Helen.* No ; what thou lik'st.

*Student.*

Something about love, and it can't be wrong.

For love, the sunny world supplies,  
With laughing lips and happy eyes.

*Festus.* And 'twill be sooner over.

*Student.* And so better.

*Helen.* Like an island in a river,  
Art thou, my love, to me ;

And I journey by thee ever

With a gentle ecstasie.

I arise to fall before thee ;

I come to kiss thy feet ;

To adorn thee and adore thee,

Mine only one ! my sweet !

And thy love hath power upon me,

Like a dream upon a brain ;

For the loveliness which won me,

With the love, too, doth remain.

And my life it beautifieth,

Though love is but a shade,

Known of only ere it dieth,

By the darkness it hath made.

Was that addressed to me ?

*Student.* Well, now resume.

*Festus.* Trial alone of ill and folly gives  
Clear proofs of the world's vanities ; but little  
Good comes of sermons, prophecies, or warnings,  
Though from the steps of an old grey market-cross,  
The Devil is holding forth to the faithless. This  
Is followed by a bird's-eye view of earth,  
A stirring-up of the dust of all the nations.  
Then comes a village-feast ; a kind of home  
Unto the traveller—where, with the world,  
We mix in private, talking divers things ;  
A country merry-making, where all speak  
According to their sorts, and the occasion.  
Thence to another planet, for the book,  
Stream-like, doth steal the images of stars,  
And trembles at its boldness, where we meet  
The spirit of the first night of temptation ;  
And mix with many of those lofty musings  
Which sow in us the seeds of higher kind

And brighter being. Heavenly poesie,  
Which shines among the powers of our mind,  
As that bright star she dwells in, 'mid the worlds  
Which make the system of the sun, is there too.  
But these high things are lost, and drowned, and dimmed,  
Like a blue eye in tears, that trickle from it  
Like angels leaving heaven on their errands  
Of love, behind them, in the scene succeeding.  
A scene of song, and dance, and mirth, and wine,  
And damsels, in whose lily skin the blue  
Veins branch themselves in hidden luxury,  
Hues of the heaven they seem to have vanished from.

*Helen.* Moonlight and music, and kisses, and wine,  
And beauty, which must be, for rhyme-sake, divine.

*Festus.* Mere joys; but saddened and sublimed at close  
By sweet remembrance of immortal ones  
Once loved, aye hallowed. Still, in scenes like this,  
Youth lingers longest, drawing out his time  
As a gold-beater does his wire, until  
Would reach round earth.

*Student.* And be of no use then.

*Festus.* Blame not the bard for showing this, but mind  
He wrote of youth as passionate genius,  
Its flights and follies—both its sensual ends  
And common places. To behold an eagle  
Batting the sunny cieling of the world  
With his dark wings, one well might deem his heart  
On heaven; but, no! it is fixed on flesh and blood,  
And soon his talons tell it. Pass we on!  
A brief and solemn parley o'er a grave  
Follows, in which youth vows to trust in God,  
Be the end what it may. And next, we find  
Ourselves in heaven. Even man's deadly clay  
Can be there, by God's leave. Once brought to God,  
The soul's foredoom is set before it brightly,  
And heaven's designs are seen to be brought to bear.  
A lightning revelation of the heavens,  
And what is in them. Let it not be said  
He sought his God in the self-slayer's way,  
Whose highest aim was but to worship in  
All humbleness; for he was called thereto,  
To show the holy God, in three scenes, first  
And last in Threelthood, and midst in one:  
Although less hard to shape the wide-winged wind  
O'er the bright heights of air. He will forgive:  
For we, this moment, and all living souls—  
All matter, are as much within His presence,  
And known through, like a glass film in the sun,  
As we can ever be. To earth again,  
And sea all aged. Evil is in love;  
And ever those who are unhappiest have  
Their heart's desire the oftenest, but in dreams.  
Dreams are mind-clouds, high and unshapen beauties,  
Or but God-shaped, like mountains, which contain  
Much and rich matter; often not for us,  
But for another. Dreams are rudiments  
Of the great state to come. We dream what is  
About to happen to us.

*Helen.* What may be  
The dream in this case?

*Festus.* It is one of death.

*Helen.* Of death! is that all? Well, I too have had,  
What every one hath once, at least, in life—  
A vision of the region of the dead;  
It was the land of shadows: yea, the land  
Itself was but a shadow, and the race  
Which seemed therein were voices, forms of forms,  
And echoes of themselves. And there was nought  
Of substance seemed, save one thing in the midst,  
A great red sepulchre—a granite grave;  
And at the bottom lay a skeleton,  
From whose decaying jaws the shades were born;  
Making its only sign of life, its dying  
Continually. Some were bright, some dark.  
Those that were bright, went upwards heavenly.  
They which were dark, grew darker and remained.  
A land of change, yet did the half things nothing  
That I could see; but passed stilly on,  
Taking no note of other, mate or child;  
For all had lost their love when they put off  
The beauty of the body. And as I  
Looked on, the grave before me backed away;  
And I began to dream it was a dream;  
And I rushed after it: when the earth quaked,  
Opened and shut, like the eye of one in fits;  
It shut to with a shout. The grave was gone.  
And in the stead there stood a gleed-like throne,  
Which all the shadows shook to see, and swooned;  
For fiends were standing, loaded with long chains,  
The links whereof were fire, waiting the word  
To bind and cast the shadows into hell.  
For Death the second sat upon that throne,  
Which set on fire the air not to be breathed.  
And as he lifted up his arm to speak,  
Fear preyed upon all souls, like fire on paper,  
And mine among the rest, and I awoke.

*Student.* By Hades, 'twas most awful.

*Festus.* And when love  
Merges in creature-worship, let us mind;  
We know not what it is we love: perhaps  
It is incarnate evil. In the time  
It takes to turn a leaf, we are in heaven;  
Making our way among the wheeling worlds,  
Millions of suns, half infinite each, and space  
For ever shone into, for ever dark,  
As God is, to and by created mind,  
Upheld by the companion spirit. There  
The nature of the all in one, and whence  
Evil; the fixed impossibility  
Of creatures' perfectness, until made one  
With God; and the necessity of ill  
As yet, are things all touched upon and proven.  
The next scene shows us hell, in the mad mock  
Of mortal revelry—the quelling truth  
That all life's sinful follies run to hell;  
That lies, debauches, murders never die,

at live in hell for ever ; make, are hell.  
 and truth is there too. Hell is its own moral.  
 addition certain to the unrepentant ;  
 redemption on a like scale with creation ;  
 and all creation needing it and having.  
 That follows is of earth, and setteth forth  
 God's mercy, and the mystery of sin ;  
 and a great gathering of the worlds round God,  
 told by the youth to his truthful, trustful, love ;  
 Who, light and lowly as a little glow-worm,  
 heddeth her beauty round her like a rose  
 sweet smelling dew upon the ground it grows on.  
 Then comes a scene of passion, brought about  
 by the bad spirit's means for his own ends,  
 Whom we know not when come, so dark we grow ;  
 Making it but a blind for the next scene,  
 Wherein he works his victim's death, to clear  
 His way, and keep his name of murderer ;  
 As he in other parts makes good his titles,  
 Deceiver, liar, tempter, and accuser ;  
 Eater of man, and, most of all, of God.  
 In the next scene, we picture back our life,  
 Contrasting the pure joys of earlier years,  
 With the unsatedness of current sin ;  
 And the sad feel that love's own heart turns sick  
 Like a bad pearl ; but that the feeling still  
 Is adamant, though the splendid thing  
 Whereon it writes its record, is of all  
 The faintest ; and though earth shows to good and bad,  
 The same blind kindness, beautiful to see,  
 Wherewith our lovely mother loveth us,  
 The world in vain unbosometh her beauty,  
 We have no lust to live ; for things may be  
 Corrupted into beauty : and that love,  
 Where all the passions blend, as hues in white,  
 Fires at the last, as day would, if all day  
 And no night. So despair of heart increases.  
 The last lure—power—is proffered, taken. All  
 Hangs on the last desire, whatever it be.  
 In the next scene, we feel the end draw nigh.  
 Ambition ruined by its own success ;  
 Hopes lost, power useless : love, pure love, the last  
 Of mortal things that nestles in the heart.  
 There is a love which acts to death, and through death,  
 And may come white, and bright, and pure, like paper,  
 From refuse, or from clearest things at first.  
 It is beyond the accidents of life.  
 For things we make no compt of, have in them  
 The seeds of life, use, beauty, like the cores  
 Of apples that we fling away ; nought now  
 Is left but trust in God, who tries the heart  
 And saves it, at the last, from its own ruin.  
 Death is another life. We bow our heads  
 At going out, we think, and enter straight  
 Another golden chamber of the king's,  
 Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.  
 The last scene shows the final doom of earth,  
 Souls' judgment, and salvation of the youth,

As was fore-fixed on, from and in the first.  
 We may say that the sun is dead and gone  
 For ever ; and may swear he will rise no more ;  
 The skies may put on mourning for their God,  
 And earth heap ashes on her head : but who  
 Shall keep the sun back, when he thinks to rise ?  
 Where is the chain shall bind him ? Where the cell  
 Shall hold him ? Hell, he would burn down to embers ;  
 And would lift up the world with a lever of light  
 Out of his way : yet, know ye, 'twere thrice less  
 To do thrice this, than keep the soul from God.  
 And this, with one explanatory scene  
 That I forgot, omitted—makes the book.  
 Now, the religion of the book is this,  
 Followed out from the book God writ of old.  
 All creatures being faulty by their nature,  
 And by God made all liable to sin,  
 God only could atone—and unto none,  
 Except himself—for universal sin.  
 It is thus that God did sacrifice to God,  
 Himself unto himself, in the great way  
 Of Triune mystery. His death, as man,  
 Was real as our own ; and as, except  
 In the destruction of all life, there could  
 Be no atonement for its sin, while life  
 Doth necessarily result from God,  
 As thought and outward action doth from us,  
 So the atonement must be to and by Him ;  
 Which makes it justice quite as much as love ;  
 For all his powers and attributes are equal,  
 And must make one in any act of His ;  
 And every act of God is infinite.  
 He acts through all in all : the truth we know,  
 He doth himself inbreathe ; the ill we do,  
 He hath atoned for ; and the scriptures show  
 That God doth suffer for the sins of those  
 Whom he hath made, that are liable to sin.  
 In all of us He hath His agony ;  
 We are the cross, and death of God, and grave.  
 I love Him all the more, and worship Him  
 Who lived and died, and rose from death for us,  
 And is and reigns for ever God in all.  
 Let each man think himself an act of God,  
 His mind a thought, his life a breath of God ;  
 And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,  
 To show the most of heaven he hath in him.  
 Many who read the Word of life, much doubt  
 Whether salvation be of grace, or faith,  
 Election, or repentance, or good works,  
 Or God's high will : reconcile all of them.  
 Each of the persons of the Triune God  
 Hath had his dispensation, hath it now ;  
 The Father by his prophets, and the Son  
 In His own days, by His own deeds ; and now  
 The Spirit, by the ministry of Christ ;  
 And thus by law, by gospel, and by grace,  
 The scheme of God's salvation is complete.  
 Salvation, then, is God-like, threefold ; so

That under one or other, all may come;  
 By will of God alone, by faith in Christ,  
 And by repentance, and good works, and grace.  
 So there is one salvation of the Father,  
 One of the Son, another of the Spirit;  
 Each, the salvation of the Three in One.  
 The mortal in this lay is saved of will,  
 In manner as this hymn unfolds, which hath  
 Just warranty for every word from God's.  
 And I will read it to thee.

*Student.* I would hear.

*Festus.* Oh, God! Thou wondrous One in Three,  
 As mortals must thee deem;  
 Thou only canst be said to be,  
 We but at best to seem.  
 For thou dost save, and thou may'st slay,  
 Canst make a mortal soul  
 In thee eternal; in a day  
 Wilt bring to nought the whole.  
 Thou hardenest, and thou openest hearts,  
 As in thy Word is shown;  
 Thou savest and destroyest parts,  
 By thy right will alone.  
 Let down thy grace then, Lord! on all  
 Whom thou wilt save to live;  
 Oh! if they stumble, stop their fall!  
 Oh! if they fall, forgive!  
 They are forgiven from the first,  
 They are predestined thine;  
 And though in sin they were the worst,  
 In thee they are divine.  
 They are, and were, and will be, Lord!  
 In one, in heaven, in thee,  
 Yea with the Spirit, and the Word,  
 One God in Trinity.

Which principles and doctrines hanging not  
 Upon the action of the poem here,  
 But over and above it, influencing  
 Nevertheless the story, as the course  
 Of stars enwoven with our system, earth,  
 Vary the view of this life's hemisphere,  
 And mingle it more palpably with heaven,  
 And with its changeless, ceaseless, boundless God.  
 It is thus that by creating to and from  
 Eternity, and multiplying ever  
 His own one Being through the universe,  
 He doth eternize happiness, and make  
 Good infinite by making all in Him.  
 There is but one great right and good; and ill  
 And wrong are shades thereof, not substances.  
 Nothing can be antagonist to God.  
 The spirit speaks of God in heaven's own tongue,  
 No mystery to those who love, but learned  
 As is our mother tongue, from Him, the Parent;  
 By whom created, fashioned, flesh and spirit,  
 All forms and feelings of all kinds of beauty

Are burned into our heart-clay, pattern like.  
 Thus have I shown the meaning of the book,  
 And the most truthful likeness of a mind,  
 Which hath as yet been limned ; the mind of youth  
 In strengths and failings, in its overcomings,  
 And in its short comings ; the kingly ends,  
 The universalizing heart of youth ;  
 Its love of power, heed not how had, although  
 With surety of self-ruin at the end ;  
 Nor bates the book one tittle of the truth,  
 To smoothe its way to favour with the fearful.  
 Every thing urged against it proves its truth  
 And faithfulness to nature. Some cried out  
 'Twas inconsistent ; so 'twas meant to be.  
 Such is the very stamp of youth and nature ;  
 And the continual losing sight of its aims,  
 And the desertion of its most expressed,  
 And dearest rules and objects, this is youth.

*Student.* I look on life as keeping me from God,  
 Stars, heaven, and angels' bosoms. I lay ill ;  
 And the dark, hot blood throbbing through and through me ;  
 They bled me and I swooned ; and as I died,  
 Or seemed to die, a soft, sweet sadness fell  
 With a voluptuous weakness, on my soul,  
 That made me feel all happy. But my heart  
 Would live, and rose, and wrestled with the soul,  
 Which stretched its wings and strained its strength in vain,  
 Twining around it as a snake an eagle.  
 My eyes unclosed again, and I looked up,  
 And saw the sweet blue twilight, and one star,  
 One only star in heaven ; and then I wished  
 That I had died and gone to it ; and straight  
 Was glad I lived again, to love once more.  
 And so our souls turned round upon themselves  
 Like orbs upon their axles : what was night  
 Is day ; what day, night. God will guide us on  
 Body and soul, through life and death, to judgement.

*Festus.* Earth hath her deserts mixed with fruitful plains.  
 The Word of God is barren in some parts ;  
 A rose is not all flower, but hath much  
 Which is of lower beauty, yet like needful ;  
 And he who in great makings doth like these,  
 Doth only that which is most natural.  
 Like life too it is boundlessly unequal,  
 Now soaring, and now grovelling : at one time  
 All harmony, and then again all harshness,  
 With an ever-changing style of thought and speech.  
 The work is still consistent with itself ;  
 As one part often bears upon another,  
 Lifting it to the light. It likewise marks  
 The various beliefs, as well as doubts,  
 Which hold or search by turns the mind of youth,  
 Unresting anywhere. Its heresies,  
 If such they be, are charitable ones ;  
 For they who read not in the blest belief  
 That all souls may be saved, read to no end.  
 We were made to be saved. We are of God.  
 If evil seem the most, yet good most is ;

As water may be deep and pure below,  
 Although the face be filmy for a time ;  
 And if the spirit of evil seem more in  
 The work than God, it is but to work His will ;  
 Who therefore is all that the other seems.  
 And evil is in almost every scene  
 Of life, more or less forward. Above all,  
 The mystery of the Trinity is held,  
 Whose mystery is its reasonableness,  
 The thoughts we have of men are bold as men ;  
 Our thoughts of God are thin and fleet as ghosts ;  
 But it was not his meaning to draw men,  
 Such as he heard they were in the old world  
 And sometimes mixed with ; he blessed God he knew  
 But little of the world, that little good ;  
 While some sighed out that little was its all.  
 So for the persons and the scenes he drew,  
 Oft in a dim and dreamy imagery  
 Shapen, half-shapen, mis-shapen, unshapen,  
 They are the shadowy creatures which youth dreams  
 Live in the world embodied, but are not,  
 Live in the mind's, which is the mightier one.  
 They are the names of things which we believe in,  
 Ideas not embodied, alas, not !  
 And the sad fate which many of those meet  
 Whom the youth loves and quits, means nought so ill  
 As the betrayer's sin, salvationless  
 Almost : it is but desertion, not betrayal ;  
 And forced on him according to a promise  
 Made at the first unto him, and to be  
 Wrought out in brief time ; and the same fair souls  
 Saved, stand for our desires made pure in Heaven.  
 Let us work out our natures ; we can do  
 No wrong in them, they are divine, eterne :  
 I follow my attraction, and obey  
 Nature, as earth does, circling round her source  
 Of life and light, and keeping true in Heaven,  
 Though not perfect in round, which nothing is.  
 It was the book of love, well nigh all grief.  
 For the heart leaves its likeness best in that  
 O'erwhelming sorrow which burns up and buries,  
 Like to the eloquent impression left  
 In lava, of Pompeian maiden's bosom.  
 All passions, and all pleasures, and all powers  
 Of man's heart, are brought in, and mind and frame.  
 He made this work the business of his life,  
 It was his mission ; and was laid on him.  
 He was a labourer on the ways of God,  
 And had his hire in peace and power to work.  
 He wrote it not in the contempt of rule,  
 And not in hate ; but in the self-made rule  
 That there was none to him, but to himself  
 He was his sole rule, and had right to be.  
 The faults are faults of nature, and prove art  
 Man's nature, that a thing of art, like it,  
 Should be so pure in kind.

*Helen.*

I do believe

The world is a forged thing, and hath not got



The die of God upon it. It will not pass  
In heaven, I tell ye.

*Student.* How shouldst thou know aught  
Of heaven? unless by contrast.

*Festus.* Pray now cease ;  
Ye two are jarring ever, though as with  
The bickering beauty of two swords, whose strife,  
Though deadly, maketh music, I could listen,  
Did not each stab, whichever way, pain me.

*Helen.* Oh, I could stand and rend myself with rage  
To think I am so weak, that all are so ;  
Mere minims in the music made from us.  
While I would be a hand to sweep from end  
To end, from infinite to infinite,  
The world's great chord. The beautiful of old  
Had but to say some god had been with them,  
And their worst fault was hallowed to their best deed.  
That was to live. Could we uproot the past,  
Which grows and throws its chilling shade o'er us,  
Lengthening every hour and darkening it ;  
Or could we plant the future where we would,  
And make it flourish, that, too, were to live.  
But it is not more true that what is, is,  
Than that what is not, is not. It is enough  
To bear the ever present, as we do.  
The city of the past is laid in ruins ;  
Its echo-echoing walls at a whisper fall :  
The coming is not yet built ; nor as yet  
Its deep foundations laid ; but seems, at once,  
Like the air-city, goodly and well watered,  
Which the dry wind doth dream of on the sands  
Where he dies away with his wanderings :  
While we enjoy the hope thereof, and perish ;  
Not seeing that the desert present is  
Our end.

*Festus.* The brightest natures oft have darkest  
End, as fire smoke.

*Student.* I will read the book in the hope  
Of learning somewhat from it.

*Festus.* Thou may'st learn  
A hearty thanksgiving for blessings here,  
And proud prediction of a state to come,  
Of love, and life, and power unlimited ;  
And uttered in a sound and homely tongue,  
Fit to be used by all who think while speaking.  
With here and there some old, hard, uncouth words  
Which have withal a quaint and meaning richness,  
As stones make more the power of the soil.  
The world hath said its say for and against ;  
And after praise and blame cometh the truth.  
Living men look on all who live askance.  
Were he a cold grey ghost, he would have honour ;  
And though as man he must have mixed with men,  
Yet the true bard doth make himself ghost-like ;  
He lives apart from men ; he wakes and walks  
By nights ; he puts himself into the world  
Above him ; and he is what but few see.  
He knows, too, to the old hid treasure, truth ;

And the world wonders, shortly, how some one  
Hath come so rich of soul; it little dreams  
Of the poor ghost that made him. Yet he comes  
To none save of his own blood, and lets pass  
Many a generation till his like  
Turns up; moreover, this same genius  
Comes, ghost-like, to those only who are lonely  
In life and in desire; never to crowds:  
And it can make its way through every thing,  
And is never happy till it tells its secret;  
But pale and pressed down with the inward weight  
Of unborn works, it sickens nigh to death,  
Often; but who like happy at a birth?

*Student.* Say what a poet ought to do and be.

*Festus.* Though it may scarce become me, knowing little,  
Yet what I have thought out upon that theme,  
And deem true, I will tell thee.

*Helen.* Now I know  
You two will talk of nothing else all night;  
So I will to my music. Sweet! I come.  
Art thou not glad to see me? What a time  
Since I have touched thine eloquent white fingers.  
Hast thou forgot me? Mind, now! Know'st thou not  
My greeting? Ah! I love thee. Talk away!  
Never mind me; I shall not you.

*Student.* Agreed!

*Helen.* By the sweet muse of music, I could swear  
I do believe it smiles upon me; see it  
Full of unuttered music, like a bird;  
Rich in invisible treasures, like a bud  
Of unborn sweets, and thick about the heart  
With ripe and rosy beauty; full to trembling.  
I love it like a sister. Hark!—its tones;  
They melt the soul within us like a sword  
Within its sheath by lightning. Talk to me,  
Lovely one! Answer me, thou beauty!

*Student.* Hear her!

*Festus.* The bard's aim is to give us thoughts: his art  
Lieth in giving them as bright as may be.  
And even when their looks are earthy, still  
When opened, like geoids, they may be found  
Full of all sparkling sparry loveliness.  
They should be wrought, not cast; like tempered steel,  
Burned and cooled, burned again, and cooled again.  
A thought is like a ray of light; complex  
In nature, simple only in effect;  
Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more.  
Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show  
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.  
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,  
And roughly looked over. The dress of words,  
Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb,  
Should let the play of limb be seen through it,  
And the round rising form. A mist of words,  
Like halos round the moon, though they enlarge  
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less  
Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,

Not its effect. Not likenesses of likenesses.  
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves  
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us,

*Student.* But is the power—is poesie inborn,  
Or is it to be gained by art or toil?

*Festus.* It is underived, except from God; but where  
Strongest, asks most of human care and aid.  
Great bards toil much and most; but most at first,  
Ere they can learn to concentrate the soul  
For hours upon a thought to carry it.

*Student.* Why I have sat for hours and never moved,  
Saving my hands, clock-like, in writing round  
Day after day of thought, and lapse of life.

*Festus.* Many make books, few poems, which may do  
Well for their gains, but they do nought for truth,  
Nor man, true bard's main aim. Perish the books,  
But the creations live. Some steal a thought,  
And clip it round the edge, and challenge him  
Whose 'twas to swear to it. To serve things thus  
Is as foul witches to cut up old moons  
Into new stars. Some never rise above  
A pretty fault, like faulty dahlias;  
And of whose best things it is kindly said,  
The thought is fair; but, to be perfect, wants  
A little heightening, like a pretty face  
With a low forehead. Do thou more than such,  
Or else do nothing. And in poetry,  
There is a poet-worship, one of other  
Which is idolatry, and not the true  
Love-service of the soul to God, which hath  
Alone of his inbreathing, and is rendered  
Unto Him, from the first, without man's mean,  
By those whom He makes worthy of His worship;  
Who kneel at once to Him, and at no shrine,  
Save in the world's wide ear, do they confess them  
Of faults which are all truths; and through which ear,  
As the world says them over to itself,  
He heareth and absolveth; for the bard  
Speaks but what all feel more or less within  
The heart's heart, and the sin confessed is done  
Away with and for ever.

*Student.* What of style?

*Festus.* There is no style is good but nature's style.  
And the great ancients' writings, beside ours,  
Look like illuminated manuscripts  
Before plain press print; all had different minds,  
And followed only their own bents: for this  
Nor copied that, nor that the other; each  
Is finished in his writing, each is best  
For his own mind, and that it was upon;  
And all have lived, are living, and shall live;  
But these have died, are dying, and shall die;  
Yea, copyists shall die, spark out and out.  
Minds which combine and make alone can tell  
The bearings and the workings of all things  
In and upon each other; all the parts  
Of nature meet and fit: wit, wisdom, worth,

Goodness and greatness ; to sublimity  
 Beauty arises, like a planet world,  
 Labouring slowly, seemingly, up heaven ;  
 But with an infinite pace to some immortal eyes.  
 And he who means to be a great bard, must  
 Measure himself against pure mind, and fling  
 His soul into a stream of thought, as will  
 A swimmer hurl himself into the water.  
 But never swimmer on the stream, nor bird  
 On wind, feels half so strong, or swift, or glad,  
 As bard borne high on his mind above himself ;  
 As though he should begin a lay like this,  
 Where spiritual element is all.  
 The shattered shadow of eternity  
 Upon the troubled world, even as the sun  
 Shows brokenly on wavy waters, time ;  
 All time is but a second to the dead.  
 The smoke of the great burning of the world  
 Had trailed across the skies for many an age,  
 And was fast wearing into air away,  
 When a saint stood before the throne, and cried—  
 " Blessed be Thou, Lord God of all the worlds  
 That have been, and that are, and are to be,  
 For Thy destruction is like infinite  
 With Thy creation, just and wise in both :  
 Give me a world ;" and God said, " Be it so :"  
 And the world was : and then go on to show  
 How this new orb was made, and where it shone ;  
 Who ruled, abode, worshipped and loved therein ;  
 Their natures, duties, hopes : let it be pure,  
 Wise, holy, beautiful ; if not to be  
 Without it, made so by constraint of God ;  
 Kindly forced good : we have had enough of sin  
 And folly here to wish for and love change.  
 Let him show God as going thither mildly,  
 Father-like, blessing all and cursing none ;  
 And that there never will be need for them  
 That he shall come in glory new to himself,  
 With light to which the lightning shall be shadow,  
 And the sun sadness ; borne upon a car  
 With wheels of burning worlds, within whose rims  
 Whole hells burn, and beneath whose course the stars  
 Dry up like dew-drops. But of this enough ;  
 I mean that he must weigh himself as he  
 Will be weighed after by posterity ;  
 After us all are critics, to a man.  
 Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear  
 Glean after what it can. The voice of great  
 Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all  
 Word-music ; and great thoughts, like great deeds, need  
 No trumpet. Never be in haste in writing.  
 God worketh slowly ; and a thousand years  
 He takes to lift his hand off. Layer on layer,  
 He made earth, fashioned it and hardened it  
 Into the bright and useful thing it is :  
 Its hollow-sounding seas and silent lands  
 He girded with the girdle of the sun,  
 That sets its bosom glowing like our own

*Additional Scenes to Festus.*

Breathless embrace close clinging as for life :  
Veined it with gold, and dusted it with gems,  
Lined it with fire, and round its heart-fire bowed  
Rock ribs unbreakable. But once begun,  
Cease not to work all things into thy work ;  
But set thyself about it, as the sea  
About earth, lashing at it day and night.  
And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it  
As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.  
The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,  
Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,  
Rending the stones, and crying, Resurrection !

*Student.* What theme remains ?

*Festus.* Thyself, thy race, thy love  
The faithless and the full of faith in God ;  
Thy race's destiny, thy sacred love.  
Every believer is God's miracle.  
Nothing will stand whose staple is not love ;  
The love of God, or man, or lovely woman ;  
The first is scarcely touched, the next scarce felt,  
The third is desecrated ; lift it up ;  
Redeem it, hallow it, blend the three in one  
Great holy work. It shall be read in heaven  
By all the saved of sinners of all time.  
Preachers shall point to it, and tell their wards  
It is a handful of eternal truth :  
Make ye a heartfelt of it ; men shall will  
That it be buried with them in their hands :  
The young, the gay, the innocent, the brave,  
The fair, with soul and body both all love,  
Shall run to it with joy ; and the old man,  
Still hearty in decline, whose happy life  
Hath blossomed downwards, like the purple bell-flower,  
Closing the book, shall utter lowly—  
"Death thou art infinite, it is life is little."  
Believe thou art inspired, and thou art.  
Look at the bard and others ; never heed  
The petty hints of envy. If a fault  
It be in bard, to deem himself inspired,  
'Tis one which hath had many followers  
Before him. He is wont to make, unite,  
Believe ; the world to part, and doubt, and narrow.  
That he believes, he utters. What the world  
Utters, it trusts not. But the time may come  
When all, along with those who seek to raise  
Men's minds, and have enough of pain, without  
Suffering from envy, may be God-inspired  
To utter truth, and feel like love for men.  
Poets are henceforth the world's teachers. Still  
The world is all in sects, which makes one loathe it.

*Student.* The men of mind are mountains, and th  
Are sunned long ere the rest of earth. I would  
Be one such.

*Festus.* It is well. Burn to be great.  
Pay not thy praise to lofty things alone.  
The plains are everlasting as the hills.  
The bard cannot have two pursuits : aught else  
Comes on the mind with the like shock as though

Two worlds had gone to war and met in air.  
And now that thou hast heard thus much from one  
Not wont to seek, nor give, nor take advice,  
Remember, whatso'er thou art as man,  
Suffer the world, entreat it and forgive.  
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.  
Dear Helen, I will tell thee what I love  
Next to thee—poesie.

*Helen.* Can any thing  
Be even second to me in thy love?  
Doth it not distance all things?

*Festus.* To say sooth,  
I once loved many things ere I met with thee,  
My one blue break of beauty in the clouds;  
Bending thyself to me as heaven to earth.

*Helen.* My love is like the moon, seems now to grow,  
And now to lessen; but it is only so  
Because thou canst not see it all at once.  
It knows nor day, nor morrow, like the sun;  
Unchangeable as space it shall still be,  
When yon bright suns, which are themselves but sands  
In the great glass of Time, shall be run out.

*Festus.* Man is but half man without woman. And  
As do idolators their heavenless gods,  
We deify the things which we adore.

*Helen.* Our life is comely as a whole; nay, more,  
Like rich brown ringlets, with odd hairs all gold.  
We women have four seasons, like the year.  
Our spring is in our lightsome girlish days,  
When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy;  
Ere yet we know what love is, or the ill  
Of being loved by those whom we love not.  
Summer is when we love and are beloved,  
And seems short; from its very splendour seems  
To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies.  
Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hands,  
And rosy cheeks, and flossy tendrilled locks,  
Is wantoning about us day and night.  
And winter is when these we love have perished;  
For the heart ices then. And the next spring  
Is in another world, if one there be.  
Some miss one season, some another; this  
Shall have them early, and that late; and yet  
The year wear round with all as best it may.  
There is no rule for it; but in the main  
It is as I have said.

*Festus.* My life with thee  
Is like a song, and the sweet music thou,  
Which doth accompany it.

*Student.* Say, did thy friend  
Write aught beside the work thou tell'st of?

*Festus.* Nothing.

After that, like the burning peak, he fell  
Into himself, and was missing ever after.

*Student.* If not a secret, pray who was he?

*Festus.*

I.

## PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

*No. 6.—The Khilaut y Poosheen.*

It is about the end of May, generally, that the ceremony of the prince arraying himself in the royal robe of honour by his majesty of Persia. It is done in public, to show still basks in the shah's favour—the light of the countenance “King of Kings” continuing to shine upon him. This is prettiest *site* I have ever seen in Persia. The city of Teheran is inside out into a delightful valley, about two hours' distance, watered and wooded, and in the midst of the lake stands a Belvidere, in the upper story of which the prince receives his visitors. On a well-shaven lawn, of two or three acres, bordered by poplar plantations, is pitched the royal tent, richly carpeted around it (forming a large enclosure), a treble row of soldiers ranked, with their huge trowsers, boots, and black caps, forming a bad line of infantry, of about a thousand men. The day is pititious—the occasion inviting, so of course I must mix among the gapesters, and with our little party, I soon arrived at the “Poosheen.” There is a decent sobriety in Persian mobility; we have scarcely seen in any other; none of your noisy ebullient village wake, in my own country, spouting out clamour, and your antic tricks of the mountebank, nor the spirit-stirring of the thimble-rig—but the sober gravity of smoking, and by those spirituous potations, which give so much animal vigour to an English mob. Thousands of the “Azerbejanées” were about in different groups, quietly awaiting the coming ceremony, as I took my station behind the military, the penetrating prince soon found out my companion, and the master of ceremonies was despatched to march him up to the Belvidere, broad staring ranks of the surrounding visitors.

There is nothing to me more positively distressing than to see a man drinking in, as it were, his confusion. Nay, I would rather than the thousand and one balls of a cannon, congratulating myself on my escape from this publicity to the cool groovy retreat, and was quietly smoking my pipe, when the appalling figure of the master of the ceremony making towards me. “Sahib, qujó ast?” “Where is the echoed around me. (I really cannot translate this word, or *sir*, or whatever you please.)\* Resistance was ordered me into his presence; royal invitations in this country, and I was marched up to the deriding crowd, bidding defiance to my tortuous feelings.

\* I am quite afraid to commit my Persian to the mutilation who has cut me up sadly in my former “Reminiscences.” I would you say to see your beautiful language thus disfigured deckam,” instead of “Kali my deham;” “Abas” for “Ab,” “Hackim;” “my sharam” for “my shavam,” and so on, peaches one's Persian proficiency.

\*.\* On reference to the proofs, we find the corrections almost unintelligible.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

bonte," which I completely succeeded in conquering. Bowing, mandarin-fashion, in the royal presence, I was honoured with the usual complimentary of—"Your place has long been empty," &c., and had to endure some ten minutes court etiquette, during which the prince questioned me as to my travels; how I liked Persia; if my own country was to be compared to it, &c.; to which, when I recollected his sad regions, I assured his highness that these certainly were not. "Barikallah," said the prince, who took my replies all in the complimentary. Near him stood his brother, "Ali Nucky Mirza," looking down on the ground, not daring, seemingly, to look up without permission. Prayers began, so being dismissed from my audience, I ran off to see the interior of the Belvidere, and had just reached the top of the stairs leading to the under room, when the gun fired, and the shout was, "The prince is coming;" down we bustled in most amusing confusion, and I hastened to run across the narrow bridge, which two persons can scarcely pass, when I met the prince in full majesty. I had just time to make my "salaam" as he passed me, and to notice the dress of honour, which was composed of white satin, richly studded with gold ornaments, which were all hieroglyphics to me. It was short, hanging down only to the knee, with half sleeves; around the neck was a tippet of glossy fur, and on his head he wore a scarlet turban of shawl, raised very high, of the shape, and twice the height of the crown of a hat, and without ornaments (I understand that the use of jewels is limited to the sovereign). What a noble-looking prince was "Abbas Mirza!" his dignified, yet perfectly easy deportment; his soul-speaking countenance, beaming with affability and greatness. Really I never saw so splendid a human form, moulded as a rich specimen of nature's works. In this delineation I use no oriental trope, since I am incapable of any extravagancy of feeling on the subject, for I am rather prone to disregard human grandeur; but I should be unjust to the purest dictates of my feelings, did I not say, "Behold a prince indeed!" His royal highness walked right royally to the tent pitched for him on this beautiful lawn, with so much majesty and dignity as to fascinate all the beholders with his imposing appearance; then squatting himself on his carpet, his numerous attendants and officers of the court, all in superb dresses and scarlet turbans, came forward to offer him their congratulations. There was seated around the prince, at a respectful distance, and forming a sort of crescent, twenty-four of his sons, this being but a small portion of his family; the "Shah Zadehs," as the princes are called, were richly habited, and placed in exact position according to their birth—there being perhaps no country in the world where "etiquette" is more strictly tended to than in Persia. I took their different ages to have been from eighteen down to four years, apparently the finest youths, and worthy scions of the illustrious "Kajar" family; it was an interesting sight to witness them at the feet of their father, sitting in the most respectful posture of respect, not daring seemingly to look without his permission. The first ceremony was the advance of the courtiers, led up in degrees, with slow and solemn step, by the master of the ceremonies, two or three at a time, from the lower part of the green platform on which the troops were stationed, stopping every twenty paces to



make their obeisance almost to the ground to their royal master, whom they dare not approach nearer than about ten yards. It appeared to me that the master of the ceremonies instructed them when to bow appropriately; at any rate, he set them the example. It was altogether a regular oriental scene, and gave me the best possible idea of court manners; after them the poet laureat was led up, reading at the most respectful distance, some twenty yards off, a congratulatory ode on the prince's honours of the day—the high-flown style of the complimentary, which is so copious in the Persian language, I will not attempt to convey; as his voice failed him, he gradually approached nearer, bowing to the prince; but it so happened, that the laureat was a very stout man, and with this steaming exertion under the mid-day sun, the compliments often died away on his lips, since he had scarcely power to give them utterance. He did at length finish his poetic effusion, which lasted some twenty minutes; then others approached, amongst whom I noticed the "Caimacan," or grand vizier, himself a very respectable poet, all spouting orations, not one word of which could I understand.\*

Some military display then took place (such as it was); the troops fired, and the prince returned to the Belvidere. The whole ceremony lasted about an hour and a half. The dresses of the Khans were very rich, wearing the scarlet turban instead of the black lambskin cap. The Persian costume is particularly handsome; a Cachemere robe, trimmed with silver, was the prince's ordinary dress.

But I must not forget the music; the Persians have no ear whatever for harmony—the greater the noise, the better they are pleased. The band, with their "dulcimer cornet," and all sorts, were seated on camels' backs, and as they began to discourse most discordant sounds, off ran the camels, scattering the throng, and upsetting the musicians, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. I happened to be in the midst of the "melée," just as they were about to give some imposing effect by the flourish of horns, &c.: the animals would stand it no longer—they seemed to have better ears for music than their masters, and in their impatience to be gone, they nearly trod down some of the gapesters. I never did witness a scene more irresistibly laughable; the guns, also, were fired from the backs of camels; they are termed "zambrooks," or camel swivels, and there is one advantage in this sort of moving battery, that the patient animal kneels to accommodate the gunner to his aim. I fell in with the train on the prince's return to Tabreez. To see him on horseback was certainly a magnificent sight; so graceful was the simultaneous movement of prince and horse, that they appeared to me to be of a perfectly distinct race from the general gender.

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\* Of the precariousness of the Persian court favour, the poor Caimacan was an instance: although one of his wives was of the royal "Kajars." Adopted by Mahmood Shah (son of his late master Abbas Mirza), as his prime minister, he arrogated to himself more than was agreeable to the king or the people; murmuring, and at length loud complaints, reached the ears of his majesty, and the shah was "determined to finish him;" he gave orders for him to be strangled, which took place at Tehran, in 1835. That he deserved his death, there seems to be no doubt; since it was a matter of congratulation with all the people. Their rejoicings were likened to that of the "Eyd y nu Rooze."

The road was now crowded with gapesters of all sorts, to witness the prince's coming back; the sight was both novel and pleasing to me, since I had never seen so much of the "Azerbĕjanées" before. I think at least thirty thousand of them must have lined the road, the walls, the roofs, and every place where ingenuity could plant a head, more particularly the beautiful ruins of the mosque "Sultan Kazan," which had one entire covering of human beings; great numbers of women also peeping through their "Chadres," but not a single nose was I permitted to see. Our bard's pithy description of a staring crowd comprises all that I would say, with which I will close my day at the "Khilaut y Poosheen."

"Clamb'ring the walls to eye him—stalls—bulks  
Are smothered up—leads filled, and ridges horsed  
With variable complexions—all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him———"

*No. 7.—"The Baguy Seffre,"*

Or "Garden of Delight," is situate about an hour from Tabreez, the once favourite summer residence of "Abbas Mirza," and certainly the most respectable thing of the kind that I have seen in Persia. The sort of mineral ground which we go over to reach this country palace is denuded of any thing like vegetation—vomited up, as it were, in hasty confusion—the result of a tremendous earthquake more than a century ago, when a half of the city of Tabreez was engulfed in its own bowels; the earth yawned; mosques, bazaars, and people were toppled into one grave, and the monuments remain of shivered mosques (that of "Sultan Kazan" being the finest ruin), half-buried columns, and mounds of rubbish, which extend as much as three miles around the modern city. The most remarkable remains are immense blocks of granite, well formed, of about ten feet long, and it may be two feet wide and thick, curiously carved with sphinxes and other hieroglyphics, bearing likewise some inscriptions, which would puzzle even a Dominie Samson himself. I have been assured that they bear date long previous to the Mahomedan era.

There is no country, perhaps, where earthquakes are more frequent than in Persia. In the hot seasons the shocks may be said to be almost daily, and I have been told by long inhabitants that they have often stood at the windows, ready to jump out when the house may be tumbling about them—hence, their buildings are partly subterranean and of mud—the least likely to crack. On the day of my arrival, and smoking my first pipe of repose, I noticed the china basins bobbing against each other. "Oh, 'tis only an earthquake; nothing when you are used to it." It may be truly said of Persia—

—— "Oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of cholic pinched and vexed,  
By the imprisonment of unruly wind  
Within her womb, which for enlargement  
Shakes the whole beldame earth, and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers."

Going, as I was saying, over this denuded ground, it was very refreshing to peep over the mud walls (which are extensive) into the

"Baguy Seffre." But peeping over the walls won't do for me, so I bounded on to the principal entrance. "Sabre Koon," "Stop," said my attendant, "although the prince is absent, yet I believe his harem are there: if so, you cannot be admitted." Fortunately, they had all made their exit the day before, so I ran up the terrace, snuffing in the flowery sweets which were in great abundance: here was

"Laburnam rich in streaming gold, syringa, ivory pure,  
The scented and the scentless rose."

and I know not what besides; and there impeded my way, as I were, the trellised vine, rich in offerings of white and purple fruit. There is a formality in the style of the Persian gardens rather inconsistent with our English taste; formal walks, straight alleys, and so on, and that monotonous mud wall, look whichever way you will it is always mud, baked by an oriental sun to an impalpable substance the best resister to cannon balls; but these defences were very respectable, enclosing, I should think, about thirty acres of ground. There was garden the first, garden the second, and so on, all ascending ground, until I came to what may be deemed the palace; mud again, though within it was certainly plastered and ornamented. The "Deewan Kaneh," or "reception room," was still carpeted (this being the only Persian furniture), and the royal "Nummed," which the prince had occupied the day before, was pointed out to me as of curious workmanship; it appeared to be a thick felt, curiously stamped with a border pattern; here his highness squats by day, and sleeps by night (I cannot call it sitting, since he puts his feet as he were, into the pockets of his "Shalvars" or trousers), and here he prays—from the same spot he plays the monarch and invokes the prophet. On the walls were painted some blood-shot figures, strong in colouring, stronger in grimace, if stiff knees, square arms, and poker necks may be called grimace; the countenances of the attendants were all of the beseeching kind, by which I mean humility *ultra profunda*, as to say "the very breath they draw is not their own, it is all of the prince's bounty." The Persians ornament very beautifully with coloured tiles and glass, formed in medallions and fancy figures with pretty effect; you see, sometimes, Koran inscriptions so exquisitely done in the Arabic characters, that no European engraver could excel them. Their carpets have a richness of colouring and softness of feel unrivalled, nor can they ever be soiled, since every one must be unshod at the door. The deficiency of furniture is always made up by the "Taukja," as they call it, in the walls; these are a sort of blank windows, which form shelves for the deposit of china basins and other ornaments, and are very numerous in a room. The windows, though large on the whole, are formed into small squares or compartments, filled sometimes with coloured glass, sometimes with paper only; glass being but of recent introduction into Persia. The buildings have invariably the flat roof still covered with mud, but the bricklayer will turn arches with a dexterity which would astonish any English artisan, and without any centre whatever. I have seen them building the dome of a bazaar, equal in extent to that of St. Paul's. They plant the bricks so rapidly that I cannot count a man's day's work by Cocker-

and in a cement so strong that it is immediately fixed without any chance of disturbing it. Here I first saw what may be termed the *shew arch* to great perfection. I must see every thing from the "*Baukeh Kanehs*" to the "*Zyr y Zymeens*," or "*cellars*," so ranging through the domain: its chief features were formality and mud, at which I laughed inwardly and praised outwardly. They wanted to know if the "*Padi-Shah*" in my country was so handsomely lodged, at which I moved the "*previous question*," which was to depart; so hastening through another garden, here I found numerous "*Takhts*," or "*sleeping places*," being large wooden platforms raised about three feet from the ground; these were planted about in different directions and seemingly in great confusion, as though the eunuch the day before had given but short notice for the departure of the prince's harem; and just above was a large tank of water, which it is so refreshing to look upon in this arid country, and from it rippled down in varied streams the supplies to the different gardens. I walked through them again and again; my senses of sight and smell revelled in the scene, amidst the fruits and flowers of the "*parterre*." To me, there is no luxury in Persia comparable to their gardens, and my custom was at an early hour, on horseback, to ride through extensive grounds, planted with the choicest fruit trees and other produce. These grounds are left open to the stranger, and although belonging to many proprietors, their boundaries are merely a row of trees, or a gutter of water. The Persian mode of irrigation is ingenious and complete—their soil most prodigal—their peaches, melons, and grapes of a flavour unknown to Europe. Then they have the olive grounds, very extensive, and the luxury on horseback of inhaling the blossoms (which are very evanescent) in a thicket of flowers (if I may so say) for miles around; it must be felt to be understood. I do love to revel in these Persian gardens. What is there to be compared to these living emblems of genuine magnificence! I can explore the streaks of a tulip, and snuff up the fragrance of the violet, with an indescribable pleasure which art can never afford. I can even dissect a bramble, and discover beauties in its repulsive branches—and no inglorious plant either, since it was once solicited to become sovereign of the forest. It is nature, after all, which strikes to the heart and finds a responsive chord in the bosom, where

——— "Not a tree,  
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains  
A folio volume; we may read and read  
And read again, and still find something new."

I had never such a conception of Eden before, where "all things smiled." It is customary to form parties and to spend days in the gardens, pitching a tent, &c., but this is unnecessary, since the night air gives no humidity. Give a "*panabad*" or sixpence, to the proprietor, you may remain in his garden all day and choke yourself with fruit, which forms much of the summer food of the Persians. The prince had other large gardens near *Tabreez*, his occasional resort, but more particularly for that of his household. When I saw them they had been suffering from Russian blight; the trees were cut down, and even the buildings destroyed for fuel, by those "*Scythian de-*

stroyers," (as Napoleon called them at Moscow,) during their temporary occupation of Tabreez.

But returning to the "Baguy Seffre:" there was an English associate with it which interested me much. Here drew his last breath our late Envoy, "Sir John Macdonald Kinnier," so much and deservedly respected in Persia. He was the prince's confidential friend, and referred to by him on all occasions irrespective of English affairs. He was the great agent for bringing about the peace of "Tourkamanchy" with the Russians, and for appeasing their anger when the Persian populace murdered their ambassador. Quiet and unobtrusive, yet firm and discriminating, he performed his official duties with unmixed satisfaction, I believe, to both English and Persians; he was most acceptable to "Abbas Mirza," who, it may be said, loved the "Elchee." How could he show greater regard than to allow him to draw his last breath, as it were, on his own mat? This, from Mahomedans to "Ghiaour," is an extraordinary proof of it. He (then Colonel Macdonald Kinnier only) was kept for a long time on the threshold of Persia, for as being merely the Honourable Company's Envoy, he king refused to receive the mission. At length he was invited on the threshold, and on the 7th September, 1826, his Majesty most graciously received him, he being then in camp. In the month of June, 1830, the Envoy succumbed to a long and wasting illness, after six months, closing his official career with dignity and honour to himself and his country, and to the great regret of all who knew him. He had been distinguished in the literary world by an intelligent narrative of travels in Asia Minor; and was said, some time before his death, to have been preparing for the press a history of Persia. Highly respected by the Honourable Company for his services, they were rewarded by his sovereign with the order of knighthood, just in time for him to descend to the tomb "Sir John Macdonald Kinnier."

It was in the wretched post-house of "Kaundritchewskaya," in the wilds of Russia, that I met the English messenger on his way to Persia, who informed me of the honours which he was bearing to the colonel; between sleep and awake I recollect no other news, nor even the bearer, who, half frozen as well as myself, was but just thawed enough to give me this intelligence. I found from the colonel's passport that courteous reception from General Paskevitch which facilitated my travel, and converted my difficulties into enjoyments. "For the colonel's sake," said he, "I will do all that you may require."

I have heard that his despatches were considered such perfect specimens of composition, that George the Fourth would have them invariably read to him. His remains, at his particular request, were conveyed to the Armenian monastery at "Erivan," and a monument, prepared in London, was lately erected over his tomb. "Peace to the memory of a man of worth."

#### *No. 8.—Royal Favour.*

The precariousness of court favour was strongly evinced during my being at Tehran, in the temporary disgrace of Zhorab Khan, a prime favourite of his Majesty, formerly a Georgian slave, but raised by degrees to the high rank of "Chief of the Harem." I attribute much of

duplicity and meanness of the Persian character to that system of intrigue, by which greatness is attained and rank supported. The slave imbibes with his mother's milk cunning, treachery, and duplicity, have no innate greatness; there can be no nobility of nature; it is the penalty of the birth of a slave who is born the very property of his reign. Take the general grades of society: I like to trace the present links whence "Some are, and must be, greater than the rest." Now not how it is that the animal "man," composed of the same mould, and endowed with the same limbs, appears to me a very different being according to the station in which he is placed. Take a king a butcher! "Grace was in all his steps"—the king's; of the latter it might be supposed that "nature's journeymen had made him." All the barbarous attempts at the "levelling system," which have lately so cankered our isle, show me a butcher that can act the king of Persia! It is the same Deity who has placed the former in his high position, and made the other a dissector of carcasses—both links of the same mighty chain, which who dares attempt to sever! I like not absolutism—I detest democrism. On my travels in the dominions of his most despotic Majesty," order, peace, and contentment reign where I have been; no flagitious attempts to upset constituted authorities—no resistance to legitimate taxation, poor's rates or what not—tumultuous meetings to overawe a lawful parliament—not a seed of Chartism could grow on the soil; if there be no medium, I would choose "Persia and its despotism," in preference to "England, with a litigious democracy." This Khan had reached the pinnacle of greatness, basking in the sun of royal favour, the rank seeds of his ill-begetting rearing up in tyranny, oppression, and a haughty overbearance even to superiors, to which at length they would no longer submit. A gross insult to the Prince Ali Shah called aloud for revenge; his clamour for justice reached the ear of Majesty, and nothing would pacify him but the immediate disgrace of the favourite; a bastinado was ordered, and a hundred sticks awarded; the once imperial Khan was prostrated before the feet of those "Feroshs" who yesterday trembled in his presence, while he underwent the pain and indignity of the meanest culprit. But the Shah's clemency melted towards him, even during his sufferings; the following day, as if in compensation, he clothed him in his royal robe, girded him with his imperial girdle, and raised him to a higher pinnacle of greatness than ever—again proclaiming "This is the man whom the king delighteth to honour;" and the admiring audience bow before him; no stain nor feeling of disgrace marked the royal slave; his breath of yesterday was rank with dishonour—his breath of to-day is perfumed with the monarch's favour, and the hissing coffers converted to the shouts of sycophants.

I like to trace effects to their causes; and seeing such extraordinary results under "his most despotic Majesty's" government, I strove to get a little into its penetralia, and I found him invested with privileges which would satisfy even a Lord John himself. Talk about incarcerating a sheriff! why his majesty could cut out his tongue, and pare his toe-nails—for which power my Lord John must go to Parliament; as to the Turks, they would pound him in a mortar. But even the Persians have their palladium of rights, if I may so say, amounting

almost to an "habeus corpus," their "places of refuge:" these are the stables of the king, and sometimes the mosques; a delinquent sheltering himself in the former, even his Majesty himself, who is "equal to the sun, brother of the moon, and whose throne is the stirrup heaven," durst not intrude on the sanctuary; the latter are resorts to chiefly by debtors; and whilst I was at Tehran, I knew one such who had been living in the mosque for nearly twelve months, to protect himself from creditors. One would imagine that these resorts were filled with refugees, but it was not so; and I only recollect another instance of an individual sheltering himself in a stable at Tabreez;—the curtailment, therefore, of his Majesty's power, arises either from religious prejudices, from custom, or from fear—it is difficult to define the causes, but I take these to be the principal ones; and that their places of refuge are derived from the Mosaic dispensation of the "Cities of Refuge from the Avenger, both for the children of Israel, and for the stranger, and for the sojourners among them;" and, strange as it may appear (if I may step off my Persian canvass for a moment), it is true that in this enlightened age, England, with all her boasted liberty, has no city of refuge for her subjects against the oppressor. In Persia, a stable will suffice—in London, the sanctuary of the dwelling is razed, sacked, and individuals (I cannot say culprits) dragged to their dungeons with a merciless gripe, and with a refinement peculiar to a parliamentary star chamber; if they don't find the principal they will take substitutes—clerks, children, or what not! Name it not in Gath, that despotism in my own country is double that in Persia.

From power to ceremony:—Here the Persian monarch is very rich. "May you be permitted to kiss the dust of the feet of the Refuge of the World!" is the language at approaching him. He, "the Father of Victories, and the Centre of the Universe," had a most contemptuous opinion of all other monarchs; and, we are told by Sir John Malcolm, particularly of the king of England. When informed that he had only one wife—"What! only one wife! Wallah!" and then boasting of his female treasures, how his Majesty laughed. This was almost incredible to both king and courtiers. "And cannot say 'cut off his head' when he likes to any of his subjects?" But now, your Majesty, we have "the privileges of the Commons," which, though not yet arrived to the cutting-off heads, threaten our liberties, and to gorge all our civil rights; a "Frankenstein," created no one knows how or when; those who conjured up the monster recoil at his presence; and unless he be soon strangled, adieu to all the boasted freedom of an Englishman. But I have done, and will only just add, that to any penetralia of female government or society amongst themselves, I never could reach—it is an impenetrable mystery to strangers. I take it that Marmontel's definition of their mode of life is the most correct that can be arrived at—"Passant la moitié de leur tems à ne rien faire, et l'autre moitié à faire des riens."

#### *No. 9.—"Sulimania."*

I had had a long and thirsty ride of it, ten hours from "Kishlock"—at midnight the drum beat for the march of the troops, who, under "Samson Sarang," had encamped there that night, (commonly called

a battalion, being deserters from that country.) I studied falling in with them, by delaying my march for some misery of encountering a military march in Persia may be visit of locusts, and many are the villages devastated by ers, who have unbridled license to help themselves to sup- seen houses destroyed, that they may take the wood of them lling into their track, I could scarcely procure bread or of the latter, was glad to drink of the muddy stream, whilst legs were being washed in it—and, as to a resting place, it k-floored vault of an old caravansery, crowded with vermin

of day, I was in my saddle, and summoning my numerous the way to Sulimania; there is something of a lonely which comes over the mind, when travelling alone, as it is wild country, every feature of which, so peculiarly its its ruined villages, rocky passes, and boundless plains, the appearance of savage life, and the wild native, starting there, eyeing the "Ferengy" stranger with the struggling wonder and cupidity—half-inclined to pounce upon his becked, as it were, by that confiding security which claims ity and protection. But I found myself suddenly environed f armed troopers—their miscellaneous costumes and equip- ar all description—there was the Tourcaman, the Courde, see of the numerous tribes located on the Persian soil; a detachment of ten or twelve hundred horsemen on their n the Prince's army in Khorassan; although they have he royal pay, yet they must mount and equip themselves at heterogeneous "material" of which a Persian army is

e is very severe under the immediate eye of the com- is I had once an opportunity of judging at the camp of

im (a deserter) was brought up and judged, and orders / given for punishment—he was first cudgelled over the h a large stick, by the "Feroohs," until his teeth were —then was his beard out (this is a great disgrace in Persia), ere tied behind, and his heels turned up for the bastinado; icifully were the sticks applied, and many broken, so that e nails, but almost the toes were knocked off—the sticks deemed sufficient, strong thongs were brought, and the recommenced; on loosing his hands, his fingers were dis- pe was then tied around his body, which was dragged over tones to some distance up a mountain, dreadfully lacerated, was imprisoned for execution the next day.

ig as bold a front as I could, I kept in the centre of those ing troops—amongst whom I was the greatest object of any of them probably having never seen a "Ferengy" judged by their ignorant gaping as if to see whether I was f the same material with themselves.

recognised some of the "Malesgher" tribe, with their lances, looking as fierce as when they threatened to take



me a head shorter in their own country—the heat and dust became intolerable, and I suddenly cut down into a ravine, and bade “adieu” to these troops of Abbas Mirza. Melting under the mid-day sun, and searching every corner of my saddle for a position of ease, I entered the lonely spot of “Sulimania,” watered and wooded to my heart’s content; and as I lay stretched in the “Baula Kanch,” with a profusion of the finest apricots, grapes, and sundry fruits before me, I was invited to the garden of the palace, where a room had been cleared out, and a carpet spread for my reception. Such an elysium I fancied the “Thousand and One Nights” had never presented to me. The palace had been built by Futtee Ali Shah, in honour of the birth of his son, “Suliman,” at this place—hence its name of “Sulimania;” and in the grand reception-room are full-length portraits of his Majesty and family to that time born to him, including the young prince—it is quite amusing the stately rigidity of the monarch and the “Shah Zadehs,” as they are called (his sons), lightly primed in all their oriental jewellery. On the opposite wall sits the eunuch Agha Mahomed Khan and his courtiers, forming altogether the finest gallery of Persian paintings I have ever seen. The birds carolled, the breeze murmured, the fountains bubbled, and really as I lay upon my “Nummed,” I seemed to realize the description of Ferdosi,—“the ground is a perfect silk, and the air is scented with musk.” This royal residence is on a large scale, and comprises a high tower of observation; from whence the royal prisoners of the “Harem” were permitted to survey the surrounding country. The baths were fine, the stabling good, and the “Harem Kaneh” so extensive, that I lost myself in its intricacies. This was once a favourite resort of the late Shah, and its proximity to Tehran, (only eight hours), made it more attractive—but, latterly, the royal caprice had veered to some other point. Whether from extreme fatigue—exhaustion from thirst—or debility from hunger—I thought that I had never found a respite from these three angry feelings so agreeable as at Sulimania. My bottle had been spent in the desert (it is usual to carry one of wood), and I was sensibly touched with the feelings of Hagar, though not with her despair; here the ripe fruit dropped, as it were, into my mouth as I walked under the trellised vinery—and the sudden transition from want to abundance—from weariness to ease—seemed to me somewhat of the magic of Aladdin. All enjoyments are comparative—to be keenly relished they must be earned; the slothful voluptuary knows nothing of that stimulating pleasure, which the sweat of the brow, or the labour of the brain, gives to the peasant or the mechanic.

*No. 10.—“Jamalabad.”*

This village, in the wild and uncivilized district of “Karadag,” is situated on an eminence, commanding a view of a smiling plain below; here peace and abundance seemed to reign in solitary sway—this solitariness is a peculiar feature of the unpeopled soil of Persia. I wandered about to reconnoitre the most interesting objects of the neighbourhood. The miller’s retreat is generally the most attractive—this was the only sign of industry and contrivance—the stream was diverted to an overshot wheel—the impetuous torrent directed its

nces—the miserable hut containing all these contrivances was, as usual, mud within, and mud without, with its flat roof; the lazy natives take but little pains, nor do any thing beyond what necessity dictates—they bask themselves in the sun—sleep and smoke—smoke and sleep—thus they wile away existence, negatively happy. The “Catguder,” or chief of the village, was not at home, so we occupied a “Bauleh Kaneh,” with seemingly much good-will on the part of the servants, who all partook of the liberality of the khan; but matters were much changed on our return from “Bahool,” about a month afterwards, when, Hadji Cossim, being not then there, they refused to accommodate us in his house, the thought of which had refreshed me during a long and painful ride of many hours. I had just alighted on my horse, and on my return in five minutes, lo and behold! our village,” presenting an arena of bloody strife—a battle-royal was going between these servants and the khan’s people—knives were drawn—bludgeons flying about—one man was prostrate—another bleeding. “Mount your horse instanter,” said the khan, who galloped off—I after him—M——, (our companion), following, who, with blood-shot eyes and gaping wonder, was as much at a loss as myself at the cause of this strife, and so we pelted on. I knew nothing of what was the matter, nor had I time to ask—every thing looked hostile, and apparently compromising our personal safety—the “Mehmendar” was left for dead, the servants and baggage all behind, we knew not where. We galloped on for some time—the khan being more frightened than I had ever before seen him. Not a word did I get from him but “Go on!” thus was I running a race, knowing nothing of the whys and wherefores, except seeing sufficient of the fray to convince me of danger. On looking back, we perceived some men pursuing us. We increased our speed. M—— “screwed up his courage to the sticking post,” put spurs to his horse; he looked utterable things—a great bulky figure—a second Falstaff—his eyes starting out under his black Persian cap. I nearly tumbled off with laughing at his occasional glance at me, as to say, “What is to become of us?” Our jaded beasts, after a long day’s march, began to flag; the pursuers gained upon us; at length, there was no alternative but to stop and face them—the khan ordering us into line, ready primed for the encounter. M—— got into the rear, looking as fierce as his treacherous reputation would permit. “Salome Alikome,” said our pursuers; this friendly greeting dissipated all alarm, and we immediately came to a halt; it appeared that “Hadji Cossim” had returned to the village, that as we were retreating from it; having ascertained the cause of the quarrel, and seeing the “Mehmendar” lying bleeding on the ground, he became alarmed at this outrage on a government officer, who had been appointed specially by the “Ameer y Nizam” to protect the khan through this wild district, so he instantly despatched his men to treat the khan’s return, with “I am your slave!” “the Bauleh Kaneh” is ready! and the thousand and one invocations so glibly uttered by the Persians, invoking in the name of “Allah” the khan’s goodness and friendship. But this would not do; he was determined to go to the “Ameer,” who was in camp not far off, who would send down to *bastinado* the natives, and to extirpate the village;

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he was known to be very inflexible, and this outrage upon his dignity would never be overlooked—the men implored, but the khan on; again and again they halted, entreated, and applying to him was for returning to the village; “Barikallah Sahib!” “Kali and sundry Persian compliments, with which they soaped him, but I could not divert the khan’s anger, so we journeyed on to the next village of “Shah Baguy,” where we found a tent for our reception by the “Sultaun,” (the chiefs of villages so take these titles). One of our escort had preceded us to make preparation, being desirous to propitiate the khan. Meantime, applauded his going on, having recovered his serene chuckling at the idea of retaliation. Whilst here enjoying our repose, and canvassing our late stirring events, the brother of Cossim arrived, with “I am your sacrifice!” “Pardon your &c. (this was the guilty man.)” “It was the devil did it, not he; and a thousand other things, entreating the clemency of the khan, crouching at his feet, (he was afraid for his toe nails, which were generally sacrificed to the sticks,) with a long et cætera of eloquence, which is much moved on such occasions; but he would do. “Vengeance!” said the khan; and the arrival of “Mehmendar,” with his bleeding head, and the wounded men with their report of the outrage, seemed to call upon him for retribution. The poor fellow knelt again, he swore that he had nothing to do with it. “Shitaun bud Khan!” “It was the devil that was in me, only his agent!” and a thousand other ingenious excuses. He pleaded for him—even Me—relented—so it was put down to the devil’s account, and the khan forgave him; the fellow was in—his toe nails were safe: he capered for joy.

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### HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

HOME of my childhood! how joyful and gay,  
 How dear was the morn, how bright was the day  
 That beam'd o'er my earliest life:  
 Smiles of affection encompass'd me round,  
 And accents of love, in sweet thrilling sound,  
 With happiness pure ever rife.

Home of my childhood! thou temple of ease!  
 From life's busy storms, the haven of peace!  
 For such wert thou ever to me;  
 Man's bitter words, and the world's ready frown;  
 Uneasy ambition and fleeting renown,  
 Alike past unheeded with thee.

Home of my childhood! thou sunny green spot!  
 Within thy sweet bow'rs how blissful my lot,  
 How free from all trouble and care.  
 But transient, alas! that meteor bright  
 Shone brilliant awhile, then sank into night,  
 And left me the cypress to wear.

Home of my childhood ! how changed art thou now,  
 How faded the joys that woefully bow  
     Beneath the stern hand of decay :  
 Sweet flowers that circled my earliest years,  
 Dissolving to sad and sorrowful tears,  
     Now float o'er my desolate way.

Home of my childhood ! I bid thee adieu ;  
 Where all once was dear—where friends were so true,  
 Thy portal I turn from in pain ;  
 Where'er I may roam, where'er my steps bend,  
 No home to my heart such pleasure can lend,  
     As thine I now mourn o'er in vain.

Home of my childhood ! one rival thou hast,  
 To compensate still for happiness past,  
     My heart to devotion inspire :  
 The star from the East, my pilot shall be,  
 To lead me to joys eternal and free,  
     The home of my future desire !

E. P.

*West Ashby.*

## SONG.

## YOUNG ROSALIE.

YOUNG Rosalie, she's lov'd,  
 Tho' fortune none has she,  
 Her beauty has spell-bound the heart  
     Of a knight of high degree.

Young Rosalie, she reads,  
 A book is on her knee,  
 That tells of fays and ladies kind  
     And knights of high degree.

Young Rosalie, she treads,  
 With sprightly step and glee,  
 A measure, when her love is near,  
     Her knight of high degree.

Young Rosalie, she sings,  
 Her song is sweet and free  
 As any bird's in summer,  
     Within a hawthorn tree.

Young Rosalie, she kneels  
 By her aged mother dear ;  
 She fondly holds her hand,  
     And wipes away a tear.

E. B.

## SONNETS.

## TO A SORROWFUL LADY.

BY N. P. CROSLAND, ESQ.

I. (*The Prophecy.*)

THE sable garb of woe now clads her heart,  
 Hiding its beauty from the gaze of those  
 Whom sympathy had counsell'd that to part  
 From her, were crucifixion of repose :  
 For of all humankind, whom Genius knows—  
 She was the *best* ; not fitted for the mart  
 Of souls and talents in this world of woes :  
 Her blessed mission rather seem'd—to start  
 From slumber Poetry ; and bid depart  
 All human frailty. Shall the being thus high,  
 Be always doom'd by Destiny to smart,  
 And feel the want of holy succour nigh ?  
 No. All friends answer in their accents sweet—  
 Her heav'nly frame shall be with Heav'n replete.

II. (*The Fulfilment.*)

And so it proved. The hand of Love divine  
 Hath hurl'd from his usurp'd despotry  
 The sceptred King of Woe, whose ghastly eyne  
 Once kept in that fair breast such scrutiny,  
 And glared away those aims of mutiny  
 Which resolution efforted to sign  
 By tears, and other tender agency  
 Of good resentful. Now affections shine  
 With all the warmth her nature doth enshrine ;  
 And thoughts arrange in tuneful harmony :  
 Her heart is budding forth with angel-faces  
 In rich embossment ;—while the fairies trip  
 In many spirit-like and lightsome mazes,  
 To bring her flow'rs of joy, and dew of Heav'n to sip.

*London, Feb. 17, 1840.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*Letter to the Editor on the Way to diffuse and realise the Syncretic Policy of Guizot in England.*

SIR,

THE admirable article on this subject, in the September number of the Monthly Magazine, (which, I regret to say, has only just now come under my notice,) must, one would think, inspire every lover of truth and goodness with the ardent desire to extend its influence as widely as possible in this country, so peculiarly adapted to be benefited by it, if it could be generally diffused and acted on.

In counterbalance to all its immense advantages, it has one great obstacle in the way of its advancement—the difficulty of *getting it into notice*, and ex-

interest about it. Yet surely—when its pre-eminent excellence is admitted, and in particular its *perfect freedom* from any thing of that partial character which attends one party while favouring another, *could it only be known*, it would be seen to be favourable to all,—in making some exertion, and that not a very great or painful one, so inestimable a blessing to the human race, and the *best* portion of articular.

As to the advantages of this system it is needless to say any thing here if it were easy to say a great deal in addition to the article above—because those to whom this is addressed are already sufficiently acquainted with its character: it may be comprehensively summed up as being *of all that is good against all that is bad* ; because its principle is the union of all that is good in each separate system, with a rejection of all that is bad.

Of the more consequence (since we are agreed as to the end in view) to it are the *obstacles* to its propagation, and *how* they may be overcome. These are of two kinds, the nature of the system itself (that is, its end is calculated to favour the interests and refined tastes of mankind free from angry or violent passions and prejudices), and, secondly, the *manner* in which it is generally stated, having the appearance of being something abstractly philosophical. Of these two, the *former* is an essential part of the system, and a part of its very excellence: the *latter* is purely a defect to be remedied as far as possible. Happily it is both in itself by no more serious obstacle of the two, and also the more easy to remove. The former, too, be it observed, is only a *negative* obstacle, and would cease to exist if the system could once become known and discussed.

The latter, which may be so easily effected, is simply to use plain means for this as are used for all meaner objects of any extent ; and even proverbially “the source of strength,” viz. to form a UNION of all those who are the friends of this beneficent and most interesting system under some such title as “The National Association for the Promotion of Universal Good,” or “Improvement,” or “of Valuable Knowledge,” or “of Improvement” (though this last is less suitable from the confined nature which it will probably be taken), or any title that will at once express the end, and avoid the strangeness and ridicule that would attach (in that sense) to any technical term, as “syncretic,” or “prothetic,” or “eclectic.” The principal advantages would at once result from this act ; first, the friends of the system (who naturally hold the first place in our sympathies) would form a COMMON CENTRE OF UNION, similar to that possessed both by political and other classes (Tories, Whigs, Radicals, Chartists,) and the professors of all particular sciences (physiologists, antiquarians, &c.) in feeling themselves standing alone, as is probably at present the case with the immense majority of those who are attached already to this better system, and willing to adopt it whenever it should be placed before them ;—and, secondly, it can scarcely be questioned that it would spread much more widely than when its friends could *co-operate*, and each supply the defects of the other according to the idea of Coleridge in the beginning of “The Friend,” in the 14th Essay, and in his “Literary Remains,” vol. i. p. 150. To see of the instances in which this want of co-operation is more remarkable—the best *thinkers* are by no means always the best writers, or even good writers ; they can express themselves perfectly in conversation, and even in public speaking, but cannot put their thoughts on paper in any definite form. Again, those who can judge best of the ends to be aimed at are quite at a loss as to the means : and many who can discern important truths *singly*, cannot exhibit them in that *connexion* which is necessary for them to be understood and received.

The case seems so very clear (viz. that ASSOCIATION, which is so advantageous in most cases, would be *peculiarly* so here), that I fear to waste

words in proving it. All that remains is to add, that it need not be attended with the smallest *expense* to the originators of it, in such a case as *this*. All they have to do is to draw up a prospectus (which if well done would fully repay itself by the sale), clearly stating the objects of the association and the means of promoting them, with a reference to the place of the establishment, and then admit into the society every one that there is no objection to, on payment of the usual subscription. Thus might be formed a *central point of reference*, to which all the friends of this universal system might bring their several contributions of writing, thought and action, in which they might enlarge and improve their ideas and powers by inter-communication and debate, and from which might radiate again, with vastly increased force and splendour, over the whole kingdom, and especially among those who now most feel the want of it, that influence which would combine the at present warring elements of society into harmonious subordination, and promote *real* improvement by giving to every individual of the community his own sphere of action and happiness, both for himself individually, and in reference to the great body of society of which he is a part: according to the beautiful idea of Coleridge (*Table Talk*, vol. ii. pp. 15, 95, 134; and *passim*), which is, in fact, the proper and highest office of a good government.

P. S. You will greatly oblige me by an answer to this proposal in your *next* number. I should also be very glad to know who the journalists are that are said, in the article "Religion, Loyalty and Coalition," to advocate this system: for I have in vain looked every where for even one, besides having myself written to that purpose (to little purpose, I fear!) in such journals as I could use, the *Globe*, *Courier*, *Post*, &c. and the *Monthly Magazine*, especially the leading article for November, 1834, and that in December, 1835, "On the Best Means of Enlightening and Improving the People:" both which were sadly mangled by the editor; as well as in a separate pamphlet, which though, I think, powerfully *argued*, being very ill *written*, was the most unsuccessful of all—an additional proof of the advantage which *combined* efforts have over single, and of the good that might result from the institution I propose.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Feb. 21, 1840.

A SOLITARY SYNCRETIST.

\*.\* On Syncretism, in general, we shall shortly speak in our notice on Cousin's Eclecticism—it is a stage in the world's progress—though neither the beginning nor the end of it. As a scheme, nevertheless, of great significance, we have been anxious to lead the way in its discussion; and are accordingly glad that the Syncretist himself has placed it in our power to put the question to further issue in the following article.—Ed.

### SYNCRETISM, OR THE SCIENCE OF COALITION.

A BLESSING be on those that show forth the eternal relation that subsists between the prophetic doctrine of *unity*, as held by the editor of the *MONTHLY MAGAZINE*, and the syncretic doctrine of *union*; as held by Guizot and the present writer.

Having pronounced this blessing, we shall first take it to ourselves, according to the venerable adage, "charity begins at home." We therefore proceed to solve the problem after our own fashion.

It has long been our endeavour to display the divine prophetic principle of *unity* as the highest point of intellectual ambition. That principle we have steadily advocated, and we yield to none in our efforts to inculcate it.

But while we would thus aspire to the divine 'Etc, that transcendental unity which the Platonic writings admirably illustrate, we would

no less vigorously maintain the honours of the universal *evørns*, or union, which is scarcely less august, and not less practicable.

Let the distinction between *unity* and *union* be clearly understood—it is for want of a definite apprehension of it, that so many minds seem to be bewildered. *Unity* is absolute oneness—it implies a singularity of number, and an identity of essence. Such unity might, perhaps, have existed in the aboriginal condition of souls, when God was all in all, previous to their emanation from him, and such unity may exist again, when God shall be all in all—all souls having returned to their pristine glory. *Union*, on the other hand, signifies unity developed in plurality; a junction of many, each component part of which hath some point of identity, and some of diversity.

Now since unity is thus developed in forms of union and the association of severals, which the Greeks signify by their *συν*, and the Latins by their *con*, we steadfastly maintain the excellence and importance of *syncretism*, or the *science of coalition*.

The very highest forms of *union*, properly so called, are expressed by *syncretism* and *coalition*. You can find no higher synonyms for union—the very etymology of the words bespeaks all that can be conceived of harmony among social beings. Let it be remembered, nevertheless, that *union*, however pure, must have some shades of multiplicity and difference.

It is from our desire to give the theory of *union* a practical character, that we so often display it under the names of *syncretism* and *coalition*. We love to deal with something tangible, and here we find a case of direct practical bearing, which has been in all ages advocated by the most experienced statesmen.

No one can read Cicero's *Commonwealth*, or Montesquieu's *Grandeur and Decline of the Romans*, without becoming convinced that the progress of sect, and party schism and faction, is the exact cause of ruin beneath which every ancient empire has hitherto fallen—the exact cause of ruin, to whose operation we owe the terrific dangers that now beset us.

We have a strong personal esteem for many partisans. We know excellent and worthy men among the Catholics, the Protestants, the Conformists, the Non-conformists, Tories, Whigs, and Liberals. Aye, more than this, we cannot help loving them for the hearty, honest goodwill with which they plead their party interests. They conceive that the rise of their own party would be the salvation of the state; and they act on their sincere conviction with most resolute perseverance, leaving no means untried by which they may recover their sway.

But in philosophic estimation, as respects the august science of politics, such partisans are worth nothing, and less than nothing. Not one in a thousand has ever ascended, even in thought, to the grand principle of union and love, by which alone states flourish. They are no better than mere monomaniacs; every man of them is mad, in conceiving that his own little segment forms the entire circle of national interests. Hence every exertion he makes to urge the importance of his division, beyond its just limits, only tends to create social deformity, and as action and reaction are equal, foment the deadly animosities in which all things perish.



God of our fathers ! O catholic and universal Spirit of Love ! what expression of pity, or shall we say, resentment, dost thou register on this heaven-favoured nation, broken and trodden down by the demagogue, of intestine strife ! And ye, our angel watchers, to whom nothing is dearer than the holy fraternizing of mankind is an object of ambition, do ye not weep tears, such as angels shed, to see us thus, the miserable puppets of mutual animosity—*ludibria ventis pestilentia* ? And ye, too, ye spirits, with whom our souls hold communion in solitude ; ye spirits of the mighty dead : Cicero, Mirandola, Cassander, Erasmus, Grotius, Goethe, Coleridge—ye far-discerning and illimitable truth-searchers, behold the last of your world-renowned followers urging the holy verities you loved to enunciate ! Behold us alone, and surrounded by jealous malice, still chaunting the eternal mystery of love, like Orpheus in the midst of Pandemonium, while to its conscious-thrilling music, the diabolic legions of hatred listen in amazement and damned incredulity !

What thus compels us to recur and search back to first, simplest principles ? What compels us, in the nineteenth century, to repeat the plain, blunt adage, that brethren must dwell together in unity ; that they must endeavour to maintain the unity of spirit, in the bond of peace—that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand ? Aye, what compels us ? what but the infatuated, the wilful ignorance of those who, pretending to write on politics, ignore and forget its very first prepositum ! Wonderful and incredible delusion ! strange and unaccountable, as if the professors of fluxions and the differential calculus should lose the recollection of Euclid's primary axioms ! Yet even so it is ; we are obliged to speak to men even as unto children, for absolute children, and nothing else they are in the vast and all-involving elements of divine legislation.

Englishmen are not yet emancipated from the Gothic crudities and barbarities which once thickly flourished in our island ; the most puerile and wretched sophistications continue to disgrace, not only our law books, but our political records. We are still but children of a larger growth, bewitched by the same fantasies that hoodwinked our predecessors. In fact, the great majority of men never get out of their leading strings. Even as dear Goethe tells us in his second Faust—

“ *Es bleibt doch endlich nach wie vor  
Mit ihren hunder tausend possen  
Die welt ein einziger grosser thor.* ”

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—the world, with all its hundred thousand boobyisms, remains as monstrous a fool since the march of intellect as before.

But yet there is, after all, a secret onward progress of the one true philosophy. Its progress is like that of the tide of the ocean stream ; the whole body of waters continues silently and imperceptibly to advance, though each individual wave may seem to be splintered into unsubstantial foam-froth. I know, for instance, that the time is coming when the doctrine of syncretism, or the science of coalition, will become as notable in this country as it has been in Germany and France ; a time, when the science of coalition will become as potent

rough the medium of popular opinion as that of sectarianism is at present. Meantime, as syncretism must still be considered as an tentative science in this country, we must once more begin *de novo*, and plain its history and bearings. It is only by such repeated efforts at we can affect the public mind ; but when that mind is once affected, results will be of the most philanthropic character.

Our monarchs have had a difficult task to remember their high calling of God, amidst the wretched impositions of sects. The Tudors were the wisest as a dynasty. If the Stuarts were inclined to favour Catholics too exclusively, the Brunswicks have been inclined to favour the Protestants too exclusively.

It is deeply interesting to a philosopher to observe how the minds of our statesmen have been perpetually culminating towards the centre of union, and then swept away on the cross winds of faction a thousand leagues awry. They have, with one consent, proved that in proportion as administrations are of a unitive character, in that proportion have they been sound and beneficial. It has not been the excess at the deficiency of the catholic spirit, which has ruined so many ministries ; not because they included all, but because they left some important party outstanding and unrepresented in the cabinet.

We have been just reading Lord Bacon's political fragments. His lordship's view appears to have been that princes should be the general parents of their people—according to the patriarchal scheme advocated by Hooker and Filmer—and next that their cabinets should be interior parliaments, *parliamentum in parlamento*. In other words, that they should be founded on the same *representative* principle as the general parliament. They should sit as the senate of the senate, as boards and committees of Lords and Commons. They should embrace the worthiest representatives and deputies of all sects and parties in the external parliament, and consult together for the common good. Upon this Baconian scheme, ministers, after consultation, would in a great measure be governed by the opinion of the *majority* delivered in confidential counsel, and the minority would see the propriety of acquiescing, as far as might be, in the prevailing sentiment. Many questions would remain open questions, and the parties would be free to differ.

If this grand *law of majority* once came into cabinet operation ; coalitionary administrations would go on as smoothly and prosperously as a board of commerce, or a firm of partners, or any social club or private family in the land.

It is just because this grand universal axiom of conciliatory government has been neglected, that such insuperable difficulties and infernal mishiefs have become so frequent. Men have run counter to the essential nature of a mixed representative constitution. By the delusion of the devil himself, they have been betrayed into the monstrous absurdity of imagining that one exclusive party should be allowed to rule the very parties it excludes. The ruinous consequences of thus opposing the nature of things are palpable. In different countries the cabinet has been the mere butt of contending factions ; it has become like the dirty stage of some penny theatre—a mere hustings on which a crowd of val-tragi-comedians thrust one another in and out.

Can any thing be imagined more mischievous than this method of forcing premier after premier to play the part of Jack in a box? and yet such is the inevitable consequence of the horrible delusion of partisans. From partisans, as such, we expect nothing but unqualified mischief—they are all alike—all idle, and each ill, and none the worst. Their very talent and energies being thrown into the cause of endless division and opposition, only enhance the danger of universal revolution.

To the very same effect as Lord Bacon's counsel on this subject, is a little book, recently sent to us, entitled, "The Judgment of the late Sir Matthew Hale, of the Nature of True Religion; the Cause of its Corruption; and the Church's Calamity by Men's Additions and Violences."

Another notable syncretist was Mr. Cane, the author of the celebrated and scarce treatise *Fiat Lux*, or a method of appeasing the sore broils and convulsions of religious sects and political parties.

The same syncretic or coalitionary policy was adopted by Sir William Temple, one of the wisest and best of British statesmen. To his character Hume has done justice, and, in our estimation, he ranks higher than either Shaftesbury or Bolingbroke. Sir William Temple (says Hume) adopted a line of policy, that, had it been followed out, would have saved the empire from revolution. He was the first to protest against the foolish bill for imposing limitations on a Popish successor. He stated that the restraints proposed were so rigorous as to subvert the constitution itself: and that the shackles put on a Popish successor would not afterwards be easily cast off by a Protestant. "He represented," continues Hume, "to King Charles II., that the jealousies of the nation were extreme—that it was necessary to cure them by some new remedy, and so to restore that mutual confidence so requisite for the safety of the king and the people—that to refuse every thing to parliament in their present disposition, or to yield every thing, was equally dangerous to the constitution, as well as to public tranquillity—that if the king would introduce into his councils such men as enjoyed the confidence of his people, fewer concessions would probably be required—or if unreasonable demands were made, the king, under the sanction of such counsellors, might be enabled with greater safety to refuse them, and the heads of the popular party being gratified with the king's favour, would probably abate the violence by which they endeavoured at present to pay court to the multitude."

"The king" continues Hume, "assented to these reasons; and, in concert with Temple, he laid the plan of a new privy council, without whose advice he declared himself determined for the future to take no measure of importance: the council was to consist of thirty persons—fifteen of the chief officers of the crown were to be continued, who it was supposed would adhere to the king, and, in case of any extremity, oppose the exorbitances of the faction. The other half of the council was to be composed either of men of character detached from the court, or of those who possessed chief credit in both houses."

Such was the nature of the cabinet proposed by Temple. If such

administration had been more prudently managed, and longer continued in office, we agree with Hume that it would probably have provided the country from a revolution, which by giving the government a tarian bias, produced many disorders that have since been felt fully. Men did not discover, till too late, that the syncretic us of the British constitution had been seriously violated, when in specific sects and parties were indulged in a sort of monopoly of power, place, and privilege.

In my mind it is always delightful to see the *vis medicatrix naturæ* asserting its dominion, to see the essential harmony of truth regain the ascendancy over the jarring discords of error. I am delighted to observe how, during the last century, and more especially during the present, the syncretic theory of our government has been gradually regaining its sway over the partisan sophistries that have produced the bitter results.

The reign of Syncretism is not yet fully re-established, but it will be

Many are seeking back to the elements of union and coalition, and peace. M. Guizot in France, and Lord Brougham in this country, have both made strong approximations to the syncretic theory of Rotius. We have proved it in two articles in some recent numbers of this Magazine, illustrating the views of these illustrious men.

Among those great men who cherished the syncretic and coalitionary theory, we may mention Pope, the admirer of Erasmus and Leibnitz.

In moderation placing all his glory—

By Tories called a Whig, by Whigs a Tory.

From him, probably, Lord Mansfield derived the same doctrine. It is he who, about the year 1757, effected a coalition of parties, which led to the administration of Chatham. Of him Pope writes—

“Graced as thou art with all the power of words,  
So known, so honoured in the House of Lords;  
Conspicuous scene; another yet is nigh,  
More silent far where kings and poets lie;  
There Murray, long enough his country's pride,  
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde.”

It is a eulogy, as Mr. Polson observes, is worth all the snarling criticism of Johnson and Parr, the first of whom hated Mansfield because he was not a Tory, and the second because he was not a Whig. The coalitionary tendencies of Chatham's mind were subsequently followed in several successive ministrations. Elsewhere we have fully described their rise and progress,—we shall not repeat the statement

that the coalition of *All the Talents* had been formed honestly by a man of character for the glory of the nation, it would have been desired; but it was notoriously got up by men who trimmed and truckled to every wind of private interest. Even as it was, it was a better administration than those partisan ones which succeeded it, and involved the country in ruinous expenditure.

In these passages of our government, I know no fairer historian

Mr. Wade, who, in his recent *British History*, espouses the coalitionary theory, but so as not to be blind to the defects of many of our past coalitionary cabinets. “In justification (says Wade) of his

anomalous coalition with Lord North, Mr. Fox used this expression—‘ Our party is formed on the principle of *confederacy*, ought we not then to confederate with him who can give us the greatest strength?’ During the last month M. Thiers has formed a Syncretic or Coalitionary ministry in France. It is, at least, a noble experiment, and we hope it will introduce a better system into this country.

But if this coalitionary ministry, or any other, is not altogether what might be wished, is the grand scientific principle of coalition itself to fall into a discount, because, in the infancy of true political science, some of the attempts to carry it out into practice have been imperfect and unsuccessful? If we are to despise a principle for such a reason, what would become of Christianity, or philosophy, or liberty? Have not a thousand efforts to carry out these glorious doctrines into practice been worse than abortive. In attempting to “bridge the vacuity” that divides the abstract from the practical, we must always expect to meet occasional failures. Aye, in proportion to the loftiness and sublimity of the principle, will those failures become frequent, owing to the weakness of the human understanding. But are we then for this reason to renounce our effort to elaborate the grandest elements of metaphysics, till they bring the entire physical system into absolute subordination? God forbid! No, we believe coalition to be a divine and essential principle of sound government, and we will urge it forward though all the devils in hell should strive to frustrate our experiments. Those who knew the inherent power of steam went on till they brought it into action. They did not care that experiment after experiment failed; they did not care though vessel after vessel was split. Watt knew he had got hold of the strongest agent in mechanics, and he ceased not till he had made it perform the labour of a world.

There are some even among the names of those who heretofore have been considered as party men, who are beginning to show the strongest symptoms of a conciliatory disposition. For instance, Sir Robert Peel, who, to our thinking, has always in his heart approved of the doctrine of policy advocated by Cicero, though he has been too often overborne by sect and party prejudice—Sir Robert now is evidently returning to the eclectic system of politics. He begins to see that the days of party are numbered.

If the syncretic system is really of great importance, it becomes a question of some interest how it may be most practically advanced. We conceive the most direct and advantageous way of proceeding, would be to establish a *Syncretic Association or Club*, whose members, like the illustrious scholars of Germany we have cited, should call themselves *Syncretists*. This title being essentially unitive, and coalitionary, would be free from the invidiousness that attaches to all sect and party designations. The syncretists would stand in a position nearly similar to that maintained by the *eclectics*, who endeavoured to promote good fellowship among all sects and parties, by encouraging their several good points, and rejecting their evil ones.

The grand pre-requisite which stands in the way of this and all other fair designs, is the patronage of some noble or wealthy individual. By the aid of money you may accomplish any thing, without it—nothing.

For ourselves we will most cordially co-operate with any individuals,

ho have the will and power for such an achievement. We shall do the more zealously, because we believe that the state of politics in this country is no longer a joking matter. It is as certain as the commission of the entire press can make it, that while sects, parties, schisms, and factions, are thus tilting and jostling for place and pension, that any of the prime securities of the empire are going to the dogs. Not speak of the thousand and one dangers of which our daily journals are full, the state of the navy alone may fill us with just apprehensions. If you would correct these abuses, you must correct the source from which they spring. You must improve the system of government itself, if you would improve the acts of the government. Purify the fountain if you would purify the streams; otherwise you begin at the wrong end, and all your labours will be worse than useless.

One word to "The Solitary Syncretist," whose letter precedes this article. To all such correspondents we say *welcome*. The dawnings of a higher and brighter philosophy of politics may be faint as yet, and limmering, yet they are not the less the genuine indications of an eternal Sabbath, in which the harrassed children of men shall rest from their labours.

We would, however, just remark that we do not agree with our correspondent's objection to the word *syncretic*. The more openly and frequently it is used the better. *Syncretism* is the proper classical and definite term for the *science of coalition*. The advocates of all systems have a right to use their own appropriate designation frankly and fearlessly. All scientific terms must have a period of introduction; and the more resolutely they are introduced, the better for their honest adherents. If hundreds of the most eminent writers of Germany and France signed themselves Syncretists, why should we have any morbid shyness respecting so honourable and so unimpeachable a title? For ourselves we have no misgivings, and shall use the word *syncretism* as freely, as unscrupulously, as before. A.

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## LIBRARY STUDIES.

### PRESENT ASPECTS OF POETRY.\*

THERE are men who initiate eras; there are men who work in them; and there are men who conclude them. The first class the world designates *ance*; the second it considers profound; but the third it applauds to the very echo. August minds, the models of man as the Divine idea of the Eternal, find the smallness of their worldly reward proportioned to the magnitude of their unworldly desert. Enough—the vigilant and penetrating guide is ever in the van of the pilgrim troop which he escorts. He is foremost and alone. In his wake the dull herd follows, but with it travel is equaled by companionship. So must it ever be, in a measure, and for a time, though, as we shall endeavour to prove, not in the *same* measure, and not for the *same* time as at present. Of this, however, more anon.

The least deserving, we have hinted, are, in general, the most popular. Perhaps, however, there is no instance of public favour being awarded to candidates wanting *all* meritorious qualifications. Thomas Moore is not without merit, neither is Robert Montgomery (for the euphony of his ver-

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\* *Sordello*. By Robert Browning. London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1840.

sification is equal to the twaddling common-placeness of his thoughts), neither is Harrison Ainsworth, neither is Edward Fitzball. But for more ample illustration, let us briefly glance at each name in our short catalogue.

THOMAS MOORE—is a delightful writer of Irish songs, although a very questionable essayer in oriental romance. But did this dear poetical epicure ever dream, in the most brilliant of his drawing-room triumphs, that he had presented the world with anything really *new*—that he had done anything to aid human progress? Psha! right well doth he know that he is a bard for the evening; that his sweetest efforts are but happier expressions of old feelings, and those feelings in a great degree national—all praise be to the British Anacreon, but he is an ornament to the present, not a memory for the future.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.—Take the most exoteric sermons of the most exoteric clergy, beat them up with a little liquid nonsense about sun, moon, and stars, the roaring ocean in its tempest ire; and the perfume of the gentle violet, and pour into exquisite rhyme shapes to cool. When turned out you have such a jelly, under the name of poetry, as the delighted public shall swallow with avidity, and as the Rev. Robert Montgomery can supply.

HARRISON AINSWORTH—is the graphic historian of notorious villainy, —the minute delineator of murders and executions. In his page, we see the unhappy victim writhe under the agony of corporeal suffering. We behold the cold damp collect upon the brow, the wild eyes starting from their strained sockets, the—bah! if we proceed, we shall make our detail of the author as revolting as his own chronicle. Let him monopolize unmolested the history of hangmen, and the record of racks.

EDWARD FITZBALL—is, for aught we know, a very worthy and estimable character, but given to scenes of horror; narratives of dark closets with blood-stained panels; lone heaths, where innocent travellers have been slain by reckless marauders, and vaults whence (although unconsecrated to sepulture) wasted skeletons have been exhumed. The productions of our friend, however, we must admit, are generally spiritualized by blue fire, and an unexceptionable moral. Moreover, his incidents are well put together, and stirring of their kind.

We have spoken of men who either have been, or are favourites with the public. And how have they become so? By disclosing to the world new aspects of beauty?—by presenting hitherto undeveloped forms of excellence?—by stimulating society to the onward march? Not so. Men desire novelty indeed, but it is the novelty of *appearance* rather than that of *reality*. They desiderate the new die on the old metal. They are well content with the copper currency so that the image and superscription be occasionally varied. This is the extent of the popular demand, and with it the writers above-named have more or less successfully complied.

Nor is this to be wondered at when we reflect that all readers and spectators are egotists. They desire *themselves* to be represented in the book which they peruse, and in the dramas which they witness. "Give a more dignified expression to *my* thoughts, and clothe *my* feelings in graceful apparel," cries the popular monster, and he who will do this receives his reward. Woe to the presumptuous wight, who, conceiving in his own mind a more symmetrical figure than the ungainly body of "Public Opinion," shall refuse to provide it with habiliments. Tush! away with fastidiousness. Turn tailor to the sleepy animal that has grown fat for want of exercise, and swear that it looks a very Brummel in the vestments you furnish; you get your pay, and can laugh in your sleeve.

But are we not writing a libel on the public? Has it not approved Milton, and sanctioned Shakspeare, and idolized Boz? It admires the first on the authority of leading minds; and in the two latter there is sufficient attraction of incident and idiosyncrasy to gratify the superficial. How small their number who *Shakspearically* comprehend Shakspeare. Even Dickens, so far as philosophy is concerned, is understood but by few. It is the peculiarities of

the day, the characteristics of the century, for which he is generally valued. Of the truths, "not for an age, but for all time," which lurk under the ephemeral aspects of the day, and the metropolis, the applauding crowd is innocent enough.

Nevertheless the preceding observations must be taken in a restricted sense. Heaven forbid (par exemple) that they should apply to the readers of *THE MONTHLY*. In this Sardis world there are still those who have not been contaminated by its stagnant atmosphere.

There are still a select few to whom it is given to hail the new revelations of mind, and to whom it is no unencouraging fact that there are men who have the nobility to devote long and thoughtful hours to the accomplishment of a work which, being utterly beyond popular apprehension, will of course be destitute of its approval.

*SORDELLO* has doubtless been intended by its author as a pendant to his former work, *Paracelsus*. *Sordello* is the developement of the poet in the same manner as *Paracelsus* was the developement of the philosopher. Mr. Browning's present poem is, however, of a character far more profound and matured than that which distinguished its predecessor. The emotions of the poet are more subtle than the abstractions of the philosopher. The bard involves the sage. Intuition is antecedent to and represents itself by reflection. There is no love without intelligence, no passion without thought, although both intelligence and thought may exist in the absence of love and passion. We do not hesitate at the outset to declare that there are many passages in *Sordello* which intelligence cannot master. They are characters written in mystic ink, and are to be brought out by the agency of fire rather than by that of light. At the same time there is much in the volume before us which is capable of *intelligent* interpretation.

*Sordello* is by profession a troubadour, in nature a poet. He finds the dignity of his Being offended by the character of his avocations. The free bard is at variance with the hireling minstrel. *Sordello* must be ready with his song whenever the patron, or the crowd, may choose to demand it. Whatever be the tendency of his will, he must adopt his lays to the desire of his audience. Should his inspiration be thoughtful and solemn, if the mob is disposed to be merry, the verse must be jocund. And even when the puppet of popular favour is allowed a free course, what comes of it? The listeners understand not what is sung, but *their own interpretation* of it. Alas! poor *Sordello*! O! sorry Mantua! O! enlightened Britain! "*Mutato nomine, &c.*"

In illustration of what we have said, take the following extract:—

"Then came

The world's revenge : their pleasure now his aim  
 Merely—what was it? Not to play the fool  
 So much as learn our lesson in your school,  
 Replied the world : he found that every time  
 He gained applause by any given rhyme,  
 His auditory recognised no jot  
 As he intended, and mistaking not  
 Him for his meanest hero, ne'er was dunce  
 Sufficient to believe him."

*Sordello*, reluctant to be the caterer for so base a thing as is the popular taste for poetry, renounces his office, and casts from him contemptuously the trophies of public favour which he had acquired. The following is conceived in a spirit of the most refined irony.

"His forehead pressed the moonlit shelf,  
 Beside the youngest marble maid awhile;  
 Then, raising it, he thought with a long smile,  
 I shall be king again! as he withdrew  
 The envied scarf, into the font he threw  
 His crown.

"Next day, no poet! Wherefore? asked



Taurello, whence the dance of Jongleurs masked  
 As devils ended; don't a song come next?  
 The master of the pageant looked perplexed,  
 Till Naddo's whisper came to his relief;  
 His highness knew what poets were; in brief,  
 Had not the tetchy race prescriptive right  
 To peevishness, caprice? or, call it spite,  
 One must receive their nature in its length  
 And breadth, expect the weakness with the strength!  
 So phrasing, till, his stock of patience spent,  
 The easy-natured soldier smiled assent;  
 Settled his portly person, smoothed his chin,  
 And nodded that the bull-chase might begin."

How Sordello loved, and aspired, and what fortune waited on his feelings and his aims, we have not space to detail—nor will we, by narration, detract from that interest which the narrative will afford to all who are empowered to feel its truthfulness and force. Suffice it to say, that the purpose of the poem seems twofold. It is an assertion of poetical dignity, and a satire on critical presumption.

We have ever been among the first to recognise the holiness of the bard's mission. We have never neglected to claim for the poet an inspiration, not mediate and qualified, but direct and essential. Poetic records are the most veritable and personal of all records; for they are expressive, not of what is seen, but of what is felt; not of a man's contemplations, but of his existence.

Never was a more mendacious fallacy propounded than that which has attempted to identify the poetical spirit with the imagination. The poet is essentially an autobiographer. It is his own life which is narrated in the page. *He* has indulged the aspiring hope. *He* has cherished the noble purpose. *He* has felt the disinterested affection. The world's hostility—the arrested endeavour—the friend's misconstruction—belong to *him*. Say that he chooses to represent himself in another age, in another country, by another name, under other circumstances—these are the licensed *accidents* of the drama, they are not its *incident*, far less its *HERO*. All deep wisdom is wrought in deep sorrow. That heart has been the most deeply furrowed where thought's harvest is most abundant—little reason is there to detract from the bard's honour. Is he who envies it willing to undergo the bard's suffering?

When will England awake to the true value of the minds which illustrate her present era. There is a strange fatuity, both in public and private vision, which prevents us from discerning the friendly aspect and the aiding hand, until it is no longer possible to win the one to encourage—the other to assist. We want the vulgar associations of external parade, before we can believe in the presence of genius; and we should make little account of Michael, though "Heaven" were written on his brow, were he to appear before us without his wings. How is it possible for the sensuous crowd, which places all value on the external and extrinsic, to render homage to men whose stature, habits, and dress accord with their own, and who have no outward mark of difference?—"An evil and perverse generation seek after a sign—*cervily! there shall no sign be given.*"

But, then, has not the age recognised the excellence of Sheridan Knowles, and Leigh Hunt? Yes; but these are men who belong to the class which we have specified as working in the era. The *initiative* man is he to whom greatness the mass is blind. And why this? Because the public, as such, is an utilitarian public. Commerce is its employment, and literature its amusement. It has no time to waste on those matters which form the mere excitement of the hour. Its mental recreations must be suited to its present taste; it abhors the labour of cultivating a new and more spiritual one.

We have censured in an especial manner our own country for the neglect of national genius. It is enough to make one's cheek burn with shame to

that original British thought is compelled to seek an asylum in America. And we recapitulate the fact that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, and all the noblest spirits are making their homes by transatlantic hearths. Are hard Monkton Milnes, Elizabeth Barrett, the author of the great epic, "Festus," and the poet of "Festus"—that fine biography of the heart—are to follow in the wake of England's exiled glories? When will this nation do justice to Horne, whose "Cosmo de Medicis" should have insured an immortality? Why is not the praise of "Archæus," the bard of Skwood, resounding through the Isles? And how long is Browning to wait for an appreciation? We advise these men to try their fortunes beyond waters; nay, let them be still—America will come to our shores, to support our greatness to her own emporium.

!! deep disgrace to a country to be thus doubly conquered—to be trampled in mind, as well as overcome in arms. England would have ruled America. Nay! let England confess herself the serf. She will stop her ears to our speech,—nay! but we will write it in words;—she will close her eyes to our characters; be it so, they shall haunt her in her dreams. The hour, the condemning truth, shall be uttered and heard. A people of yesterday has overtaken thee, England!—thee,—who hadst the start of centuries! thy accumulated achievements of thy many ages are eclipsed by those of thy day in one. Thou hast no trophies to compare with hers. Cease thy boasting! Thou hast old towers, and she has new schools; thou hast the descendants of generations physically brave,—she has the founders of generations morally great; thou hast all the *rouge*,—she has all the *bloom*; thou hast the skeleton of tradition in costly attire; she has the originating spirit, beautiful in its own symmetry.

And yet we have both love for our country, and faith in its regeneration; we rebuke and appeal. Moreover, we are compelled to admit that our poets and philosophers have, in a great measure, frustrated the acknowledgment of their high claims by their own inconsistencies and double-mindedness.

Yes! confess it, men of genius, yourselves have been wanting in respect to your vocation. You have courted the smiles of fashion, and the wages of flattery, and to be the ambassadors of heaven has seemed of less value in your sight than to be the *protégées* of the coteries. The lofty assumptions recorded in the page have been contrasted with the mean subservience of your conduct. The free spirit which animated the morning's ideal makes way for the crouching adulator, ambitious of an evening's patronage. There are of ye who would rather see their names chronicled in the Gazette of Fiction one day, than recorded in the page of Time for ever. Were ye truly useful, ye would prescribe laws for the world, rather than be the slaves of regulations. If society will have ye, and that honourably, well. If not, let it drift by in its unconsecrated bark—the shore to which it steers is Fiction's.

We are willing that the poet should place before his generation the history of his experience. We would have no high thought, no beautiful conception lost to humanity. But it were better that the inspirations of the spirit should have no memorial on paper, if they cannot have one in life. He who pretends to the ideal which he paints, more injures mankind by his character, than he aids it by his delineations. Let us have both the poet and the poem, if either is to be dispensed with, let it be the latter. Of this conviction we are the author of "Sordello," with whose words we not unaptly conclude our remarks:

——— "For the rest,  
E'en if some wondrous vehicle express  
The whole dream, what impertinence in me  
So to express it, *who myself can be*  
*The dream.*"

J. W. M.

## MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

*The Colonial Magazine and Commercial Maritime Journal.* Edited by  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY MARTIN, Esq.

WE have perused the contents of this new Magazine with much pleasure. It is full of useful information, and occupies an important position in the periodical literature of our times. To all publications of this nature we give the right-hand of fellowship without one atom of jealousy; we would wish to co-operate with them like sworn brethren in the great cause of philanthropy.

Among the articles in the second number which have most attracted our attention, is a clever account of the Assam Tea Company by a gentleman connected with the India House. We agree with the author, that this company (established by the extraordinary energies of an individual whose name will rise to celebrity) is destined to a success beyond all present estimates. The public are becoming familiar with the brilliant prospects that are opening before it; and its shares are rising in that thermometer of commercial value by which all things are measured in England. But the Assam Tea Company, in our apprehension, has something better than mere commercial value. It will, probably, be an instrument in the hands of Providence for accelerating the civilization of the East. The most intelligent travellers and missionaries have long remarked the religious and political connexions subsisting between the Tartar or Tibetan and Chinese empires. The influence of the Grand Lama and his hierarchy extends all over China, whose present emperor is, we believe, a scion of the old Tibetan stock. Many orientalists have asserted, that the more we become acquainted with the Tibetan government and language, the more readily shall we obtain a firm footing in China—instantiate our improved theology and philosophy into the very heart of the celestial empire, and effect that general reformation among the Chinese which has of late years been progressing among the Ottomans. Now Assam is exactly situated in that intermediate position betwixt Tibet and China which gives it a natural command over both; and we doubt not, that, if the British Government play its cards well in connexion with this nascent Tea Company, we may get a hold on the Tibetians and Chinamen little inferior to that we have obtained on the Hindoos. Depend on it the intense and eager civilization of Europe is fast dissipating the lazy prejudices of the Asiatics; and China will cease to be what she has been. This new war, which she has brought on herself, is full of eventful import. Her long repose is broken, and we will not let her go to sleep again, if we can help it.

In an economical point of view, nothing can be more fortunate for Britain than the rising tea trade of Assam. Henceforth we shall have two strings to our commercial bow. If the Chinese are recusant, we are not longer dependent on them. We have nothing to do but concentrate our capital on Assam. At the same time we have a tolerable security that the Assam Tea Company will not rush into the high prices of monopoly, as the competition of the China trade, whether carried on by ourselves or the Americans, will preserve a fair level. Besides which, we are convinced that the Assam Tea Company is composed of gentlemen too polite to the ladies to charge them very high for their dearly-beloved congou, and too prudent to encounter the hostility of all the old maids in the kingdom.

We cannot follow the author of this article through all his details. He has proved that tea has been indigenous in Assam time immemorial, so that we can now correct those authors who asserted that it was native only in Japan, China, and Tonquin. Mr. Martin has extracted a passage from his treatise on the tea trade relative to the history of tea. The use of tea as a beverage, has been known from a very early period. It is said that the Chinese first used the tea plant for the same reason that Robinson Crusoe

ed the brandy-bottle, namely, "to take off the anguish and agueish tendency of the water," which is said to be particularly indifferent in the celestial empire. Soliman, an Arabian merchant, who visited China A. D. 850, ascribes tea (sah) as the usual beverage of the people. Marco Polo, who travelled into China in the 13th century, however, makes no mention of it—omission which, in the judgment of some, casts discredit on his history. The first European writer who mentions tea is Giovanni Botero, an eminent Italian author, about the year 1590. "The Chinese (says he) have a herb, of which they press a delicate juice, which serves them instead of wine. It also preserves their health, and frees them from all those evils which the moderate use of wine occasions among us." Olearius, in 1633, found the use of tea pretty general among the Persians, who procured it from China. Early in the 17th century it was imported into Europe by the Portuguese and Dutch; but the nature of the plant and its properties continued to puzzle European botanists as late as 1680. We have a translation of Palafox's history of the Tartars of this date, in which the following amusing passage occurs. "Cha is a plant growing in Japan and China, the leaves of which the Japanese grind to powder, and drink it infused in warm water. But the Chinese infuse the whole leaves in the same manner as they do thee, and the resemblance of the leaves of these two plants to each other when they are expanded in warm water, makes me question whether cha is not the same as thee, or else some species thereof. Though Gaspar Bohinus places it among the fennels, for which he is reproved by the most learned botanist, Mr. Morison, I am now fully confirmed by Kircher and other authors, that cha or cia, thea, the, or te, are but synonyma of the same plant, which Martinius and others who describe it, say is a species of rhus or sumack. But Simon Paulus, the great anatheist, must excuse me if I cannot credit him when he would persuade us that *elaëagnus cordi*, or *rhus myrtifolia belgica*, which in English is called sweet gaule, is the same plant with te." So much for philology.

*The Czar: a Romance of History.* 3 vols. Smallwood.

WE have in the volumes before us a most revolting page in history powerfully described. They show but too plainly the unbridled passions and diabolical cruelty of the savage despot. Intoxicated with blood, his increasing and ever unsated appetite for it still continues to shed more and more—venting, indeed, nice and well-proportioned torture, so as to make the shedding of it a pleasure to himself—until at last the population of the grand city in Russia is too small a draught for this "fiend in human shape." Then, Czar of Russia, surnamed the terrible and the threatener, was tall and well made; had once a pleasing countenance. "A minor when he succeeded to the throne, the vitiated education he had received from the agent of the crown sowed deeply the seeds of crime. His first empress, endowed with every amiable virtue, held in check his dormant vices; but death brought premature term to her influence. The nation that mourned her loss could not yet divine all that descended to the tomb with the virtuous Czarina, for she terminated the happiness of Ivan and of Russia; as, from the day on which he lost his virtuous wife, he abandoned the path of virtue. \* \* \* \* \* At the extermination slumbered awhile; \* \* he was changed; a dark ferocity was settled on his countenance, distorted by the furious passions which welled within, forming a hell from which he could not escape. The once brave monarch, the conqueror of Kazan, was now the pusillanimous slave of his own disgraceful passions." The period of this history was the reign of Elizabeth; and the haughty despot had dared to ask her in marriage, while dreaming the free-born spirit of an English queen. She refused him, but, "crafty though wise," offered her cousin, who was accepted. She had succeeded against her will, not meaning to sacrifice a British subject, and her cousin, to a Russian savage. An embassy was in consequence entrusted to

the courteous and chivalrous Sir Thomas Randolph : the contrast between the slave, fettered by his own passions, and the noble Briton, is striking :—"The stubborn independence of the Englishman nettled him, and determining to humble him before his Boyers, he ordered him to the palace unarmed and alone."

"The proud yet courteous Briton nobly protected the free will of his countrywomen, and the dignity of his queen.—'Of what stuff are these proud islanders made, that they should rate as nothing a monarch's will Away!' exclaimed the Czar, now boiling with indignation, his iron staff shaking in his grasp—'away! ignorant and demented envoy!' the Boyers were seen to unsheath their knives. The imperturbable Englishman threw a glance of contempt upon the ministers of the sovereign, fixed the Czar with look, triumphant in patriotic spirit and duty, which revealed to the autocrat the undaunted mind of a free-born British subject. Fascinated and subdued, the tyrant shrank before the high and noble bearing of the chivalrous knight. The iron club which he had never before lifted with a vain threat, fell harmlessly to the ground."

We refrain from quoting the wholesale murders of this monster. And yet this being was human, and our author has beautifully handled this part of his romance. There was one drop of human kindness; one chord in his heart, not yet totally destroyed. The elixir which might have redeemed the stubborn despot was love; how beautiful in any shape, but in its purity divine. In the breast of the savage it was not all purity, nor all appetite; it was love and veneration, almost adoration, for the lovely and spotless being that inspired it. Her influence had at once tamed the tyrant, "and Russia for a few days rested from slaughter;" but, alas! this fragile flower was too heaven-like to breathe in so contaminated an atmosphere. We will quote our author :—"But the casket, not the gem within it, was the bargain of the satyr who now breathed his love to that spotless creature, the possession of whom, by him, was like a sacrifice of apostate nature to a heathen shrine; and the tyrant whose word of passion saluted the ear of the virgin Czarina, appeared to wither this cherished object of his affections; the insidious worm of decay was already eating into her heart, and her death-pale cheek now first betrayed life's painful struggle." Her end is hastened by poison, artfully administered to her by her mother, not knowing her to be her daughter. Marfa Sabakin, Ivan's second wife, virgin Czarina of Russia, fell a victim to maternal ambition; it was only on her death-bed that this gentle creature knew her mother or her crime—a Jew physician, a character well drawn throughout, prepared the drug. The mother on discovering her daughter in her victim is horror-struck; the scene is touching and effective, part of which we quote :—"The Boyarina had closed her eyes as the last words of the nurse were uttered, but her features were drawn, her lips compressed, as if the stroke of death had converted them to endless fixedness.

"It lasted, however, but a short space. The mind had been stunned, and now burst forth the ungovernable tide of anguish and despair.

"Bomelius (the Jew) supported her, and made an effort to release himself, but in the sudden convulsion of her frame, her fingers had gyved him with the iron force of a warrior's gauntlet.

"She opened her eyes, and that trembling wretch shrinks beneath her terrible glance; with a maniac's strength she has seized his hair. In her convulsive and concentrated power, the Jew was lifted from his feet and dashed to the ground, half dead with fear and strangulation.

"'I gave the drug—but that villain prepared it for her!' said the Boyarina, still fixing her horror-stricken gaze upon the Jew.

"'Gave—prepared—what?' cried the Czar, in a voice of thunder, as he sprang forward.

"'The poison!' continued the Boyarina, in the same even tone of voice, still gazing on the prostrate form of Bomelius.

"A shrill protracted scream was heard dying away, which penetrated into the souls of the witnesses of that scene, and which long rang in the memory of those who survived. It was the herald of a departing spirit frightened from that abode of guilt. The throne of Russia's Czarina was again vacant—the disconsolate heart of Ivan was widowed for ever: for Marfa, the gentle, the beautiful, the redeeming spirit of a crime-stained court, was no more."

"The Czar had closed his eyes, as if he had nothing left to look upon to love again. A dark cloud obscured the future, a dreadful void was felt, and the link which had held him to his kind seemed for ever broken. Life was bereft of its charms. He lived no longer for virtue. Darkness and despair filled up the measure of his existence. Dreadful was the conflict of his soul. This bereavement led him, by natural and consequent steps, to the supposed authors of his calamity. As love overthrown is followed by deadly hatred, so the new-born virtues of the Czar, suddenly blasted in their birth, turned to dark suspicion and revenge; and terribly did this savage mourn his bride. 'The fiend shall not escape me, though Russia become one vast desert; the bier that supports the corpse of my murdered bride, shall be borne from the palace to the vault over the bodies of Russia's best nobility. Short-sighted fools, to sport with the life of their empress! But we will have our sport, too; and right royal sport shall it be; we have toys and pastime good, have we not? See to it, and spread the baubles in the market-place of Kitai-gorod. What sayest thou? Some dozen scaffolds, eh? and see the boiler be suspended, and stir well the faggots, ha! ha! ha!'"

And fearfully did he keep his word; but here we close the dreadful picture. The heart that should have softened was hardened, and he rose from that scene of placid and happy death a more heartless savage than before.

This romance of history would be too revolting and horrid, were it not skilfully, powerfully, and CHARITABLY treated. The author is, we believe, from his book, a benevolent man; the spirit of this history is good—the heart of the writer is in the right place; therefore he produces the right thing. What novelist but a benevolent one would have given the savage murderer any ray of goodness; he has "found its soul in things evil." Of his religious principles, we extract his own words:

"Ivan well knew the power vested in him, but he knew not the inscrutable ways of Him who chastiseth mortals with the rod which they themselves have made; and who, for purposes unseen, sends alike the thunder-bolt, the plague, the earthquake, and the tyrant. Nor deemed he, while surrounded by power, that, though the evil is permitted, woe is denounced against him 'by whom the evil cometh.'" We have been somewhat more lengthy than we intended, in our notice of the tyrant; we have, therefore, less space for the subordinate characters, some of which are capital. The English ambassador, English physician, and Grace, the physician's daughter, are beautiful and highly characteristic portraits; the domestic happiness of this party is most skilfully made to relieve the horror of Russian brutality throughout the three volumes. The characters and virtues of Grace Wilmington and Marfa Sabakin, are beautifully blended and contrasted. Indeed, we rate our author's powers of description in the beautiful and the terrible very great. Of the beautiful, we extract the following specimen:—

"The interesting stranger was tall, though very young, and fair, if the sudden contrast of pure and snowy skin, to her dark hair, might be so called. But why describe the peculiar kind of beauty? There are spirits that shine through this earthly tenement of clay, revealed in gesture, look, and voice that beggar the powers of the painter and the poet. These may describe the mortal; but the lovely English girl seemed a creature of angelic mould. Albeit, she was of this world, however much she had borrowed of a better.

"She was younger than she appeared to be; for much of mind and cha-

racter had developed themselves, and shone forth on her polished brow, and in her graceful deportment. There was a speaking lustre in her eye, the pure effulgence of her thought, that had something more than speech in all its eloquence, so bountifully had nature dealt with her. If the sum of her perfections had been meted out in an ordinary degree, they would have enriched a monarch's court; the charm was increased when her voice, in sweet melody, broke like the softest music on the ear. As a climax to the description, was the conviction of the Muscovite merchant, who, as he gazed upon her lovely form, thought that she rivalled his own beloved *Marfa*."

We must likewise give the author great credit for the comical, as *Jocko* and his pranks fully show; indeed *Pug* is a powerful rival in the heroism of the book. His character is well drawn, and his tricks well executed.

## A VOICE FROM AMERICA.

### THE HOPE OF LITERATURE.

BY ROBERT BARTLETT, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, U. S.

"No good that is possible but shall one day be real."

THE reason refuses all help from the memory. Reason brings her monitions fresh each hour to the individual, each age to the race. Her truth is severe, shapeless, and uncontained. We will not cleave to this shifting and fugitive essence. We convert truth into fact, high principles and duties we enfold in mythus, laws of the soul and ministries of nature we harden into enactments and personal agencies of gods. So it is with all the truths of reason. So it is with that high truth which underlies effort in behalf of man. The reason affirms, the present and actual life of men is unnatural, is disease; all is jarring without and unrest within. It says, man's natural state, wherein is health and peace, is the death of desire for happiness, the death of self, and a life all unto justice, and love, and worship. Our earthly faculties see this truth, and instantly enshrine it in a history of the remotest time. We have learned and shall tell in our turn of paradise, of the golden age, and the reign of Saturn, and the pre-existence of the soul in heaven; of those days when the earth, unvexed, gave "fruits, flowers, and without thorn, the rose;" man knew not racking tortures, nor war, nor hate. "In those days," says the ancient mythus, "in those happy days, men sprung out of the bosom of the earth, which produced them of itself, like flowers and trees; they breathed the light, as we breathe the air." "Love makes the heavens more heavenly," through love man's life was heaven, and by and by mortality flowed into the immortal state silently as the dawn is lost in the day.

So we envelope our truth in tradition, and impersonate in the earliest of men the energies of our own prospective being. In the light of this truth, I would consider some of the hopes and laws of literature. The hopes of literature discard experience, they ride over history. "All history," says a poet, "is but the epoch of one degradation." The heralds of truth and beauty, and freedom to a savage and servile race, draw from no chronicles of the past their assurance of victory. They look to the infinite soul within the human soul; they know that the truth, the justice themselves worship, however buried

and blackened, and blurred over, yet lives somewhere in the heart of every man to whom they speak, of every iron-crowned tyrant and ragged soldier and boor. These very faggot bearers, these scurried hosts that come out against truth,—every man of them carries within his mailed breast the weapon which shall slay him. And therefore they must pass, unsubstantial as the faces and terrors of a dream. As the hopes of all philanthropy, so the hopes of literature rest on the nature of man. "In our proper motion we ascend." "Only by compulsion and laborious flight," we immerse ourselves in the false and base.—And so stayed, hope is strictly infinite. The gods, it is said, have crowned man with all excellent gifts, denying him rest. He must needs be "disturbed with the joy of his elevated thoughts." His essence is aspiration and tendency. He is "partaker of the Divine Nature." Therefore every thing evil is vapour and appearance. All that is good shall be attained. Whatever ought to be is to be.

The true philanthropist and scholar has hope in the unprivileged and unlearned mass of men, and this the more as his perception of spiritual laws is deeper. New beauty and truth, higher philosophy, better ethics, always appeal to the multitude. Shallow reasonings, superficial principles, calculations of interest and utilities, have power over the leisured, the educated, the purse-proud and aristocratic, the noble, the trafficker, the priest. In every age, abstract and universal truth makes her protest against establishments and systems and "unions" and utilities, to the toiling mass of humanity, and in their great, brave heart she finds a home. It has been so from the first days of historical Christianity and far earlier, to the Puritans and Quakers of the seventeenth century: it is so with the Puritans of this century. It is said, moreover, that when there is tumult and revolution, when the people are most impulsive, then of all times, the most abstract doctrines have affinity for their feelings. "It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite *practical*. Facts only and cool common sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalize; to connect by remotest analogies; to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; to feel particular truths and mere facts as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings."\* At the commencement of the French revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. The public roads were crowded with armed enthusiasts, disputing on the inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal constitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man as man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting."\* Subvert the prince and priest, and the multitude are ready to abandon their error of yesterday. Left to themselves, the many see something higher than the institutions and forms and symbols reared by the understanding; unphilosophic souls lie near to the spontaneous and universal reason. The many seek truth. The nobilities, the aristocracies, the schools, the church, seek exposition and defence

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\* Coleridge's *Statesman's Manual*.



of the established error. The scholar, therefore, will have a right reverence for this hard-handed many. Not, of course, that he can ever take them as patrons, not that he can ever accept a doctrine from them, or abide by their decision for a single moment. Yet he is priest to them, and feels not condescending, but most honoured and consecrated, in being so.

The hopes of literature, then, rest on the nature of man, and are infinite. And her first law is (or rather it is a postulate to all law) that a man seek wisdom as ultimate, as the end of life. Ivo, the bishop of Chartres, on an embassy from Lewis IX., met a matron with a censer of fire in her hand, who said to him, "I go to burn paradise, that man may serve God purely." But now a shallow and mechanical philosophy goes about, with its lantern at noonday, to look after the *uses* of religion and poetry. The woods wave and the waters roll, for our traffic and carpentry. What Shakspeare or Milton may say of the meaning of hills and skies and stars to his soul, is a conceit, delightful, useful if you will, but after all a conceit. Such significance in nature is arbitrary, fanciful, something superinduced upon the original plan of the "SUPREME ARCHITECT." Nay, and a slender, starveling theology too, now tells us that the use of holiness is unending pleasure; it assures us, moreover, with much adjuration and rebuke even, that the firm earth of faith, the only ground of hope in God and immortality, are the present order of matter and certain ancient convulsions of the same. What now is the soul, but a fitting "*flæs flammæ*," a repetition of a rainbow, a sort of bed which the torrent of the outward wears and overlays as it will?

The eye of the scholar opens on another heavens and another earth. The wide waters sparkle and roll, that they may overmaster his soul with awe and grandeur. He listens to the winds moving through the trees, and his own being upheaves and plays in unison with the breathings of the forest. And for this, the woods and waters are made from age to age. The ancient heavens do overhang him; the stars come down and crowd the firmament, and teach to him beauty and serenity, and mystery, and for this they are and shine. This flesh is no clay wall, "grossly closing him in;" but a harp, on whose every string nature and soul meet and converse. The body is not enlivened matter, but rather spirit outlaying itself, enduing itself with form. Spinoza says, that every thought and emotion in the soul, at every moment, is outshaping itself in some change, some stamping, some symphonious moving in the body. And the Platonists and Pythagoreans teach, that the body is *in* the soul. Thus to the true student of wisdom does nature become instinct with spirit; suffused with its light,—

"We receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live."

Nor he does not despise use, for use itself has its law, its doctrine behind it. And this truth or beauty, which all teach, is ultimate; it must not minister, it must not subserve the state, or the happiness, of one or all men. Itself is the final cause of the whole; to learn and worship which, states and men are.

The abiding, living apprehension of this doctrine is the test and

essence of the true scholar, poet, philanthropist. And if this be so, then may our own country forebode for herself a night as yet, on which no poetry, nor high wisdom, nor sweet discourse shall arise. There can never be a literature where genius, and eloquence, and piety, give their energies to the petty utilities of the day and the neighbourhood. Learning among us must be honoured, must dispose of litigations, must adjudicate, or administer human governments; eloquence "frets its hour" upon the superficial interests and brawls that make up the politics of the masses; enthusiasm spills itself out in noisy frivolities, and never betakes itself to the study of those laws, underlying at once social order, art, and poetry; the rapt perception and fervid unfolding of which are the ends of its being. Of necessity, the pulpit is somewhat aloof from this whirl and frenzy, yet who is not complaining that the pulpit, too, is overborne; that, to a measureless degree, the pulpit expresses only the local, the accidental? Therefore we have no literature, because we desire none; because men of all professions will make wisdom an ornament, an appendage, a servant, a means. "The Pythagoreans were wont to set up empty coffins in the places of those who had degenerated from high philosophy, as apostates from life itself." The whole ethics of the student seem to me included in the two requests which Endymion, favoured of Diana, preferred to Jupiter; first, for perpetual youthfulness, and then that he might sleep, often and long as he would, upon his lone mountain. No otherwise shall chaste and rigid truth come down to us, and inspire the self-realizing hope of a new age of poetry, philosophy, and art.

In Athens, the doctrine of use was unknown. Here greatness, genius, grace were their own law and end. Song and art kindled into religion. Tragedies were performed in temples, and to the worship of the gods. Here truly was an Ἑλλὰς Ἑλλάδος, a Greece of Greece: here was a people, fired with ideas. And so the rugged majesty, the richness and stress of their poetry, their oratory, their art, and their deeds, stand in a pyramidal loneliness; and Miltiades, Æschylus, Sophocles, Socrates—their names are generalized into an immortal dialect of freedom, and power, and lofty wisdom.

In mighty Rome, on the contrary, a sacerdotal caste severed religion from poetry and harmony. Her intense nationality, her pride of power, made greatness and genius subserve. Rome cherished no studies that would not serve policy, move factions, and promote the peace. Her sons sought wisdom and philosophy as the ablest servants of patriotism. Her unenlivened populace crowded and shouted, "that Tiber trembled underneath her banks," around the gross splendours of the military triumph, and their drama was the fight of man with beast, or the slaughter of gladiators. And so the grieved muses would never rest on that proud city; and she had not a native poetry, or philosophy, or art. Rome is but a unit in a mass of testimony to a truth which reason sees before and above testimony, that literature will not minister, that philosophy will never live, where it must expound the established.

The student must not pervert this truth, and be a recluse. The anchorites, *de la Thébaïde*, symbolized their contempt of the soul's social action, by imposing it upon themselves constantly to walk enor-

mous distances, under a burning sun, carrying pitchers to seek water in the Nile: and with it they watered a stick set out in the sand of the desert. It is fanaticism, imbecility, and the worst scepticism, which thus mocks at effort for man.—Only all the student's activity must proceed from universal principles; from those "Ideas which are the essence of the soul, and alone are eternal." There is little affinity to the senses between an attack upon Popery, the structure of the Parthenon, and the writing of Hamlet. The understanding laughs when the three are named together. Reason alone can show how it is that philanthropy, so it be true and universal, philanthropy, the more laborious, the more stirring, the more intense, the more tumultuous it is, the more it opens and soothes the soul, and leads up to the serene and still truths of philosophy and of poetry. The wildest storms graze only over the bosom of the ocean, go down a few rods, and throughout the deeps is eternal sabbath. Let us have hope in those "*turbulent and pestilent agitators*," who unfold, in unbolted language and bold deeds, Truth, Justice, Love, above and behind all use, all happiness, all "*UNIONS*," all experience, who fight against the mercenary rage, the trade, the calculation that is scorching up the wisdom no less than the righteousness of the land. Such men, oftentimes indeed unconsciously, oftentimes, like Elijah's ravens, "themselves taught to abstain from what they bring," are yet working into the heart of the people a living philosophy and faith, and so are the heralds of a new and enduring literature. As a current in the sea, the intellectual is contained and embosomed in the moral nature. Genius, it is said, is always benignant, as a philanthropy, which does not copy, which is not here or there,—which is self-subsistent, and can see empires fall without quivering—this philanthropy is always serene, and reads aright the laws of the soul. The dear and reverend name of Milton will instantly occur, as that of one of the highest illustrators of this truth.

I have alluded to another aspect of the scholar, his creativeness—namely, self-subsistence. His first, second, and third law, is perpetual youthfulness. There is a notion current, which every one is ready to disallow in terms, whilst almost every one practically receives it, that nature and soul lie already outwritten in the *Platos*, and *Miltons*, and *Bacons*, and other sages and teachers of the race. Every thing beyond this authentic body of learning is held to be mere *Limbo* and monstrosity. "This century," it has been said, "is much like the man who always took off his hat with profound respect when he spoke of himself." It is the nineteenth,—the enlightened, and some indeed declare it next to the last that terrestrial nature is going to live. A new outburst then, as in the infantile years of man,—a new *Homeric*, or *Shaksperian* age, were of course the wildest of conceits. We must bawl. Substantial creation, new exploration now were as absurd as to set off after a new continent. And so it is with us, as with the geographers *Plutarch* complains of, "who," says he, "thrust into the extremity of their maps countries which have escaped their knowledge, and give as a reason that all beyond are hills, fountainless and full of wild beasts, or dark marshes, or *Scythian* cold, or frozen seas."\* It is held a test

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\* *Vit. Thes.*

riety and modest reverence of the fathers, that one be content to look about books, and to think about other men's thoughts. Hence writings are efflorescent and excrementitious, as was said of an old they are "like one that hath more hair than head." We have literature, but only a thousand and a thousand glossaries and s, and rehearsals of literature.

reason of the scholar despises this diletantism and servility. the true philanthropist, he challenges all things. Grounds of standards of excellence, laws of poetry and art, the whole must ified to his soul. He alone gives any true honour to the past, has learned this high truth, that he who most reverences the of the great dead, will *therefore* least reverence the particular is and institutions and practices, in which that spirit outshaped to them. He builds no tombs, he raises no wailings over the ing rind and shell of their great works. He has learned too rest last truth, the infiniteness of the reason. He sees that, when, le on cycle of ages, Brutuses and Hampdens, Howards and ms, Homers and Shaksperes shall have come and passed as of the ancient forests, then beauty and virtue, nature and soul, e unwritten, unsung, unwrought into life. The angels of heaven various. In this only real and substantial universe, the highest shall go from star to star and system to system, and find not void ert, but for ever and for ever must journey in the midst of the f God. The true poet is he who opens up to us this mystery, ives us to see a somewhat which himself cannot say. We lose we gaze self-sustained on the same All, whose name, as with awful deities of Egypt, neither people nor priest may utter. The artist, poet only points to this essence which he cannot embody d, or detain on marble, or record in verse. The disciple, the isiple of these great masters only desires their words to hearten s he communes with his and their one Ideal. So trusting, the he requires from them the more he is self-directed. His study past ministers to his own youthfulness. To him this is no sear ellow leaf of things. The works and forms of nature spring forth before him and ask to be outwritten.

scholar whose works are thus the expressions of his own nature fe, finds an infinite fulness: his thoughts grow fresh and richer year, and his words fall "as the winter's snows."\* But he whom ompels to depend on alien and superinduced thought, the imi-commentator and expounder, vast as his memory and accumula-may be, is perpetually a starveling. Like sacrilegious, all de-g Erisicthon of old,

— "quod pontus, quod terra, quod educat aër,

Poscit, et appositis queritur jejunia mensis:

Inque epulis epulas quaerit."

*Ovid. Metam. VIII. 830-832.*

ave teachers of religion who wrote out their whole body of ty in a year, and are echoes of echoes, puerile, drivelling—au-too who are flying in terror for replenishment to a new science

\* "Καὶ ἔπεια νυφάδεσσιν ἰουκότα χειμὲρ ἔχων."—*Iliad*, III. 222.

or language, or even some thaumaturgy or mock science or journey. "The labour of the foolish," saith the preacher, "wearieth every one of them."

The scholar, as we have described him, who disdains to take laws and elements from another soul, does not only the highest honour to the past, but is its only genuine interpreter. That hackneyed maxim that "history is philosophy teaching by examples," has a sort of secondary truth in its terms, but is practically false. The truth is, that philosophy is the teacher of history; as different as the same universe to the eyes of Newton and the eyes of a Hottentot, so different is the same past to the man of reason, and the man of memory, the encyclopedist and generalizer. Who now enters with John Milton or with Roger Williams into the perception of a law which despises verification from experience, which is above all use? Who now livingly unfolds their spirit and doctrine, to meet the present hour and exigency? The old noon-day lamplighter might in vain look for him in the senate, or the forum, or the high places of the church, or any where, save among a few hunted saints, whose names are an offence, and whose working is not yet made to appear in its power.—And so we can have no true history of these and their brother spirits.

When Horace was affecting to make himself a Greek poet, the genius of his country, the shade of immortal Romulus, stood over him, "*post mediam noctem visus quum somnia vera*," and forbade the perversion. Who shall come and teach the gifted of America to receive and preach religion under some other symbols, through some other dialect, than that of Palestine? Who shall persuade us to import so more philosophy from abroad, from countries where belief is not in the soul, but in the traditional, the authoritative, the extraneous? Is every thing so sterile and pigmy here in New England, that we must all, writers and readers, be for ever replenishing ourselves with the mighty wonders of the old world? Is not the history of this people transcendent in the chronicles of the world for pure, homogeneous sublimity and beauty and richness? Go down some ages of ages from this day, compress the years from the landing of the pilgrims to the death of Washington into the same span as the first two centuries of Athens now fill in our memories. Will men then come hither from all regions of the globe—will the tomb of Washington, the rock of the Puritans then become classic to the world? will these spots and relics here give the inspiration, the theme, the image of the poet and orator and sculptor, and be the ground of splendid mythologies? Will the living spirits of that remote time think with earnest interest and wonder of us, who have lived, as it will then seem, in the twilight of the same day with Puritanism and the leaders of Independence, and the founders of an empire whose basis is a universal truth? What must they learn of us? Thus soon we are losing true reverence for these heroes; we will not live in the light of the universal truth to which they and their doctrines only pointed on; we cling with fury to the narrowness and wrong with which their infirmities limited the expression of the truth they loved. With their great names upon our lips, and their doctrines for our axioms, we bereave ourselves of a heritage in their spirit every day. Careless except to sound their names and continue their sins,

we move amid, we handle the rights and institutions which are the solemn monuments of their high thought, as sore-eyed Arabs now creep about among the catacombs and obelisks and eternal pyramids of Egypt. We do not express the men and the miracles of our history in our social action, and correspondingly, ay, and *by consequence*, we do not outwrite them in a poetry or art. We are looking abroad and back after a literature. Let us come and live, and know in living high philosophy and faith, so shall we find now, here, the elements, and in our own good souls the fire. Of every storied bay and cliff and plain, we will make something infinitely nobler than Salamis or Marathon. This pale Massachusetts sky, this sandy soil and raw wind, all shall nurture us :

— “ Oh, Nature, less is all of thine,  
Than are thy borrowings from our human breast.”

rich skies, fair fields shall come to us, suffused with the immortal mes of spirit, of beauteous act and thought. Unlike all the world before us, our own age and land shall be classic to ourselves.

There is a yet abstruser truth connected with this self-trust of the scholar. Great books, deeds, works of art are so many outshapings of the one essence—nature is one other. Nature also must only suggest and quicken, must point to something which herself is not, must never prevail over him. Nature indeed is a remote type and copy of the soul, and so must not be copied by the soul. The schoolmen used to say that the sensible world wears the foot-prints of God (*vestigia Dei*), but that the face of God is seen in the soul. “ When Phidias was asked on what idea he should form his statue of Jove, he answered by quoting the great verses of Homer on the curls and nod of the thunder-god.” Poetry and drama likewise must transcend the actual. Now comedy amuses in the absence of this attribute ; it is pictorial ; mere representation and mimicry of fact. Tragedy is creative, and has to do with an ideal greatness and beauty. At the sound of Shakspeare’s name, every one feels that his wisdom in human nature is entirely diverse, is diverse in kind, from the many sided and thin knowledge of the historian, the antiquary, the traveller—a wisdom of which the accumulator, the eclectic, the compounder of excellences, can have no forecast. The truth is hinted at in the expression that Shakspeare’s is a knowledge of man, and not of men. He explores the soul within him. That soul contains patriots and heroes, men of passion, men “ of imagination all compact,” sages and sufferers. They lie in its depths, they well up in infinite forms. With what aptness has Shakspeare been called the “ myriad-minded.” He is a Prometheus who withdraws from the gods their heavy works and entails, creates his own world and ensouls his own men. “ The poet,” says Sir Philip Sidney, “ lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow into another nature ; \* \* he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. \* \* Neither,” says he, “ let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to balance the highest point of man’s wit with the efficacy of nature, but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who, having made man

to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature; which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry, when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth forth things surpassing her doings."

As the laws of the scholar, artist, philanthropist, are thus drawn, not from the conventional and extraneous and actual, but from the universal soul, so his thoughts and works are universal, not for men now and here, but for man. "The matter of his works," says Schiller, in the rich version of a most true and noble English scholar, "the matter of his works he will take from the present, but their form he will derive from a nobler time; nay, from beyond all time, from the absolute unchanging unity of his own nature. Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual essence, flows down the fountain of beauty, uncontaminated by the pollutions of ages and generations, which roll to and fro in their turbid vortex far beneath it."\*

This universality of the scholar consists with and requires a certain integral character in his every particular work. Universal truth is made manifest in every word and deed. The All in Each—the words hint at a sublime and recondite doctrine, which every soul feels, while every statement of it is meagre and untrue. It is seen in art. "The painters of Italy," says Heine, "waged a more efficient warfare against the priestly powers than even the Saxon theologians. The stalworth marble forms of Michael Angelo stand in opposing protest to aged, sombre, grief-bowed Catholicism. The blooming flesh upon the works of Titian is all Protestantism. The limbs of his *Venus* are more powerful themes than those which the German monk nailed to the church door of his native village." This integrality in each work runs through philanthropy and ethical truth. "The stoics used to say, that the wise man when he works operates by all the virtues together, though one be most apparent, according to the nature of the action." It is the great work of the Supreme Reason to teach this "immanence of the All in Each." And outward nature, which is reason shaped and made visible, throughout confesses the same mystery. "We behold," says Coleridge, "the cope of heaven imaged in a dew-drop." Again, says this transcendent genius, "Every rank of creatures, as it ascends in the scale of creation, leaves death behind it or under it. The metal at its height of being seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes. The blossom and flower, the acme of vegetable life, divides into correspondent organs with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations seems impatient of that fixure, by which it is differenced in kind from the flower-shaped *Psyche* that flutters with free wing above it. And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensibility is subordinate thereto—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect, and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man. Let us carry ourselves back in spirit to the mysterious week, the teeming work days of the Creator, as they

\* See Carlyle's "State of German Literature,"—*Edinburgh Review*, No. XCII., 1827.

rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian "of the generations of the heaven and earth, in the days that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." And who that hath watched their ways with an understanding heart, could, as the vision evolving still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee; the home-building, wedded and divorceless swallow; and, above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealth and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband-folk that fold in their tiny flocks on the honeyed leaf, and the virgin sisters with the holy instincts of maternal love, detached and in self-less purity; and not say to himself, behold the shadow of approaching humanity, the sun rising from behind, in the kindling morn of creation!"\*

Man, too—man takes up into himself mineral, vegetable, sentient, animal, intellectual being; he is an aggregate, an epitome of nature—every god has dropped his gift upon him,—

"There's not one atom of the earth  
But once was living man;  
Nor the minutest drop of rain,  
That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,  
But flowed in human veins."

Perceiving these truths, the scholar finds yet another incident to this self-trust, and that is passivity. Thus all of us are artists in our sleep. "The dullest wight," it is said, "is at times a Shakspeare in his dreams. Do we not in dreams, by a miraculous metempsychosis, transfer ourselves into the very consciousness, the very being of him who is acting on us or addressing us?" Such visions come through the gate of horn, and may reveal to us something of what genius is at all hours, all active, yet in the resignation and permeableness of its own will. So in our best hours of contemplating nature, we "gaze ourselves away" on the scene; individual being passes into the firmament and wood and breeze; we are impersonal as they. Coleridge sings of Mount Blanc before sun-rise,—

—— "The dilating soul, enrapt, transfused  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven."

These moments every man knows. We may not record them—they go from us like the splendours of the borealis,

"That flit ere you can point their place."

The poet, artist, hero, is he who also can hold them fast for a little, till he gives them some faint, syllabic utterance in his verse or his works.

There is an opposite face to this truth of the surrender of the spirit, and that is, the scholar must still be an artist, must not be exhausted and driven on before his work. Herein Goethe is supreme among moderns. In this view an English scholar calls Sophocles the Pericles of poetry. "As the statesman," says he, "was called the Olympian, not from the headlong vehemence, but from the serene majesty of his strength, so of Sophocles it may be said, that his power is visible in

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\* "Aids to Reflection."



his repose, and his thunders roll from the depth of a clear sky. Is it not so too pre-eminently with Shakspeare? Shakspeare, indeed seems to come down, like some god of the old Greek drama, who stands amidst the beauties, tenderness, horrors of the scene; while himself surveys himself holds the cold pureness of a sovereign and celestial nature. Hence, you never see himself. Go through his works, and you will never know what the individual Shakspeare was or did; he is not one or all of the men he creates—he contains, he is the hidden life of the whole.

Essential to true self-trust is an entire lowliness. The sculptor, poet, feels that all he has wrought is nothing, save as it points away from itself up to something which is not wrought. All that he attains is this power of pointing up to the unattained and unattainable. Art and poetry only move and stir, and strive and tend. They “shake our dispositions with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.” So the true philanthropist too, however vast his works, however far he has journeyed, dies after all, on the top of some Pisgah, with savage deserts behind, and all his highest struggles and perils before. “The beginning of philosophy is wonder, and the end of philosophy is astonishment.” The student of religion, who draws nigh himself to God, learns to know the more and define the better his own poverty, and feels what wisdom there was in those Athenians who raised their altars to the “Divinity unknown.” The expression of the old philosopher *θεῖον σκότος*, the “divine darkness,” indicates this ideal on which the children of truth and beauty wait. It is said to be a mark of the god that their eyes never twinkle nor roll, and so the eyes of the poet, artist, philanthropist, do rest on this essence, which is unexpressed and unwrought, which cannot be held fast, which is ever above, ever a “divine darkness.” They bid us look away from themselves and their works, which are shadows, to this only substance and real life after which we with them must aspire.

Why will we not hear them? Why shall we not here, this day, resolve that we will live “resolutely in the whole, the good, the true;” that we will not hanker after the interests, and excitements, and dignities of this shadowy pageant, this dreamy life without—that we will not have wisdom for an appendage, and modification, and means, but will wholly worship, will live unto and in it.

Ye who still “reverence the dreams of your youth,” and look for a fair renewing of the face of things, brethren, by our love and reverence of the prophets and heroes that have been, by all our faith in the soul, *sursum corda*,

“Winds blow and waters roll  
Strength to the brave, and power and deity:  
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree  
Spake laws to them, and said that by the soul  
Only the nations shall be great and free.”

\*.\* We have received, with the above article, a large cargo of American literature. Pleasant such transatlantic recognition!—pleasant also the sympathy that we experience in France and Germany. Such things show that our labour is not in vain!

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

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THE ROMAN BROTHER :

*A Tragedy.*

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT

OF SAXE COBURG GOTHA,

THIS TRAGEDY,

AS A SINCERE TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION AND RESPECT,

AND

A MODEST PLEDGE IN AID OF THE REGENERATION OF THE DRAMA,

IS

(WITH SPECIAL PERMISSION)

VERY GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS' MUCH HONOURED AND MOST

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.

The following drama has been confided to the press from the conviction that the history attached to it will serve to illustrate the present condition of the stage, and the wrongs to which tragic writers a subject.

Mr. Macready having obligingly patronised some of the author's previous dramatic efforts, the MS. of *The Roman Brother* was committed to his care during the last season of his connexion with M Bunn, and was by him, after a careful perusal, recommended to the manager's attention, under the impression, on the part of Mr. Macready, as communicated by letter to the author, that if the play were successful in performance, "the triumph, owing to the pure dramatic character of the production, would be a glorious one." As, however, Mr. Bunn had previously rejected Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's *Ion*, the was in reality no chance for any other candidate.

When Mr. Macready became manager himself, the manuscripts *The Roman Brother* and another play were very unnecessarily submitted to Mr. Kenney's judgement, who pronounced both pieces to be full of "fine poetry and great eloquence;" but, as they were classic in argument, he begged to put it to Mr. Macready's experience whether the public had not always shown extreme coldness towards such subjects? Under these auspices *The Roman Brother* was returned, but the other piece was retained, on the plea of having been *lost*. It had been written at the suggestion of Mr. Macready, for the purpose of portraying the course of fraternal discord in action, as *The Roman Brother* had already depicted it in its results. The same theme appears to have been suggested also to Sir E. L. Bulwer; hence the composition of *The Sea Captain*, to which no objection can be taken on the score of its classicity at least. The author has been able to make up his lost play again from the rough manuscript. Whenever it shall be produced some curious coincidences will appear. The author appeals to Mr. Macready's recollection, as bearing witness to the priority of his claim.

During the present season, the following tragedy has been likewise in the hands of Mr. Mathews, and indeed was only received back from him on the 13th of the present April. Why has he not performed it? "First—Madame Vestris, he said, had a strong objection to a *Roman* subject; and that Knowles' *Virginius* had never brought sixpence to the treasury. Secondly,—the public would not *believe* that the existing Covent Garden company could perform tragedy, or even a serious play, as the very limited success of the *Legend of Florence* has proved." Now *The Roman Brother* was "a very great play, and very deep tragedy;" its production was therefore altogether beyond the means of the establishment. In short, added Mr. Mathews, the principal character requires a John Kemble, and we have not a John Kemble.

On a further investigation of the subject, it was found that further

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\* There are three classes of subjects proscribed at the theatre—the Roman—the relating to the Saxon Heptarchy, and the Oriental.

sculties in the distribution of the parts among the present company of the theatre, would also have arisen; and the author finally made up his mind to withdraw his production. It must be confessed that throughout the negotiation, Mr. Mathews acted with gentlemanly feeling and discrimination. He showed much sympathy with the subject and treatment of the drama, and a sufficient appreciation of its merits. These facts are stated, not in the way of complaint against the management, but in evidence of the position, that it is not for want of dramatic poets properly qualified, but from the deficiency of cultivated actors, and the inadequacy of stage-arrangements, that theatres are not only unprofitable but ruinous. It is confessed by all who have had any knowledge of the present tragedy, that *The Roman Brother* should, if it could, be performed. Meantime, be it understood that the above *are* facts.

Yes! these are facts. Drury Lane Theatre being closed,—the Haymarket being pre-engaged,—and Covent Garden not having an adequate company—there is no room either for this or any other play of a similar character during another twelvemonth, at the end of which period, the same kind of difficulties will again occur.

In publishing this drama in the present form, the author feels that he is making a great sacrifice—perhaps both of profit and reputation; but as the press teems just now with dramatic productions, in proof of the eternal truth that dramatic genius never dies, he feels a moral obligation in contributing his stock of evidence to the “cloud of witnesses” who have rejoiced in becoming martyrs to the great cause of dramatic reform.

Of course, after all, the public will decide for themselves on the merits of the present tragedy. The circumstances connected with it, however, indicate, strongly enough, that, as above stated, it is not from a want of dramatic authors, but from the paucity or erroneous distribution of efficient actors, that dramatic productions of the first class are not presented. The fault lies with the theatres, whatever the reason for its existence there. If managements have done well in the course they have unfortunately taken—then the public have done ill, in not encouraging them sufficiently. But if aught nobler and newer might have been effected than has been attempted, then the public, with this feeling, have acted judiciously in barely tolerating the obsolete and the meaner kinds of entertainment. Enthusiasm is wanting to *beget* enthusiasm.

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The Caracalla was a long garment, having a sort of capuchin or hood a-top, and reaching to the heels; worn among the Romans by the men and the women, in the city as well as in the camp. Spartian and Xiphilian represent the Emperor Caracalla as the inventor of this garment, and hence suppose the appellation *Caracalla* was first given him. Others, with more probability, make the Caracalla originally a Gallic habit, and only brought to Rome by the emperor above-mentioned, who first enjoined the soldiery to wear it. The people called it Antoninian, from the same prince, who had borrowed the name of

Antoninus. The Caracalla was a sort of cassock, or *surtout*. Salmasius, Scaliger, and after them, Du Cange, even take the name *casaque* to have been formed from that of *caraque*, for Caracalla. This is certain, from St. Jerome, that the Caracalla, with a retrenchment of the capuchin, became an ecclesiastical garment. It is described as made of several pieces cut and sewed together, and hanging down to the feet; but it is more than probable some were made shorter, especially out of Rome, otherwise they could not have suited as a military dress

*From Gibbon.*

“Neither business, nor pleasure, nor flattery, could defend Caracalla from the stings of a guilty conscience; and he confessed, in the anguish of a tortured mind, that his disordered fancy often beheld the angry forms of his father and his brother rising into life, to threaten and upbraid him. The consciousness of his crime should have induced him to convince mankind, by the virtues of his reign, that the blood deed had been the involuntary effect of fatal necessity. But the repentance of Caracalla only prompted him to remove from the world what ever could remind him of his guilt, or recall the memory of his murdered brother.”—“He left the capital (and he never returned to about a year after the murder of Geta.”

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### MEN.

BASSIANUS ANTONINUS CARACALLA, *Emperor of Rome.*

AFRICANUS, *Astrologer to the Court.*

PAPINIAN, *Prætorian Prefect for Civil Affairs.*

MACRINUS, *his Successor in Office.*

DIADUMENIUS, *his Son.*

ADVENTUS, *Prætorian Prefect for Military Affairs.*

THRASEA PRISCUS, } *Senators.*

HELVIUS PERTINAX, }

MARTIALIS, *a Common Soldier.*

CITIZENS.

PHYSICIAN.

CHOIR BOY of the Temple of Serapis, } *Mutes.*

ELAGABALUS, *High Priest of the Sun,*

*and Son of Antoninus and Soemias,*

GUARDS and ATTENDANTS.

### WOMEN.

JULIA, *the Empress.*

MÆSA, *her Sister.*

SOEMIAS, *the Daughter of Mæsa.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street of Rome, near the Palace.*

*Enter PRISCUS, CITIZENS, and SOLDIERS.*

PRISCUS.

Out on this Geta and this Antoninus !  
Ay ! Antoninus ! though I see thou wearest  
The Caracalla, to denote thy patron.

CITIZEN.

'Tis of true Gallic fashion, and a good one.

PRISCUS.

Ay—there's the hood and the long cumbrous train  
That puzzles both the heels, as if in shackles.  
You call your cloak an Antoninus too ?

CITIZEN.

We name it from the Emperor, and sometimes  
We name the Emperor himself from it—  
And call him Caracalla.

PRISCUS.

Call him—Cæsar !

'Sdeath ! Rome ! the city of the earth ! what ! Rome !  
Her empire be divided ! And shall we  
Permit the ruin tamely ?

CITIZEN.

Who said tamely ?

PRISCUS.

I ! What art thou ?

CITIZEN.

A Roman !

PRISCUS.

That's well said—

But what's a Roman ? In the olden time,  
We knew what was a Roman—now, who knows him ?

CITIZEN.

Nay—if you taunt us, you will never gain  
Your ends—

PRISCUS.

I have no ends to gain ! I call

Upon ye, not as freemen, not as Romans,  
But as partakers of an empire—

CITIZEN.

Well, your say ?

PRISCUS.

Never was such indignity proposed,  
Since Rome was offered to the highest bidder—  
Severus then did well, who stood against  
The merchant, Didius, and reclaimed his purchase—

Earth's empire ! Centuries have toiled—earth groaned—  
 Nay, Roman blood has wept, and Roman souls  
 Worn chains, and wear them now ; and tyranny  
 And guilt endured, and suffer still, that Rome's  
 Enormous mass of conquest might be held  
 Inviolable in union, soldered well  
 By time and policy together ; now  
 Shall brother's discord, fratricidal hate,  
 Make voidance of it all ? Shall Rome no more  
 Stretch from the Western Ocean to the Tigris,  
 From Atlas to the Danube and the Rhine ?  
 And why ? because the sons of dead Severus—  
 Out—out on both ! Geta and Antoninus !  
 Your Caracalla !—

CITIZEN.

Cut the matter short—  
 You're not i' th' Senate, where you make long speeches.

PRISCUS.

And why ? because Severus' impious sons  
 Are not at one ? Therefore, must Rome be two ?  
 Or rather Rome no more, but Rome and Asia ;  
 And empire crumble piecemeal once dissolved !  
 And all for Geta and for Antoninus !  
 Say, shall it be divided ? Answer, men  
 Who have inherited empire, will ye rest  
 With half—with half your heritage content !  
 Perish these Theban brethren first ! or die  
 Yourselves ! It is enough we bear two masters !

(*Citizens shout in approbation*—)

*Enter PAPINIAN and MACRINUS.*

MACRINUS.

And who art thou, whose saucy tongue inflames  
 The mad air with sedition ?

PRISCUS.

Thrasea Priscus—

Last of the line of that Thrasea Pœtus,  
 And that Helvidius Priscus, who, in the days  
 Of Nero, (bad enough, but better yet  
 Than these,) were patriots, that outlived  
 Rome's liberty, and perished for their folly,  
 Yet are by Tacitus immortalized.

PAPINIAN.

Come, my good friend, learn better wisdom, thou—

PRISCUS.

I fear me, 'tis too late i' th' day. I've grown  
 Old in my folly—and 'tis rooted.

(*Exeunt crowd.*)

MACRINUS.

See !

The people have dispersed.

PRISCUS.

We have no people—  
that I was to dream we had, a moment! (Exit.)

MACRINUS.

plain man of business, sage Papinian;  
could have scotched that snake, whose hiss disturbs it.

PAPINIAN.

ay, Macrinus; it were perilous,  
one advantage either. No Roman breast  
aves with indignation. O, ye gods!  
re two sons of my old Emperor  
l thirst each for the other's blood. Rome's provinces,  
idly they coursed through Gaul and Italy,  
it; ne'er at the same table either  
th the other, ne'er in the same house  
hey. Rome now beholds it. The wide palace,  
half the metropolis) divided!  
oiety a stranger to the other!  
from communication, every door  
assage diligently fortified,  
siege! And, even in public shows,  
rother guarded with an armed train!

MACRINUS.

-this same treaty, in which I have laboured,  
are all.

PAPINIAN.

Yes, the sovereign of Europe  
on become the conqueror of Asia.

MACRINUS.

art suspicious.

PAPINIAN.

Ay—so was Severus—  
Geta was fierce Antoninus' victim;"  
his wonted saying. But no more.  
again attend imperial Geta,  
l this fraternal meeting.

MACRINUS.

Antoninus

meet him as imperially. (Exit Papinian.)

Old dotard!

soon become the conqueror of Asia."  
o—if Antoninus find not out  
ier way. His way is mine. I climb  
does. O the curse of lowly birth,  
akes ambition follow where 't would lead.  
e Numidian slave, who creeps in courts,  
e what he scarce dreams of. I have seen  
l of Plautianus whom I served.

his victim?" He may be his own—  
o Severus said, that, in his turn,



His vices would enforce him to the wreck—  
Whereon a man, if brave, may rise by stepping.

*Enter AFRICANUS.*

*AFRICANUS (at a distance)*

Hail, Macrinus!

*MACRINUS.*

Who calls? What thou? who needs all hail from Africanus?

*AFRICANUS.*

Not Macrinus! Nay, the stars tell me that he needeth not  
from any; . . . there being self-salutation enough in his soul  
substitute the want of all other.

*MACRINUS.*

Why this to me, thou astrological knave?

*AFRICANUS.*

Fool! Thou hast ambitious thoughts; and even now wert thou  
ing what there is not evil enough in thee, nor good either, to  
perform. Wert thou better or worse than thou art, I might  
admonish thee, that such suggestions occur equally to the most  
pious, and the most profane, and are to both no more than a  
flights through air.

*MACRINUS (aside).*

He reads my very thoughts—he sees my heart!  
—Far from all superstition, I disdain  
Their astral magic, though to the dark creed  
Born, even as he,—the Prophet of the Wilds.  
Yet will I not permit these stirring hints  
To drive me from my prudence.  
Fare thee well, Africanus! I am busy.

*AFRICANUS.*

Nay, bide awhile: I have a message from the stars to thee—  
Summer—Autumn—Winter—Spring—  
Day and night—the stars do bring.  
For the sun is but a star,  
Moon and earth both planets are—  
And the heavens are ordering gods,  
Else the worlds would run at odds—  
And the powers are spirits pure;  
All Time's changes they procure,  
And the fortune of all souls  
Write on every orb that rolls—  
Thee and thy son they now ordain,  
O'er Rome's wide empery to reign!

*MACRINUS.*

I have no faith, not I, in such predictions—and verily, hold me  
to be most presumptuous. Let me therefore begone.

*AFRICANUS.*

What fascination have I? Thou deceivest thyself—But, listen—  
Hast thou not heard of one  
Who in the stars read Julia Domna's greatness,

And, in their combination at her birth,  
Royal nativity, in syllables  
And words and sentences, for her perused ?  
Moved by the horoscope thus drawn by me,  
Severus, wishing for a second wife,  
And seeking for some favourite of fortune,  
Wedded the flower of Emesa—now  
Rome's empress, worthy of such astral promise—  
Beauteous, magnanimous, a learned lady,  
And scientific—quick of wit and fancy—  
Patron of genius and the friend of art.

MACRINUS.

Well, what of that ?

AFRICANUS.

Am I not he ? More proof :

I will relate what passed at the great meeting  
Between the imperial brothers.

MACRINUS.

Thou wert there.

AFRICANUS.

Nay, I was not.

MACRINUS.

Well, say thy say out quickly.

AFRICANUS.

On Antoninus' part it was conditioned,  
That he, as elder, should remain possessed  
Of Europe and the Western Africa :  
On Geta's, that to him should be relinquished  
Asia and Egypt, royal state to hold  
At Alexandria or at Antioch,  
Cities scarce less than Rome ; the Thracian Bosphorus  
Meanwhile on either side being soldiered well,  
As frontiers of the rival monarchies—  
The senators of European stock  
Owning Rome's lord, while all of Asian birth  
Should follow forth the Emperor of the East.

MACRINUS.

Correct enough ; I planned myself the treaty.

AFRICANUS.

But not that the negotiation should  
Be interrupted by the Empress' tears,  
In public presence shed.

MACRINUS.

Yet this, though absent,

Thou knowest still by popular report.

AFRICANUS.

By the chaste Pleiades and great Orion !  
Only from the wide book of starry heaven,  
And the unwritten volume of my soul,

Have I derived this knowledge. For 'till now,  
 Have I for many weeks been far retired,  
 Within a cave upon a wild hill top—  
 Far—far from Rome away—and have this instant  
 Entered the Eternal City.

MACRINUS.

What hill top ?

AFRICANUS.

That is a mystery, must not be profaned—  
 What followed in the secret chambers too,  
 I know ; how Antoninus hath consented,  
 At his imperial mother's prayer, to meet  
 With Geta, reconciled in her apartment.  
 And there even now 'twere well thou hadst been present.

MACRINUS.

It is their time of meeting.

AFRICANUS.

Horror ! horror !

Know thou me, now, true Sæer of the Stars ;  
 This is the hour of death to one of them—  
 Blood flows both of the mother and the son !  
 See, to confirm my words, Adventus comes,  
 (The military prefect of the state,)  
 With haste. The news he brings will bring thee greatness. (*Exit.*)

*Enter ADVENTUS.*

ADVENTUS.

No time for pause. Macrinus ! haste with me  
 Unto the palace. 'Tis given out, assassins  
 Are in the closet of the Empress hid,  
 And still the cry is "murder, murder, murder !"

MACRINUS.

Look yonder mid the columns of the palace,  
 What muffled man is wandering ?

ADVENTUS.

Perhaps,

The assassin—let us stop him !

MACRINUS.

Have with thee !

ADVENTUS.

He wears the Caracalla—

MACRINUS.

What of that ?

There's many a rogue that wears it—

ADVENTUS.

Gaul and Roman !

(*Exeunt up the stage*—)

*Enter ANTONINUS (muffled) at the side.*

ANTONINUS.

at night ! subvert the censer of the sun,  
d empty its cold ashes on the dark !  
e moping, shivering owl, I would be stirring  
me ;—not even a star awake. Night's cressets !  
ar everlasting oil should be poured out,  
it men might see me not ! Blindness come on  
th, and, heaven ! thee. Die, thou pervasive air !  
it no articulation more be heard,  
voice, though strong in anguish of remorse,  
emotion, maddened from its stealthiness !

*Re-enter MACRINUS and ADVENTUS.*

MACRINUS.

y, mantled ruffian !

ANTONINUS.

Ruffian ?—ay, a wretch,  
atricidal wretch !—

ADVENTUS.

Gods ! 'tis the voice  
Antoninus !

ANTONINUS.

Am I known ? Avengers !  
ere but an act of savage instinct in ye,  
prove your weapons on me—for, behold,  
m but as an infant—all as helpless,  
an old man whom years and palsy shake !  
sword is useless in my trembling hand !  
he word, kill ?

MACRINUS.

Nay, why should we avenge ?  
crinus and Adventus——

ANTONINUS.

Who ?—what ye ?  
send me from the men of blood ! Ah ! save me  
om Geta ! the slain Geta ! There !—'tis nothing !  
t my teeth chatter, and my hair grows stiff !  
eserve me !—help me to escape this horror !  
the prætorian camp ! Give me your guardance !  
ere I will tell you all !—your hands ! your hands !

*(Exeunt.)*

*Re-enter AFRICANUS with MARTIALIS.*

AFRICANUS.

y fortune told ? Ay, thou shalt have it told—  
ou wouldst deserve, so that thou mightst aspire.

MARTIALIS.

ou'st hit my thought. If they did know their man,  
ta or Antoninus might find in me,  
' I had hope, what might serve one or other.

*The Roman Brother.*

AFRICANUS.

Brave Martialis ! Geta is most popular  
I' th' camp ?

MARTIALIS.

He understands the way—he shows  
Himself—is generous—and buys followers.

AFRICANUS.

True—

Thus younger brothers must ; but, save the matter  
Of largess, ye'd not care to abet the claims  
Even of the elder.

MARTIALIS.

No astrologer

Is needed to tell that.

AFRICANUS.

Now then, thy fortune

Is made ; . . . my skill points the prætorian chapel,  
Where worship ye your eagles and your standards,  
As a most likely place, where thou mayst mark,  
If visited anon, what will advance  
Thy interests, if thou hast prudence.

MARTIALIS.

Trust me—

My service to thee, good astrologer !

AFRICANUS (*solus*).

Mark the discernment of the little child :  
With what keen truth it doth discriminate  
The spirits of its elders, by the force  
Of most mysterious sympathy, whose tact  
The grossest mask doth pierce. A taciturn  
And taskless watcher, shall a tiny girl  
Of seven years' old perceive and ponder well  
The movements of the busy and adult,  
That they themselves o'erlook ; and, innocent,  
Judge right where grey experience shall but err—  
—Such, souls like mine, at leisure, and with skill  
To note what others miss, in proud self-will !

SCENE II.—*An Interior of the Palace.**Enter JULIA—MESA—SOEMIAS, and a PHYSICIAN.*

JULIA.

Physician, thanks ! My wounded hand is easy—  
But there's a wound your skill avails not for—  
Ye heal not broken hearts. Thanks—and farewell !

(*Exit PHYS*

The ancient sanctities that once swayed all things,  
The generous love that once made brothers lovely,  
The grace, the ardour, and the piety,  
That to familiar things gave life and freshness,

**As** with perpetual dew, making the hearths  
**Of** common cotters very beautiful—  
**Like** rose-links too late woven—now are withered,  
**And** bloom no longer about life's relations ;  
**So** rent asunder are they ; rent with them  
**The** ties that bind together kindred hearts ;  
**And** the scorned household gods leave Rome a desert !  
**—Where**, then, is he the master of the wild ?  
**Wh**ere wanders he, self-banished ? Antoninus !  
**Thy** mother's heart is weary with much terror,  
**Bec**ause of darkness, ignorant and perplexed,  
**Wh**ither thy steps do tend ?

MÆSA.

I know thee wise,  
**Im**perial sister ; yet it moves my wonder,  
**Th**at for thy son, slain Geta, thou complainst not,  
**B**ut wastest tears on the surviving one,  
**Th**ough he his brother slew.

JULIA.

A mother thou—  
**Y**et hast not had this trial, and knowst not  
**I**ts strange conditions. There, beside thee now,  
**I**n vernal bloom, thy daughter, fair Soemias,  
**S**tands living with the grace that made us loved,  
**W**hen we were young.

MÆSA.

Yet if she now were dead,  
**I** should with rage lament her.

JULIA.

I do grieve  
**F**or Geta—but for him who slew him more !  
**W**ith *that* all fear is dead—with *this* survives,  
**A**nd with no common passion stings the soul.

MÆSA.

**F**ear ! I had deemed a mother's heart had hated  
**T**he murderer of her son.

JULIA.

I hate thee, Mæsa !  
**W**ho thus wouldst murder my remaining one,  
**K**illing the love in which he can live only—  
**A**nd such a son !

MÆSA.

And such a son ?

JULIA.

Ay, such—

**F**or Antoninus is both brave and wise—  
**I**magination hath he to conceive,  
**A**nd eloquence to utter noblest thoughts,  
**A**nd wisdom to conserve an empire's weal—

So too had Geta! Would to the great gods,  
They had not wakened his ambitious mind,  
To share dominion with his elder brother,  
From which fault sorrow to his father grew,  
And slaughter to himself!

SOEMIAS.

Yes, true it is,  
That Geta drew his harm on his own crest,  
O'eremulous of empire.

JULIA.

Who saith that?  
Who speaks of my dead son with slanderous lips?  
Who dares to wrong slain Geta?

MÆSA.

Even now,  
Thou saidst as much thyself.

JULIA.

And if I did—  
The mother of the slain and of the slayer  
Hath lofty privilege, as far removed  
From all approach, as heaven is from the earth,  
Despite her mountains that would stay the clouds!  
Deem not to meet the vapours of my grief,  
And so disperse them with your towering censures,  
That would out-top a mother's ecstasy,  
Who loves her living son, and feels him worthy,  
Whatever guilt stern fate hath forced on him.

MÆSA.

And it was love that oped my daughter's lips,  
In Antoninus' favour.

JULIA.

Ha!—forgot!—  
Then she hath feeling, and can sympathize  
With me to such extent, as she loves him—  
But, oh! for him, my younger hope! no heart  
Can feel like mine. For that I did him wrong  
A little while ago, vexed to vain speech,  
I'll weep him now the more. I'll in, and shed  
My eyes, o'er what is left of him. Great Rhea!  
Thou knowst the heart of a bereaved mother,  
And what she feels for a surviving son,  
Whose peace is threatened, and perhaps his life—  
Maternal power! thine aid vouchsafe to me! (Exit)

SCENE III.—*The Prætorian Chapel—its altar surmounted with  
and ensigns.*

ANTONINUS discovered prostrate before them. MACRINUS and  
VENTUS in front of the stage.

MACRINUS.

I muse, how Africanus speeds among  
The soldiery.

ADVENTUS.

He may be trusted? I  
Speak not as from suspicion—but as bred  
In camps, and knowing little of the interior  
Of the imperial palace.

MACRINUS.

He does love  
Severus' house. Fond of his starry prescience,  
The great Severus, when he wed with Julia,  
Rome's ruling oracle of womanhood,  
Did consecrate apartments in the palace,  
His studious dwelling.

ADVENTUS.

I have missed him lately—

MACRINUS.

Why, thus it was. The imperial brethren scorned  
His wisdom and his warning; threatened too  
By one, and unprotected by the other,  
He sought some wild and worldless solitude—  
Hush—Antoninus hears—

*Enter MARTIALIS.*

ADVENTUS.

Ha! *Martialis*!

See there the Emperor Antoninus lying  
In prayer before the gods—in prayer for safety—

MARTIALIS.

Why, what has happened?

MACRINUS.

In the Empress' chamber,  
He and his brother met, in her sole presence,  
At least 'twas deemed so—but there were concealed  
Centurions, who, in midst of the debate,  
Rushed from their hiding-places, and attacked  
Our Antoninus. Thus, put on his mettle,  
He, while himself defending, took by chance  
The life of Geta.

MARTIALIS.

Know ye, the whole camp  
Are on the side of Geta?

MACRINUS.

So we know,  
But he is slain—and all unwittingly—  
Hadst thou but seen the Emperor, newly 'scaped  
From that unhappy strife—all wild with fear  
Upon him of the peril he had fled from—  
Into the open street—as met by us—  
Your prefect can avouch—

ADVENTUS.

I can, and will—

I am old, and speak the truth—



MACRINUS.

Hadst thou ~~then~~ seen him —  
 Thou hadst borne witness, willingly as we do,  
 To his comparative innocence. And look,  
 How now he seeks protection from the eagles  
 And ensigns, gods of war? Would he dare that,  
 If he were guilty?

MARTIALIS.

That is well—but more—

MACRINUS.

Yes—more is needed. For thyself, as first  
 In presence here, peculiar recompense  
 Shall be awarded. For the camp in general,  
 The accumulated treasures of Severus,  
 Shall all be freely lavished in the purchase  
 Of the prætorian body to his cause.  
 Go—make this known—go—go!

MARTIALIS.

I will—and bring  
 A deputation from the camp anon.

ADVENTUS.

Geta has been the soldier's favourite;  
 But now regrets are vain—revenge still vainer,  
 And perilous to boot. Severus' son,  
 Moreover, for his father's sake is dear—  
 Touching the rest, the donative will prove  
 His side the justest.

*Enter MARTIALIS and SOLDIERS.*

There your Emperor lies,  
 Wild horror on him yet, from the assault  
 Which scarce has left him reason, nor will deign  
 Rise, or accept of comfort.

MARTIALIS.

Pity—if

His faithful soldiers find no readier answer  
 To their assuring prayers.

*(Goes to)*

Imperial sire!

From this prostration, up! Prætorian swords  
 Are now thy safeguards!

ANTONINUS (*rising*).

O, forgive me, friends!

A man who never can forgive himself!  
 Hard fate, doomed in my own defence to slay  
 My father's son!

Ye know, how he aspired—  
 Ye know, how that he dared even deal with you!  
 But more than all he promised, I'll perform—  
 With you and for you I will live and die,  
 My faithful troops!

An hour ago, 'twas more

I could tell, that now I should be living  
laim your loves!

'Twas surely these same gods,  
now, in answer to my earnest suit,  
sent me solace, that preserved me then,  
ounded as I was!

My mother's presence  
d to reprove the assassins—nor might she  
pe unwounded!

MARTIALIS.

What! the Empress?

ANTONINUS.

I

that her hand, held up in the defence  
ne son, then another, was cut down,  
ierced, and poured out blood. Then I grew mad,  
she should suffer! Nor can after tell  
it happened, save that *he* was slain, and I  
e way through their drawn swords, and, the next moment,  
outside of the palace.

MARTIALIS.

All must die  
e—yet 'twere well this had been otherwise.  
ement has been promised.

ANTONINUS.

Yes! on each  
thousand drachmas, and a moiety  
remaining thousand, I bestow—  
ble your rations—and at your disposal  
e the paternal treasury.

MARTIALIS.

We accept it—  
Antoninus be sole emperor?

SOLDIERS (*shout in approbation*).  
Antoninus be sole emperor!

ANTONINUS.

me at morning then before the palace,  
tend me to the Senate.

(*Soldiers exeunt, shouting*

"Antoninus!")

AFRICANUS *appears above the altar*.

AFRICANUS.

im beware whom Saturn's planet owns,  
Jupiter demands!

(*Disappears.*)

ANTONINUS.

What voice was that?

*The Roman Brother.*

MARTIALIS.

'Twas Africanus the astrologer—  
I'll follow him, and punish his intrusion.

ANTONINUS (*with dignity*).

Let him alone. Wait on me to the palace!

(*Exit*—)

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The State Chamber of the Palace.*

ANTONINUS, PAPINIAN, MACRINUS, ADVENTUS, DIADUMENIUS—

ANTONINUS.

Learn'd Papinian! when the great Severus,  
At York in Britain, on his death-bed lay,  
Me and my brother to thy prudent hands  
He did commend, that thou shouldst overwatch  
Our prosperous courses.

PAPINIAN.

And your lasting union.

ANTONINUS (*impatiently*).

So far as that was possible; . . nay, truly,  
Thou hast performed that duty in extreme:  
For still there must be great oppugnancy,  
Between *two* equal independent powers  
In *one* dominion.

PAPINIAN.

It was a painful office—

But seven years in the service of Severus  
Had satisfied him of my honesty,  
And skill in difficult passages of state.

ANTONINUS (*with increased impatience*).

What could be done, thou didst: let that content thee!  
The fatal end is all we have now to do with.  
Needs to the senate some defence be made  
For what has chanced.

PAPINIAN.

What then?

ANTONINUS.

As Seneca

For Nero, thou must pen an eloquent  
Apology for our delivery there.

PAPINIAN.

What wouldst thou have me write?

ANTONINUS.

Thou better know'st

Than I what suits the drones; though, were they sages,  
A meet defence were mine!

PAPINIAN.

As how ?

ANTONINUS.

Wouldst hear ?

—Neither by disposition nor by culture,  
Have I been cruel. Look back on my youth !  
While for the throne of this majestic world,  
My father strove both in the East and West,  
My noble mother taught me other lore,  
In letters and philosophy well skilled.  
Then read I Plato with impassioned heart,  
And with the Stagyrte informed my mind ;  
And, like their pupil, Alexander, burned  
To body' idéas in heroic deeds—  
But, soon instructed by his failure, knew,  
The dædal universe too small a thing,  
And time, for their accomplishment, too brief !  
—Therefore on the sweet poets of old Greece  
I fed unworldly yearnings, and was dead  
To Rome and Rome's concerns.

PAPINIAN.

Whereto tends this ?

ANTONINUS.

That I was bred up a contemplatist,  
And was unapt to bloody practices,  
Such as befit the stirring.

PAPINIAN.

'Tis well put.

ANTONINUS.

Of different temper, Geta. The wide world  
Became his theatre, upon whose stage  
He grew ambitious to perform a part ;  
And in Severus' partial mind induced  
A fond persuasion, that his busy zeal  
Would supplement, with benefit to both,  
My earnest meditation, and the state  
Flourish beneath the kindred influences  
Of thought and action in imperial league.  
But this might not be so ; for thought is first  
And greatest, and as elder I was marked  
With jealous eye by him. Therefore he made  
A separate cause, and bought him favourites,  
And, finally, divided Rome in twain,  
By faction torn and troubled night and day.  
Which to divert, our father to the wars  
Took us, in Britain. Over barren heaths,  
Pinched with the wintry cold and clime severe,  
Across the hills and by the deep morass,  
Our hostile arms we carried ; nor did I

Show lack of bravery, fortitude or art.  
 Hardship I bore, and peril turned aside,  
 And in the attack was bold as any there.  
*The younger* made the common troops his friends,  
 For such ambition is a bird that mates  
 With low as well as high; and, vulture-like,  
 Scorns not vile carrion, if it serve for food.  
 So when my father died, the purchased bands  
 Acclaimed him emperor jointly with myself.

PAPINIAN.

It was thy father's will.

ANTONINUS.

What, if it were ?

That wish was father'd first by subtlety  
 And concealed practice on my brother's part.  
 All which, together with our different moods,  
 Most clearly will evince, without more proof,  
 The rather likelihood that Geta might  
 Attempt my life than I should venture his.

PAPINIAN.

'Tis very plain—

ANTONINUS.

Ay—ay—thou seest 'tis plain.

PAPINIAN.

I see 'tis plain, . . . 'tis easier to commit  
 Than justify a parricide.

ANTONINUS (*drawing*).

How now ?

Hang'st back ? Stand ! or thy life's in jeopardy—

(PAPINIAN )

Stand up, I say ! else that old head lies lower !  
 Thou wilt not ? Then 'tis Nemesis that prompts thee !  
 Make thy peace with the gods !

MACRINUS (*interposing*).

Imperial Cæsar !

Permit suggestion from a friend so humble—

ANTONINUS.

Nay—thou shalt have his place ! Thou art the prefect !  
 Of that prætorian office I divest him.  
 Did he but know, how, in the noon of night,  
 The Shadows of the Dead torment my couch,  
 He would not curse me loud for parricide,  
 But weep with pity for the wrongs I suffer !  
 —Papinian ! from my sight ! thou hoary traitor !

(Exit PAPINIAN)

Macrinus ! thou shalt do this task for me,  
 Who hast a ready pen, and showst thy duty  
 Like a true subject. Get thee to thy closet,  
 Work thine invention. Meanwhile, with Adventus  
 I hold close conference.

MACRINUS.

On my faith, sole Cæsar,  
is on a rock.

ANTONINUS.

Whom hast thou there ?

MACRINUS.

Diadumenius, gracious Cæsar !  
archer, and he comes with news  
thia.

ANTONINUS.

What from thence ?

DIADUMENIUS.

Dread Cæsar ! there  
is obey the Master of the World—

ANTONINUS.

ave ye conquered ?

DIADUMENIUS.

Here the tale is writ,  
he scrolls I bear.

ANTONINUS.

Attend upon us—  
Adventus see them.—Come, Adventus !

(*Exeunt.*)

MACRINUS (*solus*).

prefect ! 'tis the truth, indeed !  
Adventus brought *has* brought me fortune.  
w, then, it seems, speaks oracles.  
purple in my clothier's ledger !

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*Exterior of the Senate House.*

N COHORTS—*enter* MARTIALIS, AFRICANUS, HELVIUS  
PERTINAX, and THRASEA PRISCUS.

MARTIALIS.

3 drachmas in my purse.

AFRICANUS.

'Tis well, then.

MARTIALIS.

a fortunate astrologer—  
ou not tell me where more good luck haunts ?

AFRICANUS.

uldst thou have ? hast thou not got the money ?

MARTIALIS.

something ; station something more :  
lave rank !

AFRICANUS.

Rank ?

MARTIALIS.

Ay ; methinks, my service

Was not to be remunerated grossly—  
I'd be a centurion.

AFRICANUS.

A centurion? There's  
Macrinus; state thy case to him. He's prefect.

MARTIALIS.

He is not warlike; and Adventus is  
The *military* prefect.

AFRICANUS.

Take my counsel,  
Or take it not. Adventus will perform  
Whate'er the Emperor bids—but what he bids,  
Macrinus moves—

MARTIALIS.

Thanks, good Astrologer!

(*Martialis returns into the room*)

PERTINAX.

Ha! ha! ha! So there's news from those same Goths—  
The Getæ. He has called himself by names  
Of nations he has conquered; Bassianus  
And Antoninus; with his by-names too,  
Tarantus one and Caracalla t'other—  
(A favourite gladiator and a garment,  
His mantle used for walking out in th' air)  
Are not enough; but thereto must be added  
Parthicus, Alemanicus;—and now,  
In more than one sense he may take a new name,  
*Geticus!* By the gods! this conquest o'er  
The Getæ comes just in the nick of time!

PRISCUS.

This jesting spirit, Helvius Pertinax,  
May work thee harm. I know that thou took'st part  
With Geta; I myself cared not for either  
Of the two factions. The integrity  
Of thy great empire, Rome! my waking thoughts  
And sleeping agonized—and I am glad,  
That thou hast lost one master, but to find  
Thine undivided total self again!

PERTINAX.

Come to the Senate! Come unto the Senate!  
I'll put it to the vote!

PRISCUS.

'Twere better not—  
Have with thee ne'ertheless—for I behold  
The Emperor is abroad.

(*Exeunt PRISCUS and PERTINAX*)

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter the EMPEROR, ANTONINUS, MACRINUS, DIADUMENIUS, and GUARDS.*

AFRICANUS.

Beware! beware!  
Whom Saturn owns, but Jupiter demands!

ANTONINUS.

that man to me!

MACRINUS.

Let him who now called,  
each the imperial presence.

(*AFRICANUS comes forward.*)

ANTONINUS.

Africanus!

thou! Why in the public way oppose me,  
in the palace, thou hast name and place?  
warn'st me to beware. Beware thyself—  
my wrath kindle.

AFRICANUS.

Whom the Delphian god,  
utters prophecies, hath wooed while yet  
gin soul, and from the modest lips  
n the silent curb; . . . if, after this,  
gifted mind refuse return of love  
ie deceived inspirer; then its voice  
lose persuasion. Have I done this sin?  
father heard me—but ye have not heard me—  
ine had been the fate of Priam's daughter,  
in the house of Atreus, when the star  
lood was raging, like a Fury's sword,  
the devoted palace of my master,  
that Apollo rapt his prophet hence  
the place prepared for him of old.

ANTONINUS.

are wild words and mystic; yet their meaning  
is not itself from me. My imperial mother  
es thee; . . . for myself, it may be, I  
not despise what I have once despised.  
world makes changes in us many and sore—  
I, who would, in indolent repose,  
on the past, must fain be diligent  
resent time and prescient of the future—  
seeest me stirring now and over anxious;  
thee home to thy study—when I need thee,  
and for thee. But if thou wouldst escape  
ndra's doom, take seasonable hours  
thy forewarning, and not daunt my soul,  
in the tide of action, with dark sayings,  
on herself to a retiring ebb. (*Exit AFRICANUS.*)  
for the Senate! We are Emperor.

(*Exeunt omnes in procession—loud music.*)

*Enter (hastily) PRISCUS and PERTINAX.*

PERTINAX.

erty of the Senate, truly! The Conscript fathers free to



vote, indeed! Yes—yes—all on one side, though—wonder  
nimity! *All* shall vote too! Universal suffrage, forsooth!  
on such fine doings.

PRISCUS.

Be prudent, and return!

PERTINAX.

Two armed soldiers at the side of every Senator; and the  
master, from the Consul's chair, pronouncing a well-prepared  
None, methinks, will or can dispute the force of argumen-  
tation.—Precious logic!

PRISCUS.

Be prudent, I say. Come in!

*Enter MARTIALIS with SOLDIERS.*

MARTIALIS.

Senators! to your places! The Emperor is much displeased  
them vacant, and commands, ye take them instantly.

PRISCUS.

Obey—and be dumb—

PERTINAX.

Nay—nay—not dumb! We have to give our voices! (

SCENE III.—*The State-Chamber of the Palace*

JULIA, MESA, SOEMIAS and AFRICANUS discover

JULIA (to AFRICANUS).

I wanted thee? I may be glad thou'rt come,  
But for thy sake, not mine—nor for thy science,  
Which, at the best, is most unsatisfactory.

AFRICANUS.

Proof hast thou in thine own nativity—

JULIA.

It was a prophecy, fulfilled itself.  
—Ye told me not, that I should be the mother,  
As 'twere, of two conflicting orbs like you,  
Ye planets! As if ye might wildly rush  
From your opposing poles, to meet i' th' centre.  
For mingled wreck and mutual desolation!

AFRICANUS.

Empress! be comforted!

JULIA.

I am too calm—

'Tis like a pause in the mid height of a tempest  
The slumber in the air, precedes its torment—  
and the peace I feel—

With majesty and beauty in a beast,  
And ape its fury in my desperate fear!  
—Therefore, let me have way—that I may spend,  
In present anger, what would feed too well  
The direr passion, that awaits me still,  
An' for its hungry appetite I keep  
Aught in reserve! Go—good Astrologer!  
I shame to weep before thee! (Exit AFRICANUS.)

Mæsa! Sister!

Let me weep on thy heart!

MÆSA.

It feels for thee!

JULIA.

How speeds he in the Senate? O Soemias!  
How goes it with thee too? What is suspense  
To thee?

SOEMIAS.

A void—a gulf—a pool—a quicksand—  
Where all is nothing! 'Tis a sinking-down—

JULIA.

And struggling to keep up—and nought to hold by!  
Catching at air, and finding the hand empty!  
—How speeds he in the Senate? Tell me that!

SOEMIAS.

Alas! I know not!

JULIA.

Know I not, thou know'st not?

But *he* doth know!

SOEMIAS.

Who?

JULIA.

Geta!

SOEMIAS.

Geta's dead!—

JULIA.

His spirit appeared last night to Antoninus!  
—Spirit of Geta! in the midst of darkness,  
Thou walkest as in the light, a creature pure—  
Thou couldst appear to him—appear to me!  
Make a fine pathway of a sunbeam now,  
Putting off hate with flesh, and teach my soul  
Intelligence of thy brother!

What! wroth still?

Why, when he thirsts, should he but have to drink  
The gall of sharp remorse?

Death makes us gods,

I know; and at thine obsequies we paid  
Honours divine, befitting thy high birth,  
To thee: Thou hast the power of a god,  
O, show his mercy too!

(Shouting heard without.)

*The Roman Brother.*

MESA.

What shouts are those ?

I will inquire—

*(Exit Mesa, then re-enters)*

'Tis the Emperor returned

Successful from the Senate.

*(Flourish of trumpets—Enter ANTONINUS, M. and DIADUMENIUS.)*

ANTONINUS.

Give them thanks—

From me—dismiss them—come back, Diadumenius !

Take them my Caracalla—this same mantle,  
I brought with me from Gaul. Give it to them,  
To pattern from : for thus I do them honour—  
Each one of them shall wear their Emperor's robe ;  
The Caracalla be the soldier's dress—

*(Exit DIADUMENIUS—shouting heard without,  
Caracalla ! the Caracalla !)*

I am glad to be quit on't. I would breathe freely—  
Room to expand in—for my heart is swelling !  
Dominion ! thou art as the crown of life,  
Hung in the sky above us, hovering  
'Till on some single head it settle down—  
My temples greet thee, like a rainbow-wreath  
Around them ! Sun of Glory ! who makest golden  
The marvelling air with miracle—I feel thee,  
I love thee—thou art beautiful and bright,  
Like to a planetary coronal  
On a tall mountain's top—a lamp—a fire—  
That warms me, that illumines. Never yet  
I felt me an imperial man till now !

JULIA *(aside)*.

Thou comest like a dancer to a revel,  
Forgetting thou hast passed thy brother's corse  
Upon the way.

*(To him.)* Thou'rt as a wassailer,  
Bearing a wine-bowl in thy drunken hand,  
Not knowing it holds poison. Dash it from thee !

ANTONINUS.

Hail ! my imperial mother ! bid me hail !  
Thou too art in heroic ecstasy,  
And speak'st in tropes ! Why, then, we both are r  
Thy brain as mine is swimming, and whirls on,  
As doth a stormy night into the dawn,  
Abashed with colours of the coming light !  
'Tis from the lack of use that this is strange.  
Had I been active from my prime of life,  
This whirl had not perplexed me. 'Twill decreas  
As I grow custom'd to the common lot.

*(Re-enter DIADUMENIUS, and whispers M.)*  
What are ye whispering there ?

MACRINUS.

'Tis of Papinian—

My son brings word that the prætorian soldiery,  
Hearing of his dismissal, have fallen on him,  
As one disgraced, and slain him for a traitor.

ANTONINUS.

Do ye my work for me, . . . who dwell behind  
The stars, . . . whose awful mandates, with the winds,  
Ride through the desolate clouds, and, with the thunder,  
Strike, like its bolt? Are your dread voices but  
The echoes of my will—the loud exponents  
Of my unheard desires? Peal on—peal on!  
Let the gale burst with sobbing!

JULIA (*kneeling*).

'Tis my heart—

Thy mother's heart is breaking with those sobs—  
O, hear him not, ye righteous destinies!  
Lest from your outraged thrones ye rain down plague  
And pestilence upon the race of men;—  
And, in the midst of darkness, making light  
Through your dread presence only, walk the world  
With a great frown on your divinest brows,  
And a discriminant finger, pointing out  
Your chosen victims from the shuddering crowds,  
As on ye move in slow and solemn state!

ANTONINUS.

What charm art muttering to the *Fates* that love us?  
Gods love gods. *They* are gods. Princes are gods—  
Imperial names are syllabled divinely,  
Or should be—do not err from overmuch  
Humility, lest they be jealous, mother!  
Of their bestowed companionship on souls  
That want due dignity to be their fellows.

JULIA (*rising and approaching him with solemnity*).

Are the gods jealous? 'Tis then of our pride—  
And thine is awful now, for there is one  
Of them, a solemn anger, whom this vaunt  
Must needs offend—a new one, and named, Geta!

ANTONINUS (*appalled*).

I thought not to have heard that name again—  
And least from thee, where least I can avenge it!

JULIA.

Thy hand upon thy sword hilt? Let it go—  
Thus I remove it! Ha! I have thee now!

(*She draws the sword from his side.*)

Thy brother's blood is on this steel! IT LIVES!  
A fearful creature this same bloody weapon!  
This vampire that sucks blood, and after weeps  
Red gore in mockery or in drunkenness—

*The Roman Brother.*

A crocodil with wet eyes from o'ermurdering,  
Shedding tears like-hued with the wine it drinks,  
From life's own vine! It is a reeking monster,  
That never can be shamed, for all its blushes  
Are boastful insolence; when they burn upon it,  
Then 'tis with glory gilded! 'Tis a snake,  
That winds its way into the valiant heart,  
Then comes in triumph out with rosy jaws,  
For it has stung and slain! My strained eyes ache  
With tracing thy keen edge. Here, Mæsa! take it,  
And put it out of sight.

ANTONINUS.

O, bury it!

Heap mountains on it! delve for it a grave,  
Deep as the centre! I would break it small,  
And scatter it like dust, but that the reptile  
Would grow as worms do, and thus multiply—  
Let it be crushed with the whole weight of the world,  
That it may rise no more! and with it go,  
Clean, utterly away, minutest thing,  
Each atom, each remotest accident,  
That can remember us of him it slew!

JULIA.

That is impossible!

ANTONINUS.

Impossible!

Then even let me therewith be likewise hid,  
In the profound, where dreadful chaos is,  
With the mysterious elements of nature;  
There sleeps the insentient, tranquil; while, unheard,  
Confusion rages in the infinite void—  
Gape, earth! and swallow all—ourselves and Rome!

SOEMIAS.

O, Antoninus! my own Antoninus!  
If the earth gape, we will descend together:  
For I have known thy virtue, and will love thee!  
Let not great Fear seize on thy valour thus!

ANTONINUS.

Too valiant! Blood is so easily shed—  
'Tis but as an air-bubble—prick the vein,  
And the small globe wells forth, and then it breaks—  
Is gone; . . . dew—dew, which the sun colours like  
The coral—but of soft and fragile web,  
Which with his kiss he shatters—'Tis exhaled  
Even so soon! But we have *no* power—*none*—  
That tiny orb—that gem—to reconstruct!  
Why was life trusted to such transient keeping?  
Pity! sweet pity!

SOEMIAS.

Why call'st thou on pity?

ANTONINUS.

Help me to sustain the horrid thought,  
I, when once breathed, will not again be gathered.

SOEMIAS.

Thou dost love me—and our distant son—  
if my love for thee have any force,  
so much as a drop of this cold moisture,  
clings upon thy hand, and which the air  
ying will take hence, and carry on  
swift wings even to the farthest star,  
shall return its action in like kind—  
if thy love for *us* have but the warmth  
lights the glow-worm's unregarded spark,  
which mocks a pigmy's lamp—look but upon me;  
nor that my face is beautiful e'en yet,  
very beautiful and passing fair,  
thou hast sworn—nay, try to think it such—  
these uncouth regards whereon thou look'st  
lose attraction, being neglected so,  
fail to fix thy fascinated gaze!

ANTONINUS.

Would that it might be done! *I stretch myself,*  
as, in these same agonies; and may,  
none but will, unpeg the strings again,  
I have drawn too strict.

SOEMIAS.

Doubtless, thou may'st.

Look of our boy, and of the far Emesa,  
where, at a Syrian altar, he adores  
the glorious sun, with frequent sacrifice,  
the high priest of his bright service there!  
Not for his sire extort atonement  
from his propitiate god?

ANTONINUS.

Soemias!

Thank thee for the thought. But even now,  
seduced on the vanity  
of late deed, whose benefits, if any,  
only measure of my single life,  
that a miserable—but, perhaps,  
may descend on him.

SOEMIAS.

My hopes are so!

ANTONINUS.

—now I'm calm. Macrinus! why should he  
be here—if not on duty? What wouldst say,  
Macrinus?—hast thou further business?

MACRINUS.

'Tis on behalf of Martialis, . . . who  
For his late service to thee, in the camp  
Of the Prætorians, wishes the reward  
In higher rank. I pray thee, Cæsar! let him  
Have rule as a centurion.

ANTONINUS.

Thou dost mad me—  
I wished e'en now that nothing should be left  
That would renew the memories I hate—  
And here thou dost it—thou!

MACRINUS.

Thy word went forth,  
He should have guerdon—

ANTONINUS.

Ay, sir! I know that —  
And what a thing a prince's word becomes!  
He speaks, and it goes forth, even as thou sayst,  
And does what his hands could not. What is in it,  
That when he biddeth, "kill," it takes the bodies  
Of other men for mortal instruments,  
And executes in them the doom, apart  
From him who gave command? Where dwelleth it,  
When the articulate air that pulsed it forth  
Hath clean forgot it? There's a spirit lives,  
Was breathed into it in its utterance,  
And breathes itself into the hearer's spirit!  
—Why! I might make centurions the whole troop  
Who slew Papinian, for no better cause!

MACRINUS.

I counsel thee, as one who wishes well—  
Thou canst not be, as ere the deed was done,  
And scorn the tool thou hast used.

ANTONINUS.

I can't go back—  
Although I would—'tis plain, sir, therefore, I  
Came into the world not under the crab's influence.  
Methinks, thou grow'st sententious, and deliverest  
Axioms, like our astrologer. Well, then—  
Thou see'st the sign is in my favour, sir!

MACRINUS.

I'll put his suit off to some future time,  
May better fit the business.

ANTONINUS.

If again  
Thou speak'st thereof to me, thou wilt do well  
To come prepared for wrestle with the phantom,  
That even now shapes itself before me there,

Most like infernal Mors ! We can dispense  
With your vain tendance for our present need !

(*Exeunt MACRINUS and DIADUMENIUS.*)

There is a voice within me and about me,  
And bids as he bids—Forwards ! 'Tis the law,  
Time's creatures must obey. This is the curse,  
When what we've done, we would were a stray link,  
Not counted in the chain that action weaves.  
May one not join the sequence of his life  
To *that* which went before ? And try I will,  
If *this* may be omitted. To go back  
To childhood's innocence would be to wash  
Our hearts clean of what chokes them !

My dread mother !

My knee thus sinks before thee, as my soul  
Hath sunk within me now ! I pray thee, look  
Not angrily !  
(*Kneels to the Empress.*)

JULIA.

Do I look angrily ?  
Son ! thou art beauteous to my eyes again,  
In this the piety of thy submission—  
The great gods bless thee !

ANTONINUS.

Mock ! oh, mock me not !  
(*The curtain falls.*)

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Interior of the Palace.*

*Enter Empress JULIA, MACRINUS, and DIADUMENIUS.*

MACRINUS.

What, so ?

JULIA.

Yes, when the body is put off,  
Through sleep, as if by death, the soul awakes,  
And of itself discourses. Hence, from him  
Comes most oracular utterance.

MACRINUS.

Sayst thou so ?

JULIA.

Such has Soemias heard—but feared to listen,  
Or follow. I have read, that they who talk  
In sleep, if you do question them, will answer.  
If here he hold his wont, I will, with voice



So low, as not to waken, speak to him.  
What think ye ?

MACRINUS.  
It were wisdom.

*Enter ANTONINUS (asleep).*

ANTONINUS.

——— What is action ?

But contemplation in an act expressed—  
The lowest, last degree of contemplation,  
And thus inferior to itself—the spring  
Of action ? 'Tis no more than is a shadow,  
Being but the image of that greater act,  
Preceding all effects. And what the effects  
Of these same shadows ? Shades of shadows still !  
—What haunt me, then, are shadows, though they drive  
Sleep from my couch, sleep from her own true self—  
Yes—I walk in my sleep too—it is strange—  
And yet not strange—for such an instance shows,  
That contemplation is the very Act  
Itself—and all apparent Acts delusions,  
Save as reflexions of that inner motion.

JULIA.

He reasons on his state, self-conscious only,  
His vision being blind to all things else,  
Save to self-intuition, and the thoughts  
That are its objects, fallings from itself,  
Which is, as 'twere, a mirror to itself.

MACRINUS.

Hush—hush—he speaks again—

ANTONINUS.

They stand before me ;

Geta, my brother, one—and thou, Severus !  
The other ! Flattering fools would fain persuade me,  
Parricide was a pardonable crime,  
Could be forgotten. But the court's a liar !  
Nothing can be forgotten, much less that !  
Dreams are themselves immortal as the soul !

JULIA.

Now, I will speak, but softly !

(*To him*) Yet are but dreams,

My Antoninus !

ANTONINUS.

Ha ! my mother's voice !

I see her not. Is she among the dead too ?  
I would not that ! While she was living, Love was.  
A mother's heart is Love ! Perhaps, she loved me  
Too much—for she seemed also to concur  
With the court's lie, though 'gainst her younger son—  
That was unnatural—and now she suffers—

Yet these I see—the dead—Severus—Geta !  
Her I see not. There is a difference here,  
Puzzles my reason.

MACRINUS.

Lady, speak again.

JULIA.

I do repeat, my son, dreams are but dreams,  
Howe'er immortal.

ANTONINUS.

Thou art but a dream !

That is it—these are real as I am real—  
My father and my brother, whom I see ;  
They're as the pulses of my beating heart !  
I am dreaming of my mother ; that I hear her.  
Well ; I will dream, she speaks to me again.  
Tis better for me than these actual visions !  
Words too have meaning—but these looks have none—  
Let me have words then. Mother ! speak again !

JULIA.

Dreams are but dreams—

ANTONINUS.

Tis well—but what are all things ?

Thoughts, words, and deeds—nay, all we suffer from,  
And all we know ; the distant vault of heaven,  
The varied circles of the elements,  
Time, and the pride of life, and life itself,  
All—save the life in life—the dreaming soul—  
Are only dreams ! Yet they so thrall and change  
The being that begets them, he must fain  
Keep the most hated of his progeny—  
It fastens on the heart, it grows with it,  
Grasps though with poison-fangs, and never quits—  
Nay, the least motion of desire hath there  
Its everlasting imprint, and is seen  
By Minos, when he judges ! I have plucked  
It out, and read it like an oracle !

JULIA.

It is a fearful legend thou art reading—

ANTONINUS.

Commit a crime, which is itself a dream,  
And ye will know what dreams are—how they live,  
And breed more life. It will take shape before you,  
The genius of your life !

JULIA.

Not if you seek

Atonement from the gods !

ANTONINUS.

There is none such !

Tis an old worn-out creed. No sacrifice  
I know of, save with some new guilt to quench  
s.—VOL. III.

The conscience of the old. Papinian's death,  
 Yet, has not hushed up Geta's! Peacefully  
 He slumbers in his grave, which my rude soldiers  
 Prepared him for his insolence to me.  
 I see both Geta and my father always—  
*He never comes—as if he had not died!*

JULIA.

The mad prætorians' licence wrought that blame;  
 Why shouldst thou take it to thyself as guilt?

ANTONINUS.

I wished what they performed. But that, I learn,  
 Is not enough. I must myself be red,  
 If I would wash in blood my first crime out,  
 Which plagues me more than any other can—  
 Ha! Helvius Pertinax has often vexed me  
 With his coarse jesting! Name me, Geticus?  
 Might I not have him murdered? Thræsea Priscus  
 Doats much too much on old Rome! He might help  
 To make a hecatomb unto the god  
 Remorse, that rules my soul!

JULIA.

O, horrible!

MACRINUS.

Why, he might doom me too—

DIADUMENIUS.

And me, Macrinus—

For being thy son—

JULIA.

Nay, heed him not, Macrinus!

ANTONINUS.

Nay, fear not, mother! for the horror comes,  
 Avoiding thee. Fear not! To kill thee were  
 To do, what would as much displease my soul,  
 As what I have done; nay, to substitute  
 An old abhorrence with a bitterer one!  
 But were it not a jest now, though a crime,  
 Which much ingratitude would make a great one,  
 To cut Macrinus short?

JULIA (*speaking loud and embracing him*).

Wake! wake! my son!

Speak no more, or know what! why wouldst thou change  
 Thy friends to enemies, vouching thy mind,  
 Even in their very presence? I've done wrong,  
 Thus sleep's responses stealing!

ANTONINUS (*having waked*).

Ha! my mother!

Mother! I cannot speak! How came I here?  
 Macrinus, too—and—brain and blood are hot!  
 Be not so frightened! I—I am not mad—

Let my veins and eyes are swollen so—  
mother ! mother ! mother !

MACRINUS.

How he trembles !

(ANTONINUS falls with JULIA.)

DIADUMENIUS.

Empress ?

MACRINUS.

She has swooned—

JULIA.

Nay, I have not—

Thou shalt not stab him to the heart, Macrinus !  
Not through mine.

MACRINUS.

Why fear it ?

JULIA.

All is well, then !

ANTONINUS.

I—chill ! I am very chill !

JULIA.

Convey him in.

Antoninus ! to thy chamber quickly !

Help to us both, good sirs ! Ye see we need it !

(*Exeunt* ANTONINUS, JULIA, and MACRINUS.)

*Manet* DIADUMENIUS, (*alone.*)

DIADUMENIUS.

A wily African can match his wiles,  
He forswears his birthright. I've not lost  
The sinewy skill that drives the arrow home,  
Tames the horse to need nor spur nor rein,  
Swift as the gale, and like the gale informed  
On with the spirit that rides it ; or make stoop  
To elephant's hugeness beneath mastery.

*Re-enter* JULIA and MACRINUS.

JULIA.

Give we him in the embrace of fair Soemias—  
That repose he needs.

MACRINUS.

Great Empress ! calm

Thy perturbation—

JULIA.

Sir, forgive a mother !

I've broken into the sanctuary of sleep,

I violated vestal oracles,

Which should have been sacred. I am punished now,

What thou heardest ; whence grows fear in me,

Of the man who is our counsellor—

The Emperor knew not of the words he spake,

He knows, by the great gods ! Nay, 'twas not he

Who spake at all, but one of the gross fiends,  
Of the dread Furies, that in malice made  
His breast their Python—

MACRINUS.

I believe none other.

JULIA.

Then, as we have been wont, we shall together  
Retain joint rule, in Antoninus' name,  
O'er Rome and Asia. Nay, thou mayst be sure ;  
It is as little for his interest,  
As 'tis for thine, that difference should grow  
Betwixt ye twain. In sooth, he might not part  
With thee, and has more reason to preserve,  
Than practise for, thy life. The business  
Of this great empire needs the clerkly hand  
And cunning head ; and but for thee stood still ;  
So strong the spirit that withdraws the mind  
Of Antoninus into its own self,  
Leaving the world to shift.

MACRINUS.

'Tis pity, lady,  
That he will not look out with common eyes,  
On realms that none can rule so well as he.

JULIA.

Gods ! had his mind not been so warped by Fate,  
Into the paths that the Eumenides  
Make beautiful with terror and dread charms,  
That lure the soul to doat on awe and anger,  
Who, being gods, look lovelike, while they curse !  
Macrinus ! at some other time, we'll speak  
More on this matter. I must in again.

MACRINUS.

I wait, with duteous patience, better leisure.

*(Exit En)*

DIADUMENIUS.

Father ! I wear a Parthian bow, and can  
Hit with far aim ; and it was in my thought  
To mark at once the dreamer's heart with answer,  
Kin to the jesting question.

MACRINUS.

Be not hasty—

The time is not yet come, nor need I fear  
Aught, being written in the starry books  
For empire.

DIADUMENIUS.

What grown credulous ?

MACRINUS.

I was born so—

Next, disbelief acquired—last, reason found  
For faith returning. Come ; elsewhere of this.

SCENE II.—*State Chamber of the Palace.*

ANTONINUS; JULIA; MESA; SOEMIAS, (*with harp*); PHYSICIAN,  
*discovered.*

SOEMIAS.

(*Song to the harp.*)

1.

Love *will* love,  
And answering Love inspire—  
As dove will coo to dove,  
And torch from torch takes fire—  
For Love *will* love!

2.

Love *must* love,  
It is its being so,  
In the bright heaven above,  
And the bright earth below—  
For Love *must* love!

PHYSICIAN.

This air of music daintily hath breathed  
A softness o'er his spirit. Well is it,  
When physic truly boasts, it heals the mind.

JULIA.

Rare art is thine, when the physician's skill  
Takes-on the priest's. (*Exit Physician.*)

SOEMIAS.

(*Song concluded.*)

3.

Love *should* love;  
Else Love would sigh in vain,  
Sighs unreturned, sweet Dove!  
Turn Beauty to Disdain.  
For Love *should* love.

4.

Love! then love  
Me with that heart of thine,  
And let it pant above,  
In sweet response, to mine!  
For Love *will* love.

ANTONINUS.

Soemias! I believe that but for thee,  
I were the withered, self-consumed thing  
That I do seem. My heart lives in its love  
For thee. 'Tis said, by sages in their books,  
That male and female make one human soul;  
But, for existence, it was needs divided,  
Twain of the one. hence, strivings for reunion.  
First, man makes his own object, and then finds

Its image in another, whom he loves,  
 Not for herself, but for the love she likens,  
 And names her therefore by his own dear name.  
 When passion's at the height, 'tis likeliest  
 He loves the nearest; yet feels woman flattered,  
 By what she deems a preference, but 'twere reason,  
 Man felt the honour more.

SOEMIAS.

Ay! know she not  
 An answering sympathy, and, like an echo,  
 Find voice in his esteem. Unlike Narcissus,  
 She hath no mirror wherein to project  
 Her image, haply; yet most like his shadow,  
 She has no substance save when he beholds her.

ANTONINUS.

To thee the gods gave all my gentleness—  
 Me all my fierceness left. Hence thou so soft,  
 So gentle, so reserved, from very meekness;  
 I stern, though mute, and self-involved, from wrath,  
 A serpent coiled, unwilling to unfold,  
 Lest the dark thoughts I brood take shape in deeds,  
 And startle me with their appalling fronts!

SOEMIAS.

Yet, since this fear of what the future hath,  
 May be most idle; best to know at once,  
 What there is destined; nor doth Africanus  
 Peruse in vain the stars.

ANTONINUS.

My soul's best glass!  
 Where I am reflected, to my very thoughts!  
 Art superstitious? I have grown so too.  
 I feel the want of something to sustain me,  
 Leaning or hanging. Something like thy bosom,  
 To rest my brows upon, or like the stars,  
 To grasp at—thus, and hold me in suspension,  
 If not to draw me up by their attraction!

SOEMIAS.

Shall we then send for him?

ANTONINUS.

No. I'll to him—  
 His study has strange figures may divert me.

JULIA.

My son!

ANTONINUS.

My mother's wisdom smiles at this.

JULIA.

Theme of great import moves me.

Go, Soemias!

Prepare the astral soothsayer. Meanwhile,  
 The Emperor's private ear I need.

ANTONINUS.

'Tis thine.

(*Exeunt.*)

MESA.

daughter! a word with thee. A cunning thought  
hall match the cunning man.

SOEMIAS.

Come, mother! come. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*A Colonnade of the Senate House.*

ter HELVIUS PERTINAX, THRASEA PRISCUS, MACRINUS and  
DIADUMENIUS.

PRISCUS.

'hat! quit the capitol, for the provinces,  
ragging the Senate forth o'er Africa?—  
ll not believe it!

PERTINAX.

Ask the prefect, if

be not so then—

MACRINUS.

Thrasea Priscus, thou  
adst better mouth this matter in the Senate,  
ot brawl abroad.

PRISCUS.

Tiberius and Domitian

ould stay at home—

PERTINAX.

But an Augustus, sir—

Trajan, or a Hadrian, or a Marcus,  
ess their dominions with the imperial presence.

PRISCUS.

ess?

MACRINUS.

Shame—shame, senators! Your places cool,  
r want of that same heat ye vainly spend  
whistling 'mong these pillars!

(*PRISCUS and PERTINAX exeunt.*)

MACRINUS.

These want prudence—

st heads, and stormy hearts! Take warning, boy;  
what will be their end. Thou shalt do well,  
shape thy course by mine. Had I been rash,  
thy desire, to call to dreadful compt  
eams, as if dreams were deeds; small hope were now,  
at these same fiery spirits, who have passed  
to the Senate, would greet us with style  
perial.

DIADUMENIUS.

I am well advised—but, as  
soldier, should find means of making silence,  
moulding speech, according to the need.



MACRINUS.

An' thou wert older, something might be done  
 Even in that guise—yet then 'twould ill suit me.  
 My way is not by war. There is a weapon,  
 Of ampler scope and finer, keener edge,  
 Than the presumptuous sword—and such I wield—  
 The clerkly pen! With that we write our thoughts,  
 Preserve great actions in long memory,  
 And give endurance to sage words, which else  
 Would with the articulate air defer to change,  
 That now may be eterne. Small instrument!  
 Yet of large power, and reaching o'er far space  
 And distant time. Nay,—to the plodding man  
 Of every day it gives advantages,  
 Of order and arrangement in affairs,  
 That oft work marvels; while, without its aid,  
 The barbarous warrior is a clumsy clown,  
 The loud-tongued senator, a braggart scold,  
 The judge, a junk, to help to make a rope,  
 The priest, a merry mimmer—or a mope.\*

(Exit

SCENE IV.—*The Astrologer's Study; Mathematical Instruments  
 with Statues of the seven Planetary Deities.*

ANTONINUS and AFRICANUS discovered.

ANTONINUS (*seated*).

Macrinus, then, succeeds me in the empire?

AFRICANUS.

'Tis even so—

ANTONINUS.

I am sorry for it. 'Twere  
 In self-defence, should I now take his life,  
 Scarcely a crime. 'Twould fail upon my state  
 To make impression, and for my convenience  
 Were inexpedient. Let him have my life!  
 The notion seems to please me.

AFRICANUS.

Not from him,

Thy death-wound.

ANTONINUS.

Not from him? Yet he succeeds!

AFRICANUS.

Thus it is written.

ANTONINUS.

Then 'tis but his chance—  
 Nor need be dread conceived from him or his.

AFRICANUS (*reading a scroll*).

I read not in his fate the stain of blood—  
 A clerkly man, with Mercury his sign—

\* There is a similar passage in *Richelieu*. Mr. Macready knows that mine  
 first written.—J. A. H.

But then from Venus first, and next from Mars,  
Each in their houses, Danger comes to him.  
But transient is the year of Mercury,  
And all his light reflected, though refulgent—  
Then god Apollo points his shaft at him,  
Lest in his transit he should spot his orb,  
And sends him far below.

ANTONINUS.

What is't thou readest ?

AFRICANUS.

His horoscope—

ANTONINUS.

Let me peruse it too—

(*Reading.*) “ Mercury, Venus, Mars and the great Sun,”  
Make the conjunction of his destiny.  
That he has wit, I know ; is passing cunning,  
And skilful in the policy of state,  
Whereby he rises. But his hands are clean,  
Nor is he fit to face the multitude,  
Nor brave to rule the soldier. And for women,  
A smile or sigh will fool him. Wonder none,  
That Mars and Venus should work evil for him.  
Then for the Sun—ha ! ha ! methinks, in that  
Is something that should please me—

(*Rising.*)

He shall live !

’Tis well he should attain the highest point,  
Ere he be tumbled down. What matters it,  
Whether by him or me ?

AFRICANUS.

By whom ?

ANTONINUS.

Thou dullard !

Elagabalus !

AFRICANUS.

Ha ! the High Priest of  
The Temple of the Sun-god at Emesa !  
It often happens, that the student grows  
Dull o’er his task, and the new-comer lites,  
At once, what he has laboured at in vain.

ANTONINUS.

My boy ! Soemias’ boy—her boy and mine !

AFRICANUS.

’Tis likely from his horoscope.

ANTONINUS.

Hast thou it ?

AFRICANUS.

Not wholly calculated, and made out.

ANTONINUS.

I wish it had been—

*The Roman Brother.*

AFRICANUS.

"Tis a task I like not.

ANTONINUS.

Wherefore ?

AFRICANUS.

A dim presage—no more.

ANTONINUS.

No more ?

Enough ! Name then, at least, the hand shall slay me—

AFRICANUS.

The heavens name none. It is by circumstance,  
 And application of the hints they render,  
 To those who have to do with us, that we  
 Conclude results. And, chief, the Delphian soul,  
 Which with prophetic fury stirs in me—  
 Preceding great events, or while they're doing,  
 In mystic sympathy and inspiration—  
 Here find we certain warning.

ANTONINUS.

And to me,

It shall be the sole oracle and omen !  
 —I had not now to learn that we ourselves  
 Make our own fortune, and are our own fates :—  
 Hence with your genitures—houses—exaltations  
 Your dignities—your cuspes—and your trines—  
 Your quartile and your platonical aspects—  
 Away with them—away ! In my own mind  
 Have I my ruling planet—none, elsewhere !

AFRICANUS (*kneeling*).

Son of Severus ! go not thou from Rome !  
 In love I charge thee—go not. Here abide,  
 Where thy great predecessors have abidden,  
 And thou art safe !

ANTONINUS.

Foolish old man ! I have

A reason *here*, is stronger than thy words ;  
 A more imperative voice ! I must go forth—  
 An inspiration equal to thy own  
 Directs me, not as sequel to the stars,  
 But their initiate—but their substitute !

AFRICANUS.

By thy great father's name, and by thy mother's !

ANTONINUS.

Why not by Geta's too ? Thou'lt wake my wrath—  
 I'll stab thee in the throat ; I'll crush thy breath  
 Out with my foot—for thus incensing me—  
 Grey-beard—knave—fool—moonstricken idiot !

SONG.

(*Sung by SOEMIAS, unseen.*)

1.

Hope the best, my love !  
Love ! hope the best !  
And for the rest, my love !  
Why, let it *rest* !

2.

Hearts may break, my love !  
But hearts may mend,  
And though they ache, my love !  
Love to the end !

AFRICANUS.

What spiritual voice, as by a blessed spell,  
Smooths down thy anger, like an oracle  
Issuing from secret shrine of sanctity ?

ANTONINUS.

Knowst thou it not ?

(*Song continued.*)

3.

Love ne'er dies, my love !  
Love never dies—  
Lives in the skies, my love !  
Of thy blue eyes !

4.

Hope his wings, my love !  
Feels once again—  
And a song sings, my love !  
“ Lullaby, Pain ! ”

AFRICANUS.

Sure, it is music's self,  
So heavenly, it might be the sphere's own—  
May it not be the spirit of the stars,  
Sent to protect their servant ?

ANTONINUS.

Is it so ?

Art ignorant, and meanst not to delude me ?  
What is the science worth, that told thee not  
A woman's hiding-place in thine own closet ?  
See'st thou the fates of others, but art blind  
To thy own fortune ? Prophet ! save thyself !

(*Song concluded.*)

Hope the best, my love,  
Love ! hope the best—  
And for the rest, my love !  
Love ! let it *rest* !

ANTONINUS.

Come, my Soemias ! from thy lurking corner—

See, from behind yon Jupiter she rises—  
My gentle love !

SOEMIAS.

Thy pardon, Antoninus !  
For this surprise. To this Astrologer,  
Given thy mandate, and dispatched farewell,  
That is in words, I lurked behind his statue—

ANTONINUS.

All unsuspected by the cunning owner—  
Out on their mathematics, and their skill  
In prescience ! Divination is grown bed-rid ;  
Their times—their perfect numbers—and their powers—  
Are with the days gone by. Nor winds, nor storms,  
Obey their potent art. The hurricanes  
Know not of them. The thunders and the floods,  
Pursue their own devices, and the earthquakes  
Are quit of mastery. There is laughter in  
The mine of earth wherewith her old sides shake  
To rude explosion. Dupes worse than those they dupe !

SOEMIAS.

They are so. Now, be milder.

ANTONINUS.

Keep me here ?  
Keep me in Rome ? O, the great curse of the gods  
Wither the harlot ! eat the she-wolf up,  
With her false cubs—the howling, prowling whelps  
That keep the night awake with dying moans ?  
I'm sick of her !

SOEMIAS.

We will to Afric, then—

ANTONINUS.

Despite his threats ; . . and though the wrinkled Moon  
Frown, and the Stars look trebly pale with anger—

SOEMIAS.

And with their favour greet our priestly son—

ANTONINUS.

If they be true of him—they are of me.  
I meet a murderer in that creed, would scare me  
Back to this city of hate !

SOEMIAS.

Believe not that !

ANTONINUS.

Believe not that, and yet believe the other ?  
Thus is it ever—woman reasons not—  
All her conclusions are non-sequences,  
But she feels well—ne'er errs in love or hatred !

AFRICANUS.

Yet, if thou wilt not change thy course for me—  
By the name dear to thee of Alexander,

Whose birth and thine were like—

ANTONINUS.

Speak out, and sudden.

AFRICANUS.

The sixth of April is your common birth-day,  
Upon the sixth of April did he conquer  
The great Darius—

ANTONINUS.

And upon the sixth

Of April died—

AFRICANUS.

Beware the sixth of April !

ANTONINUS.

By Hecate, that is the moon of hell,  
The planet which has stricken, not my brain,  
But my heart mad ! I'll strangle thee with my hands,  
If that thou make that crane's neck the hoarse pipe  
Of thy denunciations ! (*seizes him.*)

AFRICANUS.

Let me bear

Thee company, that so my voice may warn ——

ANTONINUS.

No !—thus I fling thee from me—lie thou there,  
And ne'er get up to follow ! I have dreams  
Enow of my own to haunt me, day and night—  
I flee from *mine*—and why should *thine* pursue me ?

(*Exeunt ANT. and SOEMIAS.*)

AFRICANUS (*solus*).

Tears ! tears ! in my old eyes ! I must—must weep—  
Not so much thine unkindness, though that's keen,  
As its effects to thee. Must I not follow ?  
Then, thou shalt send for me ; by the great love  
I bear Severus' honored house, I swear !  
By ye, the seven crowned Deities,  
Ye Constellations, Destinies eterne !  
My voice shall walk abroad the streets of Rome,  
My public cry shall wake authority ;—  
And the swift messenger shall after him,  
And keep the thunder pealing in his ear,  
That shall prevent his sleeping, while his safety  
Needs watchmen open-eyed. Come chains ! come death !  
This shall be so. Shield me, most ancient fate !

(*To be continued.*)

### PROGRESS OF DRAMATIC REFORM.\*

THE impulse originally given by us to the cause of the drama is still in operation—nay, has manifested itself so prerogatively, that although we are as anxious to write, as our subscribers to read, the continuation of our paper on SHELLEY, we are induced to diverge from it, in order to return to the subject of the drama.

In our statement of the question, we were desirous of acknowledging the merit of Mr. Macready to its fullest extent, and only so to limit it that claims beyond the bounds of justice might not be most absurdly conceded. We regret to find that others, however, have been unmindful of the benefits rendered by that gentleman, who certainly has placed the stage in a better condition. The drama he could not serve, and therefore we blame him not for failing, but only his indiscreet admirers, who would induce us to believe that this eminent performer, aided by the Bulwer, had perfectly succeeded in that direction. We blame these impolitic partizans we say—only blame them; but our indignation will not submit to restraint, when we are told that dramatic genius is *dead* in England, and could not have been revived, unless a flimsy novelist had undertaken its resuscitation! Bah! Nothing but the want of a *free* stage had placed the drama in abeyance, and nothing but the boon of a *free* stage will restore it.

“An easy access (says Mr. Horne)† to all the stages—all being equally permitted (as every sane mind must naturally think they ought) to accept the finest dramas they can obtain—and speedy production of accepted pieces, will afford the only chance of restoring the English drama. In such a case we should find the pure dramatic ore of many writers, at present, in most instances, quite unknown to the stage, soon wrought into available and influential works. But, under the present system of exclusion, the author of the ‘Bride’s Tragedy’ is heard of no more: the fine execution and high promise of the ‘Jew of Arragon’ and ‘Woman’s Love,’ are suffered to die out of mind; and the author of the ‘Provost of Bruges,’ though it was a successful tragedy, gives up the time-wasting task of again finding the opening.

“Of recent unacted publications, it is not to be doubted that a most intense dramatic excellence (notwithstanding the perversity of construction in ‘Andrea of Hungary,’ and ‘Giovanni of Naples’), exists in Landor; that D’Israeli, and the author of the ‘Lords of Ellingham,’ possess dramatic capacities that entitle them to a fair trial before the public; while the passionate imagination and pathos of George Stephens seem to spring out of the ground like one of the old Elizabethan dramatists revived.”

“We cannot also refrain from quoting the same author’s statement of the indestructibility of the drama.

“‘It has been argued that the drama has done its office, and that highly

\* Stage Effect: or the Principles which command Dramatic Success in the Theatre. By Edward Mayhew. London: C. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. 1840.

A Brief View of the English Drama, from the Earliest to the Present Time: with Suggestions for elevating the present Condition of the Art, and its Professors. By F. G. Tomlins, author of “The Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature,” &c. London: C. Mitchell. 1840.

Thomas à Becket. By George Darley. See *post*.

† As quoted in Mr. Tomlins’ work before us.

educated people are becoming too intellectually refined to enjoy any such exhibitions. Which is the class—who are they who compose this body assumed to be thus intellectually superior to the acted drama? Is it the aristocracy? They prefer the opera, the scenery, the wardrobe, and heroic Eglingtonian pageantry. Is it the middle classes? They are the very followers and only supporters of the true drama. Is it the working classes? The large minority delight in the impassioned drama, and humbly reverence its power; the majority flock to the external shows. There is no such class, nor can a cove of analytic philosophers, whose tastes require a more tranquil food, constitute any sufficient foundation for such an argument. The true drama must be indestructible, because it is based on indestructible principles of human nature. Its elevating appeal, when properly made, must ever be successful so long as the elements of humanity remain unchanged. Passion and imagination may require some change in the forms of their food, but its substance must remain the same, or their existence be compromised. True dramatic power can only cease to produce its effect where humanity ceases to el. The exercise and effect of such power may not be confined to the theatre; but it must always produce its natural effect in a theatre when appropriately represented. Progress of refinement, theories of philosophy, changes in taste, and caprices of fashion, must all succumb before the commanding spirit that searches and uplifts the heart of man, and shakes with corresponding fire the Promethean tree that ramifies throughout his mortal being."

All that we have written has been in love, and not in dislike of Mr. Macready, for whose great talents we feel even something little sort of reverence; and all the more in love, since we felt an enheartened conviction that his high reputation was suffering damage from the course of proceeding which he was unwisely persuaded to adopt. His conviction has now received corroboration—the fullest. *Mary Stuart* has been performed to ninety pound houses—proof at once of an injudicious selection, and a decrease in the actor's influence. As to this decrease, Mr. Tomlins thus speaks to the fact and the occasions of it:—

"‘Save me from my friends,’ is the finest of all proverbs, and Mr. Macready must have frequently uttered it. By injudicious and excessive praise in acting with common honesty, they raised (most unjustly) a doubt of his character; by their claims for an unusual appreciation of Shakspeare, they have incited the contumelious remarks of those most profoundly acquainted with the great plays; by a claim to extraordinary archæological accuracy, they have excited a searching criticism that has proved his knowledge to be superficial; by exaggerated adulation, they have called attention to his deficiencies as an actor; and by their perfidious flattery, they seem to have confirmed him in a declamatory style of acting, into which he appears to have settled, after alternating between the passionate transitions and colloquialisms of Kean, the polished declamation of Young, and the studied poses of the Kembles. This foolish conduct is to be regretted, as it has called forth a spirit of indignation against what appeared to be a usurpation of the rights and claims of other portions of the theatrical world, and the more so, as it must be allowed that Mr. Macready's management was of great service to the art by raising it in the estimation of the influential classes of society, and by leading the way to a higher and better mode of representation."

Our opinion of this great performer still remains unchanged; we look upon these different transitions as periods of growth, and whatever may be objectionable in his present style, as indications of decay. When a man has reached the top of a hill, he must needs descend.



We see no reason, however, why Mr. Macready should not be permitted for some time to come—yes, even if he be compelled to do so with another. It is true that Mr. Phelps has successfully analysed him more than once, in the performance of *Othello*, and is capable of doing great things in some other characters, yet has Mr. Macready the advantages of much experience—of long cultivation, and in the variety and range of his acquirements, must continue to distinguish a younger actor, whatever the amount of his *genius*—and in this regard we believe Mr. Phelps to be inferior to none—proof of which we find in his singular unfitness for second-rate parts, and his want of success in such leading characters as he has an opportunity of performing for himself. With a large share of judgment, he has more than any other actor at present on the boards.

But our argument lies rather with dramatic authors than with actors. The recent bankruptcy of Drury Lane shows, that, under the present system of management, there is not a sufficient number of great talents to furnish three theatres in London; or if there be, that they are not properly distributed. In regard to the latter point, it would have been much better if the senior Vandenhoff had been at Covent Garden instead of in America, and Mr. Phelps at Drury Lane, taking the place there, than at the Haymarket, following in the wake. This arrangement would have given all parties a better chance; and the world, on all probability, would have witnessed the performance of two or three new tragedies instead of one.

How stands the case now? The Haymarket arrangements made for the season, and probably preclude the admission of any new candidate. The Covent Garden management think themselves entitled, with their present company, to engage in a new and original tragic drama, and prefer old comedy to any fresh attempt.

“At the time this is written, there is, in no patent theatre, a set of circumstances that would justify the manager in accepting *Othello*, had Shakspeare and but newly written that tragedy.

“Desirous of avoiding every allusion that could point to existing interests, it is due to accompany this statement with the author’s belief, that the lessees of the patent theatres have availed themselves liberally of every opportunity to render their management effective.

“It is not presumed to dictate their taste; but the dramatist has a right and heavy complaint to raise against a law that allows a body of men to live by the bread and hope of an intellectual profession—to be wholly and entirely dependent on the *chance taste* of a single individual.”

There is, then, literally, no place to which a tragic poet can successfully appeal. There is no stall in the market for him. What we mean, then, by the title of our article,—*the Progress of Dramatic Reform?*

When things come to the worst, they must mend or end, as the Spanish proverb. Things theatrical are now not only at the worst, but are *seen* to be so. The books before us make a distinct acknowledgment of the fact; and while theatrical managements are condemned on all hands, dramatic authors are daily putting forth their claims, and witness that dramatic genius still lives and works!

The dramatic poet then exists. To the proprietors of theatres

his fact. To them we say, let no man but a Poet undertake the management of your property. None but the Poet is entitled to the direction of a theatre. Let the Poet also think of this deeply, and himself for the task. There are only some mechanical points to learn for him to master.

To assist him in such preparation, Mr. Edward Mayhew has composed a very neat little treatise on Stage Effect and Dramatic Success in the theatre. In his opinion,

the capabilities of the present race of dramatists are much underrated. They are fettered and imposed by farce and melo-drama, force a comparative inferior composition; but in these two descriptions of dramatic writing, the present age may compare with advantage to any that has preceded; and with distance shall enable a cooler judgment, perhaps this age will be more admired for its talent in this species of dramatic writing as that of the Second for a certain kind of comedy. Yet, be that as it may, the efforts of dramatists are most unjustly condemned for not producing a drama which the law has laid under restrictions equal to a prohibi-

cursorily have the injuries of the dramatist been glanced at. His grievance, merely stated, must fill a volume. The reader is earnestly solicited to peruse a pamphlet on *The Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature*, which the *Times* justly characterized as eloquent; in which both the history and the fact of the subject is embodied, and from which he will derive instruction on the philosophy of dramatic composition, as well as information on the history of patents, which is clearly and forcibly exposed. The subject is beginning to attract attention. The Introduction to a new edition of *Schlegel's Lectures* enthusiastically asserts the existence of a high dramatic spirit, widely spread over the present age; and a series of papers published in the *Sunday Times*, under the title of *Dramatic Prolusions*,\* the history of the stage is condensed and divested of its pedantry, and once on evidence produced of the pernicious and destructive tendency of the patent monopolies. When essays like these appear in prints for general circulation, it raises the brightest anticipation of the day when a better order of things, from the proof it gives of public interest in dramatic literature.

Writing that can help to form or strengthen his opinion, is of great value to the dramatist, whose confidence must abide in his own judgment. The decisions of the lessees of the patent theatres are shown to be erroneous, by their barbarous mutilation of Shakspeare's works, and the errors are proved by repeated failures. They mangle the perfect; and though they may be interested by interest, want discernment to reject the utterly worthless. The consequence must be dark indeed which cannot perceive the extremes of the present system.

Mr. Mayhew states concerning dramatic situations is deserving of serious consideration. The theory regarding them originates in the theatre. A situation implies some strong point in a play which commands applause; where the action is wrought to a climax, where the actors strike attitudes, and form what they call "a picture," the exhibition of which a pause takes place; after which the action is renewed, not continued; and advantage of which

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It has since been reprinted in a more portable shape, in a neat volume, under the title of *A Brief View of the English Drama, from the earliest Period to the present time; with Suggestions for elevating the Present Condition of the Art, and for its future improvement.* By F. G. Tomlins. Fcap. 8vo., price 4s.

is frequently taken to turn the natural current of the interest. Mr. Mayhew instances the screen-situation in the *School for Scandal* as a case in point. He then directs our attention to the stage alterations of *Othello*.

"Turning to the great author's works, we read that *Othello*—scene the third, act the second—requests his chief officer to personally inspect the watch, and retires to make good the night with the fair *Desdemona*; but, disturbed by a brawl brought about through the artifice of *Iago*, re-enters to demand the cause, when the quarrel being continued in his presence, a flagrant breach of discipline, and persisting in spite of his command to desist, the general becomes enraged.

"This appears good. The action seems stirring and continued. It is difficult to find any cause for alteration, as it is impossible to suggest an improvement.

*Enter Othello and ATTENDANTS.*

*Oth.* "What is the matter here?"

*Mon.* "I bleed still; I am hurt, but not to th' death."

*Oth.* Hold for your lives.

*Iago.* "Hold, ho! Lieutenant, Sir, Montano, Gentlemen:

"Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?"

"Hold. The General speaks to you; hold for shame."

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! Whence ariseth this?

"On the stage the passages marked by inverted commas are dispensed with; and the whole stands thus in the acting editions of the play:—

*Oth.* Hold for your lives.

Why, how now, ho! Whence ariseth this?

"The reader will remember the scene in the theatre represents a courtyard. In the centre, at the extremity of the stage, is an archway, through which Othello retires. When the brawl takes place, there is of course some noise: the clashing of swords—Iago's entreaty to the combatants—the alarm bell, &c. This noise increases till Othello appears, and, standing with his sword drawn immediately under the archway, brings all to a climax by shouting at the top of his voice, 'Hold for your lives!' at which instant Montano receives his hurt, and staggers into one corner. Cassio, conscience-stricken by the sound of his General's voice, occupies the other. The rest of the performers put themselves into attitudes—the stage is grouped—and a picture formed, of which the Moor is the centre figure. After this there is a pause; when Othello, having looked around him, walks forward, and the half exclamation of 'Why, how now, ho! whence ariseth this?' becomes an inquiry.

"The action is not only injured, but the conduct of the fable materially deteriorated. A drunken man enraged, and a 'noble swelling spirit' provoked by insult, and smarting with an ignoble wound, act more naturally, disregarding command. Iago's artful remonstrance, 'Have you lost all sense of place and duty?' suggesting to Othello,

'What, in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brim full of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel?

In night, and on the court and guard of safety?"

seems necessary for the understanding of the plot, even if his active interference before the General be of no importance to it; and the General's fitness for command is lessened, if, having witnessed no part of the offence, he, on a slight and hasty investigation, deprive himself of the services of his chief and chosen officer. But it risks nothing to assert, no drama can attain excellence framed for the display of situations. That a piece abounding with

this kind of effect, may be written to be highly attractive on the stage, is proved every day: how far these alone can render its theatrical success secure, will be a matter for after investigation; but as (however esteemed by actors) situations are always shifts to avoid difficulty, or tricks to conceal weakness, the author, who is content to use them as a means to obtain popularity, must be placed (no matter what outward shape his work may bear) in the lower caste of dramatic literature."

Dramatic success is not dependent then on the mere principle of situation; and as little is it due to scenes and properties. There are, however, some rules which it is expedient to observe.

"There are but three different kinds of scenery; known by the terms, *drops*, or *cloths*, *flats* and *set-scenes*. The rest, as wings and side pieces, houses, bowers, rocks, &c., which, when a change takes place, are pushed on and joined to the wings,) being adjuncts. Formerly, the chief part of all stock scenery consisted of *drops*, as is still the case in most country theatres; but these are now seldom used in London, flats having superseded them; except close to the proscenium, where they are lowered, when any extraordinary space is required to display the scene which is to follow.

"Further from the foot-lights than the middle of the stage, *flats* are seldom used, the remaining half being devoted to *set-scenes*, which, in the painter's and manager's estimation, are the first kind; and a piece is generally cared for by the theatre in proportion to the number of *set-scenes* bestowed on its production. Any scene, however written, 'A Palace,' 'A Cottage,' can be made a *set-scene*; but there are some which cannot be well represented in any other form—those wherein any part is required to be practicable; as staircases, down which the characters have to descend; bridges, across which the actors have to pass, &c.; or where machinery is necessary to aid the effect, as torrents, waves, &c.; and in general all, which are other than a picture on a flat surface, may be reckoned *set-scenes*.

"It was once desirable an author should so construct his plot, that *flats* and *set-scenes* might alternate one the other; and this, for authors not intimate with the theatre, is still a good plain rule, though the improvement of machinery now enables the carpenter to work several *set-scenes* consecutively; but it needs some acquaintance with the capabilities of the theatre to do this with effect, and the accidents and delays, common on the first nights of pantomimes, are cautions not to be disregarded.

"There are two terms frequently occurring in stage directions, '*discovered*' and '*closed-in*,'—the importance of which it may be necessary to explain.

"'*A Discovery*' is where the act-drop ascends and shows a party at tea, &c., or a front scene is drawn aside, and a council, &c., seen behind it. Some length of stage is usually given to scenes in which these occurrences take place; because, unless the footmen are sent to clear the stage (a practice now disapproved of), the chairs and tables must be '*closed in*,' or shut from view, by the scene which follows; therefore in no instance ought a *set-scene* to follow one in which there is '*a discovery*' requiring these '*properties*.' Neither should a death take place in a front scene, unless it be the ending of an act, or the action is directed so as to remove the body—for the footmen would not look well walking away with the corpse.

"Concerning *traps*, &c., no directions can be of any value, the carpenter of the theatre being the only person who need study these mysteries. Let the author give his imagination free scope, and he can hardly write directions which cannot be fulfilled."

Such suggestions are of great practical value. The chief thing in a drama is its harmony. But on this subject we must refer the reader to Mr. Mayhew's little book.

There have been, we have said, strong manifestations of dramatic talent lately exhibited. The Poet is asserting power in this direction. The greatest of these is George Darley's *THOMAS A BECKET*.

So sunk are the theatres, and such is their incompetency to do justice to dramatic productions, that it is clear we must seek to the press as the only mean left for promoting the *regeneration of the drama*. Satisfied of this fact, the author of the most dramatic production of the season\* constructed his play in scorn of the stage. We counsel not this—but *au contraire*, desire that every Poet write as close to the mark as possible—that it may be paramountly witnessed that Dramatic Poets are in abundance, and that Dramatic Actors are *not*. While a Macready and a Phelps are engaged in one play at one house, there was not a performer at the other capable of the character of Thomas à Becket. Young Kean, it is known, does not take *new* characters—actors, in fact, feel safer in the precedented and the tried. Revivals, we perceive, are preferred to new plays—a fatal preference, when it is considered that, in the common run of things, only three or four good plays, whether new or old, can be got up in the course of a season. Meantime the press teems—and will teem—for the printed are nothing either in number or excellence to the manuscript. There is, as we have formerly stated, an objection to printing. We know that Mr. Macready has said of some plays which have been lately sent forth, that “they would act well—but they have been printed!” Such are the prejudices with which dramatic genius has to struggle! How long shall this state of things last? We call not only on the public,—but, most respectfully, most humbly on the COURT—on the QUEEN, and on PRINCE ALBERT—to decree its termination. For ourself, we have vowed its extinction; and will weary heaven and earth until the desires of our soul are fulfilled.

Well, then, to the press we look for proofs of the drama's regeneration. Come forth *THOMAS A BECKET*! How meagre are the *Mary Stuarts* and the *Richelieus* compared with thee!

“A subject more suited for the public scene,” says the Poet, George Darley, “could scarce be chosen, if dramatic faculties to grapple with its colossal nature were forthcoming. I feel bound (he continues) to point the attention of my brother authors towards it, as some among them may consider my above-mentioned opinion mistaken, and no theme would afford a better chance of refuting it than the one here suggested. Despite of all his faults, and all our prejudices, we must admit the grandeur of Becket's character, his indomitable resolution, his sublime arrogance itself, the ability and rectitude which distinguished much of his conduct: experienced eyes will perceive the *stage-effectiveness* of his peculiarities, his triumphs, his failures, and the terrific pathos of his fate. Again: just such an antagonist as drama requires to wrestle with and at length overthrow this potent spirit, our Chronicles tell us, did stand up against him—Henry II.; so precise a counterpoise for Becket, that to make either preponderate, a sword had to be cast into the scale. Henry is moreover an admirable type of his times, when the Norman population was about to blend with the Saxon, or rather both were about to form a new one combining their distinctive qualities. His character exhibits the romantic and

\* *Thomas à Becket, a Dramatic Chronicle, in Five Acts.* By George Darley, author of “*Sylvia, or the May Queen*,” &c. London: Edward Moxon, Dorset-street, 1840.

adventurous spirit, the wit, brilliancy, passionate temperament, and fitful despotism of the former; as well as the wisdom, solid worth, rough humour, good-fellowship, and good-nature of the latter. England perhaps owes more to Henry II. in the way of those corner-stones for a free Constitution—equal Laws—than to any other among her monarchs between Alfred and Edward III. Queen Eleanor furnishes an excellent though very opposite stage-character, being strongly marked by her vices, by her very weaknesses. But in truth the era itself, when Feudal, Ecclesiastical, Political, and Academical Institutions were establishing themselves broader and firmer on the rude bases left by previous barbarity; when men had still about them all the vigour of their primitive life, and all the enthusiasm of commencing civilisation;—such an era by natural consequence teemed with characters, enterprises, vicissitudes, &c., dramatic because so pregnant with individualism and with action. I have adopted without scruple the rough, bold features of these times, wherever, like rocks and cataracts in a landscape, they appeared to give the scene poetical impressiveness. If they realised, as it were, those scenes to myself while ruminating over them, I supposed they would have a like effect upon the reader. He will recollect, however, the popular distinction between History and Chronicle,—the latter admitting a degree of romance and intermixture of tradition, besides a picturesque enrichment by materials which are splendid rubbish to the mere annalist, but to the dramatist most precious. Though preserving the general line and sequence of events as they happened, I have subordinated them, of poetic right, to poetic purposes; and moreover taken the privilege to modify uncertain points at will. Thus my heroine, being less a historical than romantic personage, is made contemporaneous with, although in truth somewhat antecedent to, the events dramatised. No important falsification of history is committed by this anachronism, yet the interest of a gracious female character is acquired. Other real personages of the time, but about whose private qualities we know little or nothing, I have likewise delineated as was most conformable to what I do know, or most convenient to dramatic ends: John of Salisbury, the profound scholar and author of '*Nugæ Curialium*,' Walter Mapes, translator of '*Seng-Real*,' are examples."

There are several dramas already on *Thomas à Becket*, and one that has been performed, by Mr. Jerrold. The theme has frequently occupied our own mind, and dear old Coleridge has treasured up some conceptions on the argument. Speaking of English historical plays, *Shakspeare*," he says, "has included the most important part of nine reigns in his historical dramas—namely—King John—Richard II.—Henry IV. (two)—Henry V.—Henry VI. (three), including Edward V. and Henry VIII., in all, ten plays. There remain, therefore, to be done, with exception of a single scene or two that should be adopted from Marlow—eleven reigns—of which the two first appear the only promising subjects; and those two dramas must be formed wholly mainly of invented private stories, which, however, could not have happened, except in consequence of the events and measures of these reigns, and which should furnish opportunity both of exhibiting the manners and oppressions of the times, and of narrating dramatically the great events—if possible, the death of the two sovereigns, at the end of the latter, should be made to have some influence on the finale of the story. All the rest are glorious subjects; especially Henry II. during the struggle between the men of arms and of letters, in the reigns of Henry and Becket,) Stephen, Richard I., Edward II., and Henry VII."

Mr. Darley justly claims credit for the objective manner in which he

has treated his subject. His female Saracen, by-the-bye, is not altogether to our taste; and we have doubts as to the propriety of the introduction of Fair Rosamond—but the character of Queen Eleanor is capitably delineated. Becket, we think, is drawn more in the wrong than becomes the hero, or is warranted by history. He is a martyr to the influence of old institutions—and should act conscientiously. The portrait of Henry is life-like. The auxiliary characters are sketched with a distinctness which is exceedingly admirable—and altogether this dramatic chronicle is of such excellence as to baffle the very slender resources of the modern theatres, in the needful articles of good actors. As a specimen of this fine drama, take the short scene of Becket's death:—

## SCENE XII.

*St. Benedict's Chapel in the Cathedral.*

*BECKET before the Altar. JOHN OF SALISBURY, BOSHAM, GRYME.*

*Becket.* Who closed that door?—Open it, I command!  
What! will ye make a Castle of a Church?

*The Conspirators rush in.*

*De Traci.* Where is the traitor?

*Brito.* Where is the Archbishop?

*Becket.* Here am I, an Archbishop, but no traitor!

*De Morville.* Will you absolve the Prelates?

*Becket.* No!

*Brito.* Will you to Winchester,

And beg the young King's grace, for your attempt  
Most traitorous to discrown him?

*Becket.* I made none,

And will beg grace of none, save God on high!

*De Traci.* You are my prisoner;—come along, proud traitor!

*Becket.* Take off that impious hand, which dares profane

My stole immaculate; or I will shake thee,

Vile reptile, off, and trample thee in the dust!

Bosham, let be!—I have an arm as stout

As any stalking Norman of them all!—

Away! [*He casts DE TRACI from him, who drops.*]

*De Traci.* (*Aiming at BECKET, strikes off the arm of RICHARD GRYME.*)

Get thee a wooden one, thou false confessor,

To bless thee with! thou supple, whispering knave!

*BECKET and his friends are assaulted by the Conspirators, many of whom*

*BECKET overthrows.*

*Fitz-Urse.* Here strikes King Harry! [*Cleaving BECKET down.*]

*Becket.* *Excrabilis esto!* [*Die.*]

*Scene closes.*

This is Goethean. But we must pause. The subject demands another paper.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE NEW YEAR'S EVE OF A MISERABLE ONE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

An old man stood in the new year's midnight at a window, and gazed with a look of despondency upward upon the motionless ever-looming heavens, and downward upon the still pure white earth, where now no one was so joyless and sleepless as he. For his grave was near him, hidden by the snow of age only, and not by the verdure of youth; and out of a long abundant life he brought nothing with him—nothing but errors, sins, and disease, an emaciated body—a desert soul—a breast full of poison, and an age full of ruth. His young days flowed now like spirits before him, and conducted him again to the bright clear morn when his father had placed him at the parting of the ways of life: that to the right leading by the sun-lit path of virtue to a distant peaceful land of light and harvest, and full of angels—straight to the left, conducting downwards through the mole-track of vice, into a black hell full of dripping poisons, full of aiming serpents and dark sweltry vapour.

Ah! the serpents hung about his breast, and the poison-drops on his tongue: he knew not where he was.

Senseless, and with unspeakable anguish, he lifted up his voice to heaven, and cried, "Give me my youth back again! Oh, Father!—place me once more at the partings of the ways, that I may choose otherwise!"

But his youth and his father had long since passed away. He beheld misleading lights dancing on the sloughs, and disappearing on a spectral ground—and he said, "They are my foolish days!" He saw stars shoot out of the heavens, glimmer in its fall, and disperse upon the earth. "Such am I," said his bleeding heart—and the serpent-tooth of ruth dug deeper into his wounds.

His inflamed fancy presented before him gliding noctambulists upon the roofs; and windmills threatening lifted up their arms to strike; and a skull left in an empty dead-house, by degrees resumed its lineaments.

In the midst of his mind's convulsion the new year's music floated suddenly downward from a tower, like distant psalmody. He became more gently agitated. He gazed around the horizon, and over the wide earth, and thought on the friends of his youth, who now, happier and better than he, were teachers of the land—fathers of children and blessed men—and he said, "Oh! I could like you have slept this first night with dry eyes—if I had willed it!—Oh! I might also have been happy, ye dear parents, had I fulfilled your new year's wishes and instructions!"

In such feverish recollections of the days of his youth it seemed to him as if the skull in the dead-house raised itself with its lineaments: then—by the superstition which on new year's eve beholds spirits and the future—it formed itself into a living youth in the attitude of the boy of the Capitol drawing out a thorn, and his own form, while yet in youth's bloom, was in mockery conjured up before him.

He could endure it no longer—he hid his eyes—a thousand hot



tears flowed sinking in the snow; he only sighed—cheerlessly deprived of sense, “Come back again, youth—come again.”

And it came again, for he had only so fearfully *dreamed* in the year’s eve. He was yet a youth—only his errors had been no di And he thanked God, that yet young, he could turn back out of filthy track of vice, and betake himself to the sun-lit paths which to the pure land of harvests.

Turn with him, young reader—if thou standest upon his e path! This fearful dream will in future become thy judge, if shouldst *once* full of anguish cry out, “Return, days of my childh *They will not return again.*

## IONA.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS, BY E. L.

### PART III.

THE work of conversion was silently proceeding with the young G that of death with her young friend. Again change of air was ord and the mild climate of Italy was fixed on as the best. Thurot recalled his young friend from Switzerland, and agreed to accom Lionel in his attendance on his sister and mother; it was some however, before M. Milerai arrived, and Iona, at last, opene mind to her friend a few days before the intended departure c latter for Florence, for which place Mrs. Beaumont had some ductions.

“You go to *my* Florence, sorella mia,” said Iona to the inval she supported her head on her bosom, and kissed the veins c snowy brow. “And I must not go with you, nor nurse you o breast. Nay, I would not if I could, for I shall never look on Flo more!”

Disengaging herself from her circling arms, and looking wit feigned astonishment into her face, Ellen anxiously asked her fr meaning, and saw an expression of mature thought and determin in her features she had never before seen her assume.

“I mean,” replied she, calmly, “that I hope to glorify my G the world as I see some here do, and not conceal any talent b have blessed we with within the walls of a convent.”

“Dearest friend,” said Ellen, clasping her to her bosom, prayers are answered; you will then no longer interpose any thing person between your soul and its Saviour. You will come with my people shall be your people, my God your God.”

“Nay, friend of my heart!” replied Iona, “you would sprea path with roses, while it must be lonely, thorny, and, perhaps, b I have secreted this book,” continued she, showing Ellen a Greek Testament of Lionel’s, that he had once taught his sis read a little in, “and there I see written that there is ‘no me between God and man, but the man Christ Jesus.’ I see in i written, that the Christian must avoid the appearance of evil; I make known my change of sentiments, this little missionary, she, reverently kissing the book, “must alone bear the blame (

conversion ; no voice but that of Jesus in his word pleaded with me, no friend shall suffer for me ; nay ! weep not, I shall not stand alone, 'when thou passest through the waters I shall be with you,' " said the lovely girl, with a look of bright and trusting happiness, such as illumined the brow of the confessors of old ; " keep my secret, Ellen," continued she, " my time is not yet come—give me your English Bible as a parting gift, my love, and may its God be ours !"

The rush of conflicting feelings was too much for the delicate frame of Ellen : she wept convulsively, and clung to her friend, now dearer to her than ever. " I cannot, I will not, I ought not to leave you," said she, but the young convert stood her first trial of principle without wavering, as she gently, but firmly, refused any friend's assistance in this matter. " Where will you go, beloved sister?" continued Ellen : " what money, what friends have you ?"

" I shall go out in the spirit of faithful Abraham," replied she ; " I never had but one friend—my mother, and she is dead ; had I remained in the convent, I should have taught there for my support ; the Father of the fatherless will guide me in the way !"

From this day the aversion Ellen evinced towards leaving the *château* was so great, that her tender mother could not urge it, and the fatal appearances of her diseases became every day more alarming. The sufferer herself, now that the apprehension of removal from her friend was taken away, was almost too bright and beautiful in spirit, as well as person, to be looked at with that intense grief the knowledge of her real situation must otherwise have inspired. She talked of death with a peaceful rapture, so real, so unaffected, it was almost sacrilege to weep ; and high and holy were the communings of those sister spirits which seemed to grow into each other's hearts so fondly, that even the agonized mother rejoiced she had not parted them. " It will be but for a moment," said Ellen to her who hovered around her bed, clad in her white robes like a ministering spirit of love and pity ; her pale cheek " pining for its parting rose." " It will be but for a moment we shall part, my Iona ; for, oh ! that form will never stand one blast of this world's cruelty." As she spoke, Lionel entered.

His heart had now returned in full fealty to her whose lovely hand so sweetly soothed the pillow of his dying sister. Half distracted between love and grief, he burst into the room ; and Iona, without looking at him, retired. He had just returned from a scene which, at any other time, he would have found ludicrous in the extreme. Having lately become convinced, as the character of Iona opened more and more upon him, that she, at least, could not be the writer of the epistle that had so completely excited his indignation, he as usual repaired daily to the chapel, but owing (as he supposed) to his sister's increased indisposition, his attraction thither had not been visible for many days. A substitute, however, gladly presented herself to his notice, in the ridiculous person of the before-mentioned French governess, who having on this day assumed half-a-dozen new colours, and planted a mimic blush on either faded cheek, had sallied forth determined to make allowance for the "*mauvaise honte*" natural to a raw English youth, and to overwhelm her supposed admirer with her condescension, by being herself the first to open the loving con-

ference she had no doubt he sighed to enjoy with *her*, whom he followed, certainly looked at, and, therefore, most assuredly admired. Approaching, then, with a mincing Parisian step our young hero, she addressed him in a tender tone, and rallying him on his devotion to the Madonna, asked him, why he had never pointed out the place where he could admire beauty without the walls of a church? Her question reminded him of the note he had received, and at once conceiving the truth, and burning with shame at his own unworthy suspicions of the lovely Iona, and with indignation at the foolish old coquette, he turned on his heel, with a look of supreme contempt, and left the good lady bursting with anger, muttering, "*Ah ! le vilain Anglais, il est tout sauvage ; ce n'est qu'un bête de jeune homme !*" with sundry other tender epithets, the expression of a new passion within the French woman's bosom. Disappointed in the scene of love she had proposed, her malignant mind now planned a sweet revenge on the rival whose extreme youth, she now perceived, had not formed the insurmountable barrier to admiration she had supposed it must have done. She, therefore, extended her walk to the residence of M. l'Abbé Arseux, to whom she intimated her serious apprehensions of the young Greek's apostacy ; she assigned as her reason her having refused for some time to accompany her to the chapel, and having made some excuses for not attending mass latterly, and all, she feared, in consequence of the extraordinary affection she had conceived for a young Protestant lady who was dying at the convent, and to whom she devoted almost all her time. The Abbé bent his dark brows until they met again, as he listened to the unwelcome tidings. He had been sent from Florence to this part of the world, principally on account of this young creature, so rich in talents, that, to an establishment like that of the Madelines, deriving its chief revenues from pupils, her acquirements alone would have been invaluable ; but poor as Iona was (in her own eyes), the Church had good reason to fear the loss of one in reality so rich a prize as was in this lamb, which seemed now about to wander from the fold. Alarmed at the idea of incurring the censure of the Church for neglect of duty, he determined, if possible, to keep what he had just heard within his own bosom ; while it was determined between him and Mademoiselle Goëssens, that nothing should be left undone to *force* back, if necessary, the stray sheep ; and that she should be taught to imagine that the pope himself would interfere, with his authority, to bring her back to a sense of duty. While, from day to day, they consulted together against her, Iona laid in a treasury of graces for the hour of trial, at the sick bed of her heavenly companion, whose spirit was setting glorious as a southern sun, and more certain of a bright rising ; yet were there no transports, no triumphant ecstasies to be repeated and biographied, as is the mode of the present day. The chastened demeanor of the sinner saved sate on the young saint's brow, and she smiled her soul away in the arms of her weeping and grateful mother. This twice-stricken deer laid her young bud of promise in the grave, in "sure hope of a blessed resurrection ;" and she found a useful and tender occupation in cheering the drooping Iona, who hung over the tomb of her only friend like a snowdrop to its mother earth. Her bright eye languished beneath its snowy lid,

seldom did she raise it from the ground ; her bounding step lost its lightness ; and sudden palpitations of the heart alarmed the her Providence had raised up to the orphan in Mrs. Beaumont. little knew the daily trials the gentle girl had to undergo in her daily interviews with her confessor, who was enraged to find that a girl of sixteen should dare to bandy words with him, and gently, yet firmly, to express her altered sentiments, always giving a reason in the words of scripture, some of which, supposing them to be her own, the confessor roundly asserted to be blasphemous.

But as matters of controversy are at all times hateful to us, we will with pleasure leave this wily priest, and return to one of a very different stamp. The loss of all he had ever dared to love, appeared to be the lot of Thurôt, and the wounds of his heart bled afresh at the remembrance of his beloved Ellen ; he suggested to the afflicted brother and sister to pursue their intended plan of a visit to Florence, and accordingly the three mourners soon found themselves in the fair city of the Medici, where the paintings and buildings gratified the tastes of all, and the lovely sky and the balmy air fanned the aching heart of the mourning mother, who clung to her only remaining treasure with a ten-fold fondness, and tried to look happy for his dear sake. Lionel recommenced his labour of love, and was, ere many days' sojourn in Florence, much advanced in the beautiful picture of her who was more than ever the idol of his heart. The mystery in which his love sought to involve the occupation, heightened the charm of it to his eyes ; and one day, whilst working at it, he determined to visit, and possibly examine, every part of the Convent des Madelines where his beloved one had received her education. That evening he repaired to its chapel at vespertide, and could almost have fancied that a peculiarly rich voice was that of his Iona. The old sacristan who stood near him, and had been made sensible of the young Englishman's frailty, was much delighted by his fervent admiration of the music ; and after it had ceased he began to talk with all the loquacity Lionel would have desired, whilst he pointed out the different pictures and statues worthy of notice. " Yes, signor," said he, " young sister Elsie has a fine voice ; but one now far away used to ring like an angel's through these arches, and force the pleasant tears from these eyes that now refuse to weep at any other sound."

A thrill of ecstasy shot through Lionel's frame, as on asking the name of this syren, the old man pronounced—" Santa Iona Amata she is called, and well does she deserve the name ; for as surely as her other of blessed memory is a saint in Heaven, so surely is her daughter one on earth ! Did she not seek me and my dying daughter out in the extremity of our want ? Did she not soothe her last hours with spiritual and temporal comforts, and get me the place I now occupy ? Ah ! signor, I cannot die until I see her !" And as the old man spoke, an air of gratitude lighted up his features, Lionel thought, into perfect duty. At once he secured the old man's friendship, by telling him that his sister had been the bosom friend of his patroness, and that he himself had seen her within a short time. " And how did she look, sweet sister ?" asked Gaspardo, whose Tuscan language seemed strangely sweet to Lionel's ear. " Her night watches in this chapel, and

then in her mother's, faded her young cheek all too soon ; but, ah, signor, how heavenly fair ! she looked the image of her sainted mother !”

Here the old man was called away, and Lionel could not at that time further satisfy his curiosity. While left alone in the chapel, however, a strange thought struck him, and he resolved to ask the sacristan to allow him to remain all night in the place hallowed by the vigils of her with whose character as well as person he was more than ever enchanted. The old man smiled dubiously, when Lionel, slipping a second *douceur* into his hand, made his extraordinary request.

“Not to-night, not to-night,” said he, “for certain reasons ; but to-morrow, if you remain in the same mind, old Gaspardo, at the risk of his place, will gratify your pious desires.”

But Lionel only found the opposition strengthen his romantic wish ; and pointing out twenty places of concealment in case of surprise, suggested that even if discovered it could only be supposed he had been locked up by chance, while admiring the church, which was one of the most beautiful in Florence, and contained some of the finest works of art.

“Nay,” said Gaspardo, “if you will persist, I must, in that case, give you the secret of a most holy place, which I had reserved to myself the pleasure of showing you at some future time.”

As he spoke, he beckoned to the young man to follow him, and directed him where to touch a secret spring. A door so artificially constructed in the wall as to appear part of it, flew noiselessly open, and was immediately and reverently closed by Gaspardo, who made Lionel promise to use it only in case of the extremest danger, promising, on his part, to show him the sanctuary at some future day, and, wishing him a blessed reward for so much piety, the old man withdrew, only canonizing the young and liberal stranger. The autumn twilight was fast sinking into night, as his retreating footsteps struck Lionel's ear, who now, in the luxury of solitude, gave up his whole soul to a delicious dream of ideal happiness ; the very air seemed to breathe of Iona ; and as he pictured her form kneeling before an exquisite Magdalen that graced the altar, he forgot the many beautiful specimens of his own darling art that lay around, tinged with the expiring sunbeams that streamed in mellow gold through the painted windows. Soon were these works of genius, forsaken by the magician light, forced to veil themselves before the power of darkness, and these immortal creations faded into the oblivious mass around. But Lionel, leaning against a pillar admirably adapted to conceal him beneath its shadow, peopled his lone solitude with happy thoughts, from which he was, after some time, aroused by the sound of an opening door ; and he had only time to cast himself down beneath the shadow of a pillar, when he saw a female form carrying a lamp approach the altar. She was robed in white, and but for the novice's veil that she wore, her height and step might have led him to suppose that his own lady love now stood before him. She timidly approached the picture of her patroness, where she deposited some flowers, wet with the dews of night ; and casting herself on the marble floor, and

not daring to raise her eyes to the tearful ones so exquisitely portrayed before her, the young penitent's prayerful breathing reached the retreat of Lionel; and it was not for many minutes that, having relieved her heart by this burst of secret sorrow, she arose, and turning round, the white folds still heaving over her agitated bosom, he caught a glimpse of bloom and beauty, such as not even grief could dim; her cheeks rivalled her own tearful roses, and her innocent features had an almost infantine expression, as, returning for her lamp, she placed it so as to be able to read, for a short time, a book which she held in her hand, and which seemed to affect her so much that, casting herself once more on her knees before the Magdalen, she poured out an extemporaneous prayer for pardon so heartfelt, that Lionel, giving way to a sudden impulse of pity, called out in a voice awfully distinct, in consequence of the emptiness of the building, and the emphasis wherewith he pronounced the words, "Siete perdonata;" but the sound of his own voice broke the spell of feeling that had produced this mad act; and, alarmed at his own imprudence, Lionel looked round for the spring: to his dismay he found he could not reach it without exposure, and therefore scarce daring to breathe, he remained in his former position. But the zealous novice, who was as superstitious as sincere, not only believed she heard the voice of the Magdalen, but that she saw the lips of the adored image move; and with a cheek glowing, arms crossed on her breast, and her eyes rivetted on the canvass, she seemed to drink in afresh the blessed sound of pardon with a holy rapture that absorbed every other feeling, so much that Lionel became aware long before she did, that a tall, commanding figure, holding a dark lantern, which he shaded by his priestly robes, had entered by the same side door as the novice, and now stood bending a falcon's glance on her; but the features could not be mistaken: they were those of the Abbé Arséus, the noblest perhaps ever seen, had not the eye that Heaven had formed to pity and love as well as to threaten and command, been taught to veil its natural glances, and so "hurled the spirit from its throne of light," producing that peculiar characteristic expression of the Catholic priesthood which all feel they possess, but that cannot be described.

At length he broke silence, and musically whispering, his words fell silver sweet on the young enthusiast's ear; who, still kneeling and apparently only changing her object of worship, listened with downcast eyes as he spoke. "Poor child!" murmured he, "why this excess of devotion? Arise and retire to thy rest; thy tender years and venial sins last heard in confession do not call for such rigorous penance;" and a look of benevolent encouragement accompanied his words. Claspng his knees, the fair girl expressed a sense of her deep unworthiness, and her wish to confess the sins of heart she had been guilty of since last they met, and to receive a second pardon. Then with glowing ecstasy did the innocent girl detail the blessed communication that had been made her; while Lionel, who watched with the deepest anxiety every change of the priest's countenance, could see the look of suspicion that he darted around the building, give way gradually to one of incredulity mixed with scorn, as he answered her soothingly,—  
"Doubtless our blessed patroness," (here he devoutly crossed him-

self,) "seeing thy penitent state of mind, hath honoured thee by a special mark of her favour only to confirm thy wavering resolution. As to the day of the assumption of the black veil, we shall again speak on that subject. And now, my daughter, receive my benediction as thou retire." The "*amen*" was scarcely pronounced, when the rustling of silk was heard, and the Abbess, who had, in full robes, entered unseen but all but Lionel, now stood before them, her handsome, but haughty features, marked by unusual severity, as she sternly demanded of the novice how she had dared to visit the chapel without permission. The timid girl's eyes drooped beneath hers; but the Abbé interposed, and promising to account for her conduct, the happy Rosalie had leave to retire, which she did with a light step and a lighter heart, freed from all sins, as she thought. Alas! that such genuine feelings of piety should thus be perverted!

"How now, Signor Abbate," exclaimed the Abbess, as the door closed on the novice, "more want of discipline, more neglect of rules! If our boarders and novices are thus allowed to think and act for themselves, we shall have many more such defections as that of your young charge, whom, by your own account, you have well guarded. I desired to meet you here to-night, that we might consult on the best plans of getting her back; and once in our power, Iona's heresy is an eternal secret!"

"Certainly," said the priest, "none can dispute our Lady Abbess's zeal for the Church, yet we must in this matter proceed cautiously, as Madame Heureux is a bigot and an English woman, and I do not believe Iona that she had not a share in her perversion; but the girl herself attributes all to the reading of a Greek testament, belonging to a brother of her bosom friend, at the school, who has since died. But I am sure her death also produced the effect, for I hear it was worthy a better creed." Here the conversation was carried on in such low tones that Lionel could only catch a word here and there.

He had, however, heard enough to make every fibre of his frame thrill with joy and agitation, and he at once formed the vow of devoting his life to the defence of the interesting and beloved convert. At length they retired, and Lionel, now more than ever fearful of discovery, on account of what he had overheard, groped his way to the secret spring, and found himself enveloped in still deeper darkness as he closed the door of his hiding-place on himself, and advancing a few steps, struck against the marble pedestal, as he supposed, of some monument. Worn out by excitement, he threw himself beside it and soon fell asleep: it was to dream of Iona; but whether it was from the effect of the unusually hard and cold bed he lay on, or from the agitated state of his feelings, or both, death seemed to accompany her steps, wherever his fancy led her; and as he waked with a shiver and a start, a cold hand met his, and a melancholy ray of moonlight fell upon a white figure that bent over him, and on raising his eyes to the face, the features of Iona met them, pale and rigid as in death, but passing lovely still.

Uttering a wild cry, the overwrought and sensitive youth fell to the ground, and the first dawn of morning unsealed his eyes once more to a new marvel. Wildly looking around, his eye rested on a slab at his

et, where were inscribed these words—"Santa Iona, Sorella Amata," and a confused remembrance of the awful vision he had seen no sooner returned to him, than the mystery was solved. Lionel stood at the monument of Iona's mother, where her statue bent in mournful grace, and might have represented the daughter as well, but for the difference of years. Lionel could not tear himself away from the lovely figure.

"Divine art," murmured he, "pity's sister, sorrow's friend; heaven's gift of mercy to those parted by death or absence, I worship thee more than ever!" And Gaspardo found him at five o'clock, when he came to release him, still standing in mute admiration before the statue.

"The signora herself never looked more lovingly at her mother than you do, signor," said the old man, delightedly; "there she used to spend nights and days, and talk to it so sadly and sweetly, you would cry to hear her; for you know, signor, she was but twelve years old when her mother died, and she is still a child. But quick! quick! the nuns will be coming to matins, and you must away this very moment," said the old sacristan, most uncereceremoniously suiting the action to the word, and pushing Lionel out, who had scarcely left the chapel ere the nuns entered it.

Flinging himself on a sofa in his painting-room on his return home, he lay for some time feasting his eyes on his picture, now nearly finished, when Thurôt entered, his countenance anxious and haggard, and throwing himself on a chair beside him, he said, "Thank God, you are returned before your mother knows you have not been in bed all night. My dear son, you afflict me by this singular conduct; I have been seeking you sorrowfully all night." And Lionel felt the tender rebuke, and was about to detail all the particulars of this eventful period, when Thurôt, who had now, for the first time, followed the direction of his young friend's gaze, had no sooner fixed his eyes on the picture, than he sank to the earth, crying, "Merciful heavens, it is my lost Isabel!" Confused and alarmed, Lionel knelt beside his friend, and supporting his head on his shoulder, tore open his breast to give him air, when a miniature resembling the two Ionas met his amazed view, and his beloved preceptor stood at once revealed the father of the object of his heart's affections. With what feelings of tumultuous joy did the happy parent fold his adopted son to his heart, and pour question after question upon him relative to his lovely Isabel. Every answer brought the smile and the tear; the smile of gratitude and joy to find her all the fond father could desire—the tear of sorrow to hear of her being beset by dangers and evils, from which the peculiarity of his situation forbade his at once releasing her. The sympathising Mrs. Beaumont rejoiced and mourned alternately with her valued friend; and it was agreed, that on the following day they should commence their journey homewards, determining to use the utmost caution in acquainting Iona with the discovery that had just been made, as she had been always so watched by her confessor that no letter could be conveyed without his knowledge, and latterly, the surveillance of Mademoiselle Goëssens had been added to it.

Thurôt had flown to embrace his child but for these considerations; and his joy at finding one treasure was so clouded by grief by the certain loss of the other, that his tried spirit had sunk beneath the



conflict but for the strong consolation he derived from the b source.

Gaspardo was sent for, and privately questioned by him on every thing connected with Iona and her mother; and from his account they gathered, that Isabel, assisted by her Jesuit confessor at St. Gingoux, had first fled with her infant to a Greek convent, where each assumed the name of "Iona;" that, having made a full confession, she was absolved from her offences, on condition that she should put forward her claims for her maternal property and endow a chapel, and dedicate her child to God, never letting her know who her father was.

To all these conditions Isabel agreed, save to that which affected her daughter. She had herself suffered too much from having been compelled to a religious life; and she loved her child too tenderly to do more than dedicate her to the Virgin, and leave her ultimately to her own disposal. It would appear she had the "Convent des Made-lines" as her final resting-place, the resources of which the old man declared she had greatly increased during her life, and at her death she had left a considerable sum to that establishment, besides money to build the chapel, where the love of the sisterhood for her had led them to erect a monument on the spot where she lay. And it further appeared, that although Iona knew nothing of it, a large sum must still remain for her use.

Softened by the deep affliction of Thurôt, who he was told was a near relative of his patroness, the sacristan consented to allow him to pass the night in the "Chapel of the Monument," as it was called. In vain did Lionel implore to be allowed to accompany him.

"No eye must look on my mortal agony, my son!" said the man of sorrows; "I must take it to him who hath bruised, and can alone bind up this broken heart." The next morning he was calm, and ready at an early hour for his journey, but almost as weak as an infant.

It was agreed on the way that Mrs. Beaumont should break the intelligence to Iona; and having travelled with all speed, they arrived at the château in an incredibly short time; and their kind friends could hardly refrain from calling for Iona from the carriage as it drew up in the court-yard, and Madame Heureux appeared with the smile of pleasure to welcome home her valued inmate.

Feeling she must be cautious, Mrs. Beaumont only whispered the name of Iona.

"She is ill, my friend," replied Madame Heureux; "very ill.—She has suffered much in secret, and her nerves have been cruelly tortured. Heaven grant this may be all; but I grieve to say there are symptoms of a heart-complaint; and the physicians say she must be kept from all excitement, as agitation of any kind might produce the very worst consequences. She, too, is ripening for glory, my friend," added she: "the buds are falling around us, while the faded flowers are left."

"I hope for the Master's use," was the chastened mourner's reply; and she waited in deep anxiety that Madame Heureux should acquaint the beloved patient with her arrival.

A short interval elapsed, and the lovely girl, radiant with joy,

tered. Admiration at her increased and surpassing beauty was the only feeling Mrs. Beaumont could at first find room for. She had thought it was impossible for any human being to look more ethereal than Iona when first introduced to her. But now,

“ Lit from within was that noble brow,  
As an urn whence rays from a lamp may flow ;  
And her young clear cheek had a changeful hue,  
As if ye might see how the soul wrought through.”

Her colour flushed and faded alternately as she spoke, and her eye would have been too bright but for the mild angelic expression that softened its beams. She had become taller, her hair longer, her figure more sylph-like than ever, and her voice sounded as though it might soothe all sufferings, rather than to complain of them. Altogether, the sight was too much for the tender heart of Mrs. Beaumont ; and, burying her face in her hands, she wept bitterly.

“ Sacred are the tears of a mother,” sighed the lovely girl ; “ none shall water Iona’s tomb.”

“ My child,” said Mrs. Beaumont, recovering herself, “ while I live I have one parent ; and you know you may have two, for you have told me that you sometimes fancied, from what your mother said, that you might still see your father.”

A flush of joy mantled the face and neck of Iona as, casting herself on Mrs. Beaumont’s bosom, she replied, “ Oh, sweet mother ! at rapturous visions do your words recall to my memory, such as I used to feel after seeing his picture once, when night and day I thought stood before me.”

In this way was the subject introduced, and recurred to at intervals, until at length Mrs. Beaumont thought she might reveal the whole truth ; but the effect was fearful : palpitations of the heart, so violent as produce continued fainting fits, succeeded the overwhelmingly joyful intelligence : and the father’s cup of bliss was alloyed with many a bitter drop, when he first held to his heart the fainting form of his lost bel. It was the moment for which he had wearied heaven with prayers ; and now that the wish of his heart was granted, he could not, with safety to her or himself, acknowledge or protect her from dangers that surrounded her. He could not stay one panting breath that bore her young life away. Such is human happiness.

On the second visit, Iona was so much better that Lionel was introduced, and hearing Thurôt call him “ his son,” she sprang to embrace her brother.

Lionel avoided the caress by falling at her feet, and exclaiming passionately, “ No, not a brother ! but one who loves you better than the whole world beside ; who has haunted your steps by day, and dreamt of you by night ; who has lived but for you, and will die in your service !”

Not understanding a word of this rhapsody, Iona looked down with unfeigned astonishment at the handsome youth kneeling at her feet, and artlessly replied, “ I could almost weep to think you are my brother, for I feel I could love you very dearly ; but were you my brother, I should tell you to kneel only to God.”

Rising, and ashamed of his own impetuosity, Lionel was about to retire, when Iona, who had just learned from Mrs. Beaumont who he was, returned, and taking his hand in hers, and looking innocently in his face, she said, while tears dimmed her lovely eyes, "Will you take me for a sister, instead of our lost one?" and from that hour she loved him as a beloved brother. But so much happiness was not long to be enjoyed without alloy. A letter of the most threatening nature was received by the young convert a few days after, from the Abbess of "Les Madelines," ordering her immediate return to the convent; and Iona, on putting it into her father's hands, acquainted him that it was the third or fourth she had received, and that she feared, although Madame Heureux had hitherto protected her, that her husband might not like to render himself obnoxious to the Church by harbouring her in her rebellion much longer. As Thurôt dared not acknowledge her in a Catholic country, nor could he bring her to England, circumstanced as he would be there, he therefore determined, that as soon as he could get his church supplied with a minister, that all should repair secretly to Switzerland, and live together there, if possible, on the spot consecrated to Thurôt by so many sweet and bitter remembrances. At this prospect, Iona's eye glanced once more like that of the gazelle, and her fairy footsteps rivalled the fleetness of the antelope, as, arm in arm with her father and Lionel, she wandered along the lovely banks of the Meuse, or ascended the sloping woods and vineyards that surrounded them. In the meantime, the fury of the Church at her defection knew no bounds; and the Abbé, as a last resource, determined on writing a feigned letter, in the name of the supreme authority, to Madame Heureux, demanding the body of Isabel di Castros, commonly called Iona, to be handed over to the Holy Inquisition, as a contumacious and heretical apostate.

On the arrival of this alarming document (which was, of course, withheld from her it most materially concerned), a consultation of the friends took place; and Lionel, who had hitherto with difficulty restrained his indignation at this unworthy persecution of the object of his deep love, now burst in on their councils, and with all the ardour of his character, implored to be made the legitimate protector of the lovely convert; "whom he would defend," he said, "with a Briton's heart and arm, against a host of popes and councils, until he could cast around her the watery shield of his own dear island." His mother warmly seconded his wishes; and Thurôt, knowing his young friend's character, was almost tempted (under the distressing circumstances) to waive the objection of his extreme youth, and yield to a plan that seemed to afford the only chance of protection for the poor hunted deer.

But ere he could flatter the hopes of the devoted lover, he was determined to discover the state of his daughter's inclinations; and, accordingly, he took an early opportunity of detailing to her the rise and progress of Lionel's affection for her; the story of the picture, to the discovery of which she owed a father, and he a child worth dying to defend; and now, for the first time, detailed to her the unhappy circumstances that rendered him unable to afford her protection, and as he marked the ingenuous workings of her woman's heart in the ever-varying expression of her beautiful countenance, he ended his commu-

nication by asking her, "Could she love his noble young pupil, the son of his best friend?"

After a pause, and drawing her hand across her brow, as though she could thus sweep away the mantling blushes that suffused it, Iona replied, "Love! the word is strange, father, to my unpractised ear; and yet, methinks, I know what it means—a tender gratitude—a warm admiration of the taste, approved by the judgment. If so, away with vain disguise, father—I love your adopted son." Folding her to his heart, the proud and happy parent kissed away the modest tears that bedewed her young cheek, while he whispered in her ear, "May Lionel prove worthy of an union that promises him so much felicity."

At these words, gently disengaging herself from her father's arms, her brow lighted up with noble resolution, Iona replied, "Nay, dearest father, I may not stain the white robes of my new profession by the appearance of evil—I may not become a second Catharine a Borgia—I must remain the bride of heaven—and, oh! my father, strengthen me to love my God supremely."

And as she spoke, a few natural tears sprinkled the holy offering of her pure heart's first affection, rendering it worthy the acceptance of Him who hath promised an eternal reward to like actions done for His name's sake. "My child, my child!" sobbed the agitated parent, "would to God I could die for thee!" and, clasped in a close embrace, the father and daughter wept on each other's bosom. At length he took her hand, and, leading her into her closet, they poured out their sorrows before "Him who can wipe all tears away."

Lionel's grief amounted to despair when Iona's resolution was made known to him; he wandered about for many days, refusing to be comforted, or sat gazing on the picture of her who had rejected his suit.

At length the day of trial arrived—a mock deputation, as from the Holy Inquisition, waited on the alarmed Madame Heureux, who rushed in the deepest alarm into Mrs. Beaumont's apartments, followed by Lionel, who placed himself at the door of the chamber that contained his treasure, with a look of almost savage defiance. "They are come," shrieked Madame Heureux, "the familiars of the Inquisition are already in the château; for heaven's sake, M. Thurôt, secure the doors, defend yourselves! defend your daughter!"

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Lionel, "look to Iona."

"The shock has killed her," screamed Mrs. Beaumont, as she marked the slight convulsion that shook the pale girl's frame, and distorted for a moment her lovely features ere she sank, marked with the hues of death, on her father's breast, whispering, "The spirit truly is willing—but the flesh is weak—closer, still closer draw me to thy loving breast, oh, my father! and now—all—all is peace!" And her eyes of love closed on her father for ever!

Yet even in that hour of mortal agony, the parting spirit lingered to catch and soothe the groan of deep anguish that burst from Lionel's breaking heart. Extending her arms towards him, she murmured, "Here, take a first, a last embrace—my more than brother!" And Thurôt, as he resigned his daughter to the circling arms of her lover, saw that her brow was sealed with the rapture of eternal repose! Kneeling down, and raising his streaming eyes to heaven, the father exclaimed, "Merciful God! I thank thee—my child is safe!"

## REVIVALS. — No. II.

## THE SABBATH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

STR.—I now proceed, with your permission, to endeavour to show, that none of the Apostles, who wrote epistles, have delivered any injunction of a Sabbatarian nature, and particularly, in passages relating to parts of the Decalogue, that we never find the fourth commandment quoted.

One of them, St. James, calls the performance of our duty to our neighbour, *fulfilling* the royal law, and doing *well*.<sup>\*</sup> Another, St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Galatians,† *most emphatically* tells *even Jewish* converts, that “the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” Does this look like re-enacting the fourth commandment? He does, it is true, in his *special* Epistle to the *Jews*,‡ tell them, that they ought not to forsake the *assembling of themselves together*, as some appeared inclined to do, partly, *perhaps*, through having heard so much against their *original* ceremonies, and partly through fear, on account of the *danger* attending the *public* performance of Christian worship at that time.§ However, all, *except four things*, St. Paul, and the other writers in the New Testament, leave to the discretion of churches, and governments, in *different times and circumstances*. It has, indeed, been sometimes asserted, that the expression in the Revelation, “I was in the spirit on the Lord’s day,” || denotes that St. John considered that the *whole* day ought to be devoted to religious offices. And it is asked, “How can it be said to be the Lord’s day, unless the *whole* of it is devoted to him?” To this it may be replied, that the phrase—“Lord’s day,” is merely a common mode of speaking,—that, at all times (and most especially in Eastern countries), accessions, inaugurations, birth-days, and a variety of commemorations, have been similarly designated. But, not to rely on this alone, St. John, in his addresses to the *seven* churches,¶ reproves, more or less, *five* of them; and not one word of complaint is there against *any* for following, on Sundays, such *secular* callings as are *admitted* to be lawful on ordinary days. If, for instance, something like the modern Sabbatarian doctrine had been the rule in the time of the Apostle, is it *credible* that *Sabbath-breaking* would not have been in the catalogue of the offences of *even one* of the five churches? And *if so*, would not the Apostle have not only mentioned it as sinful in itself, but *also* as the *principal* cause of their general demoralization? Why, this is the very mode of arguing resorted to by Sabbatarians in our own time, when it so happens that a criminal has been, what is called, a Sabbath-breaker, though there are instances enough of persons, who do not come under that denomination, being equally bad.\*\* But some will further argue, that the silence of St.

\* Chap. ii. v. 8.

† Chap. v. v. 14.

‡ Heb. chap. x. v. 25.

§ I hardly know which I have oftener heard *unfairly* quoted, and applied in sermons, this verse, or the fourth commandment.

|| Chap. i. v. 10.

¶ Chaps. ii. and iii.

\*\* I will here make the following most *apposite* extract from a clever little reply

John upon this point might *merely* proceed from the circumstance of the offending churches not having *yet* degenerated with respect to it, and *therefore* that by no means does it prove that a *strict Christian Sabbath* was not, at that time, *understood* to be a *positive* Christian duty (this *begging the question* has been indeed applied to the writers of the New Testament generally).\* I will first (but only for a moment, or the sake of argument) admit the justness of this conclusion, and say, that the *disgusting hypocrisy* which this supposes in *some* of the churches addressed, proves that a Sabbatarian Sunday does not *necessarily* produce a religious and virtuous community *even in a trifling degree*;—and, secondly, I reply by reminding those who thus reason, that we might expect to find the Apostle mentioning *Sabbath-keeping* among the things he praises in *some* of the five, or, at least, in his enumeration of the virtues of the other two churches, and accounting it as *one important* cause of their superiority.† Here, however, is the *last*

of an Address, a few years ago, from the Rector of St. James's to his parishioners. 'The assertion so often repeated, that those unhappy individuals, whose lives have been forfeited by the sentence of the law, confessed Sabbath-breaking (*so called*) to have been the origin of their career of vice, is bold and plausible, but will not stand enquiry. It is true, that, if men *habitually* neglect the attendance on public worship on the Lord's day, or any other day on which public worship forms an essential and necessary part, they will soon become indifferent to religion, and if in *sensituous* circumstances, having neglected their duty to God, will lose that moral restraint, which would guard them from the violation of their duty to man; but I *do not* totally deny the demoralizing tendency either of secular occupations or amusements on the Lord's day, as long as they interfere not with the duties of public worship."—To this I will add, that remorse may follow an action contrary to an ill-directed conscience, as well as one contrary to a well-directed conscience, and that a party, having lost self-respect, is in danger of abandoning himself to a vicious course of living. Thus, it is possible, that an ill-instructed Christian may, after committing (what is called) Sabbath-breaking, think he has committed an unpardonable crime, and, in despair, even commit murder; but just the same effect might be produced on the mind of a Roman Catholic, who had absented himself from communion, who, nevertheless, might have, for years previously, indulged in Sunday evening amusements without being a whit debased. Or, to take the case of a widow, whose heart might fail her at the funeral pile, but whose conscience, on reflection afterwards, might upbraid her,—what is the remedy? to flatter her conscience, or to endeavour to put her conscience in a truer path? Better instructed, her conscience would show her the duty of preserving her life, and protecting and rearing her children.—It really appears wonderful to me, *how* any clergymen of great attainments can bring themselves to adopt many of the usual arguments on Sabbath-breaking (*so called*). If there are among them any who do so, more from expediency than conviction, they should remember who it is, in the Apocalypse, that is represented as saying, what applies to the *Sabbatarian*, and to *every other* question, to injustice of *all* kinds, as well in *argument* as in pecuniary transactions, "He it is unjust, let him be unjust still."—(Rev. chap. xxii. v. 11 and 12.)

\* There is something more than probability the other way, in the account of the hostile Christians at Antioch, recorded in the 15th chap. of Acts.

† In the 2nd and 3rd chaps. of the Revelation, there are *about fifteen* places in which we might expect to find allusion *either* to Sabbath-keeping *or* to Sabbath-breaking, upon the supposition that the Sabbatarian doctrine was part of the Christian code! And it is also remarkable, that in the 2nd chap. of St. Paul's 2nd Epistle to the Thessalonians, in which there is mention of a "mystery of iniquity" at work (v. 7),—of "strong delusion," sent as a judgement upon those who pay more reverence to plausible leaders than make simple truth the grand object of their investigation (v. 3, 10, 11, and 12),—and of traditionary, or oral, precepts (v. 15),—is remarkable that, in this chapter, there is nothing to support the Sabbatarian system.

of the inspired writers, who *not only* in this book makes no observations upon the subject to those he was commanded to address, but who *also* in his *subsequent* work (his gospel), which is generally supposed to be his *last* work, and to have been written at a date almost arriving at the *second century*, and which is *also* supposed to have been intended to supply *any important omissions* by the other Evangelists,—does not record *a single command of our Lord upon the subject*. It appears to me, sir, that were St. John to rise from the dead, and come among us, and declare himself an anti-Sabbatarian, he would not afford us *stronger* evidence than he does by these *omissions*.

At almost every period of the early ages of Christianity, we shall find some heresy or other springing up; and, therefore, it would be rash to say that there were no *Gentile* Sabbatarians for the first fifteen hundred years; but this, I think, can be proved, that no regularly constituted branch of the Universal Church gave the least countenance to the doctrine down to the revival of the first liturgy of Edward the Sixth.\* I have, in a preceding letter, quoted some decisive expressions from a *very early* father of the church, Ignatius. Some years afterwards, Justin Martyr, a convert from the Platonic school of philosophy, who, in his writings, shows *peculiar* veneration for the memory and writings of St. John, has, in his celebrated Apology, this passage: "Upon the day *called* Sunday (not the Sabbath, be it observed), all that live either in city or country meet together at the same place, where the records of the Apostles and the writings of the Prophets are read a convenient length of time. Afterwards, when the reader has finished, the minister who presides addresses a discourse to the people, in which he instructs them in their duty, and urges them to imitate the good actions which they have just heard described. *Then we all rise up together, and pour out our prayers*: And, as I have already mentioned, when prayers are over, bread is brought forward, and also wine and *water*, and he that presides sends up prayers, and thanksgivings, with great fervour, and the people *conclude all* with the joyful acclamation of Amen? And so the blessed gifts are distributed to those present, and sent to the absent by the hands of the deacons." Tertullian, and other succeeding Fathers, express themselves in like manner. As to the question whether it was *merely* a change of *day*, with the Jewish Sabbatarian *strictness* retained, St. Jerome expressly alludes to a custom in his time, of the elder matrons, whose time of life kept them from joining in the dance, and other light amusements of the young, employing themselves, after Divine service on Sundays, in making, or mending, garments; yet we do not find this Father complaining of such conduct producing any bad consequences to public worship; for, on the contrary, he declares, that so fervent were the people in their devotions in his day, and so numerous the congregations, that he can but compare the responses of the people in Divine worship to "a clap of thunder."

Of the early Reformers, but two, or three at the most, have ever been produced as giving the slightest countenance to Sabbatarianism,

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\* Cranmer's writings prove that he, and the other leading Reformers, never intended the change in the Liturgy as the adoption of the Sabbatarian doctrine.

hile many of the others have expressly discountenanced it. Even bishop Hooper, so venerated by many modern Sabbatarians, was certainly an anti-Sabbatarian. Of Calvin also the same may be said.\* And though many may think Luther's sentiments not altogether free from objection on general grounds, they yet evince a most decided opposition to Sabbatarianism. "Keep *Sunday* holy (he says) for its use sake, both to body and soul! But if any, when the day is made holy for the mere day's sake—if any one sets up its observance upon a *Jewish* foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it,—to do any thing that shall prove this *encroachment* upon the *Christian spirit* and *liberty*." Then, again, look at the tables at the beginning of the Prayer Book, which are *not* entitled, "for finding the Dominical or *Sabbath* Letter," but "Dominical or *Sunday* Letter." The learned Presbyterian professor, Dr. Campbell, admits, that for the first 1500 years the first day of the week was called "Sunday" and "the Lord's Day" indifferently, but never "the Sabbath Day."† And the Bishop of London even admits this, although he *insinuates* that there is some *new* circumstance in the Christian religion, *which, however, he does not explain*, and which justifies a change of term.

It fairly results from the foregoing, I think, that all, except *those four things*, of which we have apostolical precept and example in the New Testament, are non-essential, *unless enjoined by the church, or legislature*, seeing that the Apostles, their successors the ancient Fathers, and the successors of these again for many ages, *did not enforce more*. As our laws stand at present, we are bound to keep Sunday accordingly; BUT THEN, WHY GIVE CHRISTIANS A WRONG REASON FOR A RIGHT THING? A sermon upon what is called "Violation of the Sabbath," usually contains some such fallacy as this, "Keep holy the Sabbath. You cannot do much for God; but he tells you it is obedience, and not sacrifice, that he demands of his children, and you have his *express* commands to hallow the *seventh* day as the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, to cease from all worldly occupations *on this* (viz. Saturday) holy day, and to spend it in his service." Or sometimes it is said, that "so self-evident is the usefulness of the Sabbath, that, had not God ordained it, man would most probably have done so;" in reply to which, it may be asked, *which of all the heathen religions did it?*

Again, some will try to conjure up a grand argument, from God being said to have "blessed and sanctified the seventh day," as the day on which he "rested" from his work of the creation. This expression either amounts to a *positive* command to keep holy that day, or it does not. If it does, and admitting, for the sake of argument, that the command is not to the Jews *exclusively*, but to the *whole world for ever afterwards*,—it is manifest that that implied command

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\* The secret of John Knox deviating, on this subject, from Calvin, is probably that I have alluded to in my first letter, a dislike to imitate the Roman Catholics in any thing.

† The term "Sabbath Day" is chiefly objectionable because of its being likely to foster ignorance of the real nature of the day.



can be *no authority to change* the weekly holy day. The late King, and his predecessor, were born in August, and were both graciously pleased to order their birth-days to be kept at a time of year more convenient to the nobility and gentry, and more advantageous to those engaged in trade. Here was authority for change;—but could we be said to have acted like loyal and dutiful subjects, had we taken upon ourselves to say, “April is a more suitable month for the celebration; therefore illuminations, and all things depending upon ourselves, shall then take place; and if his Majesty will not hold his birth-day drawing-room at that time, we, in our turn, will make a point of not attending it in August?” The cases are exactly parallel; and, therefore, it ought to be *shown* that our heavenly King has *commanded* such change of day, or that his ambassadors (the inspired Apostles) did, either by *precept*, or example, give us authority to effect it.—But it may be also replied, that the beginning of the Book of Genesis is highly figurative, or allegorical, (as one example, how are we to understand “he rested”?) and what Paley remarks is most true, that no communication, upon the subject of keeping Saturday holy, appears to have been made to any of the patriarchs *before* the time of Moses, though even circumcision was enjoined them, and that, on the contrary, it is expressly mentioned by the prophet Ezekiel,\* that the time when God “gave his Sabbaths” to the *Jews*, was when a regular polity was laid down for them; and well might Paley have supposed, that God would not be said, by the prophet, to have, *at that especial time*, given them what they had *possessed long before*. When, indeed, Moses delivered to the Jews the code he received from God, this *figure of speech* was added as an *additional sanction*;† and this

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\* Chap. xx. v. 12.

† It would really seem, that some Sabbatarian writers forget that the Book of Genesis was *not written immediately after the creation*.—Archbishop Whately seems to rather lean to the opinion, or conjecture rather, that the Jews had, from a very early period, a *periodical Sabbath* of some kind. I confess I see no grounds for thinking so.—In the 29th verse of the 16th chapter of Exodus, God is described as *giving* the Sabbath, *at that time*, in the *wilderness*, to the *descendants of Jacob*; and the prophet Ezekiel, in the 12th verse of the 20th chapter, says the same, with the addition, that the Sabbath was given for a *sign* between God and *them*. Perhaps the Sabbath was given *after Abraham's time*, on account of the foreseen event of the Gentiles being reckoned his children.—The Abbé Fleury (according to Cordell's translation of 1786), in his “*Manners of the Israelites*,” makes no mention of a Sabbath in the patriarchal times, though he does of altars: but, in describing later times (part ii. section 17), I find the Sabbath thus introduced as a *festival—not a fast*—under the head of “*Their Pleasures and Diversions*.”—(this very ill agrees with the John Knox school notion of a Sabbath). “Their application to husbandry did not permit them to make feasts and entertainments *every day*, or *every day* to follow their pleasures, *like the greatest part of the rich ones at present*; but they relished them the more, when they did enjoy them. They had, therefore, their *stated times for mirth and rejoicings*, viz. the *Sabbath days*, and all the other festivals mentioned in the law: as also nuptials: the sharing of the booty after a victory: their sheep-shearings: harvest and vintage in each particular territory, where neighbours met together to assist one another.” I may add, that in his “*Manners of the Christians*,” in mentioning the fact of some of the early Christians fasting occasionally for *ten days together* (part ii. sect. 9), he adds, “for, in these continual fasts, they included even the Sundays, on which, regularly speaking, it was not *lawful* to fast.” Both these

appears to me to be the reason of the creation being related, in the book of Genesis, in the dramatic style in which we find it,—a style which gives us the idea of a strong giant labouring exceedingly above ordinary strength for several days, and then being so exhausted as to require sleep and refreshment.\* Moses could only have meant to say to the Jews (in a figurative way of talking very usual in eastern countries), that the Almighty had been pleased, in giving them His command to keep the seventh day holy, to refer to the creation of the world by Himself; and, therefore, that they must not undervalue the commandment; and, as if to make the greater impression upon their minds, this command (*ceremonial as it is*) was made to form part of the ten commandments, or what perhaps the Jews considered an *abridgment of the laws delivered by Moses*.†

But if the expression, that God “blessed and sanctified the seventh day,” does *not* amount to any command to *Christians* to keep Saturday holy, (or Sunday, supposing the authority to change the day removed,) it is evidently one of those ceremonial laws, which, being “fulfilled” by the resurrection, are *no longer* in force (as the moral law is) *even* with respect to *Jewish* converts.‡ That figure of speech which Moses used, might justly act as a strong inducement to the

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deadly works, notwithstanding some few passages Protestants cannot agree with, as, in my humble opinion, deserving of being most extensively known. Were there more Fleureys in each denomination of Christians, we might hope to see narrow-minded bigotry, and sectarianism, go somewhat out of fashion; and that the ingenious remark of Dionysius of Alexandria, concerning his opponents, the millenarians of Egypt, that “they were ready to embrace whatever they thought made out by good arguments from the Holy Scriptures,” might, indeed, be applicable to more individuals of modern times than there is reason to think may be described with truth at present.

\* God is not represented as merely giving directions (and this alone to go on with, day and night without intermission, for six days, would try most human constitutions), but he is clearly stated to be *his own agent* in calling the world from chaos into order.

† I believe most of the *Jewish* commentators of any consideration have held the fourth commandment to represent *all the ceremonial* parts of the law of Moses, and the other nine commandments to represent *all the moral* parts of it—a theory which appears rational, as otherwise there is this difficulty, to determine whether the *other* ceremonial and moral commands, in the *five* Books of Moses, *were*, or *were not*, intended to be considered by the Jews *equally* binding as the ten commandments.

‡ Paley’s arguments upon the resemblance the Christian’s “Lord’s day” bears to the Jewish Sabbath in some of its uses, and its consequent claims to the Divine approbation (which I shall immediately have to quote), though very well as he sets them, would be of no value, were there no other authority for the solemnity, than *partial imitations of almost every branch* of the ceremonial Levitical Law might be adopted on this principle. There is, however, great reason to doubt whether Moses intended the Jews to understand the fourth commandment according to the *letter*, for devoting the last four hours to festivity (from 2 to 6 P. M.) appears, on several authorities, to be a very ancient custom. Probably part of the “rest” of the “servant,” (or slave, or stranger,) was, in practice, the being allowed to *utrack* of the Sabbath, or festival, repast. At all events, there is nothing more lascivious than not making proper allowance for the extravagance of diction peculiar to them when reading eastern authors. To this day, much that is written is never exempted as being in danger of being understood *quite literally*. The promise of reward, recorded in the 23rd verse of the 6th chapter of St. Mark, is an example of this; but my views of the Christian festival do not stand in need of this argument: I conceive that they have much higher ground to rest upon.

Jews; but the case is *altogether different* with us. The Christian Church was left at *full liberty*, upon *ceremonial* subjects, by the *same* Divine authority which had allowed the Jewish Church no such discretion.\* Our Church may, it is true, (and does) call the Redemption the second creation, and also compare it to the deliverance of the Israelites out of Egypt;† but this argues equally in favour of Easter, the Christian Passover,‡ which many Sabbatarians will not admit to be binding (and which I will admit to be not binding, further than because it is enjoined by the Church and the civil magistrate);—and Paley's observation on the weekly festival of Sunday§ that it is "recommended, perhaps, in some degree, to the Divine approbation, by the resemblance it bears to what God was pleased to make a solemn part of the law which he delivered to the people of Israel, and by its subserviency to many of the same uses," may, with equal justness, be applied to our pre-eminent (for *every Sunday* is a *minor* kind of Easter Day) commemoration of that redemption, accomplished by the sacrifice of our "lamb without spot or blemish;" and, if it be said, as it may well be, that "common sense suggests the expediency of frequent days of cessation from work," yet does not this affect the argument in a theological point of view; for (as Paley remarks) one day in six or eight days would answer *that* purpose as well as one in seven; and what is more, it leaves *untouched* the important question, whether more beneficial consequences are not likely to arise from a day so arranged, as to comprehend both devotional acts (including religious meditation ||), and also innocent recreations, than from one wholly devoted to the latter.

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\* I beg the reader's attention to Acts, chaps. xv. and xxi.; to Galatians, chap. ii. and chap. iv. v. 9, 10, and 21, to the end of the chapter; and chap. v. v. 1—14; and Colossians, chap. ii. v. 6 and 16.

† Exodus, chap. xx. v. 11; and Deuteronomy, chap. v. v. 14 and 15.

‡ 1st Cor. chap. v. v. 7 and 8.

§ Moral Philosophy, Book v. chap. 7.

|| Paley's quotation, in his 6th Book of Moral Philosophy, of Irenæus, militates not, in the slightest degree that I see, against recreation on a portion of Sunday; for the true Christian can admire the works of God, and delight in his law, as well in the midst of pleasure or business, as in retirement. In studying the writings of the Fathers of the Church, the judicious reader will always bear in mind those peculiar differences of circumstances under which they wrote; the persecutions, either actually in force, or likely to soon break out, which made it necessary to teach their pupils to despise life and its enjoyments (but which doctrine carried too far, led some men to court martyrdom, and even to wish their children to die martyrs);—the austerity suggested by the opposition of "the powers of the world" before the conversion of Constantine;—and, when "the world" came into the Church upon that conversion, and ostensible believers being partly real believers, and partly men who only embraced Christianity upon worldly grounds, a scandal the more pious of the Fathers wished to subdue, by a greater strictness of Church discipline. Therefore, we are not to be surprised at occasional expressions, which, if acted upon, would not only too much confine man from the enactment of the social part of his character, but destroy much of the temporal business of life. There may be passages in the writings of several we might now think almost insane at first sight. Origen, who displays so much piety and ability, would, in modern times, be thought mad upon one point notwithstanding. But the remark I most wish to make upon the difference of ancient and modern circumstances is, that the Sabbatarian doctrine would have just suited the temper in which some of the Fathers wrote, and, therefore, that their not adopting it could only have proceeded from not thinking it part of "the truth as it is in Jesus."—See Acts, chap. xvii. v. 11.

Every impartial reader, of a reflecting mind, must see, that the books of the Old Testament are necessary to Christians, more on account of their prophetic\* and historical, than their preceptive contents, of which, that we are required to obey, we have, as I have before said, in greater purity in the New Testament. The law contained in the Old Testament was doubtless suited to the people for whom it was delivered, and completely founded in wisdom, however some parts of it may appear to us mysterious or revolting, because it proceeded from a just and all-wise Being;† but *our law*—the law for us, who are Gentile Christians—is the New Testament. Therefore, about Sunday, or any thing else, we are to ascertain our duty from its pages rather than from the Books of Moses. From those pages we shall not, it is true, collect that Sunday was enjoined as a Sabbath;‡ but we shall collect, that it is our duty to obey the Church, and our civil rulers, as far as their commands are not contrary to the commands, expressed or implied (for, in many instances, an apostolic *example* must be held to be *equally valid* as a *precept*), of our Lord, or his apostles. The only *legitimate* sanctions, then, which can be conceded for, besides any arguments arising from the supposed reasonableness of the institution, are, that the Church (even as far back as the apostles themselves) specially dedicated Sunday to public offices of devotion; and that, though we have no evidence of how the primitive Christians spent the entire of that day, our civil rulers have enjoined us to keep it in such and such a manner.

Though we have no evidence of how the primitive Christians spent the entire of Sunday, yet there is not a shadow of reason for supposing that they were Sabbatarians. Both the apostles and their successors, the Catholic fathers, were most strenuous in enforcing the doctrine that the Jewish ceremonial law was no longer binding; and our Church has most clearly taken from them the sentiment contained in the seventh article, that “the Old Testament is not contrary to the New,” and that the law, “as touching ceremonies and rites, does not bind Christian men.” The Catholic fathers read in the New Testament, that the ceremonies imposed in the Old, were no longer required even of the Jews), and they found, by the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus, that the Sabbath-day solemnities were part of those ceremonies, seeing that God himself so described them, saying to Moses, Speak unto the children of *Israel*, and say unto *them*, concerning the *feasts* § of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations, even these are my feasts.” He is then represented to mention successively the various solemnities mentioned in different parts of the preceding Book of Exodus, viz. the Weekly Sabbath, the Passover,

\* Rev. chap. xix. v. 10.

† In this age of, I fear, much, though not always avowed, scepticism, I would mention to any reader, who feels himself wavering in his religious faith, that I have read Paley's “*Horæ Paulinæ*” the best cure for infidelity of all the books I have ever read.

‡ On the contrary, St. Paul says—(2nd Cor. chap. iv. v. 16)—“As the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day,” evidently meaning that the Gospel is a religion of every day's equal importance.

§ Hebrewists say that “solemn assemblies” would be a more appropriate translation; and certainly, the day of atonement, though a day of solemn assembly, cannot well termed a feast day.

the Sheaf of First Fruits, the Feast of Pentecost, Gleanings to be left for the poor at the time of harvest, the Feast of Trumpets, the Day of Atonement, and the Feast of Tabernacles; and the chapter ends thus, "And Moses declared unto the children of Israel the feasts of the Lord." They, therefore, did not feel that perplexity which they must have felt, if they had found any passage in the New Testament which appeared, *in the least degree*, to reckon the fourth commandment as part of the moral law, having read so different a representation of it in the Book of Leviticus;—and accordingly we find the Church, at a very early period, asserting her right to the most extensive liberty and discretion, viz. at the time when the Eastern Church humoured the prejudices of the Jewish converts so far as to observe the weekly festival on Saturday instead of Sunday, though, at the same time, the Western Church adhered to Sunday as the day of its festival. Both could point to apostolic example—for, situated as the former Church was (and there appears to have been the observance of Sunday *also*, as the Lord's Day, for all those who thought that day the more correct), there was no inconsiderable precedent in the conduct of St. Paul in the beginning of his ministry; and the subsequent conduct of the same apostle showed the latter Church, that, under its then circumstances, it was not bound (or rather had not any excuse) to conform to the *temporary* practice of the other.

In discussing this subject, the innovation of inserting the Ten Commandments in the Communion Service, in the *second* (for they are not in the first) Liturgy of Edward VI. must be noticed. The revision took place about three years after the first Liturgy; and, in the intervening time, the party in convocation, who advocated concession to the agitators of that day (with what ultimate result is well known), appears to have become very numerous. It is altogether a strange affair; but there is not, however, the least proof of any change of doctrine being contemplated. The extract from Cranmer, which Archbishop Whately gives, proves that Cranmer (whose Liturgy it may be not improperly called) was a decided anti-Sabbatarian. Others, of that day, said they observed the commandment "not according to the letter which killeth, but the spirit which giveth life."\* There is also the fact, that in no rubric, article, or canon of the Church (with the exception of one canon, which, from the phraseology of other canons, is seen to be an inadvertence) does the word "Sabbath" occur. However, the ten commandments (which are not to be found in *any* ancient Liturgy) having been inserted, *from that time to this* there have been clergymen, who, the highest churchmen *in all other points*, are low churchmen in this. (This inconsistency appears at Oxford to have had somewhat to do with the springing up of the Pusey party, whether for good or evil†); as modern examples, I would instance the rectors

\* 2nd Cor. chap. iii. v. 6; but the whole chapter should be read.

† I am a good deal of Paley's opinion (in his "Evidences of Christianity," part iii. chap. 7,) that "Differences of opinion, when accompanied with mutual charity, which Christianity forbids them (Christians) to violate, are for the most part innocent, and for some purposes useful. They promote inquiry, discussion, and knowledge. They help to keep up an attention to religious subjects, and a concern about them, which might be apt to die away in the calm and silence of universal agreement."

St. George's and St. Marylebone. In the reigns of both Charles I. and II. we find several such instances; and as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find the "judicious" (as he is called) Hooker pears, in his Fifth Book of "Ecclesiastical Polity," to have been elected *in some degree* (which is still more wonderful, seeing that his tron, Archbishop Whitgift, was so decided an anti-Sabbatarian); t, after all, what support does he bring? The passage is too long to transcribe, but, divested of a little *sophistry*, it only amounts to is, that Leo thought that Sunday ought to be kept more strictly than onstantine had appointed, (*comparatively speaking*, neither Leo nor onstantine are ancient authorities,) and that he called it the "sacred y." But this most talented writer, in the very next article upon asting (Sundays can never be fast days in the Church of England: e forty days of Lent, *in addition* to the six Sundays in Lent, and a uric before the service for the 30th of January, prove this), proves y several expressions, that some part of what he says about Sunday is consistent with his usual correctness.

At any rate, *the day* of the Jewish Sabbath not being kept, it would e more becoming to discard the *innovation* of the ten commandments *with responses*, which latter, particularly, have the *appearance of lockery*; for what, Sir, is THE REAL TRUTH? The fourth commandment is rehearsed,—and the people who *work on the seventh day*, *contrary to that command to the Jews, and who abstain from work on the first day, one of those six days upon which, according to the same commandment, all manner of work may be done* :—*such people, in words at least, pray to God to give them grace to keep this (Jewish) law, WHICH NONE OF THEM INTEND, OR ARE EXPECTED, TO KEEP. Now, what would an intelligent heathen think of this?* The words of the response are so *unequivocal*, that they afford no *loop-hole*, and *again* may he look for a rubric, or article, to explain what the Church means. And yet, we are apt to talk of the *juggle of transubstantiation*, as if, in the whole Roman Catholic, or Greek Catholic, system, we can find any *greater* absurdity than our response after the fourth commandment. And therefore it is, to me at least, most gratifying, to see so distinguished a churchman as Archbishop Whately, have the *mosty* (and, considering the deep root the Sabbatarian system has ken in so many prejudiced minds, I may add, the *moral courage*, to avow these sentiments.\* "I am convinced that the *most effectual*, as well as the *only justifiable*, means for accomplishing this object of proper observance of Sunday), will be found in the placing of this *ity on its true foundation*;" and again, "I suspect that some persons, who really do not believe the mosaic law relative to the Sabbath to be binding on Christians, yet think it right to *encourage*, or *tacitly waive* at, that belief, from views of *expediency*, for fear of unsettling the minds of the people;" and again, "they (the clergy) are bound, *SHOULD SAY IN PRUDENCE*, but *at least in Christian sincerity*, to ace that duty on its *true* grounds. They have *no right*, even should ey think it *expedient*, to encourage, or tacitly connive at, misconceptions on the subject. If I should *either* refer to the mosaic law, or the foundation of the duty of observing the Lord's Day, or so

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\* THOUGHTS ON THE SABBATH."

express myself as to leave my hearers to suppose (as a great proportion of them will, if the contrary be not stated) that I *meant* to refer to that law as binding, I should be guilty of directly or indirectly fostering error. According to the principles, therefore, which I have laid down in the essay 'On the Love of Truth,' I cannot allow myself even to deliberate as to the expediency of such a procedure;" and again, "The perpetual obligation under the gospel dispensation of one of the positive precepts of the Old Testament (with or without alteration), and of one which concerns every individual Christian all his life long, whether learned or unlearned, is what, I cannot but feel persuaded, the apostles, had such been their intention, would have recorded so plainly as to leave no doubt on any man's mind. Such a duty is not what they would have left to be made out by skilful Hebraists from a critical examination of doubtful texts, fifteen or sixteen centuries after their time."

This is not a fitting occasion for either panegyric on, or censure of, the Archbishop of Dublin's political opinions; but I cannot help remarking that much of the endeavour to sneer down these, to my mind, incontrovertible arguments, has arisen from Whig politics being little in favour with nearly all the clergy. But how unfair—I could almost say unchristian! And besides, a man's politics may be bad, and his divinity most sound, and *vice versa*. But the Archbishop was attacked, in his absence, a few years ago, in the House of Lords, by one individual (and a prelate, too!), who, I must humbly submit, ought to have known better. I am ready to acknowledge the Bishop of Exeter's great literary talents and general abilities, his eloquence, and his many private good qualities; but, seeing that the Archbishop did not advance a word in favour of a relaxation of a single observance usual on Sundays, (so far from it, he gives, as his principal reason for the argument, a wish to see the Lord's Day more revered), but only placed those observances on a different foundation,—seeing that, *did the legislature so enact*, we might, consistently with the Archbishop's reasoning, have *even an Agnew* Lord's Day Act,—it appears to me monstrously uncharitable to denounce Doctor Whately to be, on account of his "Thoughts on the Sabbath," unfit to be placed on the Irish Education Committee, without *first* answering that work *paragraph by paragraph*. This reminded me of a *converse* freak in his *first* Letter to Mr. Canning, in saying that he was *very far* from holding Calvinistic opinions himself, but yet that he regarded such opinions with the *highest respect*, and considered those clergymen who held them *as able, holy, and ornaments* to the Church, the tenets of whom he considered, at the same time, *so erroneous, and schismatical, as to be very far* from believing in them himself.\*

I have endeavoured in this, and my preceding Letter, to lay a proper foundation† for what I have to advance on the expediency part of this subject, by appealing to the authority of Scripture, and the interpretation of it by several of the highest authorities of the Universal Church, from the time of the Apostles down to the present century.

\* Romans, chap. xvi. v. 17 and 18; 1st Cor. chap. i. v. 10 and 11.

† 1st Cor. chap. iii. v. 11.

me of those authorities, who now only speak and live in their *ages*, it may well be said, "There were giants (in mind) in the in those days;"\* therefore let us not *undervalue* them. This is ect, which, in pursuing through all its ramifications, appears to under the pen; therefore, having trespassed to this length in columns, Sir, I must beg to reserve my concluding arguments other letter. It is true, that, as far as I have gone with the sub-he lawfulness of ever so strict a Sunday (if ordered by *compet*-authority) is not denied; but we have apostolic example for say-at a thing may be "lawful," yet "not expedient;"† and surely, if ord could so speak of the Jewish Sabbath, so *positively* enjoined, o *particularly* detailed, we may say, "the Christian Lord's Day made for man, and not man for the Lord's Day." The latter part : 118th Psalm is represented by commentators as signifying the g of Christ's kingdom, the 24th verse of which seems applicable is indeed so applied by the Church in the proper Psalms for *one* *day*, Easter-day) to Easter-day, Christmas-day, and every Sunday, s exactly in accordance with those views of what I think the y festival ought to be (which I shall, with your indulgence, Sir, t in my next Letter), "This is the day which the Lord hath ; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

SPERANTIUS.

3. With reference to the note (p. 524), mentioning Archbishop ely's notion that the Jews had some kind of weekly Sabbath prior : Mosaic code, I would add, that the first and second chapters of ok of Job *somewhat* favour this view, if, by the expression "sons d," is meant mankind; but, nevertheless, these stated times of enting themselves before the Lord," do not clearly appear to been at *regular* intervals. The supposed date of this dramatic nspired) poem being a little prior to that of the book of Genesis, s me incline to this interpretation; for, in the sixth chapter of is, where the same phrase occurs in the second and fourth verses, nnot, I think, without doing great violence to the context, und "angels from heaven," instead of men called the "sons of ' *because* man was created "in the image of God," notwithstanding me of the translators of the bible in the reign of James I., seem ve read the passage differently. And the whole history of our (even his office of mediator) being typified in the book of Job, I little doubt of the meaning in this book being similar, even with-erence to Genesis. I may here add, what was inadvertently ed in my *first* letter, that the seventh commandment comes very of the Christian doctrine in the twenty-eighth verse of the fifth er of St. Matthew.

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Genesis, chap. vi. v. 4.

† 1st Cor. chap. vi. v. 12.



## FREEMASONIC REVELATIONS.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN the preceding chapters of this series we have presented the reader with some introductory doctrines and details which it was necessary he should understand. We now advance to the delineation of those recent developments of Freemasonry in America which have made so much stir in the world. The abduction or murder of a man who broke his oath and discovered some of the mysteries, created the strongest counteraction in the public mind. Hence America in late years has been disturbed by an incessant and violent conflict between a Masonic party and an Anti-masonic party. Forty or fifty tracts have appeared *pro* and *con*, many of which are in our possession. We think it will be advantageous for many reasons, to make the public familiar with the circumstances of the case.

In this, as in all other disquisitions, we shall endeavour to set out the syncretic principle, advocated by the *Monthly Magazine*, doing equal justice to both parties without favour or malice. The office of the wise judge is, after all, little different from that of an arbitrator or the umpire, since it implies the unprejudiced hearing of both sides, and the impartial determination of their relative right and wrong. In this spirit we shall labour to show that the Masonic party need reform, especially in the matter of their oaths—it will be wise to show that the Anti-masonic party need moderation and leniency. Instead of being *reformers* of a mixed institution, they have become *destructives*, and we fear that they will destroy the wholesome and fruitful plant in their overzealotry to eradicate the weeds. The weeds, however, ought to be eradicated; the objection is the *modus operandi*. Let the Anti-masonists combine *titer in re*, with the *suaviter in modo*, and they will succeed better.

It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the facts relative to the abduction and supposed murder of Morgan, who, after having taken an oath of secrecy, published a book discovering the secret: already well known: and the case gives rise to a very interesting and important discussion—how far a Freemason is bound to abide by an oath of secrecy, when his conscience afterwards becomes convinced that the oath is unlawful; and how far such oath may be enforced by the execution of the terrible penalties denounced against the violator.

Now, after a calm review of the question, we cannot but think that the oath of Freemasonry, like all other oaths, is binding only when it is conscientiously and lawfully proposed and received. There is an immense deal of confusion in the ideas of people respecting the nature of oaths. Men have not yet learned to regard them as the external symbols of a certain state of conscience before God. In fact, they are nothing more than symbols of conditions of conscience, and as those conditions of conscience change, so our obligations to keep oaths changes likewise.

Let it be broadly stated—*Oaths can be conscientiously and lawfully*

*imposed and received so far only as they are conscientious and lawful in their nature and relations, and no further. An oath is the calling of God to witness what we say, and it is invoking his vengeance or renouncing his favour, if what we say be false to our conscience, or what we have promised be not performed according to our conscience, and not otherwise.*

Here, then, the essential obligation of oaths is made to rest on the relation between God and conscience. Oaths are mere external signs of that relation, and if that relation changes, the oath must change likewise. Oaths are very satisfactory and useful to men, as declarations of those conscientious conditions. We all know they are binding as long as those conscientious conditions last, and we often form strong probabilities that those conditions will last, and that the oath will ever be maintained. But which of us is hardy enough to assert that any oath whatever should be kept when the conscientious conditions are changed, and it becomes antagonistic to all the dictates of our moral nature. To act on any other theory would be to violate the strictest necessities of conscience; it would be to sacrifice the eternal essence to the transitory form; it would be making the substance follow the shadow, invert the entire law of cause and effect, stop every chance of the moral and intellectual advancement of our being—and blockade the only avenues by which our struggling spirits can escape out of the thick labyrinth of errors and mistakes. Talk not, therefore, to me of keeping any oath or promise when my conscience grows wiser by its process of divine education, and tells me that my oath was a blunder and an absurdity. When I am once convinced of this, I will break my oath with the same devoutness and sincerity that I made it withal. I will speak the truth as soon as I find it to be the truth, notwithstanding a thousand lies that I had before uttered, not knowing them to be lies.

We need not here quote the numerous testimonies of the theologians and casuists that have agreed to this statement. Search into all the oath-books from St. Jerome to Dr. Paley, and you will find they are obliged to concede this obedience to conscience. The question has of late been very beautifully stated with respect to the vows of celibacy among the Roman Catholic clergy, in a book recently reviewed in *The Monthly*. Its author shows that such vows cease to be binding when the consciences of the imponors or imponees become modified in their moral sentiments on the subject. Would that this great verity had been perceived by Kircher and the Jesuits on one side, and by Pascal and the Jansenists on the other. The former wanted to relax oaths without reference to conscience, and the latter to bind them without reference to conscience. Both parties were unconscionable, and therefore both sinned.

To apply this statement to the oath of Freemasons, which, according to the Anti-masons, is to this effect:—The imponor binds the imponee to keep every secret of the lodge, under penalty of death, and the imponee takes the oath.

Now, we agree that such an oath is unconscionable, and therefore ill and void *a principio*. It is unconscionable because it breaks our previous obligation to the divine law, which says, thou shalt not kill;

and it is unconscionable with respect to the laws of the land, to which the entire public are morally bound to conform.

But even if an oath were conscionable and lawful in the commencement, supposing there were no compulsion, no delusion, that is no reason why an individual should not recall the oath afterwards, if his conscientious views should change. It may be that he shall afterwards feel it as much a matter of moral duty towards God to reveal a secret as he before felt it to keep one. Whether he is acting truly according to the dictates of his conscience, God alone can determine. If he is, God will reward him; if he is not, God will punish him. It is not for man to interfere between these divine contractors by any absolute and unqualified obstruction. If the oath was made under a lawful penalty—if, for instance, a man swore to a body of Sabbatarians, that he would keep the Sabbath on Saturday, under penalty of paying £100, and afterwards his conscience, on a fuller examination of the subject, told him he was wrong in making such a vow, the casuists, provided they thought the penalty a just one in *foro conscientie*, would sentence him to pay it, on revoking his oath. But such a decision can never obtain, where the penalty is itself unjustifiable—a fact recognised by our common lawyers in cases of gambling, &c.

Such being our firm opinion with respect to the nature of oaths, we intend to bring the case of Morgan before the British people. We are exceedingly anxious to reform every thing that appears erroneous in the various theosophic, freemasonic and secret societies with which we are acquainted. For many of these societies we cherish attachment and respect. Their general spirit of allegiance to God and fraternity among men is excellent. In proportion as they are reformed and purified, they will mitigate the ferocity of sects and parties, and diffuse a genial philanthropy over the world. It is this confidence which induces us to delineate their various developements; and to point out whatever defects become offensive to moral scrutiny.

We shall, therefore, proceed to publish, for the first time in this country, the introductory portions of the American work, entitled *Bernard's Light on Masonry*. It was published by several of the Anti-masonists of the United States, in consequence of the great excitement produced by the abduction or death of Morgan. Allowing for those variations which might be expected under the circumstances, it is the justest portraiture of masonic ceremonials which has yet appeared. It is as good as new to our fellow-countrymen, not one in a thousand having seen it; and we conceive it will be found highly interesting to many classes of our readers.

We would, however, premise, that it must be read with due allowance for that violent spirit of party hostility, which has characterised the Anti-masonic writers, and induced them to see nothing but the black side of the initiations. In America they have carried out Freemasonry and its initiations much further than they have done on this side of the water, and unhappily the peaceful syncretism of the lodge has been commixed with the political discords that raged outside its walls. Hence Freemasonry has assumed in America a powerful and ominous purchase on the religious and civil institutions of the States; and the operations of its secret societies have frequently come under the cogni-

The title and prefaces to the work we are about to quote are as follows:—

**"JESUS CHRIST.**

‘ Its fall

Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught ;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On' that proud TEMPLE 'to destruction doom'd !'

From the unwearied exertions of the brotherhood to suppress the light, impede the progress of truth, in relation to their outrages of September, 6, and the revelations of Free Masonry made by Captain Morgan and a

Convention of Seceding Masons, he has thought of no way in which he could do so much for the advancement of the cause of liberty and truth, as to embody in one volume all the documents pertaining to the secrets of the institution; the recent violation of our laws and liberties by the Masonic fraternity; the proceedings of Anti-Masonic conventions; essays; orations; and remarks on the principles of the order—all of which are eminently calculated to give light on Masonry. He believes that such a work is important, not only for the present crisis, but for the benefit of posterity. He hopes it will receive that patronage to which it may be entitled. Should he, however, after 'biding the pelting of the pitiless storm,' hear only murmurs of disapprobation from the world, even then he will be cheered in the fulfilment of duty, by the 'still small voice' which whispers 'peace.'

'As when a wretch from thick polluted air,  
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,  
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharged,  
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure  
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,  
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;  
As if new born, he triumphs in the change.  
So joys the soul, when from *inglorious aims*,  
And *sordid sweets* from *feculence* and *forth*,  
Of *ties terrestrial*, set at large, she mounts  
To reason's region, her own element,  
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.'

"In justice to myself, I cannot present this work to the public, without a brief exhibition of the facts which have led to its publication.

"Soon after I commenced the service of Christ, Free Masonry was commended to my attention as an institution from heaven; moral, benevolent, of great antiquity, the twin-sister of Christianity, possessing the patronage of the wise, the great, and good, and highly important to the ministers of the Lord Jesus. Wishing to avail myself of every auxiliary in promoting the glory of God and the happiness of my fellow-men, I readily received the three first degrees. My disappointment none can know, but those who have, in similar circumstances, been led in the same path of folly and sin. I silently retired from the institution, and for three years was hardly known as a Mason. I was not, however, without my reflections on the subject. I considered what I had taken as frivolous and wicked; but was unwilling to believe that there existed no substantial good in the order; and this idea was strengthened from the fact that many of my friends of a higher grade in Masonry taught me, that what I had received was not the 'magnum bonum' of the institution, but that this was yet to be attained. Not being able to advocate its cause from the knowledge I had derived of its principles, and supposing that the obligations I had received were morally binding, I could not say 'pro nor con' concerning it, without a violation of my conscience. With these views I embraced an offer to advance into the higher orders of mysticism, and reached forward to attain the desired end. In the reception of the Chaptoral degrees, my embarrassment increased. When I came to the oath of a Royal Arch Mason, which obligates to deliver a companion, '*right or wrong*,' I made a full stop and objected to proceeding. I was then assured in the most positive terms, that all would in the end be explained to my full satisfaction. But no such explanation took place. Thought I—Is this Free Masonry? Is this the ancient and honourable institution, patronized by thousands of the great and good? Upon my suggesting some queries to a Masonic friend, he gravely informed me that the first seven degrees were founded on the Old Testament, and were but a shadow of good things to come: that if I wished to arrive at *perfection*, I must proceed to the sublime and ineffable degrees. These assurances, the

as I had taken, with their penalties, and the vengeance of this most institution, combined to deter me from renouncing it as evil. After deliberation, hoping to find something in the higher orders to redeem the character of the institution in my estimation, I entered the lodge of which I was then a member, and took the ineffable degrees.

At this time I learned that William Morgan was writing Masonry history. My informer was then a Baptist minister in high standing, and a valiant Arch Mason. He remarked that Morgan's writing Masonry history was the vilest piece of depravity he ever knew; that some measures must be taken to stop it; that he would be one of a number to put him out of the lodge; that God looked upon the institution with so much complacency, that he never brought the perpetrators to light; that there had already been many deaths on the subject; and that he expected there would be another death; and finally attempted to justify his murder from Masonry and the will of God!

My conversation took place in Covington, (where I then lived,) five miles from where Morgan was murdered; and I should, at this early period, have foreseen the danger of my being meddled with, had I not understood that he was on his feet and prepared for a defence.

The next week I left home for my health, and was absent some weeks.

On the 16th of September, and soon learned that Morgan was dead, and probably murdered! I conversed with the Masons on the subject, and they justified both his abduction and murder! I now read the action of Elder Stearns on Masonry with peculiar interest. I also read the Monitor and other Masonic writings, and reflected deeply on the character and tendency of the institution. I compared the murder of Morgan with the conduct of the fraternity in relation to his abduction with the principles of the order, and became fully satisfied that to con- sider the institution was not my duty. I expressed my opposite views on the principles, and the recent conduct of the fraternity, in a free and frank manner, which caused much excitement among the brotherhood. At the lodge in Covington was soon called, the object of which was to take measures for an agreement among the fraternity, in what they considered in relation to their outrages, and to attend to members who were guilty of such proceedings. I attended for the purpose of freeing my mind. When the lodge was duly opened and the subject introduced, I arose in the most decisive manner disapproved the conduct of the fraternity, in violation of civil and moral law. The meeting was long and horribly exciting! The true spirit of the institution was peculiarly manifest, towards me. For the introduction of Elder Stearns' book, and my expression of my sentiments, I was most shamefully abused. The character of Morgan was justified, and every thing said that was calculated to arouse the feelings of a patriot or Christian. Elder A . . . . ., Templar, being present, boldly asserted 'that if he should see any man writing Masonry, he should consider it his duty to take measures to stop it; that as cities and churches had their laws, with a right to inflict penalties, so Masons had their laws, with the right to inflict the penalties; and that the lodge was the place to try a Mason—that if he had been writing Masonry, and his throat was cut from ear to ear, and torn out by the roots, and his body buried beneath the rough sea, at low water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice four hours, he could not complain in not having justice done him!' Amen, amen, was the audible response around the room.

At the next meeting of the lodge, by request of the Master, I attended. The language which I passed which language cannot describe! Several hours were spent in abusing and making charges against me, the principal of which were spoken against the institution. Many questions were asked, and I offered me. I told them frankly I had spoken against the prin-

ciples of the order ; that the right of opinion, the freedom of speech, and the liberty of the press, were privileges given to me by God ; purchased by the blood of my fathers ; that I had inhaled them with my first breath, and would only lose them with my last ; that if they could remove my objection to the institution, which I then exhibited, well—if not, they could expel me but if they proceeded to further abuses, they must suffer the consequence. My objections were *not* removed, and I requested permission to withdraw. Soon after I left them they expelled and immediately commenced a more wicked persecution against me. The *professed* ministers of Christ, infidel and drunkards, from Buffalo to Albany, were united to destroy my character. I was admonished by oral and epistolary communications to be on my guard to carry arms ; and so great was my personal danger, that my friends would not suffer me to ride alone from one town to another.\* In short, they ‘opposed my interest, deranged my business, pointed me out as an unworthy and vicious vagabond, an object of contempt,’ and ‘transferred *this* character after me ;’ and it would seem that they intended to do it ‘during my natural life !’ The united efforts of the fraternity to injure me, have, however, proved unavailing.

“I soon became convinced that the peace of society, the salvation of my country, the present and eternal happiness of my fellow-men, and the glory of God, required the destruction of the institution. To accomplish this, was confident but one effectual method could be adopted, and this was to make a full disclosure of its secrets. To this end I then exerted myself. After an interchange of minds with some of the patriots of Batavia and Le Roy, a convention of Masons opposed to the institution was called, to meet on the 19th of February, 1827. This convention was composed of about forty, who after having deliberated upon the principles of the order, and binding nature of its obligations, resolved to make a revelation of its mysteries. They confirmed the ‘Illustrations’ of William Morgan ; published the oaths of twelve degrees of a higher order ; appointed a committee to prepare all the degrees which could be obtained for the press ; and adjourned to meet on the 4th of July following.

“The committee, with much labour and expense, had all the degrees conferred in a Royal Arch Chapter, Encampment of Knights Templars, and orders of the Holy Cross, ready, and presented them to the convention on the 4th and 5th of July, which declared them correct, and ordered them to be published to the world.

“The degrees of Mark, Past, and Most Excellent Master, were obtained from Mrs. Morgan, as written by her husband ; the Royal Arch, from an agent of the committee, (a Royal Arch Mason,) as given by Jeremy L. Cross, the Grand Lecturer of the United States ; and those of the Encampment and Holy Cross, from a Knight of the Thrice Illustrious Order, as transcribed from a copy as given the Encampment at Le Roy, by the Grand Commander at Utica.

“In consequence of the zeal manifested by the fraternity to stifle the excitement, I conceived that much good might be done by a compilation of the most important documents in relation to the subject. By the advice of many friends, and under the patronage of a county and state convention, I undertook the work.

“While preparing it for the press, I obtained from the *highest authority* thirty-three of the sublime and ineffable degrees, all of which, I *know* to be correct, and I give them to the world ‘*verbatim et literatim*.’

“But am I justifiable in pursuing this course ? Will the law of God approve the violation of such solemn oaths ? Passing by the arguments which

\* “Let the reader remember that the compiler of this work renounced Masonry in October, 1826—was the first Mason who declared open hostility to the institution subsequent to the abduction of Morgan ; and he will not be surprised in learning that his life was in jeopardy !”

might be adduced from the fact that the obligations were taken without a previous knowledge of their character—the assurances that they were not to interfere with my political or religious sentiments, when they are diametrically opposite to both—that I swore fealty to a professedly ancient, moral, benevolent, and righteous institution, when it proves to be ‘modern, corrupt, selfish, and unholy.’—I rest the question upon the principles of moral obligation by which I expect to be judged, and by which I must stand or fall. Are the oaths of Free Masonry, then, congenial with the duties which I owe to God and my fellow-men? If they are, I most certainly am bound to keep them; if not, to break them. By the principles of moral obligation I am required to promote God’s glory, and the best good of the universe. My swearing to love God and my neighbour does not enhance the obligation at all: for it says, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart and with *all* thy soul, and with *all* thy strength, and with *all* thy mind, and thy neighbour *as* thyself.’ It says this to the sinner and the saint—to the man who has sworn, and to him who has not sworn, it is alike infinitely binding on all. It cannot be increased nor diminished—it can require no more—it can receive no less. If I swear to love God and keep his commandments, the oath is binding, because moral obligation made these requisitions before I took the oath, and the oath and moral obligation are in perfect harmony. If I swear to violate the command of God; for instance, to kill my neighbour, I am bound to break my oath; for the divine law says, ‘Thou shalt not kill,’ and my swearing to violate the command does not, cannot, render the obligation void. Moral obligation requires me to keep such secrets, and such only, as are calculated to promote God’s glory and the best good of community; and my swearing does not affect the obligation at all. It also requires me to reveal those secrets, the keeping of which have a tendency to mar or prevent His glory and the best good of my neighbour; and my swearing to keep them does not, cannot, render the obligation void; for instance, if I had sworn to keep secret the intention of a highwayman to rob my neighbour’s house and murder his family; to keep secret a plot against my country, the government of which is founded upon the principles of truth and justice; to keep secret a grand conspiracy formed by a powerful society, the object of which was, like that of the *Illuminati*, to abolish government and social order, and extinguish Christianity—as the keeping of these secrets would be prejudicial to the interests of my neighbour, to the safety of my country, and the glory of God, the principles of moral obligation would require me to reveal them. If I had sworn to assist the robber, to unite in the plot, or conspiracy, my refusing to *act* in either case, *simply*, would not fulfil the duties which I should owe to my neighbour, my country, or my God. So I did not *make known* the intention of the robber, *expose* the plot, or *reveal* the conspiracy, I should be guilty of a violation of moral obligation.

“It will not be necessary here to inquire whether the oaths to keep the secrets of a brother, with or without exception, to deliver a companion ‘right or wrong,’ to ‘take vengeance on the traitors of Masonry,’ ‘to sacrifice all those who reveal the secrets of the order,’ are in harmony with the divine law—but whether the principles of moral obligation require the keeping or revealing of Masonic secrets?

“It will readily be admitted that the *existence* of the institution depends upon the keeping of its secrets inviolate. It will follow, then, that if the existence of the institution is necessary, or has a tendency to promote God’s glory and the well-being of society, the principles of moral obligation require me to keep its secrets, and by revealing them I am guilty of moral perjury! And on the other hand, if the institution is corrupt, has an evil tendency, is opposed to the order and well-being of society and the glory of God, I am under moral obligation to break my oaths, and reveal its secrets to the world, that it may come to an end. My refusing to meet with or support the institution, is not sufficient; I must renounce *fealty* to the order,



reveal its secrets, oppose its influence, and use my exertions to destroy it, or I am guilty of a violation of moral obligation.

"Let the reader carefully and thoroughly examine the following documents, and he will discover that Free Masonry, as a system, is dark, unfruitful, selfish, demoralizing, blasphemous, murderous, anti-republican, and anti-Christian—opposed to the glory of God and the good of mankind; and hence, that the compiler, in bursting asunder the bands of the fraternity, and publishing their secrets to the world, is doing no more than is required by the principles of moral obligation—is but fulfilling the duties which he owes to God and his fellow-men.

"DAVID BERNARD.

"Warsaw, April 1, 1829."

### THE MARRIAGE OF PHILOSOPHERS AND BLUE STOCKINGS.\*

YES, philosophers as we are, we are still the slaves of Hymen. Much as we exult in the principle of *unity* which would retain us in celibacy, we are ever urged on to the experience of *union* which would metamorphose the bachelor into the benedict. Thus, from single blessedness are we forced forwards into double blessedness; for, to quote the last line of Goethe's last Faust,—“The ever feminine ever attracts us.”

Yet be it known unto angels and ladies, that the kind of marriage we most desiderate is that peculiar species of matrimony, standing—*per se, sui generis*—oft times contracted between philosophers and blue stockings—the marriage of the soul—the marriage made in heaven—the loves of the angels—the loves of Plato. It is concerning this Platonical matrimony, which many hold to be pre-existent and immortal, that the poet sings in great ecstasy—

“And then there are such things as love divine,  
Bright and immaculate, unmixed and pure,  
Such as the angels think so very fine.”

Luckiest of mortals is the philosopher who meets an exquisite blue stocking ready to contract this ambrosial marriage of souls—this eternal betrothment—this ever-youthful courtship: the state of glowing, romantic *liaison*, with a being at once too fair to worship, and too divine to love—the efflorescence of a passion too refined for earth, too luxurious for heaven. Such is the enthusiastic dream of the matrimony to be perpetrated between the true philosopher and the genuine blue stocking.

“Oh, blest estate, where souls each other draw,  
Where love is liberty and nature law;  
Where thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,  
And the warm wish springs mutual from the heart;

\* Religious Courtship, by Daniel De Foe. 8vo. Guide to Matrimonial Happiness, by a Lady of Distinction. 8vo. Colburn.

Observations on the Necessity of Betrothment; or, the Internal Mental Marriage previous to Wedlock, or the External Animal Marriage, illustrated by Arguments and Diagrams drawn from the Science of Phrenology. 8vo. Strang. London.

Where all is full, possessing and possest,—  
No craving void left aching in the breast :  
This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,  
And once the lot of Kate Prunelle and me."

h, Kate Prunelle—most memorable of all my intellectual sweet-  
ts—why did you ever go and commit common vulgar marriage  
Timothy Snobbs? Alas, alas! when thy banns were thrice  
d in conjunction with the odious Snobbs, grief gave three distinct  
cks on the gate of my heart, with as much solemnity as if it had  
the door of a freemason's lodge; when the ceremonial of the  
, &c. took place, in the presence of vicar Jervis, I absolutely fainted  
the excess of my disappointment, and was carried home on a  
ter, a mournful picture of a broken heart. Now all is up and  
with me. The name of Snobbs fills me with inexpressible an-  
h, which rapidly flying from the heart to the heels, produces a  
summation of gout, for which I am dosed with colchicum and  
er gruel.

h, when shall I find again another Kate Prunelle, who will be  
efaithful to the theory of Platonic betrothment,—who will give me  
t for heart in the hymenæals of deathless courtship? All I would  
of such an inamorata, is not to bother me with any of the forma-  
s of ordinary wedlock. Pope tells us, "Men dream in courtship,  
in marriage wake." From a dream so sweet I wish not to awake,  
uld rather dream on. We'll have no more of your marriages—or  
ou needs must marry, marry a fool—any thing but Timothy  
bbs.

leantime, I profess myself a matrimonialist; I stand up for the  
llence of the marriage of souls: the gravest doctors are unani-  
usly in my favour. They tell us with one consent, *nem con.*, that  
state of *love*, and betrothment, and courtship, which is the essential  
riage of souls, is a far holier, higher and happier state than any  
riage of bodies whatsoever. Here is a matrimony, stainless, pure,  
oublesome, unlaborious, which all may contract for love, "without  
ey and without price." Exactly in proportion as to this an-  
: marriage of souls, the marriage of bodies is superadded, do all  
evils of the primeval curse make themselves manifest.

ould that we could impress on lads and lasses a loftier and purer  
of the excellence of this love and marriage of souls; that we could  
b them the great mystery that souls flourish best in this celestial  
itual marriage, which is transcendantly superior to all the formal  
carnal relations, in which earthly sense and passion seek the grati-  
factions of materialism.

he Platonic writers have gloriously expanded this theory. The  
ts of Philo-Judeus, Origen, Boethius, Mirandola, Dante, Petrarch,  
e, Cudworth, Norris, Swedenborg, Fenelon, Guion, Milton, By-  
and Shelley, all declare the same mystery. How many have car-  
out this doctrine of mental matrimony into real life, and lived in  
test friendship, more or less free from secular contagions, with the  
s of their spiritual fealty. Not to mention the numberless in-  
ces of this indestructible attachment that fill the pages of chivalry,  
might quote the cases of Selden, and Cowper, and Law, and

Watts. All these were but the external symbols of an eternal metaphysical nature to which they were obedient, and for which most people fall into numberless calamities.

It is too true that in acting out this law of love, this strong law of loving, this universal æsthetic and sentimental marriage to which all spiritual natures have contracted, are contracts which will contract, many blunders and many sins have been committed. "The spirit wars against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit." Immortal souls, inspired as they are by inbreathings of Almighty God, are in this world too often depressed by the weight of a carnal matter. The white radiance of divinity is too often obscured by the cloudy offuscations of animal passion. Hence the calamitous declensions and falls of even the noblest geniuses into the sensualism. As examples of this, we might quote the cases of Voltaire, Rousseau, Swift, and Hazlitt. This intellectual marriage that ought to have been preserved inviolate, became embodied and brutalized. The *cecisbeo* system that prevails in the fashionable world at home and abroad, is an abuse of the same law; and the familism and socialism that are spreading among the lower orders is another abuse of it. But in every instance, exactly in proportion as the spiritual is sacrificed to the sensual, do deep remorse, self-condemnation, and moral infamy ensue.

However, as a consistent matrimonialist, we would by no means object to physical marriage under certain conditions, authorized and allowed by the authority of Scripture: where the physical marriage takes place in accordance with the prophetic spiritual marriage which we have spoken—where there is a true correspondence and harmony of souls, marriage is blessed and happy. But woe to them who would join those whose spiritual sympathies are not unison, for then there is nothing left but disappointment and vexation.

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## A MINING ADVENTURE.

BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

'Twas in the summer's summer—just the blaze  
Of blazing July—yet the ethereal rays  
That glittered o'er my brow were less intense  
Than the unspent out-bursting vehemence  
Of youth in my free spirit. I was then  
Eighteen—in age—a laughing denizen  
Of a most laughing world; with passions wild  
As tiger's, had not pure love made them mild,  
Like the gazelle's own eyes. Yes, love outspread  
To all things living, like Aurora's red,  
Awakening gleam diffused o'er land and sea—  
But yet its fullest, richest radiance  
Dwelt on the chosen friends who made my life  
One flame of exultation, and as rife  
In pleasures as the Paradise on high,  
Such is the witness borne by memory.

Among those gay companions there was one  
So full of wit, bright satire, mirth, and fun,  
That my heart owned him more than brother. He  
Was not less proud, no, nor less fond of me.  
Together the high mountain's peak we climbed,  
Studied our Greek together ; and when primed  
With classic glories of the olden time,  
Strung our clear thoughts into poetic rhyme :—  
Not dull like this ; but sparkling as the beam  
That lights a maiden's eye in passion's dream.  
We rode together, when the beagle's yell  
Roused up the game in many a rocky dell ;  
And when the breeze was fresh, together we  
Swam out upon the Atlantic jovially :  
Aye that indeed was our best heart's content,  
When crested waves, as if in merriment,  
Bounded beneath us, and their fleecy spray  
Fell like a cataract o'er our purple way.  
Among our thousand frolics there was one  
Which I am going to relate—'twas done  
With boon compeers—some of whom flourish on  
While others sleep, as sleep the dead and gone.  
Well—'twas our fancy in the West countrie  
Hight Cornwall : (a choice place 'twixt you and me),  
To explore its mines, and down the shafts to go,  
Whence tin, and copper, iron, lead, and Co.  
Are from the bowels of the harmless earth  
Extracted to increase the wealth and mirth  
Of this once merry England. With a store—  
Roast beef and wine to a mine called Wheal Vor ;  
Therefore we rode—the captain of the mine  
Presided o'er the rites—As the true line  
Of conduct he advised us first to strip,  
And in a miner's dress our limbs to equip  
We did so, and, in sooth, a pretty queer  
Figure we cut in subterranean gear.  
First on our heads, a hat that was as hard  
As old Mambrino's helmet, mounted guard ;  
With brims as broad as Quaker's, and more stiff,  
That if dear mother earth should take a tiff,  
And shower loose stones upon us, we might be  
By such strong tiles from broken skulls scot-free.  
Next o'er our gentlemanly forms we threw  
A pair of dirty worsted shirts, and two  
Jerkins, or Jersey smocks, with drawers to match,  
And over all these ornaments a batch  
Of tough brown canvass, with all kinds of clay  
Plastered and daubed : faith 'twas a strange array.  
And next we pulled over our delicate feet  
Stockings like jelly bags—hardly so neat—  
And just to hide their blushes, greasy shoes,  
Ponderous and large as Greenlanders' canoes.

Such perfect guys were never bought for money.  
Each laughed at each, thinking the joke most funny  
Of all the extravagant jests that men had cracked—  
So ended was our comedy's first act.  
Then was a candle by a lump of clay  
Stuck in each hat—the captain led the way—  
And twixt the fingers of our left-hand shone  
Another candle's end to light us on.  
And now we came 'mid heaven's flashing light  
To the shaft's mouth—a pit as black as night,  
And fifteen hundred feet in depth, or so.  
Faith 'tis no laughing matter thus to go  
Adown the sable womb and sepulchre  
Of the grim Tartarus; yet if you can stir  
But one foot down the ladder, I've no doubt  
T'other will follow rather than stay out.  
Down the black shaft we went, and soon the drops  
Of oosing waters from the leaking props  
Came like a spring shower on our heads, and made  
The upper candle give less light than shade;  
But that betwixt our fingers burned right well:  
So down the chasm of this earthly hell,  
Deeper and deeper still we ever sped.  
'Twas a queer hotch-potch feeling, fun and dread,  
That raised the laugh it quenched. And now the roar  
Of rushing waters grew yet more and more  
Terribly stunning—waters pent within  
The wooden funnels; and the racking din  
Of steam-forced pistons plying through huge pumps  
Was quite enough to put you in the dumps.  
Especially when dame Science whispered you  
That if a single rotten nail or screw  
Should start, or an old mouldy plank give way,  
The shaft would be your grave and lack-a-day!  
But down we went with weary hands and legs  
The rounds of countless ladders,—and their pegs  
Taught us how boring, constant repetition,  
Even when you receive a free admission—  
By way of interlude I had to go  
Through many a narrow adit far below,  
On hands and knees. In these said adits ran  
Warm rapid streams of water, brown as tan,  
And we were now and then obliged full deep  
To wade these filthy streamlets, and to creep  
Through the same miry gullies, which I call  
The most ungentlemanly thing of all.  
But after passing 'neath these caudine forks,  
Dripping like Irish pigs, or Holland storks,  
Strange sights worth seeing opened to our gaze,  
Enormous chasms kindled with a blaze  
Of torches, arched vaults, and delved rocks,  
Whose deep ingulphed, accumulated blocks

Were once the cradles of metallic veins  
 Of shining ores, till hammers, axes, cranes,  
 Had burst their sable solitude, and made  
 Their hoarded mystery a mere thing of trade.  
 Along the winding passages that ran  
 To these huge halls I saw full many a man,  
 Famed in old Cornwall's unmatched wrestling ring,  
 Stripped to the middle. Those who give the fling  
 In upper air, know also how to lift  
 The skulking metal from the splintered rift,  
 In those weird cells of Pluto—where the fountains  
 Of all the streams that flow among the mountains  
 Are born and bred. And thus at last we came  
 To the very lowest depth,—and wrote our name  
 Upon the massive wall. The crags around  
 Were rent by gunpowder, and the profound  
 Vistas before us echoed to the crash  
 Of shattered crags—a most astounding smash  
 For any Christian ears—and oh, the smell  
 Of brimstone was too horrible to tell.  
 Then at the bottom took we out our wine,  
 And drank a bottle each, and made the sign  
 Of friendship and of loyalty, and sung  
 'God save the King,' while all the crater rung  
 With the loud chorus of our merriment.  
 Whistling was none—'tis not to the content  
 Of miners who like sailors often seem  
 A little superstitious—for they dream  
 Of mischiefs done by whistling, which might scare  
 A very lion from his savage lair.  
 Thus having done, did we ascend again  
 Ladder after ladder, with excessive pain  
 Of overtoil. We past each haunted spot,  
 (Nay, gentle reader, doubt and question not),  
 Where from metallic veins by witches crost,  
 The electric fire would spring like devils in Faust,  
 And walk the upper earth in flaming balls,  
 The jack-o'-lanterns of hid minerals.  
 All this was bravely stated, and much more,  
 Of dousing rod, divining staff, the law  
 That regulates each seventh child's seventh child—  
 Such are the fancies of the miners wild,  
 And such may be more true than some we see  
 In what our *savans* call philosophy.  
 At length unto the mouth of the deep mine  
 We mounted, and fair daylight, the divine  
 Sunbeam of heaven, again shone round about,  
 After four hours in darkness. Without doubt  
 We blest it fervently. And as we rose,  
     lovely coterie of belles and beaux,  
 What knew our frolic and expected us,  
 Made such a riot, revel, fun and fuss,

To see us thus incumbered, that the joke  
 Was better far than buying pigs in a poke.  
 Indeed, we were strange figures, grimed with soot,  
 Incased in tallow, ochre, mud, and smut.  
 But our good captain's care full soon supplied  
 Warm baths, &c. which we gladly tried.  
 We then emerged as gentlemen, and went  
 Unto our gipsy-picnic merriment  
 Of lads and lasses. Rare beefsteak was broiled  
 On bright blocks of just smelted tin unsoiled,  
 And glorious Champagne and Burgundy  
 Took off the vile sensation of being dry.  
 Then having courted, capered, danced and played,  
 In jovial mood, to our own homes we strayed,  
 Wishing to each and all a fair good night,  
 Dreams light as fancy, and as sylphids bright.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### ARTIFICIAL MADEIRAS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

SEEING that you have expressed so favourable an opinion respecting my favourite scheme of forming an *Artificial Madeira*, for the benefit of consumptive people in this most changeful climate, by means of the *Eccaleobion process*, as shown in the March number of your most interesting magazine, I have to request you once more to oblige me by the insertion of the following article on the same subject, which I have so much at heart, that it renders me restless, and I have no doubt disagreeable, until it is fairly in operation.

You will recollect I told you, that I have a beloved niece in a most precarious state of health, and that it was on her account that the idea first struck me, that if *chickens* can be hatched into life by steam, and afterwards preserved from those evils that feathered bipeds "are heir to," as long as they are under this same sanctuary at Pall Mall, delicate human beings might share the same advantage. As far as regards my pretty Emma, Mr. Editor, I have to recount to you, that my plan has succeeded equal to my most sanguine expectations. I have had a small private Eccaleobion, constructed for her use by the ingenious Mr. Bucknell, down here at my country-house, and she has actually lived like one of his little white chickens, protected from all the late inclement weather. She has nearly lost her cough, although she has been shut up but little more than a month, and is as blythe and tuneful as a bird. One victim, at least, I believe, has been snatched from the grim Destroyer, and I trust for many years to come, through the blessed medium of this same chicken apparatus, and a few hundred expended on it by one who would sacrifice all he possesses to see those loving and lovely eyes of hers beam on him as they now do, whilst she is feeding some young avadents, which have been hatched into life by the same machine which is now preserving her own.

My old friend, Dr. B——, often comes down to visit me, and has

sisted Mr. Bucknell much towards adapting this steam concern for the purpose I wished; namely, to make an atmosphere for both night and day, in which delicately-organized human beings could easily breathe; great attention has been paid, not only to the *temperature*, but to the *hygrometric* condition of the atmosphere, and especially to *ventilation*.

He has assured me, that to invalids, indeed to all human beings, the hygrometric condition of the air they inhale is as important as its degree of temperature. If moisture be in excess, the perspired matter from the body is not duly carried off; if deficient, a dry feverish skin and increased excitement of the lungs are the certain consequences. Such serious injuries, arising from aqueous vapour being in excess, or insufficient, has by his management been entirely prevented.

The more success I have to congratulate myself upon, with regard to my Eccaleobion scheme, as far as I have tried it on my niece Emma, the more I grow fidgetty and anxious that others should share in such a benefit. It is presumed that 20,000*l.* would be required completely to fit-up and furnish a large building for the accommodation of patients in the higher classes of society upon Eccaleobion principles, the interest of which, at 5*l.* per cent., would be 1,000*l.*; to which add 1,000*l.* more for rent, and 3,000*l.* per annum current expenses; making altogether a total expenditure of 5,000*l.* per annum.

Now, as at first only the wealthy could share the advantages of such an institution, it is proposed that such a building should only accommodate sixty patients (including their friends wishing to reside with them); which might be divided into three classes, according to annual payments of 500*l.*, 350*l.*, and 200*l.* each; the total amount of which would be 21,000*l.*, which, after the deduction of 5,000*l.*, would leave a profit of 16,000*l.*, or 75*l.* per cent. upon the capital, to be divided annually amongst the proprietors.

Who is there that is ready to embark his thousands or hundreds, with myself, towards setting in operation, against next winter, a plan, which may be the means of giving birth to hundreds of others, in which all classes may receive benefit; and consumption, the bane of our land, be no longer allowed to carry off our fairest flowers?

I will not trouble you with a longer article on this subject at present; but to the pages of *THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE* shall be entrusted any further details I may have to make respecting the progress of *The Artificial Madeiras*, as it has been the first organ of mentioning the hope of such a thing to the public. Z.

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### OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

*Memoirs of a Prisoner of State in the Fortress of Spielberg.* BY ALEXANDER ANDRIANE, Companion in Captivity of Count Confalonieri. Translated from the Original, by FORTUNATO PRANDI. London: Hooper, Pall Mall.

**POEM**, to be truly a poem, it has been said, should be an autobiography. This is so, and it is scarcely to be even questioned, we may fairly assume the truth of the converse proposition, that a good autobiography is a good poem; and the work before us, though much alloyed by exaggerated expressions of feeling and overworked descriptions of suffering, is a noble il-



lustration of what we have said. The memoir of one of those unhappy victims who have for years been rotting amid the darkness and filth of an Austrian dungeon—what subjects over which poetry delights to dwell does it omit? We have presented to us in quick and almost living panorama all the worst and all the best feelings of humanity. The Satanic cunning and cruelty of the Austrian inquisitor, the dreadful spectacle of a Christian minister acting as a spy over the unhappy, the strange monomania of the emperor, which made him fancy that his cruelty to the bodies was the only method of saving the souls of his prisoners, are strangely yet beautifully intermingled with the compassionate kindness of jailors and convicts—bright beams of humanity which the clouds of despotism and crime could not quite obscure—with the calm, proud dignity of the wretched martyrs to liberty, and with the soul-thrilling devotion of wives and sisters to imprisoned husbands and brothers. In two ways do we learn from the volumes before us the capabilities of humanity. We learn how man *can*, if he so please, expel all vestige of the Divinity from within, and in this we behold the completion of God's awful denunciation, that, "his spirit will not always strive with man;" and we learn, too, a far more pleasing and instructive lesson, how the mind may exalt the suffering body above all its pains, turning a dungeon for hours, nay, days, months, and years, into a semi-paradise. In these times also, to us, and above all to that portion of our people whose cry for increased liberty swells daily louder, the volumes before us are not without their moral, a moral plain and evident, but too rarely impressed and too lowly estimated. It might and should teach *them* a little more gratitude for mercies received, a little less importunity for mercies to come. We do not know our privileges. We talk of our favoured soil, which, soon as the captive touches it, by some magical inherent potency looses his chains and breaks asunder his bonds; but this, though great, is not our greatest blessing, for the reason that it is but rare:—we do not know here, what it is to dread a spy in every friend, to doubt one in every domestic; we do not know, we scarcely can imagine what it is, not to be able to make a motion to the right or to the left without its coming immediately under the cognizance of the police: we do not know what it is to spend long years in damp, unwholesome dungeons for a mere breath of groundless suspicion. On the other hand, those among us who would reduce our government more into the hands of the few, may learn from this instructive tale, how unbounded power generates unbounded pride, unbounded crime: how dangerous it is to commit unlimited sway to the hands of any man, however good his character may be. Man is born to remain, if he would be happy, in the *juste milieu*;—a little too much power and he becomes a tyrant: a little too much liberty and he becomes licentious. Well, then, do the volumes before us perform all the duties of a poem, "to warn, to teach, to elevate," and fearlessly may we pronounce them worth three-fourths of the trash with which our press is daily teeming. To the translator, one, who by his own statement, is exiled by that tyranny which deprived so many of their liberty, we cannot offer too many thanks: he has approached his task, evidently, *con amore*, and he has well succeeded. For his inexperience in the English tongue he need have offered no apology; the language in which his translation is couched, is such as might well put to the blush many of our native writers, and those too of no small repute. We feel that we should not be doing our duty to the author, the translator, or the public, if we did not, with heart and soul, recommend to general perusal the instructive volumes which have afforded ourselves so much real gratification.

*The Reminiscences of an Old Traveller throughout different Parts of Europe.*

By THOMAS BROWN, Esq. Third Edition, greatly enlarged. Edinburgh: John Anderson, Jun. and Co., George Street. 1840.

This is a very excellent volume.

*Malte Brun's and Balbi's Systems of Geography abridged, with Numerous Tables of Population and Statistics, and a Copious Alphabetical Index. Part I.* Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1840.

The names of Malte Brun and Balbi are too distinguished to need any commendation, and upon their statements have been engrafted in the present work such additions and improvements as make it interesting to the British reader. The Geography of the United Kingdom and its dependencies is here introduced with accuracy, research, and condensation. When the work is completed, we will enter more formally into its contents. In the meanwhile, we can honestly recommend it for its elaborate method and abundant utility.

*Life Essay—Life of Offa.* By the Rev. H. MACKENZIE, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. 1840.

This Essay, which is well written, was successful in winning the honorary premium established by William Taylor Copeland, Esq., M.P., during his lordship.

*Essay on the Utility, Origin, and Progress of Writing.* By F. BOLINGBROKE RIBBANS, C.C.C., Camb., F.S.A. One of the Masters in the Birmingham and Edgbaston Proprietary School. London: Longman. 1840.

We have read this small treatise with much satisfaction, on that most useful of all arts—writing. It enters into an entertaining disquisition on its origin and progress—tracing its advancement from its first rude pictorial form, to its present state of perfection. The pamphlet is elegantly composed; and being short, will not occupy much of the time of those who peruse it. A odd quarter of an hour could be worse spent.

#### TRAVELS.

*The Real and the Ideal; or Illustrations of Travel.* In Two Vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1840.

There are books which transcend criticism; and leave to the critic nothing but the pointing out of their peculiar beauties to public appreciation. To this is the critic's highest prerogative; to dispraise only a painful duty, dictated from him by the impertinence of unqualified scribblers. These names are such, that to criticise them would be foolish—to condemn them, contemptible. An outline of their contents will be sufficient. They illustrate rather than describe a tour through Italy; being very rhapsodical in tone—but always stern. We use the word *stern* in a sense which implies absence of all that is extravagant—of all that is improper—of all that is trifling—of all that is absurd. Its style is a kind of poetical prose, sometimes grand, at others elegant, and always truthful, fiery and strong. Some of our contemporary critics, it has been charged with being obscure, in the fashion of our dearly beloved Carlyle, the author of "The French Revolution, a History." This is not true; although even if it were, it would imply no inferiority. Is not Carlyle a poet of the highest order? Mind, try does not consist in what Milton terms "the mechanism of a verse," in the soul of the production, in the spirit of the producer—hence a man may be a poet without ever having written a verse.

This book, however, is not written after Carlyle's manner. There is but apparent resemblance in a few passages; and even that resemblance does not extend to the ideas or modes of thought of the author: except those sympathetic coincidences of feeling, common to all men of genius; among whom we declare the present writer to hold a high rank.

But the only method to give a correct idea of this book is by extracts. It may be perceived that the author constantly mixes his own ideal nature in the scenes he visits; whence they seem, or rather are, taken from the arena of his life.

the actual, to the sphere of the imaginative. Does not every poet do the same?

The first chapter is entitled, "A Soar over the Alps." The following passage from it will, in some measure, serve as a specimen of the mingled description and rhapsody of the work:—

"Man stepping from his cities, his streets, his palaces, his temples (all of his own formation), where every thing tells him he is great—amid the Alps, those vast innumerable creations of nature, is convinced he is little. Earth and heaven mingle in twofold variety: he dwells in the clouds, he marks their shifting pictures—their architectural magnificence—their sculpture-like forms; they mock the rest of nature, the workings of the imagination, the chef-d'œuvres of men; they hang over the vallies like suspended bridges—they assemble in great force—they march in grand array—they fly before the wind; they skirt the mountains like a party of observation; they settle upon a town which appears sending up the smoke of its remains, like another Sodom and Gomorrah under the vengeance of heaven; fantastic buildings, fairy creations resembling the work of ages; yet the pastimes of one moment, they perish in the next; here and there a solitary white vapour is enclosed within a crevice, seemingly held in captivity by some mountain tyrant of the hard rock and heavy earth, away from its airy companions, who, having worked the earth all night and morning, have gone to their warm home the sun. Sometimes thin as a veil, the cascades fall as if from a cloud; sometimes in massive flakes they smite the mountain side of slate; sometimes they shoot forth in fury, leaping, as if irritated at the insolent obstruction, over some projecting barrier. The deep valleys, bare rocky mountains, and the rivers in torrents, look a dissection of the globe."

We quote the above passage, not because we think it one of the best parts of the book, but because we could most easily detach it. In other portions there are splendid ideas, clothed in gorgeous diction, and much deeper thought under an eccentric covering. Eccentric! we would fain say a few words concerning this much mistaken qualification; wanting which, no man can pretend to genius. What is eccentricity? Merely a departure from the usual course—from the every-day method. A striking-out of something new; or, as it is geometrically defined, a deviation from a centre. And what true man of genius does otherwise than this? To follow well-beaten tracks only wants eyes, (and they need not be very good ones either), but to lay down new paths, requires much more. The generic man despises the vulgar follies of the world—nay, he strives even to outsoar the wisdom of his successors. He goes searching for truth among the untrodden ways of the forest—among the unexplored deserts—the unknown wilds of the mental regions. If he is not able to make the world wiser than it was before—if he is not an explorer—a discoverer—a creator—he is no man of genius. Let us, then, be no more bored with the information, that such and such a man of genius was an eccentric man—it is a veritable truism.

Space compels us to conclude, though we are too conscious that we have not done justice to our author. We would rather, however, that our readers should buy the book, and take the responses of their own consciences with regard to its merits, than rest contented with our report. If the perusal of the work does not make the reader a wiser man, it is his fault, not the author's.

*Narrative of a Voyage to Java, China, and the Great Loo-Choo Island.* By Captain BASIL HALL, R.N., F.R.S. London: Moxon. 1840.

*Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the Years 1820, 1821, 1822.* By Captain BASIL HALL, R.N., F.R.S. In Two Parts. Part I. London: Moxon. 1840.

These are two exceedingly useful reprints. Any commendation of Captain Hall's clever books at this time of day, would be worse than absurd. Their merit is too well attested ever to be questioned.

## POETRY.

*the Morea : with some Remarks on the Present State of Greece.* By ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE. London : Saunders and Otley. 1840.

These poems are the productions of a young author, and, consequently, to notice them is a very delicate task. To give them unqualified approbation would sadly compromise our critical acuteness ; while, as we like not to throw a wet blanket over the early efforts of talent, we would not willingly condemn them. Their one great deficiency is a deficiency of thought and purpose : yet much tact and sweetness of versification may in them often be detected. In future, however, Mr. Cochrane must learn not only to feel, but to think deeply. We shall be glad to meet with him again ; for, with all his faults, in his poems we discern native although unmaturing talent.

*Lays and Legends of Kent.* Sir Robert de Shurland. Edited by the Author of the "Sea Wolf," &c. &c. London : Bull. 1840.

How often have we spent hours—delightful hours—in our earlier days, over the Percy ballads ; enchanted with the soul-stirring narrations which we have found in those dearly beloved volumes. Their rich mine of inexhaustible poetry—not rude but real—had power to send our blood dancing through our veins with a fiery motion, which the perusal of even the best of more modern poets has not been able to inspire. Think, then, what a joy it was to us to meet with a publication reviving in our breast those long-forgotten emotions. The "Lays and Legends of Kent" are beautiful in graphic simplicity. The ballad called "The Oak Boughs," is full of that characteristic fire so proper to minstrelsy of this kind. We hope the work will be continued.

*Tragedies.* By SIR ARCHIBALD EDMONSTONE, Bart. Edinburgh : Constable. 1840.

We recognise, in these tragedies, a degree of merit very far beyond mediocrity. There is a sentiment in one of them to which we give a hearty concurrence.

"What floods of sorrow,  
What bitterness of spirit, had been spared  
To suffering man, had ruthless passion never  
The light bands of parental power converted  
To chains of grievous weight."

All authority, instituted on earth, is divine, because divinely sent, for by God princes reign, and kings decree justice ; yet the parental authority, forming the basis of all other, is so in an especial manner. There is none more natural, and none more beneficial. The crime of filial disobedience is visited by keener pangs of conscience, and followed by deeper self-condemnation, than perhaps any crime a man can commit. The unfilial son out-goes the holiest instincts of his soul—smothers the finest feelings of his art. Verily he hath his reward.

*Prometheus Britannicus ; John Bull and the Rural Police.* A Tragi-Comedy, in One Act. By A. RUGBAN. London : Tilt. 1840.

*Protophuseos, or the Love of Nature.* A Serio-Comic Poem, in Four Scenes. By TIMOTHEUS PIKROMEL, Esq. Smallfield. 1840.

The first of these volumes is full of wit, satire and humour ; in which the present Ministry is somewhat severely handled. In form, it is an ingenious parody on the Prometheus of Æschylus ; its characters being John Bull (*Prometheus*), Police Commissioner (*Strength*), Poor-Law Commissioner (*Force*), Policeman, No. 1, A. (*Vulcan*), Ocean (*Oceanus*), Britannia (*Io*), Spectator of Police (*Mercury*), Chorus of Ruralides, or Workhouse and Jail

Nymphs (*Oceanides*). The author is loyal, and evidently knows how to give authority its true reverence. His wit, though keen, never runs riot.

Concerning the other book, intituled "*Erotophuseos*," the less that's said the better.

## ROMANCES.

*The Jewish Heroine of the Nineteenth Century: a Tale founded on Fact. Translated from the Spanish.* Second Edition. London: L. Thompson. 1839.

*The Voice of Conscience: a Narrative founded on Fact.* By MRS. QUINTIN KENNEDY. London: Fisher & Co. 1840.

These are two not unmeritorious tales, of a sacred tendency; but the first has been sadly murdered by the translator. Never did we see aught more inartificially constructed than his sentences—they grated on our ear, as we read them, in a manner which almost prevented our noticing the unaffected pathos of the plot. *The Voice of Conscience* is free from this fault; and is not altogether unentertaining.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Tables for Ascertaining the Value of Dollars in Sterling at any rate of Exchange between England and the United States of America, from 95 to 125.* By SAMUEL JOHN JONES. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1840.

Fully accomplish their design.

*Grant's London Journal.* Conducted by the Author of "*Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*," &c. &c. Price Twopence. London: Berger.

Among the trash which issues from the weekly press, it is a relief to welcome so meritorious a publication as Mr. Grant's. It displays great talent in all its departments. We read with especial pleasure an article in the sixteenth number on "*Sonnets*," in which the author indulges in some judicious observations concerning the apparent "*paucity*" of good poetry. We agree with his statement that there are good poets, although they are perishing for lack of encouragement. Mr. Grant has our best wishes.

*The Chairman's and Speaker's Guide.* Second Edition. By THOMAS SMITH. London: Longman. 1840.

Concise, correct, and useful.

*Geometrical Propositions demonstrated; or a Supplement to Euclid.* By W.D. COOLEY, A.R. London: Whittaker. 1840.

A work which, after attentive examination, we cannot do other than recommend.

We must acknowledge the receipt of Parts VII., VIII., IX., X. of Tys' "*Illustrated Shakspeare*,"—of Parts III., IV. of Moxon's "*Beaumont and Fletcher*"—of Part V. of Hayward and Moore's edition of "*Gulliver's Travels*"—of Parts IX., X., XI., XII., XIII. of Horn's History of "*Napoleon*"—of Nos. I., II., III. of Tys' "*Heads of the People*," (New Series)—of "*The Indicator*," by Leigh Hunt—and a reprint, by Moxon, of Rogers' "*Italy*." These works are alike creditable to the authors and publishers. The Author of "*Physic and Physicians*," has in the press a new work, entitled "*The Anatomy of Suicide*," 1 vol., 8vo, illustrated.

*Canadian Scenery*, by N. P. WILLIS, Esq.; *illustrated, in a Series of Views*, by W. H. BARTLETT. London: Virtue. 1840. Part I.

A work which gives fair promise of future excellence. The illustrations are capital.

*ical Sketch of the Law of Copyright.* By JOHN J. LOWNDES, Esq.  
London: Saunders. 1840.

a book which will essentially help the parties engaged in the copy-  
sition. Its historical account is well written, and adapted to afford  
sight into the subject. It is with much pleasure we quote the fol-  
-concerning the present state of the law of copyright in Russia:—  
-the Russian code we shall find what is not to be found in any other  
enactment conferring on certain degrees of literary success, certain  
rank and honour; and although I may be told, that without the  
us formality of a law to that effect, other nations confer as flatter-  
s of distinction on their men of learning and genius—I will answer,  
t cannot fail to be a favourable sign of the legislation of a country,  
claims of genius and learning to an honourable situation are thus  
cknowledged and secured by the statutes of the country which they  
and adorn.”

*The Prospects of America.\**

a reprint from a work which was last year published by C. S.  
252, Broadway, New York. Being written by an American lady,  
perused the work with much curiosity; for we wished to see what  
a representation the Americans themselves would give of their  
-particularly as they are so fond of accusing English writers of one-  
and partiality. The book is cleverly written, and its authoress dis-  
ch discrimination in her sketches of men and manners; although  
is not very favourable to her countrymen. To this fact, however,  
e her to be blind; and there is a constant struggle in her book  
er wish to exhibit her nation as a model of perfection on the one  
an innate good sense which condemns it on the other. She,  
adopts a middle course, and writes in a vein of double-dealing  
t continually leaves us in doubt whether she is in jest or earnest.  
his, she has all the vivacity characteristic of her sex—the vividness  
tion—the keenness of observation—the quickness of wit—the ready  
ion of the ludicrous—the hearty love of a laugh, which all ladies  
a greater or less degree. These hurry her on, almost against her  
that in her preface she thinks fit to confess, that in her book there  
sses, and colourings, and lights, if not shadows, for which the  
alone accountable.” These glosses and colourings are, however,  
side-shaking kind—she has evidently exaggerated; a fault of which  
yet found a woman to be guiltless. But after we have made every  
abatement, this book is a most remarkable confirmation of Cap-  
-yat’s “Diary.” Indeed, where we have thought the Captain had  
zing (a slip more than excusable in a writer of his temperament),  
often found in this work something so inconceivably worse, that we  
n fain to alter our opinion, and declare the gallant Captain to have  
merciful.

ctures she has given of some of the American officials are really  
whether they are true or not. Think, for a moment, of a personage  
s himself “squire,” and “justas of piece,” (according to his own  
hy), when he finds the party who had hitherto supported him are  
in a minority, and that, therefore, his own chances of re-election are  
, getting on a stump before his door, and thus addressing his

iends and feller-citizens, I finds myself conglomerated in sich a  
my feelins suffers severely. I’m sitivated in a peculiar sitivation.

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ow Home—Who’ll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life. By Mrs.  
AVERS, an Actual Settler.

O' one side I sees my dear friends,—pussional friends—friends that 's stuck to me like wax, through thick and thin, never shlinnyin' off and on, but up to the scratch, and no mistake. O' tother side I behold's my country, my bleedin' country, the land that fetch'd me into this world o' trouble. Now sence things be as they be, and can't be no otherways as I sees, I feel kind o' screwed into an auger hole, to know what to do. If I hunt over the history of the universal world from the creation of man to the present day, I sees that men has always had difficulties; and that some has took one way to get shut of 'em, and some t'other. My candid and unrefragable opinion is, that rather than remain useless, buckled down to the shop, and indulging in selfishness, it is my solemn dooty to change my ticket!!! It is severe, my friends, but dooty is dooty. And now if any man calls me a turn-coat, (continued the orator, gently spitting in his hands, rubbing them together, and rolling his eyes round the assembly), all I say is, let him say it so that I can hear him." This argument, Mrs. Clavers adds, was irresistible, "for Mr. Jenkins stands six foot two in his stockings, when he wears any, and gesticulates with a pair of arms as long and muscular as Rob Roy's."

This is independence with a vengeance—an independence of every thing "lovely and of good report." We are rather afraid, however, that the felicitous idea of a land fetching a man into the world, belongs to Mrs. Clavers, and not to Mr. Jenkins. There is, also, a laughable description of a meeting of a young men's debating society, which, we think, has had a little too much "colouring." One of the questions proposed for debate was, "Which is the most useful animal, the ox or the ass?" If what we have read of the society is correct, we would recommend them first to decide whether it is allowable for any body of men to pronounce upon their own merits?

America is, without doubt, a most wonderful country; but we would conjure her, if she values her own welfare, not to seek to advance too quickly. There is a medium in every thing. "Slow and sure," is a good maxim, although not an American one. America is now in a state of hobydyhoy-ism, and possesses the ardent aspirations—the wish to overtop and overdo, so peculiar to that period. Our transatlantic brethren may disdain the experience of ages—they may despise those lessons of polity, for the efficient working out of which, the old world has been deluged with blood; but such monitions—such lessons, are not to be despised with impunity. You may gild a piece of rotten wood, and so hide its defects, yet the wood is still rotten. In the same manner, America may overleap the immense gulf which separates an infant from a mature state, and adopt the clothing and air of a man, but it will be an infant nevertheless. The Americans may seek to travel at railway speed towards perfection; and they will seem to do so, although it will be only an optical delusion. Remember that it is not every progression which brings a change, and not every change that is something better.

We are friendly to America, because we are philosophers; and as philosophers, we watch her progress with no small anxiety. There are evidently in her history and progress some new and great principles being worked out, of which the old legislators never dreamed. But these principles are not in opposition to, but perfectly in accordance with, those which have regulated the advancement of the old world—perhaps their exponents. Hence we repeat our warning, neglect not the wisdom of the older time. America is as much in danger of mistaking the principles we speak of, as Europeans are, and even more so, and if she does, her ruin is certain. At any rate, it is safer to trust to your natural growth, and to be content with your natural stature, than to mount upon stilts and be ever in danger of stumbling.

We speak affectionately—we love America, and our reproaches ought to be considered as proceeding from a true friend. We are gratified at the reception that *a priori* philosophy has experienced in the United States—we

are pleased with the perception of the sublime and the beautiful they have shown; and believe they are destined, if they do not themselves baulk our hopes, to eclipse all nations that have been before them. As for England, we are told that the sun of her glory has set, to rise no more. She has fallen from her high estate—we weep while we write the truth—*America is her successor*. America possesses all the advantages England ever possessed, and many which we never enjoyed. If she continues united, as she now is, she will ultimately become the mistress of the world. It is but too true that England is vitiated, and every day gives some new sign of declension:—America is steadily rising, and, if she will but remember that the race is not always to the swift, she will rise to the highest pinnacle of greatness.

Still we do not think that this greatness will be consummated by the means, on which they, in their blindness, look forward with proud anticipation. Let them not put their trust in physical greatness—it will fail them. At present they argue something after this fashion: they assume, which is highly probable, that the people of the United States will ultimately spread themselves over the whole North American continent west of the Mississippi, between the parallels 30° and 40°, as far as the Pacific Ocean. This would add 1,800,000 square miles to the territory east of the Mississippi; and, putting both together, the area of the United States, thus enlarged, would be 2,700,000 square miles. A surface of such extent, if peopled to the density of Massachusetts, would contain two hundred millions; or, if peopled to the density of Great Britain and Ireland, four hundred and thirty millions. If the population of the United States continue to multiply in the same proportion as hitherto, it is demonstrable, they say, that the two hundred millions necessary to people these vast territories, will be produced within a century. Now, it is with great pain we behold the Americans give themselves up to such vain dreams as these. We do not say that they will not be realized; but if they are, they will not conduce to America's glory. The days of mere physical greatness are past—the empire of brute force has well nigh gone from it. As education is diffused further and further, it will supersede war: which is, although men have honoured its professors, a hellish thing, rendered necessary by the ignorance and prejudice of the mass of men: and it is only while such a lamentable necessity exists, that the mere numbers of a nation will be regarded as a token of power. It is mind which will be required to elevate nations—it is genius which will be requisite to maintain them in security. Knowledge has always been owned to be power; but ever was the truth of the maxim more strongly displayed than it is at present. We now every day see how it holds the many in abeyance; charms them into obedience; and, Ariel-like, disarms them of their boasted terrors.

No, no! we read that there shall be a time when the nations shall learn war no more; and people are beginning to feel a disinclination to the shedding of each other's blood. The field of Waterloo has been fought and won—with that field, what we may call the warrior-dispensation has been closed—blood have the people been purified. We have been told that war is a sing game; and at length we have believed. With one heart and voice we claim, Let there be peace!

Nations, therefore, must seek for some other methods of signaling themselves—military prowess will not be much longer respected. Moral power will be the conqueror of men; because all men will be able to appreciate it, or has this state of things been without types and emblems in past events. What enabled the few of Greece to defeat the myriads of Persia? Let us no longer put our strength in numbers—but in that, to which those numbers must ever be obedient.

These considerations are most vitally connected with the future prospects of America. Let her be superior to the old world in wisdom, and we shall quickly prostrate at her feet. Herein may she find the new principles she is destined to exemplify. Let her put in them her trust, and she will hold herself for ever ascending; while her power, not being a tyranny laid



on by force, but a loving guardianship conferred by merit, she would be the revered of man, and the favoured of God! Then might she boast of her sons—not as Scythia of its savage hordes, for her triumphs would be far different. The Scythiæ are remembered only as the scourges of the earth—the Americans would then become blessings to mankind.

Some have hoped that our own country was the one set apart by Providence for this high destiny; but we are afraid that Britain has grown too old in folly ever to become much wiser. Let her remain as she is. Let her merchants feel proud of their riches, the fruits of the worst of sacrilege—let her stick to her counting-houses, and squabble about pounds, shillings, and pence—America can afford to look down with contempt on such petty, grovelling ambition. England may be the wealthiest, and welcome. If America is the wisest, she will be the triumpher

“In a great duel, not of arms!”

The name of England is now supported by a few self-denying patriots—but how ill are they rewarded. “We can live without literature—without learning—without poetry,” say the blind and ignorant many, to those whom they ought to reverence as their instructors. All that is absolutely necessary to existence, are food and sleep; and, obtaining these, they are content. Books can’t be eaten, so where’s the use of buying them? Patience, however, endureth not for ever; and if deserted by their country, authors will shake its dust off their shoes, and seek an asylum elsewhere.

A few more warning words, and we have done. If America wishes to realize these golden anticipations, she must avoid the dangerous pitfalls which have contributed so much to ruin England. We learn from Captain Marryat, that America is split up into sects and parties; thereby imitating the worst error of the old country. Unity is more valuable than liberty. Here lies the peculiar beauty of the despotic, or paternal form of government—it unites all the nation in the person of the sovereign. In this the Chinese have found a mountain of strength, which has preserved the integrity of their empire from the earliest periods to the present day. They have been conquered, without being harmed; for the physically strong yielded to the mentally great. Therefore must America be the land of peace and unity; else her prospects will be blighted—her imaged glory be destroyed in the bud.

#### *Massinger and Ford.\**

Massinger was born in the year 1584; being the son of Arthur Massinger, by an unknown mother. One of the earliest English Poets, we discover in his works many of the beauties of “high-blooded youth,” and also many of its faults, or rather apparent faults, induced by the alteration of conventionalities. Those faults are, however, such as to render it unlikely that many of them would now be actable; although a few still keep a kind of dubious possession of the stage.

It will be seen by the above date, that, as a dramatist, he followed Shakspeare; his earliest extant play having been produced some years after our great bard had retired: yet he owed, perhaps, less to Shakspeare than any other tragedian of his age. The true poet is never an imitator, nor a plagiarist. Ideas are universal things; things that may be suggested to all, to many, or to one.

We are glad to perceive that Mr. Hartley Coleridge has not adopted the scheme of judging of his author by comparing him with other authors. Every writer erects his own standard by which he is to be judged, and according to the elevation of that standard he takes his rank. Let not the reader start at this. Is not the intention always something superior to the performance? Did any one ever fulfil the utmost degree of the excellence of his design? No, not even in the minutest—most insignificant thing.

\* The Dramatic Works of Massinger and Ford, with an Introduction. By Hartley Coleridge. London: Moxon. 1840.

herefore from the standard erected by himself, the author must always fall short. Hence an author may be condemned two ways—for choosing a standard unjustifiably low, or for falling *too far* beneath it. This is the only true criticism.

Mr. Hartley Coleridge's remarks are in general just, and always eloquent. We do not, however, agree in his under appreciation of Lillo's "*Arden of Feversham*." There is poetry—poetry of the highest order in domestic life; and the legitimate language of passion, of hatred, of anger, of grief, of love, of joy is ever the same, whether it be spoken by a Cæsar, or a merchant. To his truth the writer before us renders no allegiance.

The following is an outline of the plot of Massinger's "*Virgin-Martyr*," after the fashion of Charles Lamb, and is so good that we must extract it *extenso* :

"In the bloody times of Dioclesian, there lived at Cæsarea a noble virgin named Dorothea, fair and rich, and much beloved of Antoninus, the governor's son of Cæsarea, who, for her sake, rejected the proffered love of Artemia, the emperor's daughter. But because Dorothea was a Christian, and had devoted her virginity to heaven, and Antoninus was an idolator, she would not be wooed of him, or other earthly suitor. And she had a page named Angelo, whom she found at the temple gate, in likeness of a 'sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy,' asking alms; but in truth he was an angel, come to guard her from all evil and temptation, from fear and from pleasure, for the exceeding favour he had to her holiness and her virginity. Now there was in Cæsarea a certain Theophilus, a cruel persecutor of the Christians, who had for his servant a fiend named Harpax, by whose means he was informed of many things that of himself he could not have known, and particularly of the love that young Antoninus bore to Dorothea, whereof he did also inform the Princess Artemia; so, by the contrivance of Dorothea's wicked servants, Theophilus, with Sapritius the governor, and the princess, were brought to overlook where Antoninus was wooing Dorothea, promising her riches and worldly glory, and liberty to worship after her own fashion if she would be his wife—all which she set at nought for the love of Him to whom she was betrothed in heaven. Whereat the princess, seeing she was lightly esteemed of him, to whom she had demeaned herself to solicit his affection, was exceeding wroth, and would have slain both Antoninus and Dorothea, but that she loved him, and would not give her the martyrdom she longed for. Howbeit Dorothea was bereft of her goods and shut up in prison; and Antoninus given in charge of his father the governor.

"But when it was heard that the young man had fallen sick, and would not be comforted, the princess, who was an emperor's daughter, and of a high and noble spirit, was moved with compassion; and, subduing her own desires, gave consent that if Dorothea would return and worship the gods of her fathers, she should be wedded unto Antoninus. Now, Theophilus had no daughters that had heretofore been Christians, but because they loved the world, and feared their father, and the terror of his torment, they had turned back to their idols. These young damsels, Calista and Christeta, were set on by them to persuade Dorothea to renounce her faith and become what they were. But Dorothea wrestled mightily and overcame—having Angelo, her good angel, ever at her side, so that Calista and Christeta again forswore the gods of the heathen; and when the time came that they should bring forth Dorothea to bow before the image of Jupiter, they cast it on the ground and spat upon it. Whereupon Theophilus, at the instigation of Harpax, saw them, and sent back Dorothea to be tortured. All this while Antoninus continued sick and beside himself, so that his father, hearing him still call out on Dorothea, not being willing that he should perish, sent for Dorothea, that the young man might have his will on her. But when the young man saw her, and heard her words how good they were, and perceived how excellent thing is virgin chastity, his heart was changed, and he would not touch her.

So Sapritius, in his rage, would have given her up to a slave, but the slave being a Briton, would do no such vile thing. Then the governor would have sent for ten slaves, but he was smitten down by an unseen hand, and on side of his face blasted as with lightning; whereat he was the more hardened; and he and Theophilus called Dorothea witch, and hired he wicked servants to torture her; but their arms were withered, so they could not. Wherefore, because it was thought they did their work slightly, they were sent unto death, and Dorothea was doomed to be beheaded. And when she was come to the place of suffering, Antoninus would go with her, that he might see her for the last time and die. But when he heard her discourse of heaven, and the divine joys to which she was hastening, then did he wish to go with her. And behold Angelo, in his true shape of an angel, appeared above Dorothea alone, and told her that he had been her page, the beggar boy whom she had cherished. Then she made request that Antoninus, for the true love he had borne her, might be converted, and his love changed to a 'love of heaven.' And forthwith he felt a holy fire within him, and he believed and became a Christian. And because Theophilus, mocking, had desired to taste the fruit of Paradise, of which she had spoken, she prayed that some of the fruit might be given to him after she was dead. And then she bowed her neck to the axe, and Antoninus fell dead at her feet. And they were both carried by Angelo to heaven. Now, it came to pass, that Theophilus was sitting alone, and devising new tortures for the Christians, and suddenly there was a great light, and a sound of heavenly music, and a fair-faced boy, which was Angelo, entered with a basket of fruit and flowers, the like whereof never grew on earth. And when he tasted the fruit and beheld how good it was, and he thought that it was deep winter, and found that the doors were shut, he remembered the words of Dorothea and believed. And when Harpax, the fiend, in his own likeness, mocked and tempted him, he held up a cross made of flowers of Paradise, and he fled howling; and the angel came and strengthened him. So he gave his signet that all the Christians should be conveyed out of the hand of the persecutor. But when the emperor found that Theophilus had become a Christian, he was hardened more and more, and put him to strange torment, Harpax also assaulting him. Then did Dorothea appear on high, in exceeding glory, with Antoninus, Calista, and Christeta, in white garments, and Angelo after all, holding forth the crown of martyrdom; so Theophilus the persecutor died a martyr; but the emperor was hardened still."

This, it will be perceived, is very prettily done. The chief characteristic of Ford was power; but then it was the wrong sort of power. He will make your hair stand on end with horror—a not very enviable mode of creating an interest. In merit he is doubtless much, very much below Massinger; and, indeed, if it were not for a few exceedingly beautiful poetical passages scattered here and there, his plays would not be worth any great deal. He is, perhaps, a duller joker, when he attempts to be witty, than any other writer whatever—yet he essentially belongs to and illustrates his era, and therefore merits an attentive examination.

*The Saint and the Sinner, a Tale, from the Bostan of Sadi, translated and accompanied by the original Persian, and Notes.* By FORBES FALCONER, M.A. London: Cox. 1839.

This little pamphlet is a curious specimen of Persian literature. It consists of a tale; the moral of which shows some insight into theological truth. The reader will perceive much similarity between it and the parable of the Pharisee and Publican. But let Sadi speak for himself:—

"I have gathered from pious chroniclers, that, in the days of Jesus (on whom be peace!),

"A certain man had squandered away his life, and passed it all in ignorance and error.

"A reckless man! the volume of whose actions was black, and his heart hardened; of whose depravity Iblis himself was ashamed.

"Who had spent his days unprofitably; and from whom no human heart had drawn solace or comfort.

"His head void of understanding, and full of pomps and vanities: his maw swoln with forbidden meats.

"His skirts defiled with iniquity; and his home rife with shamelessness.

"Neither his paths straight, as of them who see; nor his ear, like the good man's, open to counsel.

"One from whom his fellow-creatures fled, as with the speed of time; and pointed out one to another, like the new moon, from afar.

"Desire and lawless passion had consumed the promise of his harvest; neither had he stored up the grain of reputation.

"To such excess had that wretch driven his unhallowed pleasures, that in the black volume of his actions no room was left for writing.

"Sinful—self-willed—the slave of his lusts—he heedlessly spent night and day in rioting and drunkenness.

"I have heard that Jesus, returning from the wilderness, passed by a hermit's cell.

"The anchorite came down from the terrace, and prostrated himself at his feet in the dust.

"The sinner of averted star gazed on them from a distance, dazzled at beholding them, as the moth is by the light.

"Contemplating them with envy, and full of shame—like a beggar in the presence of a rich man.

"Muttering, in subdued accents, and all abashed, fervent entreaties of forgiveness, for his nights prolonged till morning in thoughtless dissipation.

"From his eyes as from a cloud fell tears of penitence; while he said, 'Alas! recklessly have my years been mis-spent.

"I have squandered away the coin of precious life; and no good thing have I obtained in return.

"May there never be such a one living as I; unto whom death were far better than life!

"He hath escaped who hath died in the season of infancy, so that his heavy head hath not been put to shame.

"Forgive my iniquity, O Creator of the world; for should it appear with me in judgment, a wretched companion would it be!"

"On the one side, the aged sinner was crying: 'Help me, O thou bringer of salvation!'

"While his head hung through shame; and tears of penitence coursed down his cheeks.

"On the other side, the ascetic, with his head full of self-conceit, sternly frowned from afar off, upon the sinner;

"Saying, 'Why doth this reprobate seek our presence? what hath this ignorant wretch in common with us?'

"One who hath plunged wilfully into the fire (of hell); who hath given up his life to the winds of passion.

"What good deed hath proceeded from his polluted soul, that he should associate with Messiah and with me?

"How desirable would it be, that he should rid us of his intrusion, and follow his works to hell!

"I am uneasy at his loathsome presence, lest peradventure the fire destined for him should be launched against myself.

"On the plain of resurrection, when mankind shall appear before Thee, raise me not up, O God, in company with him!"

"While he was uttering these words, a revelation from Him glorious in attributes came to Jesus (blessed be his name!);

"Saying, 'Although the one is wise and the other foolish, I have granted the prayer of both.

"The man of ruined days and inauspicious fortune lamented before with importunity and fervour.

"Whosoever cometh to me in helplessness, I chase not away from the threshold of my bounty.

"I have forgiven him his evil deeds: I will bring him into Paradise, through my grace.

"And, forasmuch as the devotee holds it a reproach to sit in his company in heaven;

"Tell him not to fear lest he be put to shame by the sinner at the resurrection; for the one shall they bear to heaven, the other into fire.

"For the heart of the one bled with fervent contrition: the other placed his trust in his own obedience.

"He knew not, that at the court of that God who needeth not the services of aught which he hath made, humble helplessness is better than pride and self-conceit.

"He whose outward vesture is pure, but whose morals are corrupt—to such a one the gates of hell will need no key.

"At this threshold, impotence and distress will more avail thee than obedience and self-approval.

"When thou reckonest thyself amongst the good, thou art already evil; self-righteousness hath no place in godliness.

"If thou art valorous, boast not of thy valour; for, not every good rider hath borne off the prize.

"That worthless man is but an onion, all coating, who thinks that, like the pistachio nut, he possesses a kernel.

"Obedience of this sort availeth nothing; go rather, and entreat forgiveness for thy defective obedience.

"That man void of understanding ate no fruit of his devotion, who, being good towards God, was evil towards his fellow-creatures."

"The words of the wise endure for a memorial; remember thou this one saying of Sadi:—

"BETTER IS THE SINNER WHO FEARETH GOD, THAN THE SAINT WHO PRACTISETH OUTWARD OBEDIENCE."

The various readings of the Persian which follow Mr. Falconer's translation, add much to the value of the pamphlet.

## THE QUARTERLY REVIEW AND SOCIALISM,

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE QUEEN AS THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

THE last number of the Quarterly Review, in a very excellent article (barring its Puseyism), takes up, in the main, with the same conceptions of Socialism which we uttered in our March Magazine; pursuing, of course, the argument in a spirit of antagonism; whereas it is our practice, as it was of old that of Socrates, to lead those whom we would convince to furnish the materials for the induction on which both advocates must proceed. The *Quarterly* reviewer desires that the Church should take example from Mr. Owen's success, and substitute a religious socialism for his political one. Now, let it be considered that there are no less than one hundred thousand Owenite Socialists, and that these individuals are the very persons whom the Church would desire to reach. Is it better, therefore, as a matter of prudence, to take advantage of the desired principle of association practically operated by these people, and at the same time to cover

their one-sidedness with the mantle of charity, or to declare war upon them, at the risk of alienating them altogether from the Establishment? It may be said, they are already alienated; rather say, we ply, that they are not yet folded. The critic acknowledges that their aim and objects are identified with those of the *New Testament*; confined, however, to a political sphere. Would it not be better to start from this point, and by thus showing them that they so far recognise Christianity, (the thing, though not the name,) persuade them ultimately to accept the entire method of salvation? In all things we would proceed by persuasion, not by denunciation.

In this we so proceed, the rather as the paper in the Quarterly Review has reduced the whole argument to a mere logomachy. In their words, and with an extended, a religious, application, the motives and objects of the co-operative system are acceptable. Other agents, also, are desirable to carry it out properly. This admitted, however, what necessity for making a foe of merely *nominal* infidelity? The paths of wisdom are the paths of peace.

Owen's errors of speculation arise from the grossest ignorance of *a priori* philosophy; but in that his opponents are also equally at fault. The Quarterly critic shows this with the utmost force, stating, as we have done a thousand times, that the root of the evil lies in the popular philosophy, as taught both in and out of our universities and public schools, and from the influence of which, said critic himself in common with his brother Puseyites) is not exempt. Owenite Socialism, he justly tells us, "has at its back, Locke and the sensualists, and Marat and the materialist philosophers of the French revolution; and materialist physicians and metaphysicians of our own times; and the Scotch school, who have been urging us so long to analyse our mental movements, just as we analyse the physical world; and, above all, it has the phrenologists, who have done Socialism admirable service, "as a link-boy to a hangman's cart." We would add, also, that it is not without corroborations in an injudicious Utilitarianism, which, like many other isms, errs as much in the way of reaction as the opposite extremes do in original influence. Beyond and above all these narrow views of estimating subjects, we desire to elevate both the minds of our readers and our own.

Sometimes we think the critic proves too much, and makes out a case for his antagonist, as when, expressing his wonder that an infidel should have stumbled on the Christian truth, "that the love of money is the root of all evil," he proceeds to show, that the counteraction of this appetite was attempted by monastic communities, which, with their vow of poverty, were in their temporal relations nothing but Mr. Owen's societies; supporting themselves by their common labour and common capital, but with the principle of acquisitiveness, which Mr. Owen cannot touch, confined by the most solemn obligations." Now we would venture to suggest, that it is not so much in their identities as in their differences that the old and the new institutions should be judged. May it not be, that the not touching, or confining the principle (?) is the reason why the new shall succeed better than the old? Mr. Owen tells us that it is the reason.

Thus, in the same manner, the formation in the new communities

of luxurious habits, instead of the self-denying ones which were peculiar to the old, together with other ameliorations of discipline, in which we need not enter, may be so many improvements. We are informed that the experience of New Lanark was highly favourable to this view of the question—in a word, that vicious indulgence decreased with the temptations to it. Men ceased to steal when they found that no benefit accrued from stealing. There was no transgression where there was no law; and no motive to appropriate where there was nothing prohibited. That this state of mind can be produced merely by external conditions, we not only disbelieve, but stoutly deny—if producible at all; that it is highly desirable, we most anxiously concede.

In these main points we agree with the Quarterly critic. We agree with him, that “any thing which would put an end to the flagitious corruptions of our present manufacturing system—which would extinguish covetousness—which would prevent the accumulation of capital in a few hands, and distribute it among many—raising the mechanic from a mere drudge, to comfort and independence—would, indeed, be a boon to the world. No Christian quarrels with this end—he only wonders, first, that man in his senses should think to accomplish it by the agency of joint-stock societies, uncontrolled by a higher and better power than his own; and, secondly, that the Church itself is not forming plans for some such institution under her own eye.” In the following passage, also, we meet with a suggestion of our own, as to the Owenite lecturers, and others of the same class.

“They are men conceited, pragmatism, and busy, who have had a half-and-half education, and some experience, perhaps, in organizing other local societies; the very class, let us remind the Church, who would have been made her most efficacious agents in disseminating truth among the poor, had they been taken up by a perfect Church-system, and educated properly through a sound organization of middle schools.”

In fine, the reviewer proposes, as the panacea for all evils, Colleges for the Clergy, one of whose functions should be to bring under the immediate superintendence of the parochial clergy many important operations—“such as educating the young, assisting the poor, contriving plans for bettering their condition, not wholly unlike Mr. Owen's, with the one exception of their being systematically religious.”

We dwell the more upon this theme, because some two or three Conservative journals, we lament to say, ignorantly conducted, have misunderstood us in our March number, as speaking in commendation of Owenism, where censure was deserved. No such thing! We were desirous of looking at Owenism only in such lights as those in which we were quite sure that the most enlightened intellects must see it. Newspaper writers have always the vulgar reader in their eye—surely, they have learned, by this time, that the MONTHLY MAGAZINE is no channel of popular agitation, but a medium for the dissemination of philosophical principles and scientific facts, whether civil or religious. In the pursuit of this course, we are not to be put aside either by the zealotry of a pharisee, or the partizanship of a scribe.

With such writers as the Quarterly reviewer, Orielite though he be,

we are safe. His Orielism is undoubtedly a violent reaction, and being such, is necessarily an error. It is amusing to find him setting up testimony and authority against experience and experiment, instead of subordinating both to the common revelation of that law "which is the light that lighteth every one that cometh into the world," and in which no private judgment *can* differ from the universal. A Church such as he pourtrays, would dethrone his God—in which respect, he is the very unconscious atheist which he is careful to declare that poor Mr. Owen is not! We trust, however, from the philosophical capacity shown by this class of writers, that they will not stop at the point at which they have arrived at present, but come at last to confess the still higher truth involving all others—that every man is a Church in himself. Meantime, we beg to hold with St. John and St. Paul on this great head of doctrine—and recognising it as a fact, see in its existence the only possibility of a Church, as a society, being instituted at all. One step more will deliver these writers from sectarianism altogether.

So far as they have gone, they have done well in demonstrating that the sectarian, and merely protestant spirit, has no chance against Owenism, or any other positive associative principle. They have, in fact, entered a triumphant apology for Owenism and Chartism, by showing that these are but the results of those principles which are erroneously acknowledged by the religious world. They have, however, not escaped from the charge themselves. They are involved in the same dilemma, and must take a still more transcendental position would they escape from the consequences.

It is somewhat singular to see these writers repudiating the system of Locke, on the one hand, and on the other, contending for a position, which must imply the whole of that system. They are for the historical evidences rather than the spiritual—and accordingly speak more favourably of materialism than of any other scheme they mention—reminding us, by the way, that Christianity teaches the resurrection of the body, thus making much account of body and little of spirit. How true is that saying of Coleridge, "Only not all are materialists!" And lo! here we find certain pleaders for orthodoxy contending for the greater certainty of arms and legs than of conscience and its developements, and preferring the mere framework of a Church to the spirit which manifests it.

But the Church of England is far other and higher, both in fact and theory, than these advocates pretend. The Church of England, in acknowledging the necessity of a reformation, has nullified the sufficient authority of historical succession, even as Christianity itself had formerly done by superseding the previous dispensation. The Jewish Church, with splendid historical testimony, departed, and any Church which has only that to show, shall, in like manner, depart. The Reformed Church of England has, in the fact of its reformation, laid claim to higher credentials, which we feel quite assured it will not forfeit. A Protestant Church, we concede, is a negation—but a Reformed Church affirms a continuance of the directing spirit in the midst of every two or three assembled together in the name of the Messiah, to guide them in the demonstration of truth and the avoid-



ance of corruption. Her title-deeds are in the piety of her members the purity of her services, and the benevolence of her communions. Such belong to the Reformed Church of England—the most tolerant the least superstitious, and most sincere of all churches.

He will best advocate the cause of the Church of England who writes of her in the spirit of the Reformation as distinct from Protestantism, and who shall place her in a position far above all sect and party influence. We should approve of Church co-operation societies emanating from her clerisy, as having a tendency to recognise spiritual apostolicity, in addition to (not substitution of) the historical. Neither, in fact, should substitute the other. Moreover, in proportion to the efficiency of a priesthood, the less the need of it will become. When all the people are orderly we may dispense with the police, whether clerical or lay. Repine not that education should leave government nothing to do. What is the value of the means but in the end? Each Christian rightfully should be in a condition to "call no man master." What then? Why, that the regal and the sacerdotal will then belong to every man, or he to it, and will accordingly be denied by none; but each man will in his degree respect both equally in himself and in others. There is no danger in that equality which raises all to the same level, but only in that which degrades the highest to the lowest.

The Queen, as the Head of the Church of England, is above and prior to all sectarian manifestations of religion. She is, in fact, the visible head of Religion in England, and must recognise as such both the historical and the spiritual. She is pledged to the Reformation, and must, therefore, prefer the latter even in the historical. The Church established therefore, to obtain special patronage, must be careful to exceed in learning, piety, and charity, all other churches. It is here that the true responsibility of the Monarch begins—and here, therefore, that the peculiarly *personal* in the Monarch is demanded. Wo be to him who would here attempt to control the Monarch's will. Here the Monarch is only responsible to conscience and to God. The Coronation Oath, as we have formerly observed, is here rather an infringement of the privileges of the royal conscience—but let us remember, it was in defence of the Reformation—and, therefore, of the true liberty of the conscience!! Also remark, it was only by an oath that the object sought could be gained—only by the personal could the personal be bound. The time will come, when the oath will be needless—it has already become impertinent. In these remarks we are conscious that we are uttering opinions that far precede the time. But this is what we profess to do. Enough, however, that we have shown the true sphere of the Monarch's responsibility. Our monarchs have been made to feel it here—and here alone! Witness, shades of Charles the First, and James the Second! Both condescended to party, and became the sacrifice.—Maintain an independence of party, and the Monarch is safe; as representative of that Divine Unity which is prior to position—but which, if it take position, is destroyed—first, in its essential nature—and secondly, in its external manifestations.

THE  
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THE ROMAN BROTHER.

(Continued from p. 497.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria—Interior of the Palace.*

MESA and SOEMIAS.

MESA.

So here are we in Alexandria—  
In Egypt, famous for its Cleopatras,  
Whose force of beauty fools these Roman heroes.

SOEMIAS.

The worse barbarians—if caprice can make them.  
Not the world's beauty, Helen, in her loves,  
Nor Cleopatra's self, with all her whims,  
Could match our Antoninus.

MESA.

I have seen  
With pity, daughter! that thy charms are nothing  
To the prætorian camp's, in his esteem.

SOEMIAS.

Strange that a man who seldom stirred abroad,  
Should, all at once, seek this perpetual change  
Of place. The Senate like it not, besure;  
Trailed after him. And if they seek to please him,  
With feast and banquet, as they oft have done,  
The expense is lost, he never will attend them—  
But with the rudest soldier of the troops  
Will revel rather.

MESA.

Well! thou hast his promise  
Of journeying to Emesa—there to meet  
Your son.

SOEMIAS.

Nay—thou mistakest—he will not thither—  
But to the Temple of the Moon at Carrhæ.

MÆSA.

Why there ?

SOEMIAS.

I know not, I—unless it be,  
Because 'tis not the Temple of the Sun.

MÆSA.

Ha ! the gods prompt me. Let us to Emesa,  
And bring Elagabalus to our plan,  
To meet at midway his imperial Sire,  
With sacerdotal pomp, in priestly car,  
As of the sun-god, and himself the god,  
Upon the road to Carrhæ.

SOEMIAS.

But how 'scape  
The palace, our intention unobserved ?

MÆSA.

The gods to day are ordinant for us—  
Old Africanus the astrologer  
Has, with loud voice, i' th' public streets of Rome,  
Proclaimed Macrinus, Cæsar's successor—  
They've sent him here in chains. Now, Antoninus,  
Desiring to outwit Macrinus' clerkship,  
Gave the old man into Adventus' charge,  
To hide him in the Temple of Serapis—  
And thither he and his imperial mother  
Have gone in secret to examine him.

SOEMIAS.

And who knows what will follow from Macrinus ;  
For Antoninus scorns him all too much,  
To take his life ?

MÆSA.

Come—we'll outwit them all—  
The old Astrologer into the bargain !

SOEMIAS.

In what lies at his door we eathly may—  
Heaven grant the stars be true in what they say ! (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*The Temple of Serapis.*

*The statue of the god in a sitting posture, with a basket or bushel on his head, and a sceptre in his left hand, and in his right an emblematic monster ; (the head and body of a serpent branching into three tails, which are again terminated by the triple heads of a dog, a lion, and a wolf.)*

ANTONINUS and JULIA, discovered.

ANTONINUS (*seated*).

When will Adventus come ?

JULIA.

He'll soon be here—

The subterrane apartments run afar,  
And for assurance he chose one remote.

ANTONINUS.

'Tis occupation frets me ! When I dream,  
Then I but live. Poor Antoninus grows  
The fool of things that are not ; he who was  
Like Plato wise, like Alexander brave.  
Nothing is what we think it is—not even  
Our very selves. Rome is herself a fiction !  
And o'er the commonest pathways of our life  
Flings Poesy delusions. These delusions  
Are yet not what we call them, but true types  
Speaking and partly being what they show,  
If not, as mostly, misinterpreted.  
Not other yet than as we interpret them,  
Having no life but in our apprehension.  
This contradiction 'tis that makes us mad,  
Their reconciliation might restore to reason.

JULIA.

Muse not so deeply—nor abstract so finely—  
'Tis perilous mysticism, that draineth dry  
Life's tree, and leaves us only sticks to gnaw,  
Hard, without fruit, or fruit without the pulp,  
All husks or ashes.

ANTONINUS.

That is, as it seems  
To you, who love the active life ye live in—  
To me, 'tis feasting on the sap of the tree,  
Banquetting on life's essence. Thus, forestalled,  
How can the world perceive or fruit or foliage ?  
Yet in their finer forms they nourish me !

JULIA.

Nothing thou givest, nothing canst receive ;  
Only by interchange all things subsist ;  
What feeds itself alone, feeds on itself,  
Therefore soon dies !

ANTONINUS.

Therefore becomes immortal !  
Like the great whole which is *not* as the parts,  
But childless lives as it was fatherless—  
While all which it contains is born and bears,  
Corrupts and ends ; the universal Pan  
Abideth ever !

JULIA.

For he loveth ever !

ANTONINUS.

Himself ! But that is well :—for in so loving  
He loveth all things. I have that in me,  
Which is another self, that hates myself,  
And in so hating, hates all living things !  
—O, this too-weary world ! it has grown fulsome !  
Like a vile wrinkled hag—a toothless beldam,

In whose heart all is dead—but spleen and malice ;  
 And they, like her old mumbling gums inapt,  
 Snarl only and not bite—a worn-out harlot !  
 Oh, it is stale ! 'tis stale ! I would go sleep—  
 The wormy grave were not so flat and foul,  
 As the corrupted mass which makes the frame  
 Of this bad picture, and so dull withal,  
 It has nor depth nor height, nor length nor breadth,  
 But all is on the level. Tedious fiend !

JULIA.

Here is Adventus, comes with Africanus.

ANTONINUS (*rising*).

By the gods, welcome ! I had else been dead !

*Enter ADVENTUS with AFRICANUS, (in chains).*

ANTONINUS.

Why, Africanus ! in my absence, hast thou  
 Disturbed that city's peace, they name " th' Eternal ?"

AFRICANUS.

That thou mightst hear of me.

ANTONINUS.

Might hear of thee ?

Extravagant appetite of vanity ;  
 An old Astrologer could not repose  
 At night upon the pillow of his dotage,  
 Unless self-flattered that the imperial ear  
 Was sentient with the bruit of his renown !

AFRICANUS.

Dread Cæsar ! wrong me not. No vanity  
 Motived my course—nought but regard to thee,  
 That thou mightst hear my warning though at distance,  
 And hasten for thy safety back to Rome !

ANTONINUS.

Haste back to Rome ? Methinks, this Alexandria  
 Is a fair city—that is, fair for those  
 To whom there's aught that's fair. I see not why  
 A man may not in Afric live—and die.

AFRICANUS.

Die !

ANTONINUS.

Thou reiteratest that same word,  
 As if there were no treachery in Rome—  
 Or Africa were not, like Asia, Rome—  
 O ! the she-wolf has ample continent !  
 'Tis a world-glen, where Famine never enters—  
 But the perpetual shambles are maintained  
 For carnage to supply !

AFRICANUS.

Carnage !

ANTONINUS.

And yet,  
She has fine feelings ! The divine Serapis  
Hath a rich temple—this, wherein we stand—  
Majestic as the Capitol it looks on,  
From the high summit of its builded mount.  
—Admire its arches, and conceive the vaults  
That spread beneath us ; and, with reverence,  
Behold the mystic statue of the God  
Himself—like Jove sessile and sceptred,—with  
His other symbols ! 'Tis an awful presence !  
And they do say, should impious hand presume  
To violate his sacred dignity,  
Both th' Earth and th' Heavens to instant Chaos crumble !  
Nor wonder I, that this colossal God  
Found favour in the imperial Pius' heart,  
Who introduced his mysteries to Rome.  
But Rome—fastidious Rome—in senate met,  
Declared the rites licentious,—and, in witness  
Of her own purity, abolished them—  
And yet she hath her Saturnalia too !

AFRICANUS.

Carnage !—

ANTONINUS.

Why ! what has touched the man ?

JULIA.

'Tis madness,

Or inspiration ! Fixed he stands—enrapt !

AFRICANUS.

O ! Alexandria ! City edified  
By Philip's mighty son ! O, beautiful  
And populous, to whom Arabia  
And Ind bring treasure ! O, thou diligent  
And skilful Mother of a various race !  
Sad is my soul for thee !

JULIA.

And wherefore sad ?

AFRICANUS.

That shriek !—*those shrieks !*

JULIA.

I hear none—

AFRICANUS.

My soul hears !

The spirit of the prophet hears them now !

ANTONINUS.

What ! is it doing ?—though on this high mound,  
Through the wide edifice, and these dense walls,  
It penetrates not ? But there is a terrace,  
Wherefrom my eyes may see what now my ears

Make no report of. First, 'twere well, however,  
Some inspiration even sustained me too—  
Here, Choir-boy ! bring me of the Temple wine,  
Though in the sacred chalice !

*Enter BOY with a wine cup.*

ANTONINUS (*taking it*).

Here it is !

A flowing bowl, like the Egyptian river,  
The world-renowned Nile, whose register  
Is kept within this dome. Let it flow high  
Enough, or drought ensues—but if too high,  
Why, then the same will chance. Not here too much !  
What's here will quicken and not dull the wit—  
Beautiful wine ! that laugheth in our eyes,  
Before and after drinking. First, I yield  
Libation to Serapis. What remains—  
Make my blood thick ! (*Drinks, and returns the cup.*)

(*Exit* .

*Enter MACRINUS hastily, but starts back on seeing AFRICAN*

ANTONINUS.

Art come, and yet retirest ?

—Adventus here has brought the Astrologer,  
On certain charges, are contained,—Macrinus !  
In these epistles. (*Producing them from his vest.*)

We are busy now,

And cannot read them. Do for us that service ;  
And when the chariot race, whereto we're going,  
Is ended, make report.

MACRINUS (*taking the letters*).

Dread Cæsar ! Not

On slight occasion, have I sought thy presence,  
With much inquiry, now !

ANTONINUS.

Well ! what's thy business ?

MACRINUS.

Massacre rages in the populous streets  
Of Alexandria. The prætorian troops  
Fall on inhabitant and passer-by,  
In indiscriminate murder.

JULIA.

'Tis some error—

Send orders forth to stop them !

ANTONINUS.

Take thou care,

Macrinus ! of this sage astrologer—

Adventus, come—ascend with me the Terrace !

(*Exit with ADVENTUS up a scale  
of the stage.*)

MACRINUS.

Why should the man be chained? (*Goes to release him.*)

AFRICANUS.

Stand off! stand off!

Hence, ye profane! touch not my sacred person!

MACRINUS.

True—'twere unsafe to set at large thy frenzy!

AFRICANUS.

Wo! to the dwellers of the human hive!

Wo! to the tribes by useful toil who thrive!

Wo! to the furnace where men blow the glass!

Wo! to the loom where they have woven linen!

Wo! to the mill where they have wrought papyrus!

Wo! to the blind and lame, who know not want,

For they had occupation! Wo to all,

Of either sex and every age! Wo! wo!

Carnage is loose, and blood! thy rivers flow!

MACRINUS.

He speaks too truly. They seek refuge here!

(*Crowds of PRIESTS and PEOPLE enter on both sides.*)

PEOPLE.

Save us, Serapis! save, Serapis! save!

(*Priests range themselves in front of the Idol, with incense and genuflections, singing the following hymn—all kneeling.*)

Save us, Serapis! save!

By mystery—by miracle—

By earth's and ocean's spell—

By starry heaven, by gloomy hell,

Protect us at thy sacred shrine,

Protect us by thy power divine—

From man's wrath and the grave!

(*AFRICANUS shows peculiar zeal in worship.*)

MACRINUS (*observing AFRICANUS at his devotions*).

An ardent votary and sincere, I note

In Africanus. What are these same letters

That he has brought? (*reads, while ANTONINUS descends, and observes him.*)

Ha! from the magistracy?

This meddling soothsayer in the public places

Hath traitorously named me successor—

JULIA.

What readst thou in those papers?

ANTONINUS (*coming forward*).

Never mind,

Mother! some other time will do for them—(*to MACRINUS significantly.*)

No doubt their substance pleases thee?



*The Roman Brother.*

MACRINUS (*agitated*).

Why, Cæsar?

ANTONINUS.

No matter, sir! enough is doing here,  
Without their folly—

MACRINUS (*pointing to AFRICANUS*).

Shall I take him hence?

And give thy word to stay the massacre?

ANTONINUS.

Adventus has it. Here comes Pertinax!

*Enter HELVIUS PERTINAX.*

PERTINAX.

The Senate, met, o' the sudden, on this horror,  
Dread Cæsar! have deputed me—

ANTONINUS.

For what?

I have commanded that the slaughter cease.

—Priests of Serapis! and ye worshippers!

The god has heard your prayers! The massacre

Is stayed in the great city. Forth, in peace!

(PRIESTS and PEOPLE retire, singing the following.)

Laud we Serapis! bring

Morn and eve fresh offering—

Sing his praise in holy verse,

Who has saved his worshippers!

(E)

PERTINAX.

Will Cæsar grant the Senate further hearing?

ANTONINUS.

What further would the Senate, *Pertinax*?

PERTINAX.

The Senate hope that punishment will follow,  
On the wild licence of the soldiery.

ANTONINUS.

That were, perhaps a perilous expedient!

Tiberius, when he gave to the prætorians

A camp, like to a city fortified,

On the Quirinal and Viminal hills,

Made them *our* masters. Emperors, senators,

The public treasure and the seat of empire,

Are all at their disposal. *They* are now

The Roman *people*. *We* are their election.

We have some weight, 'tis true; but then *their*

Is heavier by the sword.

*Enter THRASEA PRISCUS with MARTIALIS, p*

PRISCUS.

Here is one ruffian—

One foremost in command; nay, he makes bold  
He has the Emperor's orders.

MACRINUS.

Martialis !

JULIA.

he braggart lies ! bring him before the Emperor !

ANTONINUS.

What, if he does ? These senators must know,  
and thou, my imperial mother ! art aware—

How that Severus oft the maxim taught ;  
Secure the affection of the soldier first,  
The rest of subjects need be little cared for.”  
In this wise maxim I will dare to act.  
Set the man free !

JULIA.

Didst thou then give him charge ?

ANTONINUS.

Hear me. Thou knowst what thou wouldst make me, mother !  
The goodliest tree that in thy garden grew ;  
And in me I did feel the living wish,  
To bear such fruit as ne’er the dragon watched  
In the Elysium of the Hesperides—  
Till—a blight smote me—and a miraculous shower  
Of Blood was rain and dew to the bare branch,  
Which remained barren, though it proudly waved,  
Unconscious of beauty, up to heaven’s great eye.  
Then said I to my soul, we’ll bravely stoop  
To common things, and humble to the meanest,  
Even with the lowest of the troops we’ll herd.  
Belight I’ve found in vulgar fellowship—  
Say—what I never had before discerned—  
Love and fidelity. By them my heart  
Has been conceived—and when I have been chafed,  
They’ve sped to wreak *my* malice with *their* hands,  
And spared my bidding—

JULIA.

Wherein have the people  
Of Alexandria done thee wrong, my son ?

ANTONINUS.

Hee ! thee ! my mother ! they have foully wronged—

JULIA.

He ?

ANTONINUS.

The vile slander of the impious many !  
Thy most maternal passion for the scare  
The Furies have made of me, they interpret  
After their ignorance, and foul modes of thinking.  
I am Œdipus, forsooth, and thou Jocasta !

PRISCUS.

And for a jest, O tyrant ! wouldst thou put  
A city to the sword ?

JULIA.

The multitude !

Thou mightst, my son ! have picked out the offenders.

ANTONINUS.

They all are guilty equally—all—all—

Or uttered or with smiles approved the jest.

—Only a jest ! Let the ill-mannered churls

Who coin such ribald falsehoods, know that they

Make of that simple instrument, the tongue,

A weapon sharper than a lance's thrust.

—Thus tiny creatures may the nobler worry—

If he disdain them ; well !—if he destroy ;

'Tis Nature's wisdom, who decreed of old,

The fiercer animal should have for prey

The gentler, that her vigour might be witnessed

Chief in the strongest and the bravest samples.

JULIA.

O, hapless mother ! cursed with piety !

The filial malediction of his duty !

For all things turn in him to bitterness.

Ye stars ! is this the imperial destiny

Ye promised ? Ye do mock us—and your sophists

Go mad to make us mad, as is even now

Your prophet here !

AFRICANUS.

Nay, lady ! look on me—

The fury is all spent—and I repose.

JULIA.

Worse mockery yet ! why, too, am I not resting ?

PRISCUS.

See there the answer—look upon the tyrant !

Whom Rome, when Rome was Rome, would soon have cast

From his pernicious orbit, for a comet

That threatened ruin to her state and greatness.

ANTONINUS.

Liar ! slave ! traitor ! Ere she grew to empire,

Rome was a savage den of robbers—where

Each strove for mastery, and each rose up

To hinder other than himself from ruling ;

Till the collision, rude as it might be,

Struck out the Cæsar, like a glorious light,

The extract of their virtue, and its crown ;

Which who would quench, let him be quenched in hell !

Draw.

PRISCUS.

If thou strike, I will defend me.

ANTONINUS (*striking him*).

There !

We fight for principles ! None interfere !

As ye your own lives value! We will see  
Which wins—(*Fights and disarms PRISCUS.*)  
"Tis mine! ha!

JULIA.

In a mother's name,  
Shed no more blood, if thou dost honour me!

ANTONINUS.

Honour thee? Have I not raised a hecatomb,  
All in thy honour?

(*To Priscus.*) Take thy sword again,  
I'm satisfied, sir! (*Approaching PERTINAX*)  
Pertinax! thou art silent;

I'd have *thee, too*, beware of jesting; spare,  
At any rate, our mother, whom we hold  
Precious above all price; a chrysolite,  
Pure as the stars, rich as the element  
Of water, dear as light, august as heaven,  
And sacred as the centre of the earth!  
Bear thou our answer to the senate, thus—  
There, doubtless, thou wilt find thy tongue again.

(*Exeunt PERTINAX and PRISCUS.*)

Macrinus! tend the Empress to the palace,  
And take good care of our Astrologer.  
Adventus has command to guard us forth  
With troops for our escort.

(*Exeunt JULIA, MACRINUS, and AFRICANUS.*)

Now, Martialis!

Thou dost expect the guerdon thou deservest—  
Thou knowst those fiery senators. Hast thou hope,  
While they do live, that I *can* recompense  
Thy service as I would?

MARTIALIS.

Never before

I thought of that.

ANTONINUS.

Such obstacle thou seest—

MARTIALIS.

If 'tis so—the removal—

ANTONINUS.

Were most easy!

Begone—thou mayest yet be a centurion!

(*Exit MARTIALIS.*)

ANTONINUS (*alone*).

—Now, my long brooding anger he will put  
In present execution—a mere tool,  
Whom 'tis my sport to cozen. Thus have princes  
Their agents ever ready!

Let me think!

Macrinus will know all. The stars may lie—

*The Roman Brother.*

Or those who read them be sophisticate,  
And all their art pretended. Well! what then?  
Blood has been shed from single lives—and now  
From mass and multitude—in expiation  
To him who rules me. But the demon crime  
Is unappeased yet. No further mean,  
But my own proper sacrifice!

(*Kneels.*) Hail, Death!

Thou dread pale king! thou god whom all must feel—  
Sole spiritual presence none disputes—  
All, when thou comest, votaries fall down—  
Worlds crouch in prostrate worship. Deity!  
As would a child upon a mossy bed,  
I seek for sleep within thy shadowy chambers;  
Dim phantom—most assured reality!  
Here I devote myself thy willing subject.  
Power of all powers! give me thy crown for this!  
Exchange my purple for thy hueless vesture!  
Thus, in the temple of an ancient god,  
I pray to thee, the oldest! hear my prayer! (*Rises.*)  
—Now I feel strangely calm—and will go forth!

(*E*)

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ACT V.

SCENE.—*On the Road to Carrhæ.—A wide Plain.—Starry Night*

*Enter AFRICANUS (in chains).*

Ye stars! whom to behold I've stolen forth  
The tent of my captivity, thus still  
A prisoner chained—well ordered are your courses;  
On your free orbs no manacles imposed,  
Save the eternal law which bade ye move  
In everlasting music—free my soul  
Springs to ye, soaring from my raptured eyes.  
In solitude, in silence and in darkness,  
Ye keep your lofty places, and have kept them  
From time's beginning—ye, the immutable!  
Prophetic signs and teachers of true wisdom,  
Serene and calm and bright and beautiful!  
Perpetual volume wherein all may read,  
And universal sympathy may feel,  
Along creation's line, instinct with life!  
Anon, the moon will sink, and not a star  
Be left of this great host—and the pure arch  
In shadeless azure deepen and expand  
Into an image of the Infinite—  
Yet is it but an image—for I feel

A subtler purity within my soul,  
And my exalted spirit scorns to dwell  
In aught that is apparent—she conceives  
Of higher—holier—for her proper home—  
A temple, without idol, yet divine,—  
And would adore the Being in Himself! (*Retires and kneels.*)

*Enter MARTIALIS, with a dagger, bloody.*

MARTIALIS.

I have now done what will make me a centurion,  
Or give me warrant for a great revenge!  
This camp-reposing in the open field,  
Under the deadly awning of the night,  
Was apt; and Pertinax and Priscus sleep  
As they ne'er slept before.

AFRICANUS (*rising.*)

My meditations

Grow dark; my conscious soul disturbance feels,  
As at the approach of evil.

(*Coming forward and observing MARTIALIS.*)

Who art thou?

I know thee—thou art Martialis! Why  
Roaming thus early?

MARTIALIS (*putting up the dagger.*)

Good Astrologer!

Why, but to question thee my fortune here,  
In very presence of the stars themselves?

AFRICANUS.

What evil thing is in thy mind even now?  
For thy approach was evil to my soul—  
But now she feels like to a subsiding sense  
Of something past, she cannot well collect;  
Too distant, haply, from the occurrent spot—

MARTIALIS (*aside.*)

'Tis well, thou wert! else thy soothsaying soul  
Had marred the deed—

AFRICANUS.

There's evil clings about thee!

Come not to me for oracles and omens!  
I will not read the stars for such as thou!  
And if I would—lo, they have already vanished—  
All—even the last. Dawn kindles and expands;

(*The sun is seen to rise.*)

Refreshed with these sweet motions of the air,  
The heralds and the clients of the sun,  
As from the unnoticed quarter of the sky  
Whereon his smile awakened, more and more  
He glows and burns into the ascending heaven,  
A purifying glory, a very god,

Borne on the breezes quickening with his tread !  
 Down—down ! and worship, while the rising sun  
 Climbs on his throne of hills amidst the clouds !  
 Now—who comes ?

*Enter MACRINUS and DIADUMENIUS.*

DIADUMENIUS.

There he is !

MACRINUS.

'Tis well we have found h

(*To AFRICANUS.*) Why daredst thou, a prisoner, quit the t  
 What ! Martialis with thee ?

AFRICANUS.

We have planned,

Prefect Macrinus ! no escape together—  
 Birds fly not thus unless of the same feather.

MACRINUS.

Despite thy augury, then ye shall pair—  
 May I not, Martialis ! trust in thee ?

MARTIALIS.

Ay, as in thine own weapon—

MACRINUS.

Keep in charge

This astral liar ! Straight into the tent !  
 Beware he dupe thee not and slip the tether !

(*Exeunt MARTIALIS and AFRICA*)

DIADUMENIUS.

Nay, Father, be not chafed to angry mood,  
 Because of Antoninus' subtleties—

MACRINUS.

These letters fold in them my written doom,  
 If he but sees them ; and 'tis like he knows  
 Their import first. The Astrologer, in cunning,  
 Has sealed his lips. I therefore keep him chained,  
 Lest wilder mischief wend at large with him.  
 My son ! retain him private—

DIADUMENIUS

Martialis

Is wrought to resolution, not to wait  
 Longer for his reward. He knows the tyrant,  
 And that our lives depend on mere caprice.  
 He's fain for a new master, and will serve us  
 In any kind, ensures his own advancement.

MACRINUS.

A fellow of brief speech, but excellent action—  
 'Tis well : we sentence then the imperial madman,  
 But in the execution, have a care  
 Our proper character sustain no soil.

DIADUMENIUS.

Leave that to me. We'll hunt this lion down,  
That else would hunt ourselves—and then, the steed,  
That bears us to the feat, may crack his wind,  
And bow him to his fetlock.

MACRINUS.

The hour's arrived  
For moving on. We're on the road to Carrhæ—  
'Tis to avoid suspicion to be punctual.

*(Flourish of trumpets.)*

DIADUMENIUS.

Punctual, indeed ! hark !—See the cavalcade  
[s forth already.

MACRINUS.

Then 'tis plain, the Cæsar  
Can do without his prefect. I'm dispensed with !

*(Flourish—enter a great number of Guards and Troops in attendance—MACRINUS and DIADUMENIUS mix among them—then follow AFRICANUS and MARTIALIS—last of all, ANTONINUS and JULIA mounted.)*

AFRICANUS.

Beware the sixth of April !

ANTONINUS.

Halt ! bid halt !  
We will dismount. Ourselves will tend the Empress !

*(The Attendants range behind. ANTONINUS and JULIA come forward.)*

ANTONINUS.

Now that dull pedant, with his ill-feigned cockcrow,  
Would clarion me into a wakeful caution,  
Ignorant of my indifference to danger,  
Or knowing it too well. But nought can move me—  
The world has no spring in itself, but lives  
In that we live. Of other mould is man  
Than all he feels. But not more different man  
From the mutations that he finds or makes,  
Than the proud Roman from the general race.

JULIA.

What others do from chance, he does by choice ;  
And hence his virtues flourish on free will.  
The Nomade bears, because he must, the toils  
And perils of the chase, exposed and naked  
In wilds to winter's cold and summer's heat :  
The Roman, to attain some distant end,  
Will leave a palace-home, and traverse deserts,  
And forms the heroic thought to perish rather  
On barren sands, the wolves and vultures' prey,  
Than not attempt a purpose once resolved.



ANTONINUS.

*That* yields to Nature—*this* commands her moods,  
 And breaks her in obedience unto Art.  
 How opposite the virtues grow on either !  
 What though chafed Romulus scornful Remus slew,  
 Mars set the fratricide among the gods ;  
 And men in honour still the patriot hold,  
 Who doomed, as judge, his sons to penal death !  
 For Nature conquered in the heart, insures  
 An easier victory o'er the kind without,  
 No traitor in the bosom's citadel,  
 No trembling in the fortress of the soul.

JULIA.

And whither tend these speculations now ?

ANTONINUS.

These virtues are of art, and to the child  
 Of nature look like crimes. A brother's blood  
 Must flow, if his untoward life obstruct  
 The founding of the civic edifice ;  
 A son's—if he commit its peace or glory ;  
 And if a brother, in a later time,  
 The integrity of empire put to risk,  
 As fratricide was needed to establish,  
 'Tis justified, if needed to preserve—  
 A *Roman* brother hears not Nature's plea !

JULIA.

Why wound my soul in vain ? Why talk of this ?  
 How dear to me that preservation was,  
 Those tears evinced which I could not restrain,  
 Before the assembled council on that point.  
 I sought to save the perfect diamond  
 Of Rome's imperial majesty entire !  
 Nor had more natural feelings little sway—  
 A mother's heart could not be cut in twain,  
 One half in Rome and one in Asia be !  
 I would have kept ye ever in my sight,  
 Nor saw the need of either's death, to hold  
 That state in greatness, which fraternal faith,  
 And mutual love could better serve and prosper !

ANTONINUS.

It is too late to raise that question now.  
 Yet had the answer been till present time  
 Reserved, I feel the same had been returned.  
 Tardy solutions Heroism awaits not.  
 Cinna's and Sylla's, Scipio's and Cæsar's  
 Forestall the languid and slow-footed hours—  
 Or rebels to Time's law—or lords of both—  
 Setting aside all laws but what they make,  
 Both for themselves and their inferior fellows.  
 For the great mind is a law-giving power,

That power all other power derives,  
Who will adhere from sympathy—  
Whom it hath than senates,  
—a king by privilege divine !

JULIA.

On its own right for what it doth,  
All its cruelties and lusts.

ANTONINUS.

Is itself the god it owns,  
By its own mysterious greatness ;  
Which this maintained—that not as *ends*,  
Alone, the passions are indulged  
Of and of blood—the *ends*, dominion  
Which, mastery irresponsible !  
Which the only free, a lordly savage—  
Which err in mazes most corrupt,  
Which art the thread that guides the way,  
Which safety through the *dædal* paths.

JULIA.

Which wrestle with thyself and me,  
Which make right what never can be wrong ?  
Which delusion striving against instinct !

ANTONINUS.

War—war, within us and without !  
Which thou art surprised to find it so !  
Which that grew with me from my birth,  
Which told me this ; and, thus inspired,  
Which familiar, for a Roman soul,  
Which was, could daunt ; no fear, could tame ;  
Which dropt wing sate Victory secure.

JULIA.

Which cry, while thou art struggling yet ?

ANTONINUS.

Which hast !—The Now has its own battle—  
Which not *all* subdued, still some wild yet  
Which claimed. I am not wholly strong—  
Which weakness I confess to !

JULIA.

Thou art weeping—

ANTONINUS.

Which are tears ! 'Tis long since I have shed such.  
Which nature on the stern and proud  
Which of late a winner. This dead calm  
Which up at last !

JULIA.

Which My son ! my son !  
Which ly these tears become thy cheeks,  
Which h they be ! An Iris seems to dawn  
Which renewed lustre of thine eyes,

II.

In these moist drops reflected ! Never yet,  
Have I beheld thee thus ; and weep I too,  
Believe me, 'tis with sudden and strange luxury !

ANTONINUS.

I am a boy again ! It must be checked,  
For it needs innocence to be such safely ;—  
And I am guilty. This infirmity  
Puts me beside my proper purposes,  
And makes me cling on other than myself,  
And what is weaker. Why ! I should take up  
With the dull science of the soothsayer,  
Who casts all horoscopes and none aright ;  
And it is true, for all that we can vaunt ;  
These follies influence, while we disbelieve them.

JULIA.

Appeal to higher names !

ANTONINUS.

Journey we not,  
To do so, now ! From their interpreters,  
Appeal I not unto the stars themselves,  
Or rather, to the powers of the stars ?  
Therefore I seek the Temple of the Moon,  
And Dian would propitiate. Not that I  
Prefer her to the Ruler of the Sun,  
But that the priest, who worships at his shrine,  
Must be a biassed officer, and justice  
Revolts against a partial ministry.

JULIA.

There is in that a sense I comprehend.

ANTONINUS.

Then I should fear it. It prevails with me,  
Because of its *obscure* significance !  
—But let that pass—with all that else is passed !  
Here my commission seems to have an end—  
What is done, is done ! What was done amiss,  
Though but as means, blood has been shed to heal !  
I wait but till the gods declare their will,  
When they require atonement in my own,  
And what the manner of the sacrifice !

JULIA.

Strange thought ! my Antoninus ! passing strange !  
The tears that I have seen thee shed so late,  
Are earnest, in the peace they gave to me—  
Of what they mean to thee !

ANTONINUS.

Nothing but blood !  
I have shed it in transgression and atonement—  
No substitute, unless among the gods,  
None there I know, nor what it would avail—

Nought but my own remains—and it must flow !  
 —Mother ! stand not appalled—but be—(my mother!)—  
 The sacred thing that I have used thee for !  
 A missive from the holy gods themselves  
 To take my free confession, while I made  
 A clean breast of a foul one !

— We detain  
 The cavalcade too long. And now, I see,  
 There is a man who, by his earnest looks,  
 Has somewhat with me.

JULIA.  
 It is Martialis—  
 The fellow's angry. Speak not with his frowns.

ANTONINUS.  
 O, never fear ! Not by such instrument  
 Will They demand their victim ! When I fall,  
 There will be earthquakes, storms, and dire convulsions,  
 Commotions in the emulous elements,  
 Enormous as the guilt they shall avenge !  
 (To MARTIALIS, who has come forward,)  
 Thy business with me !

MARTIALIS.  
 Shall I speak right out,  
 In presence of the Empress ?

ANTONINUS.  
 Certainly—  
 MARTIALIS.  
 May it please Cæsar, I have done his mandate,  
 On Priscus and on Pertinax !

JULIA.  
 What mandate ?  
 MARTIALIS.  
 Their death !

JULIA.  
 What ! hast thou killed them ?

MARTIALIS.  
 Even so !

JULIA (to ANTONINUS).  
 Did thou not grant to me a boon of mercy,  
 A promise for my sake, to spare their persons ?

ANTONINUS.  
 O, the great gods ! but even now my heart  
 Was washed of its offences. Still more blood !

JULIA.  
 Thy hand is icy cold—

ANTONINUS.  
 My brain is hot—  
 But my heart shivers !

MARTIALIS.

Dost repent the act?

ANTONINUS.

The act? my act? knave! 'twas thy proper deed!  
A curse on thee! a curse on all like thee!  
The hirelings who infest our palace-chambers,  
To perpetrate black crimes in princes' names,  
Whom they should leave untouched and unpolluted,  
Pure in the highest ether, like the gods,  
Who, in impassive state, abide serene  
Above the troubled clouds!

MARTIALIS.

'Tis as Macrinus

Told me—No hope of the centurionship,  
So solemnly promised—

ANTONINUS.

Curses on ye! Curses!

May the first guilt toss each one from the height,  
That he would hope to win! And then when next,  
Rash to solicit favour once again,  
They watch the beckoning eyes and murmuring lips  
Of monarchs, to the harm of honest men,  
And haste to do some odious office on them—  
May they for recompense disownment meet;  
For guerdon, shame and popular abhorrence;  
The friends of those they kill, rise up in wrath,  
And put them to vile contumelious death!

MARTIALIS.

Fear for thyself, proud Cæsar! for thyself,  
Thou fierce and haughty Caracalla!\* fear!  
Or a vile death——

ANTONINUS.

From thee? from thee? I fear

Thee not! To make thee a centurion, were  
An evil sin against the commonwealth  
And the prætorian honour.—To refuse thee,  
Though thou wert backed with armies, were a virtue!  
I dread no punishment for doing well!

MARTIALIS (*suddenly stabbing him*).

Trust not to that!

AFRICANUS (*coming forward*).

Secure the assassin!

MARTIALIS.

Fool!

Life, to be safe, should be of the same yarn!

(*An arrow from the ranks hits MARTIALIS, and he falls dead.*)

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\* Martial calls the Emperor by his by-name, as a vulgar mode of expressing contempt for him.

*pierced through the heart from behind. DIADUMENIUS comes immediately forward, with his bow, as if he had just discharged it, and is met by MACRINUS.)*

JULIA (*sustaining ANTONINUS*).

Why! that was sudden! Have ye not another  
Of those same shafts for me? Aim right your arrows  
At my heart too!

AFRICANUS.

Is this the murderer?

I never cast his horoscope, and knew not  
He was a doomed one. But it has been witnessed,  
That heaven punishes by foreign means,  
And in a lesser malice works a greater—

ANTONINUS.

May it not fine the vicious by their virtues,  
To show them they've no goodness to presume on?  
It seems vindictive justice, but 'tis justice!  
By him? The gods despise me!

(*To JULIA*). Yes, 'twas sudden!

I thank him for delivering me—and Rome!  
He might have lived—'twere a worse fate than dying—  
Thus, mother! to the Thrones, I render *here*

Attonement! (*Drawing forth the dagger—which she receives—then, falling with the body, covers herself and it with her veil.*)

DIADUMENIUS (*to MACRINUS*).

That arrow had, methinks, a cunning aim—  
Could an accountant save one's credit better?

MACRINUS.

Hush—well! What groan was that?

AFRICANUS (*kneeling and lifting the veil*).

Alas! the Empress,

Beneath her veil concealed, has stabbed herself,  
Even with the weapon that had slain her son!  
(*Rising*) Peace to the dead—but to the living, war!

MACRINUS.

Thou sayst well, good astrologer! What yet  
In chains? Let them be smitten off; for he  
Loved whom I loved, and grieves for whom I grieve,  
For him, who was so late our Emperor!

AFRICANUS.

No! I still wear these chains, until he comes,  
Who rightfully may rule their taking off—  
He comes! he comes! hear ye not now the shouts?  
(*Shouting without—loud music.*)

*Enter ADVENTUS.*

ADVENTUS.

Elagabalus, hearing of the chance

That sadly here has lapped, hastes hitherward,  
High-priest and prophet of the worshipt Sun!

(*Loud music—Enter ELAGABALUS, attired like Apollo, with  
MESA and SOEMIAS, in a splendid chariot drawn by several  
horses*).

MESA.

Cease your loud shouting, people! and hear me!  
See in the person of Elagabalus,  
The son of Antoninus and Soemias!

AFRICANUS.

Elagabalus, son of Antoninus!  
The son of Antoninus, Emperor!

(*Loud shouting and trumpets.*)

MESA.

Kneel ye, and worship at the feet of him,  
Priest of the Sun, and Emperor of Rome!

(*All kneel, except MACRINUS, DIADUMENIUS, and AFRICANUS.*)

MACRINUS.

Must we bow down to this mad mockery?

AFRICANUS.

Ay, or be marked as traitors, and as such  
Meet instant death!

MACRINUS (*to DIADUMENIUS*).

Kneel! since we must! It is

The fashion of the time.

(*Kneeling.*)

AFRICANUS (*standing over them*).

What is—will be.

Though human science err—the stars are just!

(*Curtain falls.*)

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[N.B. The introduction of spectacle at the end of this tragedy was suggested to me by some remarks on Werner's *Martin Luther*, by Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Norwich. He says:—"The composition of historic tragedy deserves to be revived in this country. Dramas on that plan are apt to be too long; but they might be given without any after-piece, especially if the poet, as in this instance, would contrive a conclusion full of music, show, pageantry, bustle, song and machinery."—*Historic Survey of German Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 398. The spectacle may be omitted, if seen fit, in representation.]

A friend has forwarded to me the following concise criticism on the foregoing tragedy;—"Your first act is prosaic; the second, poetic; the third, psychologic; the fourth, philosophic; and the fifth, theologic." With all my heart!

## GUIZOT'S THEORY OF SYNCRETISM AND COALITION.

the philanthropic policy of the Doctrinaires, advocated by Guizot in the *Reveu Française*, has been so often re-echoed in Britain by the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, we think it but justice to the common cause to translate M. Guizot's celebrated Plea for Syncretic Policy, entitled "Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy," in *Reveu Française*, which is extremely scarce in this country, and extracts of it that have appeared in our periodicals, are very complete.

*Syncretism* is the definite and specific title of that conciliatory philosophy which Guizot here recommends. The doctrine of the Doctrinaires is coalition and union between the Royalists, Milieuists, and democrats; or, as we call them in England, Tories, Whigs, and radicals—that kind of coalition which takes place by uniting what true and good in each, and by rejecting whatever is false or evil. One may laugh or cry just as they please, but depend on it, this synthetic theory, this law of coalition, harmony, peace, unfolded by eminent writers under many names, is a much nearer approximation to the divine standard, than any sect or party scheme can possibly display. And if the assurances of those philosophic spirits that watch the dawnings of heaven-descended science, may avail us aught, we hesitate not to declare, that the day is even now begun which shall see the triumph of Syncretists over the sectarians and partisans that falsely order and basely oppose them.

If this article, by far the finest we have seen from Guizot's pen, shall make the same sensation in Britain that it made on the continent, the happiest results will follow. We wish to excite attention and produce inquiry; for the more our system is examined, the better will it be proved.

M. Guizot's theory of Syncretism is excellently adapted to royal courts, which, being the centres of universal union, should never become sectarian or partisan. He shows that a monarch is that to whom all sects and parties of Church and State, which the Sun is to the planets that revolve around him—*let monarchs emulate the sun*. They must preserve all sects and parties in their respective spheres in harmony and concord, as the constituent parts of one grand ecclesiastical and political *system*. As constituent parts of this system, they are all useful, each having its peculiar characteristic merits and excellences—even as the planets are all glorious, though one may rise from another in glory. Catholicism properly occupies one of the successive spheres of this system, Protestantism another, Toryism another, Whigism another, and so forth. There should, therefore, be a harmony of these spheres, a *harmony in liberty*, as Guizot happily calls it. An equal and pacific law should maintain them in their intimate series and subordination, so that they may reciprocally aid each other, and all work together for good. The peculiar danger which they are incessantly exposed, is a forgetfulness that they are *parts* of one vast *whole*; links in one magnificent chain. The moment any one of them forgets this, it becomes exclusive, preposter-



ous, and extravagant; pretending to monopolise the blessings which it should share in common with its brethren.

Let but princes remember that they are the suns of ecclesiastical and political systems. Let sects and parties recollect that they are but successive planets of the same systems. One of the noblest works that a statesman can study is Kepler's Harmonic World. *The law which regulates the stars, must regulate the earth and its inhabitants.*

Since this article was written, M. Thiers has formed a French ministry on the syncretic, or coalitionary policy recommended by Guizot. We hope it may introduce many ameliorations in this country.

The intelligent reader will observe, that though M. Guizot professedly limits his arguments to France, they apply with equal, or perhaps with greater force to the conditions of Church and State in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

We would merely add, that we by no means pledge ourselves to support all M. Guizot's propositions in this article. Some of them appear to us untenable, though we think the majority of them may furnish useful hints to our readers.]

*M. Guizot's celebrated Syncretic Article on Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy, translated from the Revue Française, July, 1838.*

It is of Catholicism and Protestantism, not of religion, nor even of Christianity in general, that I wish to speak.

I regret that I cannot find a more precise word than philosophy for my third term. The nature of things forbids it to me. But to be immediately and clearly intelligible, I mean by *philosophy* every opinion which denies a religious faith obligatory on the human mind, under any name or form, and remains on theological questions, as on all others, free to believe or disbelieve, and to direct itself as it pleases.

I shall at present view these topics in reference to France, and France alone. The state of Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy in France, is not what it is in other countries, since our moral and social revolutions have subjected us to different influences. I wish to say nothing which is not founded on actual fact, and susceptible of exact application.

The moment is arrived, in questions of this nature, to deal with facts—real facts, without perplexing ourselves with vague terms, which elude critical investigation.

I am convinced that Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy, in our newly-constituted society—in the France of the Charter—may live together in peace, not merely in material peace, but moral peace—not merely obligatory, but voluntary, without renouncing or betraying themselves in all truth and honour.

I will prove it.

My first argument is, that such peace is absolutely *necessary*—it *must* be.

Here is the state of the case.

Catholicism, Protestantism, Philosophy, and the new French constitution, cannot destroy one another, nor change nor modify each other according to each other's fancy.

These are ancient institutions, powerful, vital, indestructible, at least for a time beyond our calculation. They have resisted the longest and severest ordeals—the ordeals of ages of order, and years of chaos.

Centuries have passed since New France—the France of the Charter—was formed and aggrandised. Every thing resisted, and yet every thing assisted its triumph: the Church, the nobility, the royalty, the court, the grandeur of Louis XIV., the idleness of Louis XV., the wars of the empire, the peace of the restoration. She has surmounted her own vices as well as the efforts of her enemies.

Catholicism was born at the same time as modern Europe, and nursed in the same cradle. It has been associated with all the struggles of European civilization. It has survived all its transformations. In our days it has suffered the most terrible shock that ever shook a church and its creed. It was re-established by the hands of its very destroyers. It is itself again. When we enter into our families—when we traverse our districts, we behold what is its power, notwithstanding the indifference of many of the faithful, aye, of many of the priests.

The destinies of Protestantism, likewise, in France, have been severe enough. It has had to encounter both king and populace; the literators of the seventeenth century, and the philosophists of the eighteenth. It seemed sometimes extirpated by Catholicism—sometimes absorbed by Philosophy; yet it was not annihilated either by persecution or disdain. It still subsists—it recovers its liberty—it recovers its fervour.

Philosophy also has sustained many checks in the midst of its triumphant career. A display might be made of her various mistakes and presumptions. She has much to be amended, but nothing to be dreaded. She has remained mistress of the field of battle. The principles that she has proclaimed have become laws; laws have been converted into facts. The *new* social state to which she has given birth, will not be less favourable to her position than the ancient one which she overturned.

It is certain, that there are powers teeming with vitality, and which may justly be entitled to a long futurity; vigorous contests have taken place among them, but without effect; no mortal blow has been struck.

They cannot change, any more than they can expire. Doubtless, they will undergo a modification in conformity with their new position. They will listen to reason—they will yield to necessity; but without denying their principles—without abandoning their nature. They cannot make such concessions. Whatever there is either characteristic or vital in their nature, will still subsist. To renounce these would be—to die; but die they will not.

It is without any metamorphosis, and such as God and Time have formed them, that they are called upon to live side by side, under the same social roof.

If peace—sincere peace—is not maintained amongst them, what will be the consequence?

Shall we be witnesses of the renewal of those ancient contests which our ancestors saw?

War between Catholicism and Protestantism ?

Between Christian belief and Philosophy ?

Between the Church and the new order of things ?

Shall we be witnesses to a revival of all kinds of fanaticisms, laical and ecclesiastical, philosophical and religious ?

This is not probable. Here and there, however, may be met with, in books, in journals, sometimes even in publications of the gravest cast, many essays of a similar turn of thought ;—declamations of Catholics concerning Protestant impiety—of Protestants against the idolatry of the Papist—of religious men against reason and science—of philosophers against faith and the clergy ; a pure contest of words, often sincere, almost always cold, and always powerless. It is not to be doubted that the old leaven of war and hatred which has found its way into all human convictions, still subsists ; but it will not overturn society again. The habits of men will refuse subjection to it as well as the laws. Even in those hearts where there is the greatest bias, the inclination will soon subside. Those voices that yet would maintain an impassioned, a radical, a mortal strife, whether in different Christian communions among themselves, or of philosophy against Christianity, are the voices of the dying—already abandoned on the field of contest, where they are obstinately determined to remain.

This, however, is most likely to occur.

Living in a state neither of peace nor yet of contention—of conviction without friendship, and of distrust without passion,—Catholicism Protestantism, Philosophy, and, in their train, all society, would become degraded, chilled, and languid. That dignity and vigour which are the consequences of really moral sentiments, would be equally deficient in all. A dry and barren spirit would govern those relations that are purely official, and simply matters of rote ; and we should soon see extend, strengthen, become permanent, and, in a manner, legally consecrated, that state of indifference which is at the same time disdainful and low—cold without security—the condition of those societies that are only held together by the band of the administrative mechanism of those that are destitute of moral life—that is, of confidence and devotion.

Is it, then, for the purpose of arriving at such a condition that, during so many centuries, the human voice has displayed itself with so much eclat in our country ? Is it in order that they might meet at this point of degradation—that these different opinions, these moral powers, have contended with so much bitterness and glory, for the empire over society ?

It is absolutely necessary that they should rescue society ; that they should rescue themselves from this shameful peril. They must accept, they must respect, they must serve the new social state with loyalty ; *they must live together with mutual respect.*

I say it is absolutely necessary. To look upon success as indispensable, as vital in a great design, is a prodigious step gained. A conviction of necessity gives those to whom it pleases, much strength ; to those to whom it is disagreeable, much resignation : a passionate desire sustains more frequently than it deceives ; and truly there is some room here for feeling a passionate desire ; for it concerns during

long futurity the honour and the moral repose of our society. It cannot continue in that state of apathy and restlessness in which minds languish and strive feebly together. Man desires at once more activity and more security; a firmer standing and a higher flight for his soul. The true pacification of the great intellectual powers can alone afford him assurance.

How can this be accomplished?

I have encountered, without hesitation, the most celebrated, and in reality, the most weighty of the difficulties—the nature of Catholicism, and the relations of its harmony with that new society which has declared, and to which it has, in its turn, declared so fierce a war.

I set aside those questions that may be strictly termed religious; those questions which treat of the connexion between God and man; the questions that touch upon the salvation of the human soul.

Not that I regard these questions with indifference; not that their importance is not now what it has ever been, immense and surpassing. This is a fact which cannot be too often repeated, since it is too much forgotten in our time. Religion possesses a veritable essence, a firm basis, an infinite object. It furnishes the morality which is the guide and regulator of men's conduct in their relations to each other. It produces equanimity and resignation to the severe experiences of life. Religion does this; and therefore is its station justly exalted in the appreciation of mankind. But it does more than this; it carries our views beyond the sphere of earth and time; it allies man with Deity; it reveals to him the secrets of this magnificent connexion. It teaches him what he should believe, and what he should practise with relation to God and to eternity. Here are indisputable realities, which man may for a moment, by ingenuity, conceal from his notice, but which never disappear from his nature. They are sublime wants and necessities which he cannot abolish, though he attempts to deny and despise them. The law of these realities, the satisfaction of these desires, constitutes the substance of religion, its causes, and its consequences, and in an especial sense, of the Christian religion—the first which has really included and embraced these vast relations.

But in these questions, and the theologic dogmas connected with them, there is nothing which in this nineteenth century ought to raise any conflict or embarrassment between Catholicism and Protestantism. In this matter the State proclaims not only the liberty, but the right of the Church to decide for herself, and declares its incompetency to meddle with either.

There is, indeed, but little truth in that mischievous and confused statement—the law is *atheistic*. No, the law is not atheistic. How can it be so? Is the law a personal being, real, vital, and possessed of a soul—a soul which returns to the God it has deserted—a soul which may be lost or saved? “Human societies (says M. Royer Collard) live and flourish on the earth; there they accomplish their destinies. But they do not include the entire man. However he may be engaged with society, he retains to himself the noblest part of himself, those higher faculties by which he soars to his Creator, to a future life, and blessings inconceivable in the invisible world. These individual and identical persons are beings endowed with immortality, and therefore they have other destinies beyond the State.”

It is for this reason that the State seeks not to interfere with these other destinies. Since their nature and bearing are different from merely political relations, since that which belongs to one belongs not to the other, she cannot touch such theological topics without confusion and usurpation.

What the State now proclaims is, that the Catholic Church was the first to instruct it. For many ages during which the State sought to interpose in theological controversies, did not the Church haughtily repulse such pretensions? And how did she repulse them? By the distinction between life temporal and spiritual, life terrestrial and eternal; that is to say, by the incompetency of the State to judge concerning the relations subsisting between God and the soul.

The Catholic Church has great reason to uphold this principle. The occasional forgetfulness of it has cost her dear. By what means can she lose portions of her empire? By what means did Henry VIII. separate from her? By proclaiming himself a competent judge in matters of faith and salvation. Let Catholicism carry herself back to the age of the Reformation. It is by the confusion of the two dominations, the assumption of a religious authority by the State, that she has suffered her severest injuries. The Catholic Church has no enemies more dangerous than theological laymen, whether princes or doctors.

These are enemies the more dangerous, because religious motives are not the only ones that animate them, and laical usurpations in theological subjects have often served to disguise the most secular interests. If the religious incompetency of the State had always subsisted, the Church would not have so often seen its wealth compromised and annihilated, as well as its power.

It has nothing similar to fear in future; usurpation is interdicted against her as well as from her. Her royalty is exclusively her own. She possesses it fully and securely. On the side of religion, therefore, peace is easy, and may easily be established between Catholicism and the new social state.

Here lies the real difficulty.

The government of the Catholic Church is a power invested with the character of infallibility in matters of faith and salvation. I omit all inferior questions, relative to particular conditions and limitations of infallibility, and whether it belongs to the Holy See, or councils, or both conjointly. I attach myself to that principle which is recognised by all Catholics.

This principle is founded on the perpetuity of Divine revelation faithfully preserved in the Church by tradition and the supply perpetually renewed by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, which does not cease to descend on the successor of St. Peter, placed by Christ himself at the head of the Church.

This is the essential vital principle, the base and the summit, the alpha and omega of Catholicism.

Against a power of such a nature, and boasting such an origin, if it were but real, all discussion, resistance, and separation, would be illegitimate.

The new society—the France of the Charter—has also its principle, which is become that of its government.

All human power is fallible, and ought to be controlled and limited.

all human society, directly or indirectly, in some measure and form, as a right to limit the power to which she pays obedience.

I do not attenuate the problem.

I display the two principles exactly. They differ essentially—it might be said, that they absolutely contradict each other; and, in fact, they could clash if they met in the same sphere. But here I re-state my remedy.

When the Church, many ages ago, contended so loudly and laboriously for the distinction between spiritual and temporal, it acted for the interest of its own dignity and liberty. It did more; it maintained the dignity of man and the liberty of conscience.

The separation of the spiritual and the temporal, a doctrine of the Church; the separation of the religious and civil state, the doctrine of the charter; the independence of religious society in matters of faith, a conquest obtained by the Catholic Church in the first ages of modern Europe; and the liberty of conscience, a conquest of the new society. These are founded on one and the same principle. The application and the form vary, the origin and moral signification fully agree.

Here, then, is the means of pacification and harmony between Catholicism and the new social state. Stating it for granted that the separation of the spiritual and temporal, the separation of the religious and civil state, were sincerely held and maintained by the Church and State, from whence could arise the conflict?

The Catholic Church maintains in the religious sphere its infallibility. The State would as firmly maintain in the social sphere, liberty of conscience and opinion. Both would proceed according to their distinctive principle in parallel lines, without jostling each other.

What hinders?

The obstacle is historical rather than rational. It rises rather from the past existence and operations of the two powers, than from their essential principles or actual relations.

The separation of the spiritual and temporal originates in the chaos of the middle ages. From thence it emerged, as the sun emerges from a dark and stormy sky. Principles and powers, ideas and situations, have been for a long time prodigiously obscure in Europe, confused, inconsequential, incomplete. For ages the temporal was profoundly mixed up with spiritual, both in Church and State. Subsequently arose frequent attempts of usurpation on both sides. The confusion of actions, and the violence of passions incessantly contended against the principle which tried to regulate them.

Such is the condition of truth here below. She is praised and disdained, invoked and repulsed, admitted and proscribed, omnipotent and powerless. Man's life is of no great value, unless the world behaves better. Yet by these continual efforts truth is emancipated on certain lucky days, and ascends to a proud pre-eminence, and glitters brilliantly, and commands admiration.

The separation of the spiritual and temporal has had this fortune. The Church and the State, bishops and philosophers, opinions and laws, have each in their turn contributed to the production of this effect. It is, at present, a principle so well established among us, that neither person, spirit, nor action can withdraw itself from under its influence.

If the great ambitions which have troubled the world were only vain pretensions, it would become them carefully to avoid the risk of becoming absolutely ridiculous. Let those two powers, instead of labouring to recover for brief periods the fragments of their ancient confusion, acknowledge fully and practically their mutual incompetence to interfere with each other. Let each establish itself firmly in its own sphere, and maintain firmly its own principle. The Catholic Church its infallibility in the religious order. The State a free examination into the social order. Not only then would they live at peace, but they would really respect and serve each other, in spirit and in truth, and not only in appearance, and a superficial manner, which is worthy of neither.

I say that they would respect each other in spirit and in truth, and I regret that I can only say it casually. All faith and all law apart, that vital principle of Catholicism, the infallibility of the Church, and the vital principle of our civil society, the liberty of conscience and thought, have a right to respect—the respect of the most pious souls and the most resolute thinkers. But I have no opportunity at present to speak properly on such question. I shall, perhaps, attempt it at some future time.

As to the practical benefits of a true pacification for the Catholic Church, and for constitutional France, they are immense.

What is the evil under which our temporal society labours? The enervation of authority; I do not say of that executive force which makes itself obeyed; for of this power there was never more, perhaps, never so much. But I mean the moral authority of principle and pure right, which needs not recur to force; of that authority, to which the heart bends without allowing the mind to become humiliated, and which speaks boldly with an energy not of compulsion, yet of necessity.

This is the truest authority. Yet it is not the only principle of the social state; it does not suffice for the government of men. It is, however, so absolutely essential, that without it all powers are ineffectual whether they be reason incessantly repeated, interest well understood, or the physical preponderance of numbers. Where such authority is wanting, whatever may be the amount of force, obedience is precarious, or dastardly, always approximating to servility or rebellion.

Now Catholicism has the spirit of authority. It is an authority systematically conceived and organized. It asserts it in principle and executes it in practice with a wonderful strength of resolution, and a deep insight into human nature.

If this spirit prevailed in our secular society, it would require some external counterpoise and limitation; but the danger is evidently not here. And while our national manners encourage the feeling of individual independence, as well in thought as in life, it is a great blessing for society, conducing both to its morality and tranquility, that other influence maintain a reverence for authority and interior submission.

“I have learnt in the regiment what I have never learnt elsewhere—respect and subordination,” said an officer of the imperial guard, who retired into his village in the year 1820.

Catholicism is the greatest and holiest school of veneration that the

world ever beheld. France formed itself in this school notwithstanding the abuse of its principles by human passions. This abuse need not be dreaded hereafter ; and the good, of which we have so much need, will be considerable.

But Catholicism has likewise its evil. It involves coldness, ceremony, and the predominance of formality over spirituality ; of exterior practice over internal sentiment. This evil arose, in some measure, from the hypocritical incredulity of the eighteenth century, which was not very dissimilar from the nineteenth. It springs, likewise, from the preponderance of the governmental principle in ecclesiastical polity over the vital, and hierarchical authority over religious life.

Something analogous to this connexion existed in the last century between the Church and the State. On each side there was a vigorous power still retained in the hands of its ancient possessors : but there was little faith and love among the subjects.

And yet what is it that has saved Catholicism from absolute shipwreck ?—It is its popular character. The government has fallen, but the Catholic people has survived. M. de Montlosier was right—in our days, also, it is the cross of wood that has saved the world.

This salvation is still incomplete. The Church, indeed, has re-established itself, but many souls languish. Catholicism needs a faith more internal and more intense. It is vague and unregulated idea of this want which has for so many years excited those dreams of absolute independence, and the partition of Church and State ; those shiverings of the democratic fever, which, under the name of M. Abbé La Mennais, have scandalized the faithful, and made the indifferent smile.

Insensate dreams, disgraceful dreams, which demand from Catholicism the abjuration of its principle and its history, which demands its exposure to the contagion of modern evil, and its self-imposed suicidal infamy. It is not by such erroneous means that Catholicism will recover its religious vitality. It is only by remaining faithful to its own better nature that it can approve itself in its new position. This position is honourable, and strong, and favourable to the progress of faith and fervour. Towards the State, a just measure of liberty and alliance ; towards the faithful, a proper independence and a pleasing familiarity. No false hopes, no secular distractions ; nothing which renders zeal impure or suspicious ; nothing, in short, which violates religion or the customs of the Church ; nothing which deprives it of its august character, of elevation and stability. For the Catholic Church thus situated in constitutional France, success is certain, provided it employs fair means.

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The situation of Protestantism is more simple ; some persons affect to think it better. The general spirit that prevails since the year 1830—our domestic and political alliances—the analogy of principles between Constitutional France and Protestant England—all these would seem to indicate that Protestantism is in favour. There are even some people who have discovered a great conspiracy for rendering France Protestant. This is not worthy of the most transient attention.



A time has been, and that not very remote, in which Protestantism did not appear so well established in France. I do not speak of the time of the Restoration. Even under the Empire, it was often said that Protestantism had a republican tendency; that its maxims were contrary to all stable order and accumulated power. The Protestant and revolutionary spirits have been accused of holding a very close alliance.

This is still repeated; it has even become the thesis of a party. People persevere in representing Protestantism as incompatible with good social order, the peace of men's minds, and of monarchical institutions. Fortunately, however, Protestantism is not of a single day's growth in Europe; it has a history and facts for its vouchers.

If there are three nations—three countries—which, during a period of fifty years, in the midst of so many revolutions of ideas, states, and dynasties, have given striking proofs of attachment to their princes and their institutions—to the conservative and monarchical spirit—these are, most undoubtedly, England, Holland, and Prussia, the three Protestant countries most distinguished in Europe. Countries of order; likewise countries of industry, and admirable prosperity; countries that rank high in the energy and glory of modern civilization.

This is sufficient answer to the stupid declamations of a vile party-spirit, and they do not deserve a more ample discussion.

French Protestantism is particularly protected from this absurd reproach. It has not enjoyed any large share of justice or protection. It uses its privilege as a new possession, with gratitude and modesty: never was a religious society more disposed to respect the civil power.

By a singular confusion of ideas, Protestantism has even been accused of an excessive deference in this respect—accused of debasing religion, and of subjecting the Church to the State. It has been said, that the consequence is, the overturn of the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the great government of the Catholic Church, which Protestantism has attacked. Thus the distinction between the spiritual and temporal has disappeared, and the spiritual has fallen under the yoke of the civil power.

This distinction I have lately exalted so high, that I shall not be suspected of thinking meanly of it. It is one of the most glorious forms in which the independence of faith and thought has been preserved in Europe. It is the principle, by virtue of which Catholicism ought to take, in the midst of modern ideas and institutions, a secure and dignified position.

But in the spiritual as well as in the temporal order, liberty is very far from having only one form, and from being exclusively attached to a single combination. Religion has many ways of preserving its dignity and independence: God plants it, and it flourishes in many soils and many climates.

In fact, on the whole view, faith has been strong. Conscience has displayed itself with energy in Protestant countries, notwithstanding the confused demarkation of the two domains, and the too frequent interposition of the civil power in religious matters.

The reason is, that the civil power has never made its principal business the determination of religious matters. Politics and government,

properly so called, have mainly absorbed its attention and strength. Sooner or later it has resolved to leave men's consciences pretty much to themselves. It has left the reins much more lax, and the field much more open, than the power which, in Catholic countries, was devoted to the exclusive task of regulating spiritual society.

Thus it is that in all society, religious or political, there exists a certain general spirit—a certain internal and permanent tendency, which overrides all the forms of organization and all the accidents of civilization. Protestantism is the child of free examination—inquiry formed its very cradle and swaddling clothes. This it has never abandoned, whatever relation it bore to civil authority. In fact, human thought in religious as well as in all other matters, has displayed itself in Protestant countries with infinite activity and freedom.

But we must not forget the primary and leading cause of spiritual independence. It is that Protestantism, *volens volens*, admits into its sphere great varieties of faith, practice, diversities, separations—*sects*, to call them by their right name. They have often been condemned and persecuted, but Protestantism has never thought it worth while to curse them, excommunicate them, and extirpate them. They have lived, flourished, and multiplied in the midst of the national Church—ill-treated, humiliated, but never forced into their last retreat, being always, in some measure, protected by the spirit of free inquiry, its examples, and its memorials. From hence has arisen a strong guarantee for the liberty of conscience, an open asylum for all those whom the civil power has attacked and attempted to strangle. If the English Church has, perhaps justly, though with some exaggeration, been accused of complaisance towards the temporal power, in revenge, the dissenters have committed interminable acts of independence and pride. That buckler by which the Catholic Church has sheltered itself against the state, namely, the separation of the spiritual and temporal authorities, Protestantism has found in the liberty of religious dissent and the multiplicity of sects.

By a just return of this Aurora of liberty, the sects have been much less separated than might have been expected. Persecuted, irritated, even in a state of rebellion, they have nevertheless continued to adhere strongly to the common centre of public faith and destiny by a profound though disguised sentiment. An ardent Puritan was, in the reign of Elizabeth, put into the pillory, and condemned to have his hand cut off. His right hand fell; with the left he raised in the air his broad-brimmed hat, and shouted "God save the Queen!" Almost always, on great occasions, when the vital interest of the national religion or patriotism has appeared compromised, the English dissenters have crowded around that state whose religious banner they have deserted, and have served it with an admirable spirit of devotion. I have very little liking for the spirit of sectarianism. But let not the powerful Protestantism incorporated in the English Church treat dissenters with rigour or disdain. To them it owes, in great measure, the maintenance of the dignity as well as fervour of faith, and the progress of liberty of conscience. Let our constitutional monarchy, specially, never trouble itself about dissent: even if it should one day rise in French Protestantism, it would have no political weight.

It would never compromise the bond that attaches the Protestants of France to the new social state, and to its government.

At the same time that it is exempt from political peril—Protestantism, under a point of view purely religious, has much good to accomplish in France. Not in drawing it over to its own standard, for conversions will probably, in future, be unfrequent on either side; and the importance which some persons attach to them, either as a matter of congratulation or condolence, is rather puerile. They are, in fact, always grave enough for those souls that are personally concerned in them, but of little political momentum. France will not become Protestant—and Protestantism will not perish in France. Among other reasons, this is decisive. It is not between Catholicism and Protestantism that the contest of ideas and authorities now lies. Impiety, immorality here is the enemy which both are called on to oppose. To reanimate religious life, this is the labour to which they are summoned. A labour immense, for immense is the amount of evil. However little we may regard the moral estate of great masses of men—that unstable spirit, that hollow heart which desires so much, and hopes so little, passing instantaneously from feverish excitement into torpid apathy—we cannot view these things without emotion and dismay. Catholics or Protestants, priests or simple laymen, whatever you may be, if you are believers, do not trouble one another on account of your diversities of belief, but rather be anxious for those who do not believe at all. In the great sphere of infidelity and vice, there is the field of labour—there is the harvest.

This field is open alike to Catholicism and Protestantism, and therein the labour of both may be most usefully expended. Each possesses certain particular aptitudes and capacities for carrying forward this philanthropical enterprise.

We are now enduring a great diversity of moral evils. Some are especially weary and disgusted with the incertitude and disorder of the spirit or mind. They seek a port into which no tempests can penetrate—a light which never flickers—a hand that never allows them to fall. They seek from religion more help for their weakness than food for their activity. It is necessary that, in raising them, she should also sustain them—that in touching their heart, she should preside over their intellect—that in animating their interior life, she should yield them, at the same time, and above all, a profound sentiment of security.

Catholicism is marvellously adapted to this disposition, so frequent in our days. It has satisfaction for its desires, and remedies for its sufferings. It knows, at once, how to subdue and how to please. Its anchors are strong for hope, and its prospects are full of attraction for fancy. It excels in occupying men's minds, by tranquillizing them, and suits them wonderfully well after periods of excitement and fatigue; for, without leaving them cold and listless, it spares them much labour, and lightens for them the burden of responsibility.

To other minds, diseased, and seeking religion, more intellectual and personal activity is necessary. They also feel the necessity of returning to God and the true faith. But they have a habit of examining every thing for themselves, and of receiving only what they acquire by their own labour. They wish to fly from incredulity, but liberty

dear to them, and there is more desire than lassitude in their religious inclinations.

Among these, Protestantism might find favour; for, in speaking to them of faith and piety, it permits and invites them to make use of their free reason. It has been accused of coldness—that is a mistake. In urging individuals incessantly to a rigid self-scrutiny, Protestantism penetrates very deeply into the soul, and easily becomes an intimate and familiar faith, by which the activity of the understanding rather maintains than extinguishes the fervour of the heart. Hence its close connexion with the philosophic spirit of modern times, which has manifested at once both reason and enthusiasm. Desirous of conviction as well as freedom, and preserving its nature, notwithstanding temporary fatigue, it will most undoubtedly resume its double character.

Let Catholicism and Protestantism never lose sight of our civil society, for it is upon that that they are to operate. Let them address it, each for itself, according to their distinctive principles—searching into and taking care of those maladies and wants which they are peculiarly adapted to heal and to satisfy. This is their true mission—the mission of efficacious, disinterested philanthropy. It is not to be perpetually scrutinizing, and censuring each other with polemical animosity.

In general, I believe controversy is very useless and ineffectual in religion. At all times its share is but small in the triumph of great moral truths. They especially establish themselves by direct and dogmatic exposition. In the gospels themselves, we have the most august and striking examples of this. Without doubt, in the primitive ages, there was no want of topics of controversy between the Jews and the Pagans. But how rarely do we meet with controversy, properly so called, in the pages of the inspired writers. They establish their faith by their precepts—they incessantly appeal to the hearts they seek to penetrate. They do not take the trouble to bring forward arguments against their adversaries. Controversy came later, and when it came, it soon altered the truth, for it distributed it by broken fragments among sects and parties: and so every man attached himself, with the untractable blindness of self-love, to that isolated portion which fell to him, and in which he was determined to see, and make all others see, the entire truth which was not there.

Let Catholicism and Protestantism cast aside controversy. Let each occupy itself rather with itself and its task, than the business of its competitor. Then would they live at peace with each other, and with the new civil society.

I know that peace will not be the *spiritual unity*, about which so much has been said.

This spiritual unity, however fine in itself, is chimerical in this world; and from being chimerical, easily becomes tyrannical. As finite and free creatures—as incomplete and fallible beings—unity incessantly escapes from us, and we escape from it.

*Harmony in liberty*—this is the sole unity to which, here below, men can pretend; or, rather, it is for them the best, the only means of elevating themselves towards the true unity. This will diminish all violence, and restraint, and interference from the material order against the spiritual order, under pretext of attaining to it.

*Harmony in liberty*—this is the Christian spirit.

This, likewise, is the grand object of philosophy, for it is the moral sense of the principle of toleration, and the equal protection of all modes of worship—a principle which impiety has turned from its true nature, by endeavouring to make it the cloak of indifference, or contempt for religion; but which, in fact, is wonderfully allied with the true faith and zeal, for it is upon their right that it is founded.

This alliance must be accomplished. I repeat, it *must*, in concluding as well as commencing this article. Peace, between religious sects, is now imposed on all by the social state—*harmony in liberty*. This is their legal condition—this is the charter. Let them receive it in spirit, as well as in letter. Let them love it while they obey it. I do not fear the fate of the false prophet in predicting that religion will be as great a gainer by it as society.

As to Philosophy, she has in our days the glory of not having remained an Utopia. Of her discoveries, she has made conquests. She has metamorphosed her ideas into institutions and facts—an astonishing metamorphosis, indeed, which discovers the errors of the first design, by plunging it into the midst of human passions. An immense achievement this, which secures to Philosophy an admirable position in the new social state. It is a great privilege to be able, without embarrassment, to recognise and abjure error. Philosophy can, however, do this; for her proper calling is victory over falsehood. And not victory alone, but power also. Though she has been much deceived, she has been extremely effective; she is entitled to be proud, as well as modest. She can show herself towards her ancient adversaries, just, benevolent, respectful; she cannot be taxed either with feebleness, or with cowardice.

Philosophy is now enlightened by experience. She is now better acquainted, than heretofore, with the conditions of morality and society. She knows that she is not sufficient, of herself, to supply the wants of the world; that she is not sufficient, of herself alone, either for churches or states. She is aware that, in the nature of man, and in the general order of things, Religion has a great sphere of action, which ought not to be contested.

To a greater depth than some of our contemporaries are willing to allow, Philosophy is ready to become seriously and sincerely religious. Like Catholicism—like Protestantism, she will not change her nature; she will remain Philosophy, that is to say, free thought, and only drawing from her own resources, in whatever field she may labour. But in the field of religious questions, she perceives that she has often been very short-sighted and very trifling; that neither impiety nor indifference are true science; that the proudest rationalism may abase itself before God, and that there is philosophy even in faith.

All this, however, is very vague; and I only speak here in general implications. However, so it is. Upon this track Philosophy is now placed, and on this she will ever go forward—a great development for her in the midst of this social state which she has formed—a great development, also, for the entire spiritual order, religious and philosophical. May this development be accomplished. May the spiritual order bind together, with a peace and harmony hitherto unknown, its activity and its glory. Here is the dignity of man—here is the force of society.

## THE PRINCE AND THE FISHERMAN.

A SICILIAN TALE.

## PREFACE.

OH, what shall I do ?  
 A subject that's new  
 The public require, and a clever one too :  
 I've sat early and late,  
 O'er thy annals, Newgate !  
 So lately in vogue with the three-volumed crew.  
 We all know a rogue  
 Just now is in vogue,  
 So at first it seemed strange,  
 That in the wide range,  
 Not one could I find for a hero  
 With Dick Turpin to vie,  
 Like Jack Sheppard to die,  
 To emulate Tarquin and Nero :  
 My search was in vain,  
 I got a bad pain  
 In my chest, and a little perplexed in the brain :  
 All authors, they say,  
 Are troubled that way :  
 They mystify sadly, what's clear as the day ;  
 But a truce to this rhyme,  
 I'm wasting my time,  
 To converse upon wit-ics  
 I should leave to the crit-ics,  
 The disciplinarian,  
 The strict antiquarian,  
 And worse than them all,  
 The anythingarian.  
 Yet still let me pray,  
 'Tis all I can say,  
 My story, unread, you will not cast away—  
 Or perusing—Dear Reader, *do* try to discover,  
 The few merits it has, and the errors pass over.

Description is not my forte ; otherwise I should take the liberty inflicting on whoever may read the following pages, “ a full, true, particular account ” (as the wholesale venders of uncommitted readers say) of the festival of St. Rosalia ; an image of whom may be seen in the convent of Monte Pellegrino, reclining under a rich drapery, the marble limbs tastefully attired in a vest of silver tissue, for which, by-the-bye, she is indebted to the piety, or modesty, of a Spanish nobleman.

Well, “ once upon a time,” on the twelfth of July, in the year 1—, remember the date—the streets of Palermo were thronged by all classes, belonging not alone to that city, for Messina, Monreale, and

even the coast of Calabria, sent forth its inhabitants; whilst the palaces, with which the small countries to the east and west of Palermo abound, were evacuated in favour of the stately hotels of the capital.

The Corso and Marino were brilliantly illuminated by means of arches erected on each side the street, between the front paths and pavement, whilst both the roof and walls of the cathedral presented a blaze of light. In addition to these preparations, were two raised platforms for fireworks, one built on piles driven into the sea facing the temple in the centre of the Marino, which is generally used as an orchestra; the other, fronting the viceroy's palace, and, for the time, its equal in splendour and size.

Near the former of these platforms, was a temporary though magnificent pavilion, in which the Marquis di Miranda entertained the principal nobility of Palermo; and the assembly of rank and beauty there congregated, rendered still more striking by the aid of embroidered robes, waving plumes, and sparkling jewels, certainly did not constitute the least attraction of the day.

Although many a bright eye sought the centre of the Marino, from which the gigantic car (overtopping the loftiest houses in Palermo, and bearing a silver statue of St. Rosalia) was expected to issue, in all the fantastic splendour of garlands of orange blossoms, branches of artificial coral, gold and silver muslins, and sparkling mirrors—but on this day the saint was destined to find a rival, at least in the admiration of her fairer votaries, who considered the dark eyes, courtly air, and splendid attire of one of the viceroy's guests, quite as interesting as the effigy of their patroness; moreover, the cavalier possessed the advantage of being able to return their glances, which the saint certainly would not do. That he was not backward in this respect, may be surmised from the repeated chidings of many a careful matron, who gathered her blushing charge more closely under her wing, affecting anger, yet secretly flattered at her offspring's having been noticed by so great a person as Prince Herman del Torre, the grandson of their good old king, and heir to the crown of Sicily. As to the girls themselves, it is more than probable, the smiles of which he was so lavish, formed the theme of many a tale in after years, commencing, "I remember when I was young," and so on.

A friend of mine once told me, he always preferred to any other, a circumstantial description of heroes and heroines. Now, for my part, *I always* skip them, and so can my readers, (if I have any,) although, if there are some *very* young among the number, they will perhaps say, "but I *should* like to know what he is like," and they *shall* be gratified. The ladies can then decide, if they would admire such a lover; and the gentlemen, if *they* were selected as the author's model, whilst lounging on the Esplanade at Brighton or in Hyde Park, as the case may be.

To begin.—His eyes (Byron was fond of handsome eyes, and so am I) were dark hazel, full of expression, and certainly most faithful chroniclers of his mood, which was not more changeable than might be expected from one petted and idolized, not only by his old grandfather and widowed mother, but by all the Sicilian nation, who could obtain access, directly or indirectly, to his royal person. A critic

might, however, imagine the black heavy brows were a detriment, not only to their beauty, but to that of the broad, open, marble forehead, to which they gave an air of thought not natural to their possessor. His nose was straight and strictly Grecian, though, being broad, it resembled those seen on old Egyptian statues, assimilating well with the short and curved upper lip, the peculiar expression of which rendered the mouth, if not the handsomest, at least the most remarkable feature in the face; in perfect repose, it appeared well formed, though rather large, yet could at pleasure become more animated than even the eyes; true, with its sweet smile, there was at times mingled an undisguised, and always a scarce perceptible sneer, but that was Nature's fault, not his; and the disagreeable effect of the lower was completely cancelled by the upper part of his face, softened by rich curls of the darkest auburn. He wore no moustache, although it was then a prevalent fashion, and its absence, together with the slightness of the almost raven whisker, alone prevented his appearing much older than he really was.

As to his figure, that was symmetrical, so said the tailors of the day, and perhaps it was seen to greater advantage, from the total absence of gay colours, and even embroidery, in his costly yet plain attire. He wore no jewels, save the star which fastened the long white feathers in his velvet cap, but that was of priceless brilliants, an heir-loom in his family: still this absence of finery rendered him more conspicuous than the most elaborate toilette.

Such was the prince whose arrival at Palermo (on his way to the palace of Torre Zizza, which had been prepared for his reception) would have alone been considered an event; but when (in addition to its being the festival of St. Rosalia) rumour assigned him a place amongst the numerous competitors for the fair hand of Lorenza di Miranda, the only child of their viceroy, no wonder many a quiet family was disarranged by the desire of its female members to undertake a long and weary journey for the gratification of their curiosity. However, rumour was mistaken; lovely as the Lady Lorenza was, her charms for once were unappreciated by the only person whom (perhaps on that very account) she felt desirous to please. Not that Prince Herman was deficient in any of those attentions a female has a right to expect; far from it; but she knew them to be a homage to the sex, rather than the individual. Difficult were the task of analyzing a woman's feelings; yet it was remarked her cheek was paler, and her eye less bright than ordinary, though none knew wherefore.

"You are fatigued, lady," he exclaimed, in that low deep voice so pleasing to the ear; "your Tyrrhenian breezes are but chilly to the cheek of beauty." So saying, he fastened the gold clasp of the rich crimson mantle, as he drew it carefully around her graceful form; her cheek flushed, but he heeded it not; for, this little act of courtesy performed, he turned away, evidently seeking some distant object. What it was she could not discover for a discharge of artillery from the xebecs, galliots, and other shipping, which, being ranged round a palace of fire-works, formed a kind of amphitheatre in the sea, enclosing it in the centre. The sound was re-echoed by the neighbouring mountains, producing a grand, though startling effect, in the stillness



of night, and announced the departure of the car from the middle of the Marino, on its course through the city, to terminate at the farthest gate. It were a vain effort to describe the scene of enchantment that followed; palm trees, fountains, jet-d'eaux of coloured flame, were reflected in the water, which, smooth and clear as glass, produced an effect only to be equalled by the genii-raised palace of some fairy tale. How bright and vivid were the impressions on the senses of those who sought their couches, at a late or rather early hour, the following morning; for four days did the festivities continue: on the fifth, the streets of Palermo were completely deserted, rendered doubly gloomy by the contrast they presented to the previous bustle and excitement.

So intense was the heat, that the majority of Sicilians had (yielding to the languor it occasioned) continued enjoying their siesta. Yet, regardless of the overpowering rays of the meridian sun, a train of horsemen left the city by the small gate, which opened on the orange garden, or rather plain, terminating in an avenue of stately trees, on the road to Monreale.

They were evidently of high rank, for the viceroy himself, together with the principal nobles of his court, stood watching their departure on the marble steps of the palace. Once, and once only, did their leader pause, and looking towards a closed jalousie, bowed so low that his white plumes blended with the flowing mane of his beautiful charger, then giving it the reins, he quickly overtook his companions, who were already in the open country.

Though the graceful farewell of the young knight had been unreturned, it was not unheeded; and one there was to whom the memory of that joyous glance still recurred in a time of mental suffering and anguish, such as rarely falls to the lot of woman; the smile had been that of indifference, yet was it treasured in her heart after the lips from which it emanated were hushed in the silence of the grave.

Haughty and cold, to a fault, had Lorenza di Miranda been pronounced by those whose sighs for her beauty or broad lands had met no return save scorn, or, still oftener, contempt; for, as she herself would say, she had the misfortune to be heiress, not only to her father's great wealth, but to many a fertile acre in sunny Italy, of which, as her mother's dowry, she was even then uncontrolled mistress. This alone would have rendered her a desirable prize to the proudest in Sicily; and when, in addition, she possessed a person of unrivalled loveliness, doubtlessly inherited from her Venetian mother, (for the Sicilian women are rarely even good-looking), no wonder her father's court was filled with love-sick Damons, whose sonnets in her praise either excited her mirth, or (what was still more frequent) distracted her with their noise.

Before the arrival of Prince Herman, she had been made acquainted with her sovereign's wishes; yet, notwithstanding he was to bring the reversion of the crown of Sicily in his hand, it was obvious to all, her boy suitor had no better chance than the rest. He came; and with her sex's intuitive instinct, she felt, that for him, she might still remain Countess di Miranda. He admired her charms—sought her society—did full justice to the noble qualities of her mind—but, as to love, that was the furthest thing from his thoughts. Now what did the lady?

first she felt piqued—then interested—then amazed—and ended by committing the most foolish act in the world, all things considered, namely, falling truly, honestly, and sincerely in love. I do not mean to say she yielded her liberty without an effort; on the contrary, having more pride than vanity in her composition, she knew from the first that her affections were, and ever would be, unreturned; so she struggled with her feelings until she could struggle no longer, and was at last obliged, although unwillingly, to own herself conquered.

Had any of her self-styled victims beheld the anguish of that proud girl, as she turned from her window on the morning of the prince's departure, their wounded vanity were amply avenged; her lips and cheeks were colourless as her forehead, rendered still more ghastly by being contrasted with the smooth bands of raven hair, the dark though pencilled eye-brow, and the long black silken lashes, shadowing eyes of a hue as deep, as soft as her own pure skies; she neither wrung her hands nor paced the room, as heroines sometimes do, but throwing herself on a couch, buried her head in one of the cushions, and gave way (in common-place terms) to a hearty fit of crying, regardless of its injurious effects on her beauty, at least for the time. I do not by this mean to imply, that Lorenza was habitually addicted to such weakness; on the contrary, these were perhaps the first, and certainly the most bitter tears, she had shed since infancy, nor was she one to give way easily, under any circumstances, to the violence of her emotions.

In less than an hour she had completely recovered the air of dignified self-possession so natural to her; and although, as she approached the window, her countenance was still pale, there was an expression of tender languor in her large blue eyes, which compensated for the absence of her usual brilliancy of complexion, rendering her, if possible, more beautiful than ever.

Blue eyes, I fear, are going out of fashion; yet in the days of which I write, they were considered both rare and handsome, particularly in the southern clime; but lately it has been my fate to hear them much depreciated, especially by those whose own dark orbs render such a proceeding very like a piece of personal vanity. I fear that, however ratifying to myself, my reader will hardly be pleased with this rambling, so I will e'en return to my heroine, who, by-the-bye, (though not the heroine at all,) is awaiting my convenience with true heroic patience. Some time had elapsed; the sun was fast sinking behind the waves of the Tyrrhenian, and pouring a flood of crimson light into her apartment, formed a halo round as bright an incarnation of loveliness; as ever blessed the wildest vision of painter, poet, or sculptor. It was as if all the fire, energy, and determination of her lordly line, were concentrated in her person, though softened and tempered by a degree of sadness, expressed more in her attitude than features, more in the slight drooping of the head, and the air of listlessness, with which her snowy arm lay on her velvet robe, than in the firmly compressed lips, and proud expansive brow.

"So end my father's ambitious projects; so end my own girlish dreams of happiness!" she exclaimed, as her eyes almost mechanically turned in the direction of a neighbouring convent, which, embowered in a thick plantation of olive trees, appeared the very abode of peace.

"Surely I have obtained a victory superior to any won by my mail-clad ancestors; I have conquered my own wild passions; nor shall you be disappointed, my sire; your child, as abbeſs of St. Ildeſonſo, may perhaps add greater ſtability to your power, than were her brow encircled by the crown of Sicily."

Long and deep was the reverie which ſucceeded this outbreak; and as it would be both a difficult and unprofitable taſk to deſcribe the workings of that lady's mind, I can only requeſt thoſe of my fair readers, who *imagine* they are more enſlaved by ambition than love, (and there are many ſuch,) to ſearch their own hearts; whiſt the reſt muſt accompany me on a ſhort but pleaſant journey over the orange plain of Palermo, through the ſhady avenue of Monreale, and thence to the lofty mountains which, on three ſides, ſurround Torre Zizza.

This ancient palace, or rather tower, is built entirely of ſtone, of a ſquare form, and even more remarkable in its architecture than the Moſque of Cordova, with which it is ſaid to be coeval, being built by the Saracens during their abode in Sicily, in the ninth or tenth century; its windows are long, and round at the top, unlike the generality of Moorish caſements, which are uſually pointed, or arched; on each ſtone of the battlements is a letter, ſuppoſed to be of the Cuſick alphabet, now rare amongſt the Mahomedans themſelves; from thence you may command a pleaſing proſpect; the diſtant towers of Palermo, or fortified buttreaſes of Monreale, midway in the aſcent to which riſes a barren rock, from whoſe boſom guſhes a fine ſtream, producing the effect of a miniature caſcade. To the north, a view extends over hanging woods of verdant olive, ſtately plantains, and fragrant orange trees, to the ſea, which bounds the ſcene. The interior of the building preſents a ſucceſſion of thin, graceful arches, and richly froſted ceilings, hanging down in long pendants, producing a magnificent effect. A marble baſin receives the fountain that plays in the great hall; the eaſt ſide of which leads to a ſloping terrace, opening on more than one garden, ornamented, in addition to Nature's beauties, by temples, urns, ſtatues, and other decorations.

The rays of a large ſilver lamp ſuſpended from the centre, would have been very inadequate to the purpoſe of illumining this gorgeous chamber, had not the ſoft, clear beams of a cloudleſs moon poured in unmoleſted through the numerous windows, eclipsing with its ſplendour all artificial light. To one of the inmates of the apartment, this circumſtance ſeemed any thing but agreeable; as he toſſed upon the ſoft purple couch, or reſtleſly paced to and fro, regardless of the anxious glances of his companion, who, half-reclining, half-ſitting on a pile of low cuſhions near the fountain, ſeemed neither to have or deſire other occupation than watching his countenance.

"Shall I ſing to you, my lord?" murmured the boy, timidly yet affectionately; "your cheek is fevered, and your face has a ſtrange expreſſion; I am ſure you are not well; is there nothing I can do for you?" As he ſpoke, he gently approached, and fixed his large gazelle eyes on the countenance of the perſon addreſſed, with an expreſſion which denoted the ſincerity of his offer.

"I am quite well, Leonard," ſaid his maſter, paſſing his fingers careleſſly through the long black curls; "I am quite well, and you can

do something for me. Bring me my cloak, and a hat without ornament; ask the hour, and return immediately."

"The great clock of Monreale has just struck ten; here is your hat and cloak, and now what am I to do?" said the page, re-entering the apartment with a light step.

"Why come, sit down here, and talk to me, for the night is very sultry, and it wants an hour of the appointed time." The boy looked surprised, but obeyed without comment, as he well knew his master's disposition.

"Do let me sing to you," he exclaimed, after a short silence. "Dame Bertha has taught me a new song about this very castle: it was built, they say, by a great sultan, as a prison for his beautiful daughter, Zizza; she fell in love with a Christian knight, but they cut off his head, and sent it as a present to his lady-love. Alas! poor thing! her heart broke, and she died in this same hall."

"'Tis a sad subject, Leonard; nevertheless, if it pleasure thee, I am willing to hear it." The boy, delighted at the permission, took his guitar, and after the few preliminary chords of a wild Moorish melody, sang the following words:—

"She sits by yon fountain, and heeds not its play,  
Though splendour is there, yet her thoughts fleet away;  
Fair flowers bloom around her, rich gems bind her hair,  
Still her brow bears the sadness, the calm of despair.  
Zizza, Zizza, well, well-a-day.

"Lady, from thy sire, rich presents I bring:  
For thy robe the bright silk, for thy hand the gay ring;  
And dearer than all, to a fond maiden's mind,  
Is the treasure which in this rare casket you'll find.  
Zizza, Zizza, well, well-a-day.

"The princess was silent, ah! too well she knew  
The relic which there lay concealed from her view;  
The blood left her cheek; to the still bleeding head  
She pressed her cold lips: the lady was dead.  
Zizza, Zizza, well, well-a-day."

"The strain likes me well, boy; now listen, and I will requite thy love-tale with another full as tender; it has also the advantage of being true, so prepare to give thy full attention. About four miles from this very place, in a little valley formed by two rocky cliffs, far from the high road, and the situation certainly chosen more for concealment than picturesque beauty, stands a cottage, containing only two inhabitants. The cottage is, I suppose, like all other cottages, but it is with the inmates my story has to do. They consist of a father and daughter; the first a most unprepossessing character, a fisherman, and one of a determined band of smugglers, who, by some means, have hitherto evaded the vigilance of government, thereby causing considerable loss to his Majesty's revenue; but whatever his faults, you need but look on his pretty Bianca's face to forget them all. How can I describe her? Leonard, you have gazed on fair forms and bright eyes, but you have never seen any thing like her—a spotless pearl, a sweet wild-flower, a warm dazzling sunbeam; all these does she resemble; yet were I called upon to describe the shape and hue of

mouth, eyes, or hair, I could not do it. Well, one fine morning, as a young cavalier was exploring the curiosities of the neighbourhood, he was attracted by the sound of suppressed sobs, and there, with her face concealed in her hands, crying as if her heart would break, sat this lovely girl. Of course, he said and did all he could to console her; artless and unsuspecting, she confided the story of her grief, and he learned that on the return of a vessel, still visible from where they stood, depended her unhappiness. She had been long promised as a wife to the captain of the gang, and the termination of this very expedition was the time appointed for the solemnization of her marriage. The rest is a thrice-told tale; again and again did they meet; she loved the stranger with all the devotion of an untried heart, whilst he, with a bosom torn by every contending passion, knows not how to act. To-morrow this Pedro returns; to yield her to him were impossible, to wed her, still more so. Boy! thou art shrewd and faithful, canst thou guess the hero of my tale?"

"Herman, Prince of del Torre, and heir to the crown of Sicily," answered the page, with a glance so calm and searching, that his master's eye sank beneath it. "To you, my lord, am I indebted for life, and all that can render life valuable; when your proud nobles, and still prouder vassals, passed coldly on, who dismounted from his horse, and took from the breast of the dead mother her perishing offspring? Who nurtured that hapless child? Who supplied the place of father, mother, and kindred, not only by rearing him with the proudest in the land, but by giving him a place in the noblest heart in Sicily—he who did all this will surely pardon one more question—What blighted the fairest flower of Ancona? (so I have heard my poor mother was called,) and left her to perish of cold and hunger." The boy's eyes filled with tears, nor was the Prince unmoved, and it was with a broken voice he replied—

"Your father was a villain, Leonard; think you I would thus basely desert Bianca? The coronet which cannot be hers, should never, whilst I lived, encircle another's brow,—it would be worse than cruelty to leave her now; nay, boy, look not so grave, I will be candid with her, and she shall choose for herself;—now, go saddle Zora, mount your own favourite bay, and prepare to accompany me."

Within the shelter of a little grove, behind the smuggler's cottage, about two hours after the preceding conversation, stood Leonard, holding the bridle of his master's steed, whilst his own grazed quietly by his side; the boy's countenance wore an air of fretful impatience; and the occasional exclamations which burst from his lips, as he watched a couple, too far removed for him to hear their conversation, and yet sufficiently near for his quick eye to observe all that passed. "I suppose she will go with him after all," he muttered very sulkily; "she is a great fool, and so they say are all women: besides, if she really loved him, she would never injure him, even to please herself, and this is sure to make his grandfather angry; but I suppose she does not know that: I should like to tell her all about my poor mother, perhaps that would make her change her mind;—the girl is very beautiful, and so they say was she, before her heart was broken."

And where was Herman?—Seated beneath a shelving rock, Bianca's hand in one of his, as with the other he drew her closely to his bosom; her face was concealed on his shoulder, and she wept bitterly, whilst the prince, eagerly, yet fearfully, awaited her next words; at length, she raised her head, and gazing sadly, though steadfastly, in his face, murmured, in a scarce audible whisper, "Prince of del Torre, I cannot break my father's heart!"

"Your father's heart, Bianca!" and the lip curled with more than its usual sneer; "would he not sacrifice you at the shrine of his own avarice? But be it so—God is my witness, I love you too truly, too dearly, to force your inclinations;—farewell, best,—brightest. Heaven bless and preserve you!"

The words were spoken sincerely; yet, alas! for the perversity of woman, every good resolution vanished, and throwing herself into his arms, in an agony of grief, she sobbed out, "Do with me as you will, I am thine, and thine only."

"Not without my consent, girl!" exclaimed a coarse rough voice; "and now, young sir, defend yourself."

Bianca writhed under the iron hand which grasped her arm: as she turned her head, the word "Pedro!" burst from her lips.

Prince Herman's sword leaped from its sheath, and the frightened maiden was compelled to remain an inactive spectator, when the life far dearer than her own was at stake; short, indeed, was the conflict, for before Leonard could come to his master's assistance, the skill of the young knight had proved more than a match for the ferocity of his antagonist, who, blinded by passion, was soon disarmed, and lay bleeding on the ground: first ascertaining that the wound was not mortal, he made a sign to his attendant, and with his assistance, raising the now senseless girl, he succeeded in bearing her rapidly, yet carefully, from a place where it was no longer possible for her to remain, exposed to the united influence of jealousy and revenge.

Two months had passed, two long, weary months, for such did they prove to her, who now sat alone in a small though elegant apartment of Torre Zizza. The garb of her earlier days was replaced by robes of more than regal splendour; whilst her bright gladsome smile had departed, never to return,—her principal charm had been her innocence, but that had fled for ever. As to Herman's love, it was still unchanged, at least she hoped so; yet the dreadful thought that he too must despise her, poisoned every moment passed in his presence, and rendered doubly bitter the unavoidable though protracted hours of separation. During that tedious time, her only solace was the company of Leonard, who really loved the forlorn, yet guilty girl, although fully convinced in his own mind she was no mate for his polished, aspiring, and somewhat haughty lord. She would often assail the prince with complaints and forebodings, until, thoroughly wearied, he would fly to Palmero, striving to forget his annoyances in the society of the lovely, stately Lorenza. The intention of the latter to enter the convent of St. Ildefonso, was not generally known; for, besides having been informed of Herman's conduct with regard to Bianca, love between them was out of the question, at least hers was

nearly conquered, although regard for truth compels me to confess, that, when the prince gazed on her beaming countenance, or listened to the soft clear tones of her voice, his peasant girl was either forgotten, or remembered but as an impediment to a union with one, whose superiority over the proudest in his grandfather's court he could not but acknowledge.

In this way was Herman employed, whilst the horses were being saddled for his return to Torre Zizza, the same evening that poor Bianca, more than usually miserable (for Leonard had accompanied his master), was weeping bitterly, as she contrasted her present melancholy grandeur with the happy hours passed in her humble home, where all had loved her; but now she had no friend, no companion, and she was half tempted to regret that she had not stayed with her father, and married Pedro. "I think he did love me, for he used to bring me such beautiful presents, and if father had not been so cross that morning, it would have been very different. I am sure I am very lonely now,—but it's all over!—I can't go back again, and I had better not think about it." So saying, she leant back in the large Gothic chair, and, completely exhausted, fairly wept herself to sleep like a child. How beautiful she looked! as the strong light fell upon her girlish form; but it was a beauty the mind could not help connecting with sunny groves, and enamelled plains;—her long ringlets had escaped from the jewelled band, which seemed to have fettered their wild luxuriance: and agitated by the cool breeze which played through the arched chamber, appeared to rejoice in their freedom, as they almost danced upon the flushed cheek and heaving bosom—one had become entangled in the ornamented girdle of her rich robe, and assisted by a current of air, it struggled to extricate itself; it required but little scope of imagination to fancy it mourned for the peasant's vest and flowery wreath to which it had been accustomed.

The traces of tears were still on her face, and one or two clear drops hung on the dark-fringed lashes, as though unwilling to proceed, yet unable to return to their bright source, now veiled by the thin lids,—the cherub lips were just parted with a smile as soft, as winning as before guilt and shame had marred her peace;—she knew it not,—but that smile had almost maddened one who stood beside her; one who had sought her seducer, prepared to gratify every feeling of hatred and vengeance: finding her alone, whom, for the wealth of worlds, he would not have voluntarily encountered. At the first impulse his hand grasped the hilt of his poniard, but that hand was no longer firm, and with an impatient oath he muttered, "No, that were but half revenge; let her live to see him perish, and if she feel but one spark of the fire which consumes this breast, she needs no other punishment." Thus reasoned Pedro, but he deceived himself; for at that moment his feelings towards the erring girl were so softened that he half shrank from accomplishing the object of his visit: however, with a strong effort he turned away, and approaching a door leading to the prince's apartments, paused a moment, then divesting himself of the dark coarse mantle which he wore,—an indispensable appendage to the dress of a Sicilian fisherman, he drew a scroll of parchment (on which was inscribed in large characters the word *Vendetta*) from his bosom.

By the assistance of his poniard, he contrived to fasten both to the heavy oaken sill, and then, unarmed, once more approached the still sleeping Bianca with noiseless steps, and a countenance where stormy passions had given place to an air of deep dejection, nay, almost touching grief: for a moment he bent over her, then stooping gently, pressed his lips on that fair forehead, and departed without disturbing her. The exact duration of her slumber she knew not, but she was awakened, at length, by voices in loud and angry parley; amongst these she immediately distinguished that of Leonard, who was standing in the centre of a group of servants, some of whom held torches. Starting to her feet, she approached him with the intention of learning what had happened, when her steps were arrested by the appearance of his master, whom she had not at first observed. In another moment she was by his side, and placing her hand timidly on his arm, sought to attract his attention.

"Off, girl!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, casting her from him with a violence which caused her to stagger,—“Off, girl, I say! speak; are you not an accomplice in this piece of jugglery? The tutor could not have entered this chamber without your knowledge.”

“What mean you, my lord?” said the bewildered Bianca. “Indeed, indeed, I am ignorant of aught that could displease you: Heran!”—she continued, in a plaintive tone, “have I lived to become an object of suspicion to you?”

This appeal had the desired effect; the moment of irritation passed, she felt ashamed of herself, and anxious to make an atonement for his kindness. “Forgive me, love,” he replied; “but,”—and an indescribable feeling caused him to hesitate,—“Bianca, Pedro has been here!”

The girl turned deathly pale, yet her look of surprise fully attested her innocence.

“Yes, Pedro,” he continued, in the tones of condensed anger, “Pedro has thought fit, thanks to the vigilance of my attendants, to penetrate to the private apartments of his prince; and this, I suppose,” pointing to the scroll, “is a cartel. Well! it shall be answered. Quick, boy, my rapier.”

“For the love of heaven, my lord, go not alone,” exclaimed his trembling mistress, as she fell on her knees before him. “You do not know him as well as I do—violent, remorseless, revengeful, he will hesitate at no means to accomplish his ends. You will be slain, perhaps.” She could utter no more; but, seizing his hand, bowed her head on it, and sought to retain him.

“Take her away, Leonard,” said his master, after vainly endeavouring to extricate himself; “I am tired of this scene. Bid her women be careful of her, then follow me.” With these words he broke from her hold. She uttered a piercing shriek, but he was gone!

Who has not experienced the anguish of watching through a long, long night? Counting hours, minutes, even seconds. The bosom torn by dreadful forebodings; and the reflection, that whilst we waste the lingering of time for the being most loved on earth, time may have become eternity.

So intense were the sufferings of Bianca, that she sank into a state



of mental stupor, from which she could scarcely be aroused by the arrival of Leonard, who hurriedly and almost incoherently informed her, his master would not return yet, as he was gone to Palermo, whither he must immediately follow. The boy's face was white as marble, and his manner so wild, that, notwithstanding her anxiety for the prince, it attracted her notice; his dress, too, was stained with blood; but, before she had time to interrogate him, he had left the apartment.

The Sicilian parliament was, by Count Rugiero, about the middle of the eleventh century, divided into three branches (or arms), and this form still remains.

The first, or *Braccio Militare*, is composed of the barons, two hundred and fifty-one in number, in conformity to the feudal system by which the kingdom is governed. Their chief is the Prince of Butero, who is hereditary president of the council, and by this branch alone can princes of the blood or the nobility be tried: from their decision there is, however, no appeal; and even the king would find it a difficult matter to mitigate a sentence pronounced by them, especially in Palermo, where, being seldom seen, he is but little respected.

The second class, or *Braccio Ecclesiastice*, consists of the three archbishops, the bishops, abbés, priors, and principal clergy, amounting to about seventy, who, headed by the viceroy, are invested with the whole legantine authority.

The *Braccio Demaniale* is formed from the elected members of forty-three royal cities, styled *Demaniale*. Their principal member is also prætor or mayor of Palermo; his power is very extensive, being inferior alone to the viceroy, in whose absence the greater part of the authority devolves upon him. This officer, with six senators, are called patricians, and have the management of all civil courts. He is appointed every year by the viceroy, to whom alone he holds himself responsible.

Great was the excitement which prevailed among the citizens of Palermo on the morning of the twentieth of October, as a movement of the cavalry, assembled round one of its largest buildings, announced the dissolution of a court formed from the first of the above-mentioned bodies, and their consequent departure for their respective hotels. Yet no signs of satisfaction greeted the appearance of their brilliant retinues; a universal and mournful silence pervaded all classes as soon as the issue of the trial became generally known. On their approaching the palace, their very footsteps appeared hushed, and many an anxious glance followed the retreating form of the Marquis di Miranda, as, giving his horse to an attendant, he disappeared from their view.

"Can I see him now?" he exclaimed, in a perturbed voice, to one of the numerous servants stationed in an ante-chamber at the head of the marble staircase which led to his own apartments.

"Oh yes, my lord, he has asked for you every five minutes during the last hour. Shall I announce you?"

"No, I would be alone; and recollect no one is to go beyond this room, on pain of my displeasure—not even the Lady Lorenza," he

ded, and without waiting an answer, passed on swiftly through a stately corridor, until he reached the door of a small cabinet, which being ajar, permitted him, unseen by them, to observe the inmates of the chamber.

The one was an old man, whose brow, though furrowed by the inkles of eighty winters, still retained the dignified firmness of his younger days; the hair was perfectly white, and so thin, that it concealed no part of the lofty temples, though it fell rather low at the back of the finely shaped head; the dark eyes were still full of fire, but tempered by an expression of benevolence, and at that moment animated by tears; the mouth was finely shaped, but the smile, though subdued and softened, bore a strong resemblance to that of Prince Hernando, and would have convinced the most casual observer some relationship existed between them.

Wrapped in a loose gown of green velvet, lined with minever, and seated in a large easy chair, he would have formed a noble study for a painter, as he went forward to address a female, who, in a plain white robe, was seated on a low stool at his feet; the lady was no other than Lorenza di Miranda, and it was the sight of her which arrested the marquis to pause on the threshold; her quick eye dismissed him in a moment, yet she contented herself with observing, in a quiet tone, evidently assumed to avoid startling her companion, "My father, sire."

Despite this precaution, the person addressed almost gasped for breath, as he exclaimed, turning to the marquis, who had now reached the middle of the apartment, "Speak, Miranda, must he die? For heaven's sake! keep me no longer in suspense, let me know the worst!"

"My liege, he must," and the eyes of the speaker sought the ground, unwilling to view the anguish he knew his words must occasion. There was a long pause; the old man's head was bent so as to conceal his countenance, whilst Lorenza, who had sprung to her feet as he spoke, was pale and rigid as the statue to whose pedestal she clung for support. The silence was at length broken by the viceroy's inquiring, "if his majesty wished, to see the prince, who was confined in an apartment of the palace."

"Not now, not now—of course his guilt was clearly proved?"

"Beyond a doubt, sire; the fisherman's family are clamorous for justice, and by his own confession the blow was struck without a word passing on either side; had it not been for that, he would have espied, for his page, the only witness to the transaction, suffered the torture for two hours, still resolutely refusing to say any thing which would criminate his master."

"How did he bear his sentence?"

"In a manner worthy his illustrious line. He said he would rather meet death on the battle-field, but come when it might, he was prepared to obey the summons; he seemed to think more of his attendant's sufferings than his own fate, as the boy had done all in his power to dissuade him from the act; he desired he should have free access to him, whenever he wished, which was of course complied with."

"Enough, thanks for your kindness—but I would be alone."

"One word more, my liege, forgive me—but 'tis a message from the Prince of Butero. In short, it is in your power to save his highness."

"Father!" burst from the lips of Lorenza, in a tone so wild, so unearthly, that her hearers (who had almost forgotten her presence) started.

"Briefly then—if your majesty would graciously condescend to make the request, the prince's life would be spared, and his sentence commuted to perpetual banishment." These words were not pronounced without a considerable degree of hesitation, for the marquis, aware of Ferdinand's inflexibility where justice was concerned, felt convinced no application for a mitigation of punishment would be made by the king.

"Come hither, gentle maiden," said the latter, in a voice which, though tremulous at first, acquired firmness as he proceeded; "sit down by me, and command your feelings, whilst I inform your father what answer to return to the Prince of Butero. In the veins of that unfortunate boy flows the blood of a race, celebrated, not alone for the high station it has ever filled, but for honour, generosity, courage, and, above all, a sense of right; he, too, is my nearest of kin—bound to me by ties of the strongest affection—the offspring of my old age—the only child of my dead son. You are a parent, Henry di Miranda, and I bid thee search thine own heart, and by thy feelings for this sweet girl, judge what mine were when a hundred cannons proclaimed that, though the cold grave had closed over the father, he had still left me one to cherish and live for. All rejoiced at his birth; his mother smiled, for she had produced an heir to Sicily; whilst I, as I gazed on his infant features, nestling in that mother's bosom, man as I was, I shed tears, but they were tears of joy. Nor has my affection diminished; I loved him, was proud of him. Alas! too proud, and heaven has punished me; he must expiate his crime. Doubtless the murdered fisherman was dear to his relations, even as this wretched youth is to me; they shall have justice, and I must be resigned, though all I love will perish on the scaffold—and now leave me for a time. I have performed a painful duty, and must nerve myself for an interview with him."

Kissing the hand his sovereign presented, the marquis, after supporting his trembling daughter to her own apartment, proceeded, first, to do his errand to the Prince of Butero, and then to superintend the erection of the scaffolding, and other preparations for the execution, which was fixed for sunset the following day. In consideration of the high rank of the offender, it was allowed to take place within an enclosed court belonging to the palace, directly under the windows of the half-distracted Lorenza. It was in vain her father requested, nay commanded her to remove to some other part of the building; she was inflexible, and finding opposition only increased her grief, he at length ceased to remonstrate.

Few were the couches tenanted that night; at least, those belonging to the principal actors in this true history. By the prisoner, the first part was occupied in receiving the benedictions of his aged grandfather, and the latter, in endeavouring to soothe the frantic Bianca,

who, by some means or other, had contrived to obtain admission to his place of confinement, completely unmanned him by the violence of her sorrow, until Leonard, who sat by in broken-hearted silence, far more eloquent than words, was obliged to interfere, and insist upon her removal.

She was consigned to the charge of one of Lorenza's attendants; but the woman, whose straight-laced virtue had been outraged by the office imposed upon her, allowed her to escape from her custody, and in finding her again, "when every one had so much to think and talk about, it was quite out of the question. Besides, her mistress *might* faint, and then she should be wanted—and then," &c., &c., &c., so she gave herself no further trouble about the matter, although her mistress did not faint, and her services were unrequired by any one.

"Am I not to see him? It wants but an hour to sunset, the last we will ever behold," exclaimed Lorenza di Miranda, as, pressing her hands on her throbbing temples, she started from her seat, and restlessly approached a window; it was the very same from which she had gazed, on the morning of the prince's first departure for Torre Zizza. The same fair expanse of wood and plain lay before her, bright and smiling as ever, for in that mild climate the trees are neither despoiled of their foliage, nor disfigured by the yellow and seared leaf of autumn, until a much later season of the year; she had then wept in the sorrow of a young heart, whose first and warmest wishes had been blighted. Now tears were welcome to her heated brain, even as the grateful shower to the parched earth; in spite of all she suffered, her perception was not, in the slightest degree, confused; on the contrary, her senses appeared painfully acute, and she gazed upon every minutia of the dreadful apparatus in the court-yard below, with a tenacity which she felt it impossible to resist.

"My master, madam, would see you instantly," was uttered at her elbow, in the low, sad tones of Leonard; and with an inclination of the head, she mechanically followed her guide to the door of the chamber which served as a prison to the unfortunate prince; making a sign for her to enter, he remained without; a minute, a brief minute—and she stood for the last time in the presence of the being to save whom her own life had been gladly given.

"This is kind, lady," he exclaimed, as he advanced eagerly to meet and lead her to the couch, from which he had just risen. "This is kind, very, very kind, but you know," he added, with a smile, "if I were to promise to be grateful as long as I lived, it would not be promising much. I have now parted with all I value in this world, except yourself and Leonard; indeed, it is on his account I wish to speak to you. The boy has no friend but me; will you take care of him when I am gone? My grandfather, of course, could provide for him, but he persists in looking upon all (who are any way connected with this unfortunate business) as little short of murderers; and I would soften his affliction, poor child, as much as I possibly can. You will be kind to him, lady, for his master's sake, until you learn to love him for his own?"

Lorenza bowed in token of acquiescence, but she dared not trust herself to answer.

"And now, lady, I have another request, one which, if my time were not too short to stand upon punctilios, I should not know how to prefer—Bianca! Ah, Lorenza! believe me, the recollection of my conduct to that unhappy girl, now constitutes my principal suffering. Swear to me, by all you hold sacred, never to desert or lose sight of her."

Solemnly and sincerely was the required pledge given; whilst Herman, as he gazed upon her sad, though beautiful countenance, could not help exclaiming:—"Noblest, most generous of women, how different were my fate had my feelings towards you been always such as they now are."

These words produced a magical effect: the warm blood thrilled in her veins, suffusing neck, cheek, and brow, with the deepest crimson. Their eyes met, she sank upon his bosom, and in the ecstasy of that moment, Bianca—the world—death itself—was forgotten. He held her in his arms, her heart beat against his, her breath played upon his cheek, yet although the pulsation of that heart became fainter and fainter, and the kisses which he imprinted on that soft cheek, and beautiful lips, were passionately received, it was some time before he became aware of her having fainted through excessive emotion. It was then that the recollection of his situation flashed across his mind, together with a feeling of bitterness towards its unfortunate cause. "Lorenza, beloved Lorenza," he wildly exclaimed, "Oh, look up, smile on me, speak to me, bless me before I leave you for ever!" At the conclusion of this speech, she slowly opened her eyes, with an air of bewilderment, which was quickly dissipated, as the deep, hollow tones of a muffled drum rolled through the apartment.

The effect was electric; with a wild cry, she threw her arms around him, regardless of the presence of Leonard, who had entered the chamber.

"They are come," he exclaimed, with a bitter smile, pointing to the door, "all is prepared, but I have outwitted them still,—wily as he is, John of Butero has found his match, my own dear lord," and the boy bent his knee. "Countless are the gifts, from the dawn of existence, which your bounty has lavished on me. Never, never, have I had it in my power to make you the slightest return; but see now what a rare present I bring my noble master—'tis all I had to give, but he will accept it." So saying he drew from his vest a small phial containing what appeared a few drops of water. "It is sure and speedy," he added, "they tell me, scarce painful too; I would fain have tried it myself, but there was not enough for both, and I must find some other means."

"Beloved boy!" exclaimed his lord, whilst a glance of triumph illumined his countenance; "bravely, nobly, have you performed your duty. One kiss, Lorenza—in another moment these lips will be tainted by the grave."

"Is there none for me, Herman?—may—"

"No, dearest," interrupted the prince, "you must live to perform your promise to that wretched girl—I could not die happy, were it otherwise."

A loud application for admission was heard, and before the page

could withdraw the bolt, Herman had swallowed the deadly draught. The scene which followed is too painful for description—suffice it to say, ten minutes had elapsed, and Lorenza continued standing, her eyes fixed vacantly, and in the very same attitude as when Leonard had forcibly separated her from his master. What causes her cheeks to flush? What brings animation once more to her glassy eye? A sound from without—a long-continued shout of gratulation seemed to rend the skies. Again and again was it heard; rushing to a balcony which commanded a view of the court, she at one glance comprehended the whole.

In the centre of a group, collected at the foot of the scaffold, stood the Prince of del Torre, whilst, kneeling at his feet, and although apparently exhausted, still tenaciously retaining her hold of a fierce-looking man in a fisherman's dress, was a girl, whom the instinctive nature which teaches a woman to feel the presence of her rival, pointed out as Bianca—her face was flushed with joy, but no corresponding expression appeared on that of Herman; he was ghastly pale, his limbs shook, his fine features were convulsed, the hand she held was cold and clammy; he heeded her, saw her not; his dim eyes turned upwards, a faint smile played round his lips—he breathed the name of Lorenza, fell back, and expired.

The gloom of autumn, and severity of winter, had passed away: it was a fair and balmy spring evening. The air, redolent with perfume borne from the gardens of Ildefonso, entered through an open casement facing the west, and fanned the pallid cheek of one who lay upon a couch, from which she was destined never to arise. The hands were thin and attenuated—the once full, rounded form, a mere shadow—whilst her long black hair fell in neglected masses over the wan features and snowy robes. Her blue eyes appeared larger and darker than before; but there was something not of this world in their expression; although the fire of madness had been quenched, it was evidently but to make way for the shadows of death; her first request, on the recovery of her senses, had been for a removal to the convent, as her father's stately halls renewed too keenly remembrances she felt it impossible to bear without relapsing into insanity.

"Are we alone—quite alone, Leonard?" she exclaimed, in a voice so faint, that the page was obliged to kneel by her side, in order to catch her words. "Come nearer, boy, and answer my questions, for I feel they must be answered now or never; that orb," pointing to the sinking luminary, "will never rise again for me—I dreamt of him last night—and at sunset I shall rejoin him—'tis not of him I would speak, I know all that—I think they said it drove me mad—but of her—where is she?"

"In her grave, dear lady," replied her companion; "she never spoke again. At first, we thought she had fainted—but it was not so: she was conscious to the last, and drop after drop of the bright blood rose to her white lips, until, at length, on their trying to remove her, she was deluged with it—and so died."

"Fortunate Bianca! Leonard, I have had a long dreadful vision; some would call it a disordered brain; but I tell you, boy, it was

reality; his spirit has constantly hovered round me; at first, I feared it was angry; but I am happy now, for I am going to him. Leonard!" she exclaimed, suddenly grasping his arm, "look! look! do you not see him?—there, there, in the rays of the sun—it is just sinking behind the hill—he beckons, and I must not keep him waiting." She stretched forth her hand, the boy seized it—an icy chill shot through his veins—Lorenza di Miranda was no more. G. M.

P.S. Perhaps it is necessary to say, this tale is founded on a recent event; the scene has, however, been shifted, and the characters altered, for the sake of improving the story.

### LONDON AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT IS TO BE.

*Reports from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Metropolis Improvements; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. 1836.*

*First Report from the Select Committee on Metropolis Improvements; with an Appendix, 1838.*

*Second Report from the Select Committee on Metropolis Improvements; with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, Index, and Plans, 1838.*

(Concluded from page 382.)

THE improvement of the approaches to London is a point of high importance. Much will be done as regards the communication between the suburbs and the heart of the metropolis, by the carrying on of Farringdon Street, and several other plans suggested by the committees. But some of the principal approaches to London at present are by railroads, and the one by the railroad from Birmingham and Liverpool may now be almost considered as substituted for that by the common road from those towns through Islington. How far there is any probability of the project for running steam carriages on the turnpike road succeeding, and thus transferring back a large portion at least of the travelling to them, which has, for the present, migrated to the railroads, it is out of our province now to inquire. At any rate, there must be always considerable traffic of different kinds on our common roads, as well as a certain proportion of travelling to short stages and places to which the railroads do not run, sufficient to continue the necessity for the general improvement of the approaches to London through these by widening and straightening the thoroughfares, many parts of which now greatly need something of this nature. Should the project for running steam carriages on common roads prove successful (as it is the opinion of many eminent scientific men that it will be), the importance of amending the various entrances by common roads will be, of course, tenfold increased. At all events, as works of such great national importance, and as the railroads have been completed at such enormous cost, and which, whether or no the other project may succeed, must always command a large portion at least of the travelling communication to and from the metropolis, it is requisite that the approaches to their stations from the different points of the town should be rendered as convenient as possible, and be carried on as public undertakings, and which the proprietors of them could not, of course,

e expected to effect; but which the liberality that some of these companies—the London and Birmingham Railroad Company in particular—have displayed in rendering the entrance to their station an ornament, from the tasteful mode of its construction, as well as a public benefit, entitle them to have done in a like generous spirit. But, besides requiring the immediate approaches to the railroad stations to be improved, there is another consequence which has been produced by them, in transferring to streets which were formerly of little importance as thoroughfares, a large portion of the traffic to and from them, thereby also rendering the improvement of those a matter for public consideration.

But the great and radical improvement which we most ardently hope, and ere long, from its obvious desirableness and feasibility, confidently trust to see consummated, and at which we have already intimated, is the project for constructing quays and public walks on the banks of the Thames, similar to what we have described at Paris, and Frankfort, and Dublin, and which contribute so much to the advantage and beauty of those cities, as they would in a proportionable degree do to our own; a project which, as we before observed, was entertained by Sir Christopher Wren, and which the great mind of Napoleon, that had been exerted so successfully in the improvement of his capital, was also led to suggest. During his exile at St. Helena, he remarked, when speaking of London, that, “if he had been king of England, he would have made a grand street on each side of the Thames, and another from St. Paul’s to the river.” The matter of these is, as we have seen, among the improvements suggested by one of the Reports.

Without pretending here to point out any specific plan for this purpose, we would merely venture to submit that the construction of quays on each side of the Thames between Vauxhall and London Bridges, would be one of the greatest and most solid improvements of the metropolis that could be effected. Those quays might be built upon raised arches, so as not to interfere with the traffic now carried on by boats and small vessels on the banks of the river, while the spaces under the arches might be converted into warehouses. In Dublin, the banks of the Liffey, which are quayed in on each side, are not thereby rendered less commodious for the carrying on of traffic; and at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the quays bordering on the canals which intersect those towns, contribute at once to their commercial convenience and ornament. In Paris, the quays on the banks of the Seine not only form the favourite walks of the people, but greatly serve to prevent the river from being an hindrance to communication between the two parts of the city which it separates, affording as they do—and as would be also the case in our own metropolis, were the project under consideration adopted—the means of uninterrupted progress along its banks in any direction, and access therefore to the bridges from any point by the shortest possible road. But if, notwithstanding the arguments, supported by facts, which we have brought forward, it should still be contended that the banks of the Thames would be by the proposed plan rendered less fit for commerce, at the lower parts below London Bridge would still remain as at pre-



sent, and indeed these alone can now be used for larger vessels which are unable to pass through the arches of London Bridge. Along these quays, as in those great cities alluded to, houses of the first quality might be erected, for which the situation would in all the most important respects—from its airiness and healthiness; from its quietude; from the great convenience of its position for travelling either by land or water; and from the extreme beauty of the spot, commanding the most extensive views of the metropolis, with all its magnificent buildings, and of the river—be the most eminently qualified. A sample of the prospect which would be obtained is afforded by that now presented of the metropolis and the river from Waterloo Bridge, which is doubtless of a very noble and enchanting description. The Thames flows here in a fine curve, and is lost in each direction under the arches of Blackfriars and Westminster. Somerset House, with a terrace before it, such as we hope to see general on the banks of the river, forms a magnificent architectural object immediately in front. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are seen towering above the surrounding buildings: and numerous other public edifices, with churches and steeples, diversify the prospect. Indeed, so excellent would be this proposed site for building, that we cannot doubt but that the value of it, and of the houses erected there, would, in such case, far more than compensate for the expense of purchasing the property on the banks of the river, and erecting the quays and houses proposed; and, in time, be a lasting source of revenue to government, or any company which might be formed for pursuing so glorious and so beneficial a project. Both sides of the river would be alike commodious for this purpose. If the banks on the Middlesex side were deemed more convenient by some from their proximity to the seat of business, those on the Surrey side would be preferred by others on account of the view afforded from them of the metropolis and its buildings. The erection of houses of magnitude and beauty on the Surrey side, would be an important advantage as serving to hide the view of the mean and unsightly warehouses and small buildings which much disfigure the appearance of that part of the river, while the value of the land in that district must be at present but very trifling. How admirably adapted would the situation on the banks of the Thames be for public buildings and institutions, and for hotels, on account of their quietness and convenience for embarking from. The winding of the river would also afford a most beautiful opportunity for erecting crescents on its borders, and would serve to exhibit such to full advantage. The banks of the river formed into spacious terraces would be admirably suited for public walks. The establishment of a new thoroughfare to the city, without having to pass through the crowded avenues of the Strand, is a point of considerable importance to the commercial world, so great is the loss of time now occasioned for want of this, which would be at once remedied by the plan proposed; and in the evidence annexed to the Report of 1836, we find it actually suggested to construct a road from Waterloo Bridge to Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges (on the Surrey side) for this purpose, which would, in fact, be the foundation for such a plan as we have in view. But however chimerical the project for the improvement of the

banks of the Thames in the manner we propose may appear, in some few spots the experiment has actually been tried. The Temple Gardens and the terraces in front of Somerset House, and King's College and Whitehall, seem as though constructed on trial, and to prove the eligibility of the plan, and to show the advantages derivable from its adoption. It is only from the consideration of the prodigious contrast which the banks of the Thames would then exhibit to their mean and even loathsome appearance at present, that the design seems too great, too magnificent, to view as a reality.

The extent of the improvement which the adoption of these several plans would produce in the general condition of London, it is almost impossible too highly to estimate. As we have stated already, there requires but these to be judiciously carried into effect to enable London to vie in each particular, as it must now be admitted to do generally, with Paris, and the most renowned of her contemporaries.

Nearly all that public utility demands in the first instance, in lighting and paving the public streets, and in making drains, has been done in London, while, in this respect her great rivals, who have neglected utility for show, are far behind her. Her endowments are of a solid nature. What remains now to be effected is rather to ameliorate and reform than to create any thing new, or to provide for any actual deficiency.

With regard to our public buildings, our first object should be to restore those already erected, which by events and time have become honoured and endeared to us, and to clear away the rubbish which obscures them, and throw them open to the public so as to be seen to full advantage : this is of more consequence than the erection of new ones.

The value of public edifices is, to a great extent, actually dependent on their situation, and on their standing so as to be viewed to full effect. The importance of this is especially seen in Paris, where many buildings, inferior to ours in beauty and dimensions, nevertheless appear to much greater advantage from the excellence of their position, and the space allowed for observing them. How much would St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey be increased in value, as architectural adornments of London ; how much nobler would they appear could they be viewed at proper distances, so as to allow all the stateliness of their proportions to appear at once, and the full grandeur of the whole to strike the eye in the same moment of time !

In the construction of new streets, care should of course be taken as to the uniformity of the building and style of architecture, as has indeed been done with regard to those more recently erected.

The advantages, in a commercial point, which will be gained by the adoption of many of the plans proposed, are various and extensive. One witness states, that some improvements of this nature are necessary to " put a stop to that sort of transfer which has been going on for some years of the trade out of the city of London, and which will continue to go on unless some such improvements are made," from the extreme difficulty of passing along the narrow and crowded streets.

" I have been of late a good deal at the west end of the town attending railroad bills, and have had to go from hence to 'Change; I have been an

hour, frequently, in going from hence to the 'Change in a hackney-coach; independent of those stoppages, I might have gone very well in five-and-twenty minutes."—*Report, 1836, Minutes of Evidence, p. 16.*

Another witness observes,—

"The tax or duty which would be necessary to improve the thoroughfares of London, would not be equal to the tax which people now endure from their loss of time.

"275. *Mr. Angerstein.*—Would you apply that to the population at large?—I apply it to every body; if men did not lose their time, they would have more time at their command."—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 28.*

Even in Sir C. Wren's day he considered it requisite that the principal streets should be ninety feet wide; others, sixty; and none less than thirty. In ours, when the rapidity of the vehicles which pass along the streets is so much greater, and the traffic has so increased, it is, of course, of far more consequence that the principal thoroughfares should be of a proper width; yet, from the continual encroachments that have been made, several of them, that part of the Strand, for instance, between St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand, are actually much narrower than they were.

As regards that most important consideration, the general promotion of the health of the metropolis, the improvements suggested will doubtless be productive of most essential benefit. Much will be done in this respect by widening the streets, and more especially by constructing new ones, leading from the river, such as those proposed from Blackfriars Bridge to St. Paul's, from Southwark Bridge to the Mansion House, and from Waterloo Bridge to Gower Street; by which currents of fresh air will be introduced into the heart of the metropolis. But, perhaps, the most important result, both as regards health and also in a moral view, may be anticipated from pulling down the number of small houses to make the proposed new streets, and which are now the resort of the most abandoned characters, and abound in wretchedness and filth; and from the proper cleansing and reparation of the sewers and drains, all which will be carried into effect in the execution of the improvements intended.

With respect to the latter of these, we are told by Mr. Mills, the chairman of the commission of sewers for the Holborn and Finsbury division, that, "the river Fleet runs through a part of the town which is inhabited by the lowest description of persons that can possibly be supposed, namely, Saffron Hill and Field Lane, and its neighbourhood; whence, I believe, (according to the statements of medical men), more patients are sent to the Fever Hospital than from any other part of London." It is, however, gratifying to learn, from the evidence of this witness, that the construction of the street contemplated, from Farringdon Street to Clerkenwell, will completely accomplish the remainder of the arching over of this very infectious and dangerous sewer, two thousand feet of which are now uncovered in a populous district.

*Mr. Donaldson*, the commissioner of sewers for Westminster and part of the county of Middlesex, states,—

"In the thickest part of St. Giles's, through which the new street is proposed to run, there are no sewers; there is also no sewer along Long Acre.

"293. What is the amount of population in the districts which have not the advantage of sewers?—I cannot tell the number.

"294. Is it 40,000?—More than that; I should think 80,000.

"295. Is it your opinion, in consequence of there being no sewers in that district, that fevers prevail more than they do in other districts?—It materially affects the health of the inhabitants, particularly in those parts where the Irish reside."—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 30.*

The evidence goes on to state, that, in the parts immediately round Westminster and Tothill Fields, which from their lowness are very insufficiently relieved by sewers, the tide is liable to overflow to a great extent at times, and the sewer becomes a cesspool; that there is considerable alarm occasionally, owing to this, among the inhabitants of that spot; and that the houses are, in some instances, below the tide level.

We will not disgust our readers by extracting from the evidence the horrid and nauseating description which is given of certain of the houses in St. Giles's parish, in a district called the Rookery or Holy Land, and which are intended to be pulled down for forming the new street from Oxford Street to Plumtree Street: many of the buildings are in the last stage of ruin and decay. Some particulars regarding them it may, however, be desirable to mention.

"In some instances there are fifteen inhabitants in one room, lodgers; in one corner of the room, lodgers; in another corner, another set of lodgers, and besides a separate set of lodgers in the centre of the room, all distinct . . . . the inhabitants live in the greatest state of filth, poverty, and disease."—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 34, 35.*

The evidence then goes on to detail the filthy state in which these houses were discovered to be: after which the following statements are given:—

"384. *Mr. Palmer.*—Are there any sewers there?—No, all land drainage.

"385. Would it be capable of having a sewer if the alteration took place?—Yes, decidedly; it being straggling, it appears to be a large district, which in fact it is not; the district is in the very centre of London, and it borders on the principal streets leading from the east to the west end of the town, and it is the resort of thieves, prostitutes, and others of the most depraved characters, and forms a safe retreat even from the present police.

"386. *Mr. Angerstein.*—Do you mean to say the present police do not visit that portion of the town?—They go there, but they elude the police by going into the houses.

"387. *Chairman.*—Where the police would not follow them?—Where alone they dare not follow them: even in George Street, where there is a public station, it is not enough, for I have twice had my pocket picked close to the station; and even close to the police station, the police are obliged to walk about in coloured clothes to watch the pickpockets, who are chiefly children. No man, until he has visited the district, can form any conception of the horrid and filthy state of the interior of the houses, as well as of the streets themselves, there being no sewer to carry off the water and soil that is nightly thrown out.

"390. . . . . Three other parishes abut close upon the above district, and six more come within the same radius with the extremity of

Bloomsbury; therefore *nine other parishes would be equally benefited as regards the improved salubrity of the air*: for, though no contagious disease has infected London for very many years, yet it cannot be concealed, that this great city can never be free from alarm while the above district, within its very centre, is permitted to remain . . . . . By pulling down the aforesaid district, a great moral good will be achieved by compelling the above 5,000 wretched inhabitants to resort and disperse to various parts of the metropolis and its suburbs, where they would breathe in a purer air than by remaining and congregating in one huge filthy mass, *in rooms where light scarcely enters, and where the houses cannot be ventilated.*—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 35, 36.*

From other sources we learn that there is here a floating population of one thousand persons who have no fixed residence, and who hire their beds for the night, in houses fitted up for the purpose. Some of these houses have fifty beds each, if such a term can be applied to the wretched materials on which they sleep. The usual price is 6*d.* for a whole bed, or 4*d.* for half a one; and behind some of the houses there are cribs, littered with straw, where the wretched may sleep for 3*d.* In one of the houses seventeen persons have been found sleeping in the same room; and these consisting of men and their wives, single men, single women, and children. An anecdote is related of an alderman (not Alderman Wood) going in disguise to one of the beggar's suppers here, and being much alarmed at their ordering "an alderman in chains," until he learnt from the landlord that it was but another name for a turkey and sausages.

We have been induced to extract thus fully from the evidence accompanying these Reports, as, from their necessarily greater expense than the usual cost of such documents, owing to the number of well-executed plans appended to them, they may not obtain so general a circulation as others have done; and because we are desirous to impress, in the strongest manner, on the public generally, all of whom have a vital interest in this part of the subject, the paramount necessity of some ameliorating change being at once made with respect to this very horrid and appalling state of things. Fever and crime are now being engendered in the very heart of the metropolis. Our property, our health, our very lives are endangered. For this, however, it appears, that the carrying into effect the improvements proposed, so desirable in themselves, will be at once the sole and efficient remedy.

The evidence offered with regard to the condition of the houses in St. Giles's parish, is also applicable with respect to the state of those in various other parts of the metropolis. Where, for the proposed improvements, the whole of these houses will not be required to be pulled down, yet, as observed by Mr. Cotton, we must, in such cases, bear in mind "the great importance of opening a street through a district which at present contains only the very lowest orders of the people, and by which I expect great moral improvement will be effected by the introduction of a few respectable housekeepers."—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 28.*

Similar observations he also makes with regard to the promotion of the health and moral character of the city, by the improvements proposed. The improvement of the banks of the river according to the plan which we have suggested, will be also of the highest importance

n this respect. With respect to the means for carrying the proposed projects into execution, it is gratifying to learn, from the same sources through which we became acquainted with their importance and necessity, that the feeling of the people of London is warmly manifested in their favour, many of the houses in those districts requiring to be pulled down for that purpose, being of the very worst kind, and the spectacle of filth, disease, and crime to an extent beyond what exists in any parts of the town, and which we accept as the best earnest for their being accomplished expeditiously and effectively.

Mr. Cotton, "the Chairman of the Committee for the building of London Bridge, and the improvements in the approaches thereto," and whose taste and judgment in these entitle him to the admiration and gratitude of all who are interested in works of this nature, bears honourable testimony to the zeal of the public with regard to the proposed improvements.

"Nothing is more growing than the feeling of the public for carrying these improvements into effect, and I am proud to say I hear it every day. It is the admiration of the public to see what improvements have been made in the city of London; and I hear them expressing hopes that there will be a great deal more done."—*Reports, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 14.*

Mr. Waring, who resides in the parish of Bloomsbury, also states, with reference to the plans proposed for the construction of new streets in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, that there was a general feeling in favour of these improvements, "not only of the parish, but the vestry generally."

As we have already observed, concerning the expense of many of these improvements, the value of the houses to be built in the new streets proposed to be erected, will almost compensate for the expense of purchasing the dilapidated and badly-situated houses and buildings to be pulled down, which lie on the lines of those intended streets. This is fully borne out by the evidence given respecting the different plans proposed. When speaking of the intended improvements in the city of London, and at the East end of the metropolis, the following testimony regarding their expense is given by Mr. Cotton:—

"256. In the view you have taken of those improvements, have you considered how you could raise the fund to effect it?—This improvement would pass through a very poor neighbourhood, in which many of the houses are unoccupied, and where many of the houses have not paid rent for many years, and the improved value of the frontage would have been nearly sufficient to pay the expenditure."—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 27.*

This is the general principle which may, in most cases, be applied with regard to the expense of the projected improvements in different parts of the metropolis, where the value of the frontage gained will contribute much to compensate for the destruction of buildings of an inferior description and secluded situation. Besides which, as remarked by a witness, in these cases "there will be no goodwill of trade to be bought," as in the purchase of shops or houses which are in the possession of a business, from their situation in a good boroughfare.

In what manner the remainder of the money required for these improvements is to be raised, whether by a coal tax, by lotteries, or

how otherwise, it is without our province to inquire. With respect to lotteries, we cannot but think these objectionable, from the moral evil which, to a certain extent, they must almost inevitably produce. It is contended, by some of the witnesses, in their examination, that as much, or more harm is done by the illegal sale of tickets for foreign lotteries, than could result from them, if sanctioned by law, in this kingdom. This may be so. But what we would here object to, is the moral effect produced by laws which discourage private speculations of this kind, sanctioning them because resorted to for a public object: as though national gain were an all-sufficient apology for national gambling. It might be also urged to be peculiarly inconsistent, that such a means as this should be resorted to, to aid or carry into effect the plan here proposed, one great object and recommendation of which is the benefits to the people in a *moral* point, which are expected to result from it.

As the whole country, which we have endeavoured in the commencement of this article to show, is either directly or indirectly interested in the condition of London, so might the nation at large be called upon, with justice, in some way to contribute to its improvement, and thus would a national benefit be promoted at the national expense. The increased rapidity of communication and travelling to all parts of the country, and the construction of railroads, have not only greatly added to the number of visitors to London, and rendered its state therefore of more general importance, but have also increased the necessity for affording greater convenience, both for communication and traffic, between its different points.

Of the various public buildings which of late years have been erected in the metropolis, it is unnecessary that we should now speak at length. The club-houses must be considered by all as reflecting high credit on the taste and genius, both of those who designed them, and of those whose liberal spirit directed the plans for the construction of them, and rendered them the ornaments of those parts of the town in which they are placed. The new National Gallery, though commanding perhaps the noblest situation of any of our public edifices, and with a fine open space before it, whence it may be seen to the greatest advantage, cannot be considered of that high and noble character which the position and the object of the building—the temple of the art and genius of the nation—might have led us to hope. It is too small either to form an object of great magnificence, or even to answer all the purposes for which it was erected. The domes, especially that in the centre, which is too large by far for the building, and the effect of which is, that it causes it to appear lower than it actually is, have a most distasteful appearance, though the building, as a whole, with these exceptions, cannot be deemed to possess much beauty. As an object from Whitehall, at the points to which we have referred, it is seen to much advantage, and presents a very fine appearance.

While upon the subject of the National Gallery, we are reminded of the lamentable parsimony of our government, which led them to neglect the opportunity, never to be regained, and of which foreign potentates so gladly availed themselves, though not possessing our pecuniary means, of purchasing the splendid collection of original drawings, by

Raffael and Michael Angelo, and the most eminent of the ancient masters, which belonged to the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, and which would indeed have formed a noble foundation for a national collection of works of art. We might also suggest the great desirableness of securing for the national collection, to be deposited in this gallery, the copies of the cartoons, which were worked in tapestry for Henry the Eighth with admirable fidelity, soon after their completion, and which are now offered for sale, and were recently exhibited in the Haymarket. The original drawings, it was feared, though the expediency of placing them in the National Gallery was admitted, would be injured by the London smoke. How admirably adapted would these, which, from the nature of the substance in which they are worked, are liable to no such catastrophe, be to adorn the National Gallery—to be placed there as subjects for study and contemplation. How vast an addition would they form to the national collection, which boasts of the original drawings, and of the Elgin marbles. It should be borne in mind by those superficial economists who exclaim against every kind of expenditure indiscriminately, as alike useless and improper, that money applied in the purchase of works such as these, so far from being lost to the nation, is only transferred into another species of property, and may be again converted into money, should necessity require it; and the interest of which would be largely paid in the advantages derived from the contemplation of these works. Unlike those sums expended in useless extravagancies which never can be redeemed, and which, so far from benefiting the nation or improving the national mind, an object which every great and enlightened statesman will consider a point of the highest importance, and which the possession of works of art of the most exalted kind, such as these, is a most direct method to effect, have served only to disgust and demoralize it, and been the means of adding to the evil of extravagance (as if that was insufficient of itself), that almost equally dangerous and disastrous failing, the refusal or omission to expend money when really good and beneficent purposes require it. Of all the adornments which a great city can possess, there is none of a higher or more intellectual nature than a collection of works of art of the highest style; and there is nothing so likely to produce that refined and liberal feeling in the minds of the people which urges them to the improvement and decoration of their capital, as the habitual study and contemplation from having free access to works of high excellence in art.

In the construction of public edifices care should be taken both that they be useful as well as ornamental, and also that they be ornamental as well as useful. We fear, however, that in the one last referred to, neither the sacrifice of beauty has been productive of utility, as the smallness of the rooms is one of the heaviest complaints urged against the building; nor has the sacrifice of utility been in any greater degree productive of ornament. The appearance of having been built solely or chiefly for effect, will, in many cases, destroy even the effect so intended to be produced. This is apparent in some of the public buildings in Paris, and also in Edinburgh. The general feature, both of the principal edifices and streets in London, which, without putting forth any *superior pretensions* to beauty or ornament, appear to have



utility and convenience for their principal object, gives to this city a character of solidity and dignity, in which those beautiful, and in many respects, tasteful ones, are much wanting.

The erection of new Houses of Parliament, which, from the important nature of the building, must necessarily form one of the principal architectural ornaments of the metropolis, is an event of the greatest interest to all who are concerned in the subject of the present article; and about which, from the beauty of the designs exhibited by, and the known taste and genius of Mr. Barry, the highest expectations are formed. The site has been objected to by some, as ill-chosen, from being near the banks of the river, which it is asserted is an unhealthy spot, and one where such a building could not be viewed to advantage; and it is urged that the present situation is remote from the residences of a great portion of the members, and that a more central spot would be desirable. We are, however, disposed to concur with the committee and Mr. Barry, in the view which they have taken of the subject, and to consider the site chosen as the most proper that could be selected. The banks of the river, so far from being unhealthy, are by many deemed the most salubrious parts of the metropolis, from the constant currents of fresh air occasioned by the tide. No situation is so favourable for the site of a grand building as the bank of a large river, whereby a degree of space is insured for viewing it with proper effect; and should it be urged that at present there are no eligible spots on either bank of the river for this purpose, we adduce this as an additional argument in support of the project which we have suggested for improving them. If the present situation be objected to, as it has been, as too remote from the residences of many of the members, it is obvious that it is their own fault for choosing their places of abode so far from it; whereas, it would be a real hardship upon those members who have purposely fixed their residences near, to have it removed to a remote distance from them. The present building is also in the immediate vicinity of the Treasury, the Law Courts, and the official residences of ministers, which is, at least, a matter of great convenience regarding it. We doubt not but that there are "Honourable Members," who would value more highly the proximity of the club-houses than of these, had they the choice in the selection of the site. We must also confess, that we have a kind of prejudice in favour of a spot, which has so long been the place of assemblage of our senators; which is so associated with our history during so many ages; where our great constitutional battles have been so often fought; where so many of our noblest characters have gained their reputation: and in the immediate vicinity of which their ashes repose.

The re-erection of the Royal Exchange, which is another national building, and which, in a commercial nation, must be peculiarly regarded as one of high importance, will afford an opportunity of adding to the architectural ornaments of the city, which, from their zeal to promote the improvements proposed, and the spirit and taste with which they have carried on those recently effected in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, we doubt not will be liberally availed of. In the first report of the Committee, made in 1838, on *Metropolis Improvements*, this

forms the principal part of the subject. With regard to the situation, the Committee expressed themselves—

“Fully satisfied by the uniform testimony of all persons consulted upon the subject, that the site of the late building is the best adapted for its purpose in respect of locality, and that no other spot could be chosen for the rebuilding of the Royal Exchange without creating much inconvenience and dissatisfaction. But on the other hand it appeared that some alterations in the shape and dimensions of the ground occupied by the late building would be required, as well for the improvement of the street between the Royal Exchange and the Bank, as for the enlargement of the building itself.”—*First Report*, 1838, p. 4.

The rebuilding of, or giving a new front to, the British Museum, which is a national institution of high rank, has also been proposed. However commodious it may be as a receptacle for the treasures it contains, yet surely it would be more becoming the dignity and liberality of the nation, and afford but a just testimony to the value set by it on intellectual pursuits, if the present edifice were to be pulled down, and one erected of a more suitable character; or, at all events, that now standing rendered less unsightly than it is.

There is another point of great importance which we cannot pass over, and which we must here submit to the consideration of all those who are interested in the preservation of our public buildings, or indeed in their own comfort, which is the necessity of some law compelling the proprietors of manufactories to consume their own smoke. In this age of scientific advancement such is attained without difficulty or expense; while the volumes that are emitted from the various laboratories have the most injurious effect in discolouring our public buildings, and in thickening the air so as to obscure a distant view of them. At the present time, when several grand edifices are in progress, and so many new streets in contemplation, this measure becomes one of really great consequence, and without which many of the improvements proposed will be much deteriorated in their beauty and effect.

Some have proposed, with a view to the preservation of our public edifices, and to prevent them from falling to decay, or being spoiled by buildings erected against them, or so near as to destroy their effect, that a curator should be appointed, whose duty it would be to survey them, and to report, from time to time, any such dilapidations. Much would doubtless be gained by having some one person who permanently held the appointment, and who would be responsible for the due execution of it, to act in these matters, which, from the office, which now principally devolves, we believe, upon the commissioners of woods and forests, continually changing, and not being the sole duty of any one, is, of course, liable to neglect. The saving that would be effected by this means in the expenditure necessary for improvements in consequence of preventing these encroachments upon public property, and preserving with care what had been erected at so great cost, would doubtless be ample to provide emolument for an efficient officer for this duty.\*

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\* A suggestion was made by Sir Robert Peel, in 1837, to appoint a standing commission of three or five members, whose duty it would be to watch over the improvements of the metropolis; and whose powers would be similar to those of the *Dublin wide-street commission*.

Having thus fully set forth the several plans for the improvement of the metropolis as regards its public buildings, the amelioration of its streets, its general convenience, and the health and moral condition of its inhabitants ; considerations, as we have endeavoured to prove, each of them largely affecting the interest of every individual, we cannot persuade ourselves to bring this article to a close without once more endeavouring to impress upon our readers the great importance of carrying these measures into effect. How much our grandeur as a nation, and our dignity in the eyes of foreigners, are concerned in this, we need not again repeat. In the remotest parts of the kingdom, the improved carrying on of commerce within its walls, by the increased facility of communication between different points in the metropolis, will be at once experienced. Accidents will be diminished by amending narrow and dangerous thoroughfares, and sickness much prevented by clearing away unwholesome and noxious dwellings, the receptacles also of the worst species of crime and immorality. Risk of property will be considerably less, as the chances of fire outbreking will be diminished by the decrease of those old and ill-constructed buildings in which it chiefly originated, and which, from the materials they were constructed of, when once inflamed, were so difficult to quench. Indeed every thing that concerns us as a great, and powerful, and moral people, to regard and to promote, will be advanced by this means, and in a manner the most direct and effectual.

These projected improvements, when thus viewed together, doubtless appear gigantic and astonishing ! Most important, however, as we trust we have demonstrated, must such a measure be considered. If the plans seem impracticable from the vastness of the undertaking proposed, so do those improvements in various parts of the metropolis also appear vast, which within these last few years have been actually effected. In operations such as these should the industry of the people be employed in time of peace, and their forces should now be directed, not to the spread of ruin and desolation, but to the advancement of civilization, and the promotion of the glory and happiness of the country to which they belong. Capital thus expended, instead of being carried abroad, and squandered in useless or barren enterprises, which, after much loss of life, end where they began, not only ameliorates the condition of all classes of our countrymen through which it circulates, and who in some way or other obtain a share in its distribution, but is made to revert in a direct manner to the national wealth, by the benefit which it is the means of conferring on the nation from its application in this manner.

Amidst the dazzling splendour of the conquests which he achieved, it was the great object and care of Napoleon to consummate the measure of his glory, and to extend its popularity and influence among his subjects, by the improvement and adornment of his metropolis. While his victories have been outdone—his institutions annihilated—his empire has passed away—and he himself has died a captive ; yet this monument of his power still remains unshaken, and of all his mighty achievements is that which most contributes now to proclaim what his greatness once was, and which will ever remain as an imperishable record of his dominion.

At the commencement of the reign of the present sovereign of Great Britain, whose power is founded, not on usurpation and bloodshed, but on legitimacy and the affections of her subjects, and on whom the genial rays of prosperity and peace are smiling, affording the most glorious opportunities for the exercise of the virtues of peace, how greatly to her honour would measures so becoming her sex, as the improvement and adornment of her capital, be regarded. It would seem as though, while the manly exercise of arms, in which the nation was to reap the highest martial glory, was appointed for her predecessors—for her it was reserved to be distinguished by the exercise of the arts of peace, which, though more congenial to her sex and disposition, may contribute in no less a degree both to the prosperity and the glory of her reign.

## PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

### No. 11.—*Tourkamanchy.*

I was much interested by my short stay at this village, since it was here that the treaty of peace was signed between Persia and Russia, in 1828. My companion was present at the time in the suite of the late British Envoy, who was the principal means of bringing it about, as deputed by Abbas Mirza. Our Ketkodeli was very loquacious and entertaining on the subject, whose house the Russians had occupied some ten or twelve days. My companion took the Colonel's place, and I took the nummed of the General-in-Chief, Paskewitch, (Count d'Erwansky). It was with considerable difficulty that the affairs were adjusted, which were to restore perfect amity and everlasting friendship, to be broken only at the first convenience, between the "Padi Shah of all the Russias," and the "Cousin of the Sun and Moon." More than once did the General rise from his seat, and declare that he would go on to Tehran, to which there could have been no opposition offered, but by the Colonel's "head of prudence he was guided to the line of moderation;" and after long and tedious negotiations, precisely at twelve o'clock at night did the cannon "bruit it to the heavens" that peace was re-established between the two ever-enduring empires of Persia and Russia. Then the rejoicings, the embracings, powder and shot exchanged for "Pilau and Champagne;" and the sturdy combatants, ready before to draw the sword of contention, were now seen together smoking the pipe of friendship! Our venerable host, with his long white beard, was fast declining into his native dust; asthma had seized him, and his bellows were leaking at every pore. The very temperate habits of the Persian peasantry, to whom "alcohol" is unknown, leads them on through a long vale of time. There is scarcely one in a hundred amongst them who know their age, where there are no registries of births, either public or private. I have often asked them the question, and they will range sometimes from seventy to a hundred years. He seemed to feel the pride of having assisted at these negotiations. "Mashallah," said he,

with all the importance of having witnessed it. He was full of anecdotes respecting the Russians, and spoke as loudly as he could of their liberality, which I will do them the justice to say I find to be their invariable character wherever I go, with friend or foe, in all countries. They are not only just in their monetary transactions, but highly *liberal*. I have heard this both on the continent and in the east. I will not now glance at this treaty; but whilst I am on the subject of the Russian invasion, I will come out of "our village" for a moment, to state that the entrance of the invading army into Tabreez caused very little sensation amongst the inhabitants of that city, who continued their quiet round of life as composedly as ever. The General-in-chief, Paskewitch, took up his residence in the Prince's palace; the troops were encamped outside the town, about 14,000 men in all, with an immense park of artillery of more than a hundred guns; and they remained under canvass during the inclemency of the winter, which was very severe. The greatest order prevailed, for an invading army; the Persians made no complaint of injustice or aggression, but many private assassinations of the Russians took place, which were most assiduously concealed. This proves that amongst the lower orders, their external courtesy with the invaders was more a matter of policy than of choice. The British Elchee was not at Tabreez when the Russians entered the city, but the General Paskewitch immediately paid his respects to this lady, and sent a guard of honour to her residence. The officers mixed amongst their new friends, the British, with the utmost cordiality. It looked more like a visit of courtesy, than a visit of war. Parties were formed every evening, and it proved the gayest season ever known at Tabreez amongst the English residents.\*

Passing the day in "our village," at lazy length, with the inexhaustible "Tchibook," quarrelling with the dogs, or visiting the natives, it is sometimes rather difficult to "feather the wings of time." What a plague are these said dogs to Persian travel; their number, their unappeasable ferocity, their canine jealousy at the sight of a "Fereyng" stranger! On moving off one's carpet, the first question always is, "Where are the dogs?" then, whip in hand, you must battle through them every inch of ground. In the large towns they herd together in parties, on the walls, at the gates, and other prominent stations, perhaps forty or fifty in a herd, headed by a small cur; when he begins, then the herd take the alarm to pursue any stranger, man or dog, for they never allow the intrusion of a member of any other herd. They are so far useful as scavengers, but a great annoyance to travellers; the Mahomedans have a prejudice in their favour, I don't know what; you dare not kill a dog. If there be any complaint, it must be made to the

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\* I will give an extract from the Petersburg Gazette respecting this visit: "The strong city of Tauris was taken, after an obstinate defence, but nothing could impede the ardour of his Imperial Majesty's troops, who took numerous stands of colours, and the governor at length presented the general with the keys of the city." *The colours were manufactured in the bazaars* some time after the arrival of the Russians at Tabreez, and well perforated with bullet-holes. The keys were made by the chief of the arsenal, from whom I had the anecdote, with orders that they might look as old as possible. They were fifteen in number, although there are only eight gates; and the colours I saw at the arsenal in the Kremlin at Moscow, particularly pointed out as taken by the Count d'Erwansky at the siege of Tauris.

Beglerbegy," or mayor of the town, and he receives it with as much formality as against any other inhabitant. Emerging from "our village" at break of day on the high road to Tehran, I found it more interesting than some other branches of it, and dissimilar from that monotony so generally pervading Persian travel. The passes were rugged, the rivers deep, which offer some dangers where bridges are scarce and so imperfect. Plunging into one of them rather hastily, my horse lost his footing, and was fast carried off by the stream, and being driven on a sand-bank, had a hard struggle to gain the opposite side. There being always some difficulty with the baggage-horses, crossing the rivers becomes a scene of some interest, as these streams sometimes contain the most treacherous whirlpools, swallowing up man and beast, of which Sir John Malcolm gives a striking anecdote in his history. From thence we got into a most difficult ravine, the ups and downs of which made the horses snort, and where we lost our way in the wilderness. At length we emerged into a Courdish village, in which we could scarcely obtain the hospitality of *water*; for these people are but little removed above the flocks and herds they live amongst, and one feels degraded to see human beings reduced to any thing so low in the scale of creation: they merely vegetate on the soil which feeds them, their dens sometimes disturbed by the cattle, and they lie down together amidst the mutual dung and rubbish. I always refer the cattle apartment where there is a distinction, and have often enjoyed the warm shelter of a stable, sleeping luxuriously on the hard round, my horse snorting over me. There is some luxury in this ease and aboriginal mode, of which we get plenty in Persian travel.

We then paid a visit to the Khan's village of "Sheik der Abaud;" the "Ketkodeh," with numerous villagers, some on horse, some on ass-back, according to their means, coming out to meet him; and the respectful homage with which he was conducted to his tent, with their "Kush amadeed," or welcome; the impatient haste of the Rayahs, as they thronged around the Khan's horse, their noisy vociferations through the village, "the Khan is come:" made it a most amusing scene. I took all this for attachment to the Khan's government, which had been renowned for clemency and liberality—so much so, that many new settlers came to sit under the protecting shadow of his countenance. Then began the "Chumy Chum," or compliments, quite a shower of them. The Khan seeing the flourishing state of the village, "Your face is whitened," said he to the "Ketkodeh," to which he replied, "May your condescension never be less." "If I have any salt, 'tis the salt of the Khan; all I have is his." He is then permitted to sit at the end of the nummed, and the pipe of condescension offered to him from the Khan's mouth; this is the highest proof of favour. I was exceedingly amused at witnessing these proceedings. As the gapesters stood around, whilst the Khan held his village parliament, their sundry griefs and wants were enumerated, sometimes with noisy clamour. One fellow was particularly vociferous with his offerings—I fancy he had been ill-used, from the many attempts to put him down; and the parliamentary usage of "Spoke," not being efficient. "Stop his mouth," said the Khan; with that the "Farosh" hit him such a blow with a stick as silenced him at once, and cut

short the thread of his discourse, and as I imagined with some damage to his future eloquence, since he must have swallowed some of his teeth. The Ketkodeh then made a report of his administration; the levies of corn, of rice, and other produce for the Khan's use; that so many new subjects had been born to him; so many arrived; and the thousand and one incidents of a Persian village were most eloquently detailed. No one now ventured to interrupt him; the stick had not been forgotten, and I query if there could be better *order* even in a *reformed* House of St. Stephen's. He then recapitulated the wants of the villagers; amongst others a "Hummum," or bath, was asked for, and immediately granted—"Barikallah," said the gapesters, "may your bounty never be less," and many other demands summarily given into. The bounteous Khan was now appealed to by the "Moolah," who wanted a new mosque to be built for the followers of Ali. As I sat on my nummed of novelty, and smoked my pipe of meditation, I began to think that here the Khan's liberality would be stayed (seeing that he was not a Mahomedan, but an "Isaui," or Christian). To my great astonishment, this was also granted. "What!" said I to the Khan, with indignant surprise; "you going to raise a temple to the worship of the impostor?" He laughed, "Not a bit of it," said he, "I neither intend it, nor do they expect it." So here was Persian legislation—no one deceived but myself. They had been bandying about compliments, promises, and thanks, for an hour or so, without any meaning beyond that of "Persian courtesies," which, to use a homely phrase, are as "plenty as blackberries." The debates no longer became interesting to me; I immediately rose, and the Khan followed, surrounded by his numerous vassals, all lauding him with their "May the Khan's shadow increase, and his bounty grow," and finally the "Khoda hafiz shuma," "may God take you into his holy protection." The Parliament was broken up and the House prorogued "*sine die*." The Persians are very polite, certainly, which it must be admitted is an agreeable concomitant of character. As to trusting them!—but I have done; though I should not omit saying that the Khan's obedient subjects were so captivated with his robes, that the same night they plundered the tent of almost every thing it possessed, whilst we were sleeping in it. Of course every inquiry was instituted, the bastinado threatened, but no delinquent could be found. The general custom is to begin with the "Ketskodeh," who is soon degraded from his high station to the "*felek*,"\* and so on through the village, until he is discovered. But the Khan was afraid to proceed to such extremities, either dreading an "emute," or that it would be somewhat inconsistent with his late parliamentary courtesies. Luckily for me, my things escaped, or they would have *told* amongst the "Sheik der Abaudies," there being a marked difference between their "Shelwars" and my tights. Suffice it that the robbers never were found out; they put it upon the "Shegausseses," or wandering tribes, who, they said, had been prowling about our tent, though no

\* This is a mode of punishment peculiar, I believe, to Persia. A long pole is held up by two men, having a noose in the middle of it, through which the feet of the culprit are passed, whilst two others strike upon them according to the sentence of so many sticks.

one saw them. I imagined that the Khan having promised so liberally, they doubted his sincerity, and therefore helped themselves to what they could find—a genuine specimen, this, of Persian character—they do not even believe themselves—how can they believe each other? They say “Falsehood mixed with good intentions, is preferable to truth tending to excite strife.” “Let us be off,” said I to the Khan, almost dreading that they may dispute with us even our “personals.” He laughed at my ignorance of the Persian customs, boasted of his subjects, and proceeded to legislate on the affairs of the village. Whilst he was thus occupied some eight or ten days, I strolled about on horseback into some of those pretty nooks and recesses with which the neighbourhood abounded; amongst others, was the “Baugy Zardaloo,” or apricot garden, literally so, since it was planted with these trees exclusively, forming a beautiful umbrageous retreat. The origin of this place was rather interesting. A house, now in ruins, had been built some twenty years before by order of the Prince for the accommodation of Mr. Williamson, an Englishman, who had come to Persia to superintend the working of the extensive copper mines supposed to exist in this district of “Sheik der Abaud.” Here I found the remains of furnaces, with other fragments of mining operations; these mines form quite a history in this country. It is singular, and perhaps almost peculiar to the Persian soil, that the finest promises end in empty nothings. I speak of *natural* deceptions, not *personal* ones. I had been already taken in by the “Subah Kauzib,” or “the false dawn;” likewise by the “Sahrah” or “mirage,” which, to a thirsty traveller, I found to be the most tantalizing. But now I had to be taken in by finding native copper on the surface, whilst the bowels were empty veins of ore, leading to threads, and then lost, no one could tell where; there was just enough to keep up the deception for a time, and then “Persian like,” they would only mock your expectations. Digging and digging, “now we have it,” said M——; “here is a vein inexhaustible:” and after much toil it totally disappeared. “These sons of burnt fathers,” said he, “these Ghorauumsangs,” “scoundrels,” “they have stolen the copper vein.” They had actually stolen a quantity of copper ore that had been accumulated, which we never could detect, nor imagine what they could have done with it; but the vein I never did suspect them of. I had much experience in this village, and began to like my domicile amongst the villagers; even the dogs became civil, and there is a sort of charm about Persian servants, I mean the way in which they serve you, although you know you cannot trust them. I was plundered by them several times, but what of that? They are always ready with their prompt attention, waiting on your looks, almost anticipating your wants; and then their agreeable “Belli Sahib,” to any thing you may ask, right or wrong. And how agreeable in the morning, on opening your eyes, to find him waiting with the “Tchibook” ready lit, and the excellent cup of coffee. How many a cloud have I whiffed from my pillow, which I deem the “Persian Elysium.” And there is another advantage—if you are in a bad humour, in order to get out of it you may cuff them about like a parcel of foot-balls; they spring up again with their “Belli Sahib,” not at all offended. They have a



curious custom in this country of endeavouring to find out a thief. They prepare the "Hak-reezi," which is a heap of earth in a dark place, through which the servants are to pass—in at one door, out at the other. It would be rather uncivil to suspect any one in particular; so to avoid personalities, you request the thief to drop the stolen articles in the earth, and nothing more will be said about it. I tried the experiment, but without success. The first word I learnt in Persia was "Peiscuish," or "Present," and they wormed many a coin out of me in spite of myself.

*No. 12.—Henry Martin.*

Of this distinguished missionary and champion of the cross, who fearlessly unfolded his banner and proclaimed Christ amongst the bigotted Mahomedans, I have heard much in these countries, having made acquaintance with some persons who knew him, and saw (if I may so say) the last of him. At the General's table at Arz-room (Paske-witch), the Count d'Erwansky, I had the honour to meet graffi and princes, consisting of Russians, Georgians, Circassians, Germans, Spaniards, and Persians, all glittering in their stars and orders, such a "melange" as is scarcely to be found again under one banner—looking more like a monarch's levy than any thing else—my neighbour was an Armenian bishop, who, with his long flowing hair and beard, and austere habits, the cross being suspended to his girdle, presented a great contrast to the military chiefs.\* He addressed me in my native tongue very tolerably, asking if I had known any thing of the missionary, Martin—the name was magic to my ear, and immediately our colloquy began, to me of great interest. The bishop was the Serrafino of whom Martin speaks in his journal, p. 454, I happening, at the time, to have it with me. He was very superior to the general caste of the Armenian clergy, having been educated at Rome, and had attained many European languages. He made Martin's acquaintance at "Etchmiazin," the Armenian Monastery at Erivan, where he had gone to pay a visit to the Archimandrite, or chief of that people, and remained three days to recruit his exhausted nature. He described him to me as being of a very delicate frame, thin, and not quite of the middle stature, with a countenance beaming with so much benignity as to bespeak an errand of Divine love.

Of the affairs of the world he seemed to be so ignorant, that Serrafino was obliged to manage for him respecting his travelling arrangements, money matters, &c. Of the latter he had a good deal with him when he left the monastery, and seemed to be careless and even profuse in his expenditure. He was strongly recommended to postpone his journey, but from his extreme impatience to return to England, these remonstrances were unavailing—a Tartar was employed to conduct him to Tocat—Serrafino accompanied him for an hour or two on the way with considerable apprehensions, as he told me, of his ever arriving in his native country. He was greatly surprised, he said, not only to find in him all the ornaments of a refined education, but that he was so eminent a Christian, "since all the English I have hitherto

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\* There were many other priests at the table, of whom he was the chief.

met with, not only make no profession of religion, but live seemingly in contempt of it." I endeavoured to convince him, that his impression of the English character was in this respect erroneous; that although a Martin on the Asiatic soil might be deemed a phoenix, yet many such existed in that country which gave him birth; and I witnessed to him that Christian philanthropy of my countrymen, which induced them to search the earth's boundaries to extend their faith. I told him of our immense voluntary taxation to aid the missionaries in that object, of the numerous Christian associations to whom the world was scarcely large enough to expend themselves upon. He listened with great attention, and then threw in the compliment, "You English are very difficult to become acquainted with, but when once we know you, we can depend on you." He complained of some part of Martin's journal referring to himself, respecting his then idea of retiring to India to write and print some works in the Armenian language, tending to enlighten that people with regard to religion. He said, that what followed of the errors and superstitions of the Armenian church, should not have been inserted in the book, nor did he think it would be found in Martin's journal. His complaint rested much on the compilers of the work in this respect, saying, that these opinions were not exactly so expressed, and certainly they were not to come before the public, whereby they might ultimately be turned against himself. At Arz-room, on my way to Persia, I had met with an Italian doctor, then in the Pasha's employ, from whom I heard many interesting particulars respecting Martin; he was at Tocat at the time of our countryman's arrival and death, which was occasioned, whether by the plague, or from excessive fatigue by the brutal treatment of the Tartar, this he could not determine. His remains were decently interred in the Armenian burying ground, and for a time the circumstance was forgotten. Some years afterwards, a gentleman, at the request of the British ambassador in Constantinople, had a commemorative stone erected to his memory, and application was made to the Armenian bishop to seek the grave for that purpose.

He seemed to have forgotten altogether such an occurrence, but referring to some memorandum which he had made of so remarkable a case as that of interring a "Ferengy" stranger, he was enabled to trace the humble tablet with which he had distinguished it. 'Tis now ornamented with a white slab, inscribing merely the name, age, and time of death of the deceased.\*

I had many a reminiscence of Martin, at "Marand" particularly; I quitted it at midnight, just at the time, and under the circumstances which he describes. "It was a most mild and delightful night, and the

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\* On my return to Arz-room, two years afterwards, I learnt of the tragical end of the Italian doctor, who was sacrificed to Mahomedan vengeance. As the Russians were approaching the town, he happened to be the only European remaining there; and being in the Pasha's service, he deemed it to be ample protection; however, he became alarmed at the feverish state of the town, and sent on his wife and family to Tocat, intending to join them there. Not half an hour elapsed before he was stopped by the Turks and shot at; they then took him to one of the mosques, and hacked the body into morsels with merciless barbarity; no motive could be assigned beyond that of an ebullition of savage feeling at Russian invasion.

pure air, after the smell of the stable, was reviving." I was equally solitary with himself. I had attached great interest to my resting-place, believing it to have been the same on which Martin had reposed, from his own description, as it was the usual reception for travellers, the "Manzil" or post-house. Here I found myself almost alone, as with "Aliverdy," my guide, not three words of understanding existed between us; he says, "they stared at my European dress, but no disrespect was shown;" exactly so with me: the gapesters stood around questioning my attendant, who was showing me off, I know not how. His description of the stable was precisely what I found it; thus—"I was shown into the stable, where there was a little place partitioned off, but so as to admit a view of the horses."

He was "dispirited and melancholy." I was not a little touched with this in my solitariness, and sensibly felt with the poet:—

"Thou dost not know, how sad it is to stray  
Amid a foreign land, thyself unknown,  
And when o'erwearied with the toilsome day,  
To rest at eve and feel thyself alone."

At Khoie, on my return, I witnessed the Persian ceremony related by Martin in his journal of the death of Imam Hussein—the anniversary of which is so religiously observed in that country. At Tabreez I heard much of him who was

"——— Faithful found  
Among the faithless—faithful only he,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept—his zeal—his love."

I scarcely remember so bright an ornament to the Christian profession, on heathen land, as this hero of the cross, who was "patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope;" and I heard him thus spoken of by those who could estimate the *man*, and perhaps not appreciate the *missionary*. "If ever there was a saint on earth, it was Martin; and if there be now an angel in heaven, it is Martin." Amidst the contumely of the bigotted Musselmans, he had much to bear, as to the natural man, amongst whom he was called an "Isaavi," (the term given to Christians). His translation of the Scriptures did, at length, find royal protection in Persia, as by the following Firman:—

"In the name of God, whose glory is over all! It is our high will, that our dear friend, the worthy and respectable Sir Gore Ousley, envoy extraordinary from his Majesty the King of Great Britain, be informed that the book of the Gospel, translated into the Persian tongue by the labours of Henry Martin, of blessed memory, which has been presented to us in the name of the learned, worthy, and enlightened society of Christians, who have united for the purpose of spreading the divine books of the teacher Jesus; to whose name, as to that of all the prophets, be ascribed honour and blessing, has been received by us, and merits our high acknowledgment. For many years the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were known in Persia; but now the whole of the New Testament is completely translated, which event is a new source of satisfaction to our enlightened mind. With the grace of God, the merciful, we will direct those of our servants who are admitted into our presence to read the

1 writings from beginning to end before us, that we may listen to  
ir sentiments respecting the same. Inform the members of the above  
lightened society, that they receive, as they merit, our thanks.

“ Given at Reke, in the year of the Hegira, 1229.

“ FUTTEE ALI SHAH.”

Thus much for the royal courtesy ; but I will venture to say, that  
he enlightened mind ” was never once illuminated by hearing read  
: translations alluded to ; he and his courtiers would rather spit  
on them, than admit our Scriptures within the “ Dur Kaneh,” or  
palace gate.” I have had proof of this in a German missionary, who,  
th much toil and bribery, smuggled some translations amongst them ;  
his quitting Persia, they contemptuously tore them up in his pre-  
sence, and trampled them in the dirt. I know of no people where,  
all human calculation, so little prospect opens of planting the cross.  
ie Moolahs are, by no means, averse to religious discussion, and still  
nember the “ enlightened infidel,” as Martin was called ; but so  
gotted are these benighted Mahomedans, and show so much zeal, as  
hall shortly relate, at their “ Ramazan,”—that they scorn us, and, I  
y say, they shame us. ’Tis interesting, when looking at those dark  
gions, to inquire, when shall the cross triumph over the crescent,  
nen shall the riches and power of the Gospel spread over their soil,  
ot up the weeds of error, and produce the fruits of righteousness ?  
nce the days of Martin, no effort has been made by the Missionary  
ociety to turn the tide of Christian philanthropy towards this country ;  
ut I would say, ’spite of the discouragements, send your missionaries  
this stronghold of Mahomet ; here plant your standard of redeeming  
ve to the wretched devotee of the impostor. To the sometime wor-  
shipper of the sun, hang out the banner of the Son of Righteousness ;  
ndle in his bosom the flame of Divine truth, that the Holy Spirit, of  
hich his former God was the emblem, might enlighten and guide him  
to the fold of Christ.

No. 13.—*The “ Imaret Khorseed.”*

It was deemed a wonderful favour to be allowed to see this “ Palace  
f the Sun,” of which, with its numerous groves and fountains, flowers  
nd shrubs, I had heard quite an oriental description, which had  
ckled the imagination and opened the door of curiosity. The build-  
ings stood in different detached courts, and were all of mud, having  
e usual flat roof. The first hall, into which I was introduced by one  
f the court Khans, (whose name I forget,) was the throne-room, from  
hich his Majesty occasionally “ sheds the light of his countenance on  
e dust of the earth.” It was large and lofty, having recesses at each  
id ; on the walls of which were some displays of the Persian arts, in  
e way of painting ; one of them was a battle-piece, the subject of  
hich I could not learn. His Majesty was the most conspicuous  
gure in it, carrying all before him. In the galleries I noticed some  
ures of “ Ferengy” males and females—I was told of the earliest  
ritish envoys to Persia. The walls were lined with marble and ara-  
esque ornaments curiously inlaid ; the ceiling partook of the same  
ste, all glittering with Asiatic finery. The front was open, and

supported by two columns of black marble, about thirty feet high, in solid pieces, with a wreath around them curiously cut. These were deemed great curiosities. On looking around on this oriental magnificence, which the Persians esteem to be "the wonder of the world," the gapesters (and they were numerous) were anxiously waiting to hear my exclamations of astonishment and delight; then I emptied my Persian vocabulary of "Kali Konb," "Wallah," excellent, &c. to which, though words of course, and to be deemed merely as Persian soap, they answered, "Mashallah," &c.

Having trod my barefoot-way, and expended all my talk, I must next examine the "Takht," or throne, which was a moveable square platform, huge and unshapely; it stood about three feet from the ground, ascended by as many steps. It was all of marble, of very fine grain; the carving was curious, and many of the figures unmeaning. It was abundantly ornamented with inscriptions, which were all Greek to me, but beautifully inlaid with the Arabic character. In the centre was a small tube, or "jet d'eau," which was supplied from a fountain in a recess of the room, and was deemed a very curious display of hydraulics by the Persians; the farther end of it was raised a little above the ordinary level. This was the imperial seat; the whole being carpetted and adorned with small ivory images when his Majesty is seated, which is intended to produce an imposing effect. The whole was considered to be a master-piece of art, which had been sent to the former Shah from Shiraz. I was strongly tempted to take temporary possession of the Shah's throne, once the seat of Agha Mahmoud Koja, the terror of Persia. As a mark of special favour, I was allowed to occupy, for a short time, the "Takht" of the "Shah Padi Shah," the "Centre of the Universe," &c. It caused me no trepidation to mount the steps of empire, since I had been familiar with other thrones, and I fearlessly squatted myself on the same spot which the royal loins had shortly before occupied. No cannons "bruted it to the heavens;" no slave hung upon my nod; but I found it a hard, comfortless seat, very uncongenial to any thing like ease. Had I let loose the flood-gates of imagination, and stood on the tip-toe of power, I could have decreed, "Off with his head!" and thus have played the monarch to the full tune of oriental despotism, but I felt none of its fumes. One thing I was assured of, that I was the first "Ferengy" to occupy the throne of Persia; and one thing I may, perhaps, boast of beyond any of its monarchs, that I found it unstuck with thorns.

The second room was called "Otok Almas," from the crystal ornaments being formed diamond-fashion, with which it is entirely covered. To this you ascend by a flight of awkward steps from another court. It has likewise a large open front, supported by pillars of wood curiously painted; and with similar recesses and galleries to the throne-room. The walls have some immense mirrors, and two large chandeliers are suspended, the whole being English. The glass is impanelled in very curious shapes, with enamelled borders, and painted ornaments of birds, roses, &c. in every variety of that oriental imagery in which the Persian imagination delights to revel, presenting altogether a blaze of mirror not unworthy the fervid description of the "Thousand and One Nights." The carpet was good; the nummets

thick, but moth-eaten; and as majesty himself sports nothing beyond this in the way of furniture, it leaves me but little to remark upon.

Having trod my barefoot-way, and vented a complimentary wonder, the Khan led me to the "Gulistan," or "the Garden of Roses," of which we hear so much in Persia, of the bubbling fountains, the flowering shrub.

" There's fiery tulips in the East,  
The Garden of the Sun;  
The very streams reflect the hues  
And blossom as they run."

Here was to be seen every thing that could enchant—"the sweet-scented rose that had never looked upon dust; the spring that had never been vexed by a cold blast." This is the Paradise where "the nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose." But I must have done with oriental imagery, or I shall never get through this enchanting spot, with numerous tanks and streams of water, giving it a most refreshing coolness. The plantations of roses were in full bloom, yielding to the air a delicious fragrance. I could almost realise the poet's feelings, "that it intoxicated the senses and made the heart drunk." Here I must do justice to the taste and ingenuity of the Persians, of which the "Gulistan" was a magnificent display.

From the "Bauleh Kaneh," which is very large, having openings both ways, did his Majesty generally give audience to the envoys and courtiers below, who were kept some eight or ten feet from the window. From his "Musnud," which is merely a thick felt, did "the most lofty of living men—equal to the sun, brother of the moon, and whose throne is the stirrup of heaven," deign to look down on the trembling courtiers, the dust of the earth, who, hanging on his nod, and waiting for a smile from "the Centre of the Universe," entreated that they might be permitted "to rub their forehead at the threshold of the gate of Almighty Splendour."

The "Bauleh Kaneh" itself had nothing particularly attractive in it, the ornaments being very similar to those of the last room—but the carpets were better—so I passed on to the "Otok Hyenah," or "Room of Mirrors," being entirely covered with glass, including the ceiling—this was principally, I understood, from Russia, having that lustreless hue for which Russian glass is so distinguished, though the chandeliers were English, and some of "Blade's best." Then to room the fourth, or "Otok Bulbul," the ornaments of which were of marble; but from its being filled with the presents sent from Russia by the late emperor, I had but little scope for observation. The China vases, the bronze ornaments, the dingy cut-glass, the table and tea services; these formed a part of those sundries, piled up in unceremonious heaps in this room; but amongst them was a great curiosity of Russian fabric, an elephant of solid gold, about twelve inches long, having a dial-plate in front, this, with its tail and tusks, being moved by the same machinery. I had heard of it at Petersburg as an extraordinary effort of Russian art, but not thought much of seemingly by the Persian monarch, since all these things were jumbled together as mere lumber.

In the same court stands a small octagon room, called the "Kuleh Ferengy;" it is composed principally of marble, and has two tanks of water in it, looking more like a bath than any thing else. The windows were curiously carved; and some tablets of excellent Persian writing exhibited on the walls. "What is it?" said I to the Khan! He began with his "Ya allah, hou, hak," and I don't know what besides, which being algebra to me, I passed on to an old building, in which stands a curious structure, composed of sandal wood, sent to his Majesty from India, who used sometimes to occupy it when drawn into the court, since it was built upon wheels.

Playing the Paul Pry in all directions, I arrived at a large court, surrounded by buildings not yet finished, called the "Aumeneh Tauj," a fancy of the "Tauj ee Dowleh," (already spoken of,) for a winter residence. It was in a very unfinished state, and was divided into a great number of small rooms, in rich variety of glass, marble and tessellated pavements. A large marble "Takht," or sleeping-place, stands in the centre of the court; and here, under heaven's canopy, the monarch of Irak sometimes reposed himself. This out-door-sleep custom in the East is agreeably refreshing, and perfectly safe in a climate which has no night humidity.

A large building in another court attracted my attention; and here, as I was bending my way, "Sabre koon," "Stop," said the Khan, "it is the Royal Harem." And here (pausing at the threshold) lie the bones of several of the inveterate enemies of Agha Mahomed Shah, whose savage resentment was no otherwise to be gratified than by trampling over their corpses daily. This savoured somewhat of that oriental barbarism with which Persian history so much abounds.\*

I must then see the Royal Stud, which is adjoining. About three hundred horses were tied to stakes in the court yard for the benefit of air, and, it may be said, of exercise, since they had some length of rope. The oriental custom is, to fasten the heels together with large cotton ties to prevent their kicking; and in this way they are always picketted on a journey. The Turkoman horses principally prevailed—a bony, powerful animal, with more strength than grace of action, more of the roadster than the courser; there were a few Arabs, and only a few. But I have seen much finer animals in England; and I apply this remark to Persian horses generally: if that barbarous custom were abolished of cutting the tail, which so disfigures an English horse, he would find no competitor in Persia. "What is the extent of his Majesty's stud?" I inquired. "He has four thousand mares in one district, and horses sufficient to mount an army."

So this is all of the "Imaret Khorseed," or "Palace of the Sun," whose principal features are monotony, simplicity, and unostentation; and here sits on the ground, and sleeps on the ground, the "Asylum of the Universe," a monarch of fancied grandeur, far superior to the occupant of Windsor Castle, the Hermitage, or the Tuileries—*ca*

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\* It is a singular fact, that this tyrant had many of the bodies of his enemies disinterred and buried at the different thresholds of his palace; not satisfied with destroying his fallen foes, he would, as it were, trample them to dust with his own sandals! What a singular thirst for revenge is this, scarcely to be comprehended by the European mind!

making comparisons with which, I would say that the Autocrat of all the Russias would scarcely here lodge his gentleman usher. I asked to see the glass bed, the shawl carpet, but these were in the "Andaroon." What a strange fancy! the former being included in the presents of the late Emperor of Russia! The idea of "his most despotic majesty" reposing on crystals—beds of roses (literally so) are not uncommon in Persia, but to me they would prove beds of thorns! for I have found the odour so powerful, as to conduce to any thing but repose. Taking leave of the Khan with all the "zhamets" that I was master of, (that is, apologising for the great trouble which I had given him), I had to wend my way through the bazaars, to the great "maidan," or square, into which some of the palace windows open; in one corner of it was a tower of observation, from which his Majesty is supposed to witness the different executions alluded to in my Reminiscences, No. 1.\*

In this square was a tolerable show of artillery, the "topanches," or gunners, being about, and the "tuffenkchees," or infantry, guarding the different gates and avenues. The whole of these buildings are within the "ark," or citadel, which is very extensive, surrounded by mud walls and a dry ditch, having sundry drawbridges, &c. I am quite unequal to speak of its extent, though I lodged within it at my first visit to Tehran, but was always lost in its intricacies; the various avenues in it, and approaches to it are tortuous (if I may so say). I may spend my days there, and never should find my way about. Every thing reminds me of contrivances against surprise, as though treachery was stalking about, and all means taken to prevent it. The entrances have all three or four door ways, always puzzling which to take; these I denominate "jalousies" over the women's apartments. The bazaars were of the most tumble-down description, and very inferior to those at Tabreez; and what makes them so crowded and disagreeable is, that they become the thoroughfare from one part of the city to another. Any description of their motley occupants I will not attempt; to go through them on horseback, it is necessary to have the "faroshes" to clear the way,—to set aside a string of mules, donkeys laden with brushwood,—the chaunting dervish, or the importunate "fakeer," the way being so narrow that it becomes densely choked, and the loud "kebardar"—"take care," shouted in all directions—it is quite an indescribable scene. The "humums," or "baths," are numerous and good; these are the constant resort of the Persians. The Asiatics are very clean in this respect; and not to go to the bath once a week, would be deemed almost a dereliction of duty. Here the toe and finger nails of the fair Shireen are stained with the "hennah," or red dye, of which they are very proud. The Khan has his beard stained with "rang," or the black dye, which is beautiful in lustre, and will last some weeks. The luxury of the bath

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\* The "shekkeh," or cutting a man down in two equal parts, his legs being tied to two poles, is by no means an uncommon thing in Persia; as to cutting out the tongue, it has been described to me by an English doctor, that if it be cleared out at the root, there is no impediment whatever to speech, but if the tip only be cut, it is fatal to further talk. Of the former I have had evidence, for I have heard a man who was tongueless, talk with his accustomed ease and rapidity.



is very great in these warm climates, and the shampooing operation very grateful when over, though I was very restive under it, and made the vault resound at my ticklings. There are no remarkable buildings in this city of Tehran to claim attention. Some of the domes of the mosques are imposing from their size and bulb shape; but neither in the bazaars nor in the mosques, is there any thing to be compared with such buildings at Constantinople. These mud regions present a mass of low, flat roof dwellings, of one uniform hue and height. All the luxuries are within the spacious courts—the running streams, the blooming flowers and bubbling fountains of which the Persians are very ingenious in the display. The best house which I saw at Tehran was the British residence, standing in a large garden, prettily laid out, and abounding with fruits and flowers; there were also extensive gardens behind, in which I had my daily walk. Of the courteous hospitality of our envoy, I have already spoken; he had much improved his house by a good front of pillars and pediments, giving it quite a “West-end” appearance. He quite surprised the “Telranis,” who, comparing it with their own mud hovels, would exclaim—“Barikallah”—“Mas-hallah”—“Excellent—well done.”

That deeply-rooted and inveterate custom in my native country, of four-post bedsteads, down pillows, and well-stuffed mattresses, is unknown in Persia. I query if there be in Tehran more than one machine of the sort—that belonging to the British “Elchee.” On the same spot of ground, the Persian squats, prays, and sleeps; the nummed of the day is removed for the nummed of the night, which is very simple, being somewhat thicker: this, with a pillow and coverlid, form their place of repose. On my arrival in this city, “Where am I to sleep?” was my first demand, having been awoke out of my nap as I lay outside the gate, at the threshold, being fatigued with my night’s travel, and arriving before the said gates were opened. But the lodging-places I found to be of the most miscellaneous description. “Throw yourself on the ground wherever you please,” was the order of the day, and in conformity with the general custom, I found the roof of the house to be the most agreeable berth; the roofs, as I have observed, being flat and generally on the same level. It is here that the evening society of Tehran congregate, and it is amusing to witness what may be seen at a great distance—the various groups, sometimes of whole families, making their night arrangements, spreading carpets, planting bolsters, and laying themselves in all directions to cultivate sleep. Nor should I forget their “Numaz,” or evening prayers; their prostrations, genuflexions, and salutations of so many people, whilst the “Muzzins” are inviting them from the tops of the mosques, adding much to the grotesqueness of the scene. When it was over, I perambulated my boundaries—took a peep at my neighbours, who are merely divided off by a low balustrade—in this way only, intrusions being guarded against. I, quite unintending to do so, was going rather beyond my boundaries, when up sprang a batch of females—“Ferengy ame-dast”—“the Ferengy is coming;” they waited for no apologies on my part, but off they ran, and off ran I, determining for the future to “open wide the portals of prudence, and to close the avenues of indiscretion.” Although I like this independent mode of sleeping

wherever momentary convenience might dictate, still it has sometimes its inconveniences, which I have experienced. I was one night awoke by the pattering of some drops on my coverlid, which was any thing but water-proof; a smart shower (a most unusual thing in Persia) was disturbing all the inhabitants of Tehran. Up they sprang with bolsters and carpets in hasty confusion, and I heard a Babel of sounds relative to their new arrangements, but was too much occupied with my own to attend to my neighbours. I just got within the door, and at its threshold made out the night.

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### THE POET'S MISTRESS.

BY THE HON. D. G. OSBORNE.

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SHE is alone, and casts her gaze  
Upon the page his hand has traced;  
And as she reads those thrilling lays,  
Each thought of grief is half effaced.  
Fair is the theme that greets her here,  
For to fair love those words refer;  
But, oh! the lines are doubly dear,  
Because they paint his love for her!

'Tis true, the triumphs of his song  
Are ever welcome to her heart,  
Even when the witching strains belong  
To things in which she claims no part.  
The glorious meed of fame that he  
Draws from the crowd, with pride she views;  
But who can paint her bliss to see  
Herself the idol of his muse.

The crown of laurel that he wears,  
By Genius won in Life's wild race,  
Though oft bedewed by blood and tears—  
To her is all of Joy and Grace.  
But *now* his poet-hand doth move  
That crown of bays, so proud and sweet,  
From where it rested, and in love  
Lays down the laurels at her feet!

Oh! well those few fond lines repay  
Full many a pang for him endured;  
Full many a long and weary day,  
By self-reproach and pain obscured.  
The home she left far, far behind,—  
Her aged parent's curse of rage,—  
Her maiden fame for him resigned,—  
All are forgotten o'er that page.

## PRESENT ASPECTS OF POETRY.

## No. II.\*

MR. STERLING (the Archæus of Blackwood's Magazine), has just published, in one volume, the poems which have at intervals graced the pages of the before-named periodical. Right glad are we that an opportunity is furnished us of noticing these productions, valuable not only as intrinsically meritorious, but as auxiliary to the further development of our last month's argument. We then asserted the sanctity of the bard's character; we showed that he was appointed to be a priest to his age, and that although he might not be distinguished from common men by the sacerdotal vestment, the holiness of his vocation was in no degree invalidated by the absence of the symbol. We were nevertheless compelled to admit that inspiration is to our modern bards rather an occasional influence than a permanent existence, and that consequently the higher aspects of being which tend to the universal and the infinite, are not unfrequently merged in the grosser faculties which petty ends and ignoble objects stimulate to activity.

He who is a true poet, is *only* a poet. With him all localities are sanctified by one presence, all occasions are used for one end, all actions dictated by one spirit. The streets are not less solemn than the woods; the theatre is not less hallowed than the hearth. Whether it be the meanest necessity of life, or the purest object of love which engages his attention, *he* remains the same. He develops at all times as much of the celestial nature, as the specific temporal opportunity will admit. Creation to him has but one characteristic, and that is excellence. The glory wherewith God had appalled him pours itself on all objects which he approaches, suffusing them with a radiance so intense that their particular distinctions are lost in the common splendour, and the relative shades and degrees perceptible by feeble light, are lost in the magnificence of that which is superlative.

Such is the Poet in idea. What the Poet is in fact is another matter. On reflection, however, we are inclined to affirm that the Poet in fact is one with the Poet in idea. Wherever discrepancy may be traced between the poems of the bard, and the conduct of the man, it must be borne in mind that these twain are perfectly distinct existences; and actions which result from the will of the latter, must never be accounted as signs of inconsistency in the former. The natural and the supernatural are enfolded in one being, and when they are (as is frequently the case) equal in strength, they will work out manifestations of the most contradictory character. Yet each agent has but operated according to its own laws, and produced an independent effect. The noble theory is perfect as theory; the degraded practice is *unqualifiedly* degraded. The opposites can neither associate nor confound. The purity cannot be tarnished by the infamy, nor the infamy redeemed by the purity.

But it is time that, dismissing episode, we should proceed to the

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\* Poems by John Sterling. Edward Moxon. Dover Street, 1839.

me before us. The narrative is of the most simple kind, and may be said as follows :—Simon, the village sexton, is an old man who, by frugality and labour, has attained more wealth than generally falls to the lot of persons in his station. He is a shrewd man, wise according to the wisdom of this world, yet retaining in his heart not a few of the ordinary affections of our nature. To his child, Jane, these tend to be a centre. The relation between the two is well expressed in the following quiet and picturesque lines :—

“ One daughter, little Jane, had he,  
The silent Sexton's only child ;  
And when she laughed aloud and free,  
The grave old Sexton smiled.

For she within his heart had crept,  
Himself he could not tell you why,  
But often he has almost wept  
Because he heard her cry.

All else to him appeared as dead,  
Awaiting but the shroud and pall ;  
It seemed that to himself he said,  
' I soon shall dig the graves of all.'

And beast, and man, and home, and wife,  
He saw with cold, accustomed eye ;  
Jane only looked so full of life  
As if that she could never die.

And when she still could hardly walk  
By holding fast his wrinkled finger,  
So well he loved her prattling talk,  
He often from his work would linger.

Around her waist in sport he tied  
The coffin-ropes for leading-strings,  
And on his spade she learnt to ride,  
And handled all his church-yard things.

Henceforth on many a summer day,  
While hollowing deep the sunlit grave,  
Beside him he would have her stay,  
And bones to be her playthings gave.

At whiles the busied man would raise  
Above the brink his bare grey head,  
With quiet smile a moment gaze,  
And turn to labour for the dead.”

Jane, the wife of the Sexton, is a placid and gentle being, full of piety and faith. Meekly and patiently she works out her salvation in the humble sphere of her existence. Her discourse is of those common themes on which the pious heart loves to ponder.

“ Of change and trial here on earth,  
Of hopes by which we conquer sins ;  
And of the spirit's better birth  
Than that which our first life begins.”

Jane—

“ She grew a flower to mind and eye,  
'Twas love that circled her about ;  
And love in her made quick reply—”

But a cloud gathers and breaks,—the mother is called to her rest, and a change comes over the spirit of the child.

“The maiden now was left to be  
Her father’s only prop and stay ;  
And in her look ’twas plain to see,  
A heart resolved but never gay.  
A loveliness that made men sad,  
Like some delightful mournful ditty ;  
Too fair for any but the bad  
To think of without love or pity.”

Is not the following verse exquisite in its simple pathos ?

“Each household task she duly wrought,  
No change but one the house could know ;  
And peace for her was in the thought—  
*Her mother would have wished it so !*”

And mark what follows ;—

“One morning, while she sat intent  
Beside the grassy mound,  
Her brow upon the headstone leant,  
Her book upon the ground,—  
The sunshine sparkled through the sky,  
The breeze and lark sang on together,  
And yet there seemed, afar and nigh,  
One silent world of azure weather.  
But from beyond the old yew-tree  
A voice disturbed the maiden’s ear,  
And in the lone tranquillity  
It sounded strangely near.  
’Twas now a broken word of prayer,  
’Twas now a sob of ‘Mother ! Mother !’  
And all the anguish bursting there  
The heart, she felt, had sought to smother.  
No woman’s voice so deeply rings,  
Though men by graves but seldom pray ;  
And, ah ! how true the grief that brings  
A man to weep by light of day !”

The voice was that of Henry, the village schoolmaster. Though poor in outward fortune, his was a refined spirit ; it had quaffed deeply of the antique lore. The bards and philosophers of Greece, the heroes and senators of Rome, had become the good familiars of his mind. Like many to whom Heaven vouchsafes its highest gifts, he possessed but a delicate frame, and, when a child, shunned the rough sports in which boyhood commonly delights.

“To him, the friend of all his days,  
Had been his fervid mother ;  
And even the playmate of his plays—  
He never wished another.”

Having lost this so dear companion,—

“His books, his thoughts, his boys, were now,  
A swarm of insects murmuring round ;  
Afresh they stung his aching brow,  
And fevered him with weary sound.”

proceed tardily—there is so much of beauty meets us at every  
g, that we are tempted to drive our critical car slowly. But we  
he fear of the printer's devil before our eyes, and accelerate our  
accordingly.

twain who casually met, encountered not each other again,  
week had passed away. This second interview, as one may  
ie, was not so brief as its predecessor. The old yew becomes a  
g tree, and that the graves of two mothers in its vicinity, is a  
instance which rather hallows than prohibits the communion.

l soon love, the purest, and therefore the deepest, has bound  
er in the indissoluble oneness of blended natures those two  
ers. The Sexton's approval is all that is required. Alas! he  
not on the pair. He is not however harsh, but proposes a dis-  
a of the topic on the ensuing eve. Who will say that the fol-  
is not coloured to the life?

“ And close beside the blazing fire  
Was placed the old man's easy seat;  
The flames, now low, then shooting higher,  
Cast o'er him glimpses bright and fleet.

They showed a face more soft than bold,  
Though keen the look of settled will;  
With lines that many winters told,  
But little change of good and ill.

And thus the untroubled, aged man,  
His long-experienced lesson spake,  
In words that painfully began,  
While slow his pondering seemed to wake:—

‘ Perhaps you think, dear daughter Jane,  
My wishes neither kind nor wise,  
Because I keep a sober brain,  
And look about with wistful eyes.

‘ Yet surely I have lived and wrought  
More years than you, or he you love;  
And it must be a foolish thought  
Of yours that I cannot approve.

‘ I know not who can better learn  
Than one who lives so long as I,  
Who all life long have tried to earn,  
And still have set my earnings by.

• • • • •

“ ‘ Who does not feel how hard the thought  
For one whose life must soon be o'er,  
That all his days have added nought,  
But still made less men's little store?

‘ And therefore, Jane, I think it right  
That you should choose a gainful man,  
One working hard from morn till night,  
Gathering and hoarding all he can.

‘ Yet, mind you well, I do not say  
But Henry may your husband be;  
Though much I doubt if learning's pay  
Would keep such house as pleases me.

' His health, by study much abused,  
 Seems now, if well I mark, to pine ;  
 And then he has been always used  
 To nurture delicate and fine.  
 ' His mother's stipend ceased with her,  
 And he, I know, must needs be poor ;  
 And so methinks it better were  
 That you and he should love no more.  
 ' But stay till winter days be past,  
 And when the spring returns again,  
 If still I find your liking last,  
 Why then—nay, come and kiss me, Jane.'  
 Thus wandered round his maze of speech  
 The long-experienced man ;  
 Determined both the twain to teach,  
 Through all his saws he ran."

The Sexton's remarks on the lover's declining health, are but too well corroborated by the sequel. The frame, by nature delicate, has but a short tenure of existence, when night is devoted to thoughtful vigils, and day divided between arduous duties and harassing suspense. Henry is summoned to the unbroken repose of that state where "the weary are at rest," and the fair young girl who has linked her existence to his own, after some few months of patient duty performed in spite of failing strength and crushed hope, follows him thither.

The remorse of the Sexton, his monotonous hours of agonizing reflection, and the subsequent opening of his heart to gentler and kinder memories, are depicted with an ease and truthfulness rarely paralleled. We quote the concluding verses :

" He tended still the primrose flowers,  
 He decked with them his Mary's mound,  
 In what to him were Sabbath hours  
 On Henry's grave he set them round.  
 And sometimes when a funeral came,  
 With pensive eyes the train he saw ;  
 Bareheaded stood, and so would claim  
 His share in others' grief and awe.  
 But once 'twas more than this. There died  
 A hapless widow's only good,  
 A daughter, all her help and pride,  
 Who toiled to gain their daily food.  
 Who saw their state might well confess  
 Such boundless want was strange to see,  
 For little can the rich man guess  
 The poor man's utter poverty.  
 And when the burial all was o'er,  
 And there the mother staid alone,  
 With fingers clasped, and weeping sore,  
 She stood, for every hope was gone.  
 But Simon crept in silence there,  
 And stretched his hand beneath her view,  
 That held five golden pieces fair,  
 More wealth than e'er before she knew.

'The aching heart it cannot heal,  
I know, nor give you rest,' he said—  
'But thus you will not have to feel  
The pangs that haunt the wretch's bed.'

Few words she spake, and turned away,  
But lighter heart that eve he bore  
Than he for many a weary day,  
Perchance had ever felt before.

Next day began with sunbright dawn,  
And soon to tend the grave he went;  
From toil by sultry heat withdrawn,  
He felt his strength was overspent:

He sank to earth in quiet sleep,  
Beside the grave his head he laid,  
And in that slumber soft and deep  
He died below the yew-tree shade.

and now, having somewhat cursorily conducted the reader through several stages of this simple narrative, we would heartily recommend him to read carefully the whole poem. To us, it has been as the life of our fresh youth. We know not a delight more pure than that of discovering that, although our being may have been outwardly moulded, it has not been essentially altered. It is heavenly to feel that, in spite of the anxieties which harass, the ambition which fevers, the petition which excites, and the disappointment which chills, the universal sympathies remain unpolluted in the depths of our nature; that how numerous soever be the artificial layers imposed by time and circumstance on humanity, the current from the eternal spring not only channels its way through the substratum, but occasionally irrigates the surface.

The incidents recorded in "The Sexton's Daughter," are, as we have before remarked, of the most every-day kind. What of that? It only gives an opportunity of illustrating a truth with which the world must eventually become familiar, that interest resides rather in the character of the agent than in that of the circumstance. Human beings, by their intensity, render impressable the vulgar ore of common incident, and the powerful mind stamps with its own characteristic metal on which common natures impress no seal. And shall we not at last be brought to the conviction, that a man's outward life, the events which throng it, are not, legitimately speaking, realities at all, but mere signs of the relation held between the soul and its environment? O! thou that wouldst write of the blessed and the gay, not as aids to thy representation, laughing comrades, pleasant halls, bright scenes, or clime like Araby's—but ask for the single heart that moves the creative mind. These are the spells wherewith to paradize the earth, to transform poverty into content, and to make obscurity the pleasant shade in which virtue retains her complexion.

It is a most unfortunate error to doubt the power of mental agency to form, with its own character, the sphere of its operation. Human faculties exercise a natural despotism over mere sensuous contingencies.

Events are dependent for their specific value on the action or passion of the mind. As man changes, so do all the external rela-



tionships alter in their value. By instinctive fealty, accident and incident adapt themselves to the prevailing aspects of intelligent beings. Thus, when Adam walked with God, the inferior creation, from its noblest beast to its meanest details, was bound together in concord; and thus when he fell from sinless communion with his Maker, the lower world, by its corresponding degradation, gave fearful sign of its entire allegiance.

We have often thought that to manifest the supremacy of mind over external conventionalities, it would be well for some man of genius in his creations, not only to dispense with the ordinary class of incidents, but to work out a moral in opposition to it. We think that a comedy might be constructed, of which a *death* should be the *dénouement*. We are sure that a tragedy might be written, in which *to live* should be the catastrophe of the hero.

There is one feature in "The Sexton's Daughter," which peculiarly pleases us. It is, that the poet deals with the fortunes of the humble and the poor. Whoever accustoms us to look with interest upon humanity, divested of all superficial attractions, and thus causes us to feel that the relation between man and man is constitutional rather than extrinsic, does more to promote the welfare of society than can be effected by the most assiduous reformer, whose efforts are confined to legislative change.

Let the sensuous herd cant as it will as to the unavailability of Utopian theories in the work of political or social reformation, we make bold to declare that it is only in the proportion that the poetic ideal is introduced into the actual, that the latter is ameliorated. Practice—the practice of what? Surely it were ridiculous to answer, the *practice of practice*! No; the practical necessarily presumes a theory which, until it is developed in external operations, must of necessity be an undemonstrated *ideal*. But it is impossible in any one age, or indeed it is impossible in any period of time, practically to express the whole of the ideal, which, being itself unlimited, can only be practically represented in limitation. Nevertheless, it seeks for some image in sense, which image is the practical for the time being. Having achieved one representation, it yearns to accomplish another; but its first child, ambitious of longevity, is of course jealous of the coming birth, for every new aspect of the ideal is the destruction of its predecessor. But the immortal life cannot be annihilated; and, though compelled to compromise, ceases not to reprobate the hard conditions to which it is subjected. The practical and the ideal divide humanity between them. The former seizes the actual; the speculative alone remains to the latter. Thus it is that the creed and the conduct, the head and the heart, are at constant variance. The colonel extols the high feeling of the British army in one breath, and with the next, orders the application of the lash to the back of the delinquent soldier—the senator is diffuse on the blessings of human laws, and votes against the abolition of punishment for death—the mother blandly smiles as she discourses of the beauty of ruling children by affection, and administers a ringing *soufflet* to the poor wight who stumbles against her work-box, or lets her china slip through his fingers.

But if these inconsistencies are painful to witness in the cases of

the soldier, the politician, and the parent, then evil in the case of the poet is still more lamentable and injurious. The poet is, *par excellence*, the votary of the ideal, and that which, in other instances, may be accounted mere folly, becomes treason in his own. Every man's vision of the beautiful is the theory of which his life is to be the exemplification; and the nearer the imaginative possible approximates to the perfect, the more emphatic is the demand for a lofty reality in the actual.

Let no one imagine that he is acquitted from the responsibility thus imposed, because his own delineations of the ideal have taken those conventional forms which are not common to his own age. The song may record the exploits of generous chivalry, the devotion of unswerving loyalty, or the death-defying constancy of religious faith; principles these, which are restricted by no particular age, and limited to no particular locality, whenever prejudice and power oppress the unoffending and the weak. Then is the arena open for chivalric exploit. Whenever interest and sophistry conspire against truth, then may loyal allegiance be tested. Whenever, on account of our faith, once familiar faces are coldly averted from us, then may we prove our pious fortitude by the meek sufferance of that martyrdom which involves the death of those affections wherein we have existed.

The work of reform must not only be individual in relation to circumstance, but internal in relation to character. Vain clamour for *larger supplies*, when we should first seek *diminished necessities*—for better *laws*, when we want better *legislators*, who can only be selected from better *men*! The demand which must be made is for *better men*, and to urge any meaner one, in oblivion of this, is quackery as absurd as it is common.

It occurs to us, that in making this statement, we come into collision, as we always have done, with the notions advocated by Mr. Owen and his disciples. We take this opportunity of remarking, with feelings of equal surprise and pity, that in one or two instances we have been accused of adopting the sentiments of the Socialists. We stated, on a former occasion, that Socialism was the *manifestation* of a good principle, even the desire of unity. The indiscriminating and careless have evidently confounded our statement with regard to the *principle*, with an approval of its *manifestation*. As to Socialism, we hold it, in point of philosophy, most false; in point of religion, most unspiritual; and in point of policy, most fatal; but we have ever been of those who seek to discern,

“The soul of goodness in *things evil*.”

We have only to add, that we will not consent to prostitute our Magazine to abuse of individuals, however obnoxious to our criticism their doctrines may be. If there be aught more repugnant to us than the character of Socialist, it is that of those who desecrate the pages which should be devoted to calm inquiry, by the coarse and vulgar language of personal invective. We have spoken.

J. W. M.

## THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## INDUCTION.

WE must hope,—we must love; neither of these sentiments can be satisfied by the realities of life; each seeks its perfect accomplishment in a state unknown, which the fond and ardent imagination prefigures in its fascinating visions. Our dreams of futurity are the true fairy-land of life. The poet tells us that a golden age—an Arcadia, and Utopia *once* existed;—but what saith the sage? Whoever paints to himself the beauties of to-morrow, lives in an Arcadia of his own; not the less true, not the less assuasive of care because simply ideal! Truth, for us, is the belief of it, and the faith in it.

There may be incredulity in all things;—nay, there is religious, philosophic, and artistic incredulity; if indeed we ought not to have applied the negative adjective;—the unbelievers in religion, are the irreligious;—in philosophy, the unphilosophic;—in art, the unartistic, —individuals incapable of perceiving, imagining, or developing beauty. Doing is knowing in religion;—even so in art. The man who has the strongest belief of, and faith in, the truth of his own imaginings, will be the best artist, the best poet, painter, or sculptor.

Who is he that best succeeds in life, attains rank, achieves greatness, amasses wealth, enforces submission, and extends his power? Not the timorous unbeliever,—not the fretful, inconstant, desponding man—thus become because of his unbelief; but he that is *practised* in the ways of the world, has a full confidence and faith in the means he employs, and hence carries his bold conceptions into successful execution. The believer is the enthusiast; the faithful in thought, and word or deed, is the true genius.

Say you that men of genius are easily duped, that they are ill-qualified to combat with the world? Where they have led a secluded life, because they have not been practised in the world, this is true. But is it not also a proof of their *credulity* or belief? We hate your beetle-browed, cunning, unbelieving men;—such a man was never an artist! Enter, then, our gallery of pictures, with a childlike heart, willing to believe that all you see is true; and then shall you reap your reward in full, glowing, intense enjoyment.

We design to carry our belief to a greater extent than you perhaps will think allowable; we have summoned Michael Angelo\* to our side. —The little man is standing close to us, with a face radiant with intelligence and glory; a smile is playing about his mouth, indicative of the openness of his heart; but his high massive forehead betrays solemn thought and self-commanding genius. He grows brighter, and brighter, as we behold him; and now stands forth a palpable, clear image of divinity.

“Look around ye,” says he, “and tell me how many of all the pictures in this vast assemblage seem to be painted on principles as—

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\* A little book has been published on Michael Angelo, as a poet—we shall review this early.

certained and determined by the artist himself? Of one thousand pictures, how many original ones can you point out? With you,"—he declares with energy, "the art has, like literature, lapsed into a sordid, money-seeking trade; few pursue it for the mere honour; fewer still for the pure love of it. I sigh for the times that are past; even the very schools that then existed were evidences of that original genius which was constantly operating to discover new modes of manifesting its mighty conceptions; the pupil studied under a master, until, burning with love and ambition, he became a master himself. Who are your masters? Who are the arbiters of your style? There is none—none. Think not that you are thus free and independent, and that original genius has the privilege of exerting itself unshackled by modes. The original genius is the destroyer of modes, and the creator of them; he builds a temple for himself on the ruins of that which he has overthrown, and his worshippers will prevail until another genius shall rase the building and establish another altar. Where there are few schools there will be few students; and without study, neither philosophy nor art can ever arrive at the ultimate limits of human excellence. The want of a school proves either ungovernable license or deficient genius; and each is equally opposed to the interests of art. A change, however, cannot be expected until a master-spirit shall arise, to charm the unruly elements by the secret sympathies of his inspired soul."

We felt that the great artist spake truly, and that, with one or two exceptions, his observations were peculiarly applicable to the art as it is practised in our country. We want genius,—and with genius, docility: these two will almost necessarily produce and combine with study, and hence will be formed the true artist!

Reader!—Are you a professional artist? Rely more upon yourself, and study the laws of your own mind. Are you an amateur? Then learn to love truly. Forget that there is another soul in the room beside yourself; examine, pause, and investigate. Taste is the child of genius, growing slowly, and requiring sound and nutritious food to enable it to expand into full stature and energy; but, alas! the serpent, Error, often seizes it in the cradle, winds its lithe folds around it, crushes its limbs, and leaves it a mangled heap of deformity and disease. Unless you are a Hercules, studiously avoid so subtle a foe. Are you one of the uninitiate? Then throw yourself upon our protecting care: fix in your mind a few of the principles which we may hereafter notice; satisfy yourself of their truth, and judge the works of art presented before you, according to the injunctions contained in them; thus you will never make a radical error, however you may be deceived in some details peculiar to the art. These you may gradually acquire, and with much more facility than you suppose. But, above all, come in the spirit of love, and in the humble demeanour of a student. Your science is nature; be not ashamed that you are not a master of it, for there never was her master yet.

#### I.—PORTRAITS.

There are not so many portraits in the Exhibition this year, as on former occasions. Considerable talent to depict on the canvass the ex-

act outline of the features, and to impress upon it their characteristic expression, is required; but that quality of the mind which seizes and abstracts the fitting glimpse of the deeper currents of the soul, idealizes it, and makes it the character of a species rather than of an individual; and yet, when worked into the portrait, in combination with the natural features, strikes us as something ineffably like, as an arrestment of certain moments when our friend has been surprised during the secret operations of his mind,—as a revelation of a power or peculiarity never thoroughly apprehended by us until now;—the quality of mind, we repeat, that can effect this, belongs to an artist equal to the performance of any branch of his noble art. This was the characteristic of Sir Thomas Lawrence; he had a keen apprehension, and great powers of abstraction, whence his portraits assumed that ideal character for which they are remarkable. Portraiture then becomes a part of historical painting, since, with the addition of comprehension of mind to empower the artist to group together into one whole several distinct objects, it embraces all its elements.

There are a few portraits, however, deserving our best attention; and in order that we may understand them better, we shall begin by considering the two most important ones in the exhibition:—"Portrait of the Queen Victoria, in the Robes of State in which her Majesty meets the Parliament," Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., and "Portrait of his H.R.H. the Prince Albert of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, in the Robes of the Order of the Garter," G. Patten, A. Now Sir David Wilkie has a great reputation, and *was*, undoubtedly, a man of genius; and when we seek in the present production either for an authority for the one, or an indication of the other, we are miserably disappointed. The attitude of the Queen is stiff and awkward—the expression of her countenance, unmeaning—the colouring, alack-a-day! mixed up with a varnish intended to give it richness and finish, but failing of its effect from want of sufficient body in the work beneath, is dull, dead, and muzzy, and betrays in the back-ground extreme carelessness. Wilkie has of late leaped into the historical walks of art, for which his genius is entirely unsuited; and he has, at the same time, adopted a hasty, wishy-washy style, equally repugnant to good taste. How we sighed for those beautiful, highly-finished cottage pieces, exhibited in the other end of the house, when we regarded two or three of the careless works in the present exhibition.

From Wilkie's picture, the eye naturally turns to the portrait of Prince Albert. This portrait is exquisitely like; the attitude of the figure is both graceful and dignified; uniting, in this respect, the peculiar attributes of the prince himself. The masses of the picture are distributed with a masterly grandeur of effect, exhibiting much power in the arrangement of a costume exceedingly difficult to manage—its principal colours being white and blue. The clear day-light which characterizes the picture is peculiar to it, and contributes to redeem it from that foginess which too usually characterizes portraits of the English school. The drawing is vigorous and scientific, and reveals the vigorous handling of one who has obtained an accomplished proficiency in the art that he professes.

In connexion with the foregoing, we may notice No. 486, "Por-

trait of Arthur Cope, Esq.," by the same artist. It decidedly ranks among the best portraits in the exhibition. The grouping of the figure and accompaniments is remarkably good; and the introduction of the dog, looking eagerly into his master's face, in expectation of his departure, gives variety and animation; while, by increasing the breadth of the base, it materially contributes to the composition of the picture. The drawing is good—the attitude graceful—the head well thrown out. Perhaps there is scarcely another artist who confers so natural and speaking an expression on his portraits, as the one now under notice; an effect to which his tone of colour greatly contributes. We may observe, that every point is highly wrought, and indicates the employment of as much care and skill in the execution of the picture, as genius in its conception.

This artist has likewise portraits of the "Rev. J. H. Stewart," and also of "Mrs. Stewart:" both noble pictures, in good drawing, and rich colour. As for Mrs. Stewart, we could really love the lady—she is depicted with so sweet a smile, and so agreeable and benevolent an expression of countenance. In this consists the whole value of portraiture—colour is nothing,—form is nothing,—drawing is nothing,—light is nothing—there is nothing without character.

There are other portraits of the Queen, besides Wilkie's—one equestrian, and one pedestrian. But there is none on which we can either compliment the monarch, or congratulate the artist. We suspect that portrait painting is, after all, a more difficult branch of the art than is usually imagined, when we find Eastlake failing so egregiously, as in Miss Bury. Miss Gillies' portrait of William Wordsworth is an admirable likeness of the poet.

## II.—EPICAL PAINTINGS.

We must not leave Sir David Wilkie without noticing No. 48, "Benvenuto Cellini presenting, for the approval of Pope Paul III., a silver censer of his own workmanship." This picture is very good: the light is judiciously massed, the colouring warm and rich, and the expression of each face subdued, in accordance with responsive genius, by the great spirit that resides within. The Pope is calm and dignified; scrutinising through his spectacles, with sedate curiosity, the master-piece of art. He has not yet abandoned himself to admiration; but if you could look through his spectacles, you would expect to find the light of applause beaming in his eyes. Benvenuto is reverent, yet assured; he presents, on his knee, the admirable work, and you can see his confidence of approbation radiating in his inquiring face. In this picture Sir David has, to a certain extent, reclaimed his honours; it is an evidence of what might be done, if the artist would consult his genius, and presume less upon his reputation. From him, "to whom much is given, much will be required." Where talent and fame abounds, we expect adequate excellence in the performances; if these be proved deficient, we have reason to be dissatisfied. Public taste is not to be insulted, because a man may have a great reputation.

Let us also recur to Eastlake. His "Salutation of the Aged Friar" strikes us as being very beautiful, both in composition and colour.

A chastening purity of sentiment pervades the whole, and is communicated to the mind of the spectator by a sympathy he wots not of. We think highly of Eastlake!

We do not intend to fatigue you, gentle friend, with the dull details of newspaper criticism; we might, perhaps, appear a little more learned in the art by besprinkling our pages with the pomp and circumstance of technical phraseology, which, however, any reviewer may learn by holding three conversations with an artist, and making one visit to his studio. But hence, alas! "the force of nature can no farther go;"—he wants that absorbing spirit which can catch and imbibe the soul of an artist as he breathes it out upon his canvass;—he wants that sublime enthusiasm which can identify his own soul with the creative conceiver;—he wants love that can adore the spirit of beauty embodied in the picture;—and genius, far-seeing, god-like genius! to perceive the principles and laws that govern the whole! This is what *he* wants,—the ordinary critic,—but *you* do not want this;—you have basked in the beams of Apollo, and have inspired a ray of the genius that animates the god. We rely upon the latent conviction of your bosoms,—upon that intense love of the beautiful which is now, perhaps, smouldering amidst the dust and ashes of conventionalism; but which a spark from the brow of Apollo may serve to kindle into a flame.

"Beauty unadorned, is adorned the most;" but tell us, immortal bard, what is Beauty? Is it the radiance of a black eye or a blue one;—does it reside in the ebon tresses of an Italian, or in the golden hues that enshrine the brow of a Saxon? Ask the Nubian, the Greenlander, the Grecian or the English artist;—and what is it? It is that which we feel; it is a sentiment, a principle of the spirit that is within us; the outward form is its reflected image—its manifestation to the sensuous organs. Let this eternal principle be developed, and beauty adorned or unadorned will be beauty still. The adornment will add refulgence to beauty, if it be conceived and executed according to the spirit. The bard was wrong; let us rather say *sophistic*, because not sufficiently deep. The mode never yet was the creator of beauty—what then? The love of it!

And yet the mode is developed in accordance with principles that are perfectly harmonious with this primitive Love, and which are as constant and unalterable as the laws that govern our organic existence. The world without affects us in subjection to certain laws; and the world created for us by the artist must observe them, or it will cease to impress us with the sentiments of truth or beauty. Our souls are linked to nature by the unity of our perceptions; and this eternal law is, and must be, felt, understood, and developed by the true son and master of art. But all are not the eldest children of Genius; if they were, the practical effort would immediately follow the enunciation of the precept. They would discover the law in their own minds, and act in obedience to it; but now they look beyond themselves, and seeking the law where it is not to be found, they make unavailing efforts to grasp at shadows, and terminate the pursuit in disappointment and despair. The eye of the beholder must be attracted; and hence variety is sought in detached lights, parti-colours,

and confused subjects. "There must be variety," says the artist; "there shall be unity, if I can." "There must be unity," say we, "and let variety be comprehended in it." One prominent upper light will attract the eye infinitely more than several detached lights; and we are certain, if managed with ordinary skill, will be esteemed even by the vulgar—great and little, as incomparably more beautiful. There is a power and a fascination in such a mode of treating a subject that produces an enchanting effect on the beholder; while, we are convinced that it is demonstrative of the only one true law. Let not an artist imagine, that the uniformity resulting from the observance of this principle, would confine excellence in his art within narrow bounds of talent and skill. The reverse will be the case: the highest law may be easily comprehended; but it will require the highest talent for its achievement. A daub of white paint in the centre of a picture, may exhibit a very fair burlesque, but it is not the evidence of a truth; it is the consequence of small art employed in the developement of a great law.

There is one artist whose style we like much; he seems to feel the principle that we have been advocating—that artist is William Allan. His picture of "The Orphan and his Bird," is a fair example of this mode of realising a conception. The unities are complete in every respect; the colouring is subdued to the power of sight; and the eye immediately rests upon the figure, and is retained upon it in contemplation. The sweet pensive melancholy expressed by the countenance of the bereft boy, is also very natural and just: the youth holds the robin—for it is that favourite bird of childhood which is depicted—upon his knees, and gazes upon it with the mournful feeling of one who had lost his last friend: the sun has set; a stream of light is glancing just above the horizon; it illumines the features of the youth; we can almost see it departing; it will soon be gone, and darkness and woe will shroud him in their mantle.

We like this artist the more because he has adopted a mode so entirely at variance with the glittering ambitious character of the productions of most of his contemporaries. He paints, doubtless, under the impulses of native genius; and is little attentive to the idiotic stare of the enraptured crowd. He has studied in the true sense of the word—not merely by imitating the master-pieces of his art, but he has reflected upon the principles which, by animating them, acquired for them that honoured title; and, more than all, he has analysed his own perceptions of the beautiful.

There is another picture in the Octagon Room; "King Lear," by E. M. Ward, worthy of our attention, because it is executed on the principles we have here enforced. It is, however, in the very worst light in which it could possibly be placed, and the room is generally so much crowded, that it is only with great difficulty that a fair view of it can be obtained. We do not complain; some of the pictures must be in this predicament;—it is very unfortunate for the present one that the lot should have fallen upon it. We observe in it considerable power of composition, with a keen conception of the feelings of the human heart.

"Sir! do you know me?"

You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?"



This is the moment seized by the artist for the developement of his conception of the respective characters. The dreamy madness of the old sorrow-stricken king is gleaming in his eye : he has left this world ; his soul is an inhabitant of the world of spirits, whither he gazes in fixed delirious abstraction. Cordelia is all compassion, grief and loveliness,—she hangs upon her father's neck, and would fain call back his soul to the realities of this world. " You are a spirit."—Indeed, Cordelia, there is truth in madness ;—if ever there was a pure spirit in this world, thou art one.

How few men are there who understand Shakspeare ! How few comprehend the ideal sublimity that inspires the rude and vigorous mortality in which it pleased him to apparel his conceptions. Though the marble were not highly polished, the Apollo Belvidere would still display the genius that imagined its unrivalled graces : though the characters of Shakspeare are occasionally rough and unhewn to a cursory observer, yet to a man partaking in some degree, however humble, of the spirit of the poet, the pure ideal conception will soon stand out in visible beauty, captivate and take possession of his soul. None but the high priest was allowed to pass beyond the veil of the Jewish temple, and enter the Holy of Holies ; so, sublime bard ! none but thy true descendants—none but those inspired with the oracles of wisdom are enabled to lift the veil from thy conceptions, and witness the dazzling glories that are forbidden to the vulgar and profane. Let the carping critic announce to the initiated, the darkness of his understanding ; but let those who have studied thee, and lit their imaginations at the taper thou hast held out, proclaim the mysteries of thy power, and rejoice in the enlightenment they have received.

We fear that we cannot give that unqualified praise to the Banquet Scene in *Macbeth*, D. Maclise, R. A. Elect, of which some critics have thought it deserving. Mr. Maclise has read Shakspeare differently from ourselves if he supposes that his figure is a correct realization of Lady Macbeth. There is, in our opinion, too much of the physical, and not sufficient of the ideal, to permit us to name it in comparison with its poetic prototype. No, no : Lady Macbeth is a keen, ambitious, commanding spirit, but she is also highly intellectual : she is masculine, if you will ; but she has a masculine mind. There is not a single radiation of intellect in the features representing this heroine in the picture under consideration ; an uninformed, self-willed Thames fish-woman would have displayed a figure and expression exactly similar to those in the picture. Lady Macbeth is a master-piece beyond the power of the artist to conceive ; he has not entered the most sacred places of the soul. Energy is the characteristic of Mr. Maclise's intellectual formation ; it is observable in the decision of his outline, in the tone of his colour, in the attitude and expression of his figures ; but his flight is limited ; he cannot ascend to the pure, serene, empyreal regions of the ideal. His pinions are strong, but they are heavy, and require a certain atmospheric density to support their weight. There are, however, many points in the picture deserving great applause ; the light, though somewhat dispersed, is judiciously managed ; the colouring is rich and in good keeping ; the ghost is well conceived, and perhaps better even than it, the earnest gaze of those who are endeavouring to discover the cause of their lord's alarm ; some

oking into the chair, and others beyond it, but all equally unsuccessful in perceiving the object. Horror, and its attendant condition of failed physical power, has been perhaps seldom better shown than in the figure of Macbeth, and it is cleverly placed in strong contrast with the determined carriage of his wife. We observe the same attention to detail that characterizes the whole of this artist's productions, and which has been one chief cause of his great popularity.

There is a picture—"The Slave Trade," done by L. Biard, a French artist—of considerable power. A harrowing tale is told with great felicity as to the facts and circumstances. It describes the operations at take place previous to the shipping of the slaves from the slave-ast. We perceive them, on the right of the picture, brought down and packed together like cattle rather than human creatures. In the centre is one man who has been loosened from the yoke, and is undergoing examination before his price is fixed, which is in dispute between the people of the chief, who is indifferently looking on, smoking his pipe, while they are settling the money value of the poor wretch. Other groups exhibit the process of branding and removal to the vessel men in the bay. A seaman in a determined attitude, with his broad shoulders ably thrown out from the canvass, demands attention. On the left side, the captain of the gang, stretched at full length, looks on with heartless indifference, and waits only to insert the price in a book. The chief, with his pipe in his mouth, is decorated with beads and feathers, charms and amulets, by which he is distinguished from the rest of his race. The colouring is of a lurid ghastly hue, and is efficiently expressive of the horrible scene.

A. Redgrave has two pictures, "The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," and "The Wonderful Cure by Paracelsus." They are both of them worthy the peculiar talent shown by this artist last year.

J. Severn has a poetical mind of the highest order, and has cultivated it by an acquaintance with poets. His "Isabella on the Pot Basil" takes our fancy much. She is indeed beautiful, and her sorrow is of that quiet kind which endures, and breaks the heart slowly but surely. It is Keats' Isabel—not Proctor's. "Portia with the Masket," is an exquisite production of the same school. His other pictures of "The Witches' Cavern," and "The Roman Ave Maria," did not strike us so much; but there is the same order of feeling in them nevertheless.

In the class of poetical subjects may be mentioned one by C. Hancock:—"Robert Burns, with his hand on the plough and his heart to the Muse," in which the air of poetic abstraction is well managed. The horses are taking the liberty of cropping the herbage below and the leaves of the trees above, while the poet's eye is introvertively glancing from earth to heaven in a fine frenzy rolling."

Johnston's "Scene from the Gentle Shepherd," is touching.

C. Landseer's "Nell Gwynne" is well told, and his "Tired Huntsman" is excellently conceived.

Etty has, as usual, some classical and scriptural subjects, which are treated with his accustomed daring. Andromeda is interesting from her perils, and "Venus" is rather *derobed* than *derobing*. Mars is found asleep, and the attendant timidly obsequious; a beautiful com-

bination of qualities—but still the drawing is too familiar. The five foolish virgins are furious as well. They feel all the misery of exclusion. The energy of imploration and the imbecility of despair are well portrayed. The happy group above are in a style of simplicity which calls back old times, when there were masters in the Israel of art. The excellencies of this picture are, however, more technical than mental.

Collins' "Saviour with the Doctors in the Temple," is an intelligent but not an inspired youth. The sublimest and the simplest of arguments; it requires the most delicate and finished treatment. We despair of seeing the subject so handled as to satisfy the pious and poetical feelings which it awakens. His remaining two pictures, "Ave Maria—Scene near Tivoli," and "The Passing Welcome, Naples," are enchanting little paintings.

Mulready has an exquisite interior (No. 99). "Fair-time," also is admirable. "First Love," bright and glowing as it should be, is, indeed, one of the gems of the exhibition.

G. Richmond's "Our Saviour and his Two Disciples," is an admirable picture, painted in the spirit of the old masters, full of sentiment, love, and respect.

Casey's "Captivity of Joan D'Arc" is good. The principal figure is sweetly painted, and the whole subject is so treated as to produce sympathy for the heroic victim.

No. 31, "King Henry I. of England receiving intelligence of the Shipwreck and Death of his only Son," S. A. Hart, R.A., Elect, is not a very commendable picture. It is indeed a weak and puerile production, though the subject is capable in good hands of great effect.

From one historical picture we can pass to another in the West Room, No. 484, "Altar-piece for St. George's Church, Leeds," C. W. Cope. We have long had our eye upon this artist, and we augur for him great success in his art. He is evidently a student of the old masters, but we fear that hitherto he has rather imitated their manner than imbibed their spirit. However the way to the temple is through the court, and we believe that he has already placed his foot upon the threshold. He had a painting, that we then observed, in the exhibition last year: though the lights and shades in it were well contrasted, yet his colouring wanted that rich unctuous character belonging, even now, to some of the old masters.

Below this hangs Duncan's picture, No. 482, "Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh after the Battle of Preston." Its title is accompanied in the list by a very full description, to which we refer our readers. It derives considerable interest from its representations, and, we suppose, portraits, of some of the leading men of the day: if the figures be not portraits, it is a perfect imposition to attach celebrated names to them. The prince is characterized by an open, graceful countenance, and stands prominently forward from the dense mass behind him. The group we liked best was that on the left, embracing the Marquis of Tulliebardine and several ladies. The old Marquis is a fine old fellow with a warm honest heart, we are sure; ever ready to make his sword do good service in the cause of his prince. The attitude and expressions of the women around him are courtly and full of joy. There is evidently much of

Wilkie's manner pervading the picture; and perhaps as much of his spirit in the delineation of character.

Callcott has failed in his great picture of "Milton Dictating to his Daughters." Where is the character? Where is the inspired poet, or the amazed amanuensis? We look in vain. We scarcely knew what to make of the picture when we first entered the room. The light is thrown entirely upon the figure in the centre,—a form, certainly, of grace and loveliness, but without any expressions of feature characteristic of the occasion; and our attention in obedience to the principle was directed almost entirely to it; but referring to the catalogue, and observing the magic name of Milton, the current of our curiosity was instantly turned, and all our gaze was settled upon the sleepy figure thrown out in dark relief. The light is broad, and the colouring in good keeping, but there is a sad want of animation,—of correct and characteristic expression.

Let us descend from the mock-heroic, and examine one or two of Uwin's rich, luscious, lovely paintings. No. 92, "The Loggia of a Vine-dresser's Cottage, in the afternoon of a Saint's-day." A Neapolitan mother is teaching her daughter to dance the tarantella: and it forms a scene of sunny warmth, and domestic love and happiness. The very grapes are growing, and tempt the beholder to pluck them from the pendant boughs. Again, 416, "Fioretta," with the motto, "The innocent are gay."—Verily, innocence and gaiety are beautifully commingled; while all the magic of colours unites to render them captivating.

### III.—LANDSCAPES.

We may remark here, what we have inferred before, that the artist whose productions are most like the objects they represent, will have the most abstractive mind; for, in proportion to this quality will be the clearness of the conception; and we know that the success of an artist will depend upon the vividness of the image he has called up. For a great artist does not copy directly from nature, but abstracts the significant characters, idealizes them, and then transplants to his canvass a purified conception of his own. If this be true, in what light are we to regard the pictures of Turner? Not by the light of the sun, we doubt, but by that of his own highly tempered imagination. The true, great, comprehensive genius, abstracts all, idealizes all, recombines all, and the result is a pure, refined image of the original type. It is the error of a monomaniac to dwell upon one idea, and is as far remote from true genius, as the madman is from the judicious philosopher. Turner has produced what never was observed in nature, and never will be at any one time—but he collects the grandeurs that may be remarked at many.

Turner's "Bacchus and Ariadne," and "Bridge of Sighs," are both exceedingly beautiful. "Venice from the Canale della Guidecca, &c." is in his accustomed style, requiring the initiate for its due appreciation. "The Typhon coming on," however, is intelligible to all, and admirable for all. "The New Moon," is a mere vagary. "Rockets and Blue Lights" just suit the artist's turn of mind; and "Neapolitan Fisher-girls surprised Bathing by Moonlight," is in his best style. If

translated by the engraver, all these pictures would be pleasing, even to those who now stare and wonder at what they can mean, and why they are painted so strangely.

Stanfield exhibits several pictures done in his peculiar, careful, broad, masterly style. It is fine and bold scene-painting. The "*Citara*," "*Sorrento*," and "*Avignon on the Rhone*," fully sustain the high reputation that he has justly acquired.

Roberts' Churches and Mosques, and Dromos and Memnons, and Porticoes, are all treated in a masterly style.

John Martin has some deluge pieces and landscapes in this exhibition. The term landscape is properly applicable to both; they are very highly finished.

Among the sea-scenes there is one which stirs up a national feeling in the breast of an Englishman. We allude to H. M. late ship, *Royal George*, of 100 guns, sinking at Spithead, 29th August, 1782. J. C. Schetky. We are glad to see this event recorded, and by an artist so deservedly famous. The drawing is excellent, the colouring is very superior, and the lights are well distributed. There is great elaboration of detail; and the artist displays an intimate knowledge of his subject. He has an eye for the beauties of nature, and a talent that can impress them on the canvass; witness the variety of hues that play upon his water, and we shall be convinced of his taste and skill. Yes, John Schetky, thou art a capital painter, and a good companion—we will not say a better, though a better we have never known. A humorous eye, and a merry tongue are thine; and though old Time has begun to scatter his snows upon thy brow, yet the warmth of youth still animates thy heart; and mayst thou be able to handle a pencil and crack thy joke for many a long year to come.

We shall finish our remarks on the paintings of the present exhibition by noticing the infinite art with which Landseer has developed the characteristics of the several breeds of dogs in No. 311, "*Laying down the Law*." There is intelligence in the head of each, equally as expressive of the emotions the discourse of the reverend poodle may be calculated to excite, as indicative of the particular breed to which each dog belongs. Why is Landseer so celebrated for his delineation of the brute creation? Because he endows his animals with a character: each might be human, if it were not for its skin. Herein is his genius—in the developement of the spiritual in the physical.

#### IV.—SCULPTURE.

Baily's Statue of the late Earl of Egremont, is a truly grand,—indeed, a magnificent work. We could not help contrasting it with that of Northcote by Chantrey, much to the advantage of the former.

Gibson's "*Wounded Amazon*," is exceedingly beautiful, and his "*Jocasta with Eteocles and Polynices*," a most expressive production.

Marshal's "*Creation of Adam*" is likewise exquisite; the breath of life, the living soul, has just been breathed into the frame, and the countenance is startlingly awakened into wonder with the first perception of life, and of wonder itself identified in mysterious union.

Our time, however, has expired. There is much more to see and to say. But, for the present, we must part. Reader! adieu!

## THE PROGRESS OF DRAMATIC REFORM.

*(Continued from page 506.)*

WE are not alone in our endeavours to promote the cause of Dramatic Reform. There are hearts that respond to our appeal. Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "*Cosmo de' Medici*," has, with the same view that induced us to give forth "*The Roman Brother*," produced his "*Gregory VII.*," with an "*Essay on Tragic Influence*."\* From this essay, as also from the tragedy itself, we find that the poet has somewhat modified his theory and his practice since the production of his first dramatic effort. He now feels that a great drama should not turn upon accidents and venial mistakes, but upon essential attributes; and that accordingly the passions should be honestly dealt with. Take a few passages on these points:—

"Tragedy is open to all great passions.

— 'Thou hast great allies:  
Thy friends are Exultations, Agonies,  
And Love, and man's unconquerable mind.'

"Lord Kames observing that 'the commentators upon Aristotle, and other critics, have been much gravelled about the account given of tragedy by that author,' was very near discovering the fallacy of the limited meaning in which the ancient philosopher's proposition has always been understood. Kames says, that 'pity, indeed, is here made to stand for all the sympathetic emotions.' This certainly manifests a disposition to enlarge the acceptation; but he soon continues the argument as though no such enlargement had been intended. But if pity is 'made to stand for all the sympathetic emotions,' terror may be made to stand for all antipathies; and what then becomes of our present limited notions about 'terror and pity?' These remarks on old-established discrepancies are only to be regarded as hints thrown out to excite examination, the results of which will be likely to cast wider open the doors of the expanded heart, and emancipate the mind from school habits and narrow theories.

"The moral effect of works of ideal art is humanising, chiefly because they excite refined emotions without advocating any dogmatic or exclusive moral. They appeal to the heart and the imagination, not to the measurements of the understanding; and this is why their fine essence is very apt to float off and escape at the material touch of analysis, discussion, and criticism. Their true mission is to enlarge the bounds of human sympathy. A drama with a single moral can only be a great work when at the same time it develops universal passion; otherwise it is worse than useless. A particular moral, to which everything else is made subservient, can only produce a hard, limited, or sectarian effect, and has a direct tendency to generate purblind bigotry to some contracted principle; the frequent cruelty involved in the exercise being mistaken for high morality, which refuses to sympathise with, or even tolerate, any exception in kind or variation in degree. It was universally the custom in this country till within these last few years, to ask, 'What is the moral of the piece?' The answer was always absurd or infantine; frequently turning upon the 'naughty' parts of the story, some quotation from a school catechism of maxims, or a common proverb, but

\* "*Gregory VII.*, a Tragedy, with an *Essay on Tragic Influence*, by R. H. Horne, author of '*Cosmo de' Medici*—'*The Death of Marlowe*,' &c." London: Saunders and Otley. 1840.

more commonly one of the ten commandments ; which latter, in a Christian country, we should have thought might have been taken for granted, without so many illustrations. Shakspeare is manifestly a profound and universal moralist ; yet there is no particular moral laboured at in any of his dramas. What is *the* moral of 'Othello?' An instructive grandmother would obviously say,—unequal marriages are dangerous, or, you should not kill your wife from jealousy ! What of 'Macbeth?' You ought not to listen to wicked counsels and fancies ; or, if you will murder a king to obtain his crown, you must suffer for it. What of 'Lear?' We ought not to be unreasonable, exacting, and passionate, when we grow very old ; or, we ought to be too prudent to give away all our property before we die. What of 'Hamlet?' This is very difficult. You ought to know your own mind, but you should not think too much of your thoughts ; you ought not to obey your father's vindictive ghost ; murder comes home to people ; you should not feign much madness in order to hide the fact from yourself of feeling 'touched;' you ought to marry the woman you love, not desert and abuse her, kill her father, and drive her to insanity and suicide ; avoid inconsistency, &c.

"A deeply comprehensive passage occurs in Shelley's fine preface to the 'Cenci,' wherein he meets the foregoing question in all its main bearings. 'The person who would treat such a subject must increase the ideal, and diminish the actual, horror of the events, so that the pleasure which arises from the poetry which exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring. There must also be nothing attempted to make the exhibition subservient to what is vulgarly termed a moral purpose. The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself ; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind.'

"A dramatist should not only refrain from moralising on his own private convictions, but he is also forbidden to make his characters utter any morals except those which arise out of, and are identical with, the peculiar natures of such characters, and the circumstances in which they are placed. His art does not justify him in systematically applauding or denouncing any morals or opinions of society, at any period, either of his drama, or of his own time. The drama is not to be used as a pulpit ; its direct morals and its moral tendencies must all shine spontaneously from the aggregate mass in action, reflected variously, according to the natures from whence they are derived or elicited."

In another place Mr. Horne judiciously remarks, that the propensity of modern times to reduce every thing as much as possible to a tangible reality, originating in the political spirit, and the growing tendency to level all fanciful distinctions in conventional institutions, has done incalculable mischief in its sweeping application to the ideal arts, and their moral tendencies. He further states that—

"In the construction and execution of all great tragedies, it is a fundamental law, that a compromise of passion to any other principle of action, perils the truth of the whole work, together with its moral tendency. Perhaps this was why Haslitt placed 'fortitude of mind' as the first requisite of a tragic writer. In the present timorous condition of hypocritical affairs, we have certainly 'fallen upon evil days,' and yet weaker hearts,—or many of the evils would presently be trampled under foot, and scattered to the winds. The tragic writer, or he who would in any form deal with the greater passions, is now met at the very threshold of all publicities (unless he can enforce his appearance) with a long list of forbidden things, and a general requisition for mediocrity and compromise ; whereby the passions, being pre-

vented from all extreme transgressions, can present no sufficient contrast or effect in the anguish of their results : their strong and beneficial influence is, therefore, neutralised, if not utterly destroyed."

In the violation of these principles Mr. Horne finds the source of the failure of "Mary Stuart"—clever as it is, and the work of a clever man—

"A striking instance (he remarks) has recently occurred. In the Preface to the historical tragedy, entitled 'Mary Stuart,' the following humiliating admissions are ingenuously made: 'Mary's attachment to her favourite could not be rendered prominent without *the greatest danger*.' What danger? That the public would not bear it? If so, then, either the public is not in a fit condition of feeling and intellect to bear a revival of genuine dramatic literature on the stage,—or else the writer did not perceive how he could avoid grossness, and was, so far, deficient in the means of his art. It could not be rendered prominent, 'nor evaded,' proceeds the Preface, 'without suppressing *the only circumstance* that could palliate, or, indeed, account for the sanguinary act. I do not presume to say that I have surmounted these difficulties,—that I have produced scenes which, without countenancing the imputation of actual guilt, are still sufficiently marked by *indiscretion* to soften the otherwise unmitigated *horror* of the catastrophe, but it was my intention to have done so!

"The success of the attempt has been fatal. Indiscretion, imprudence, and 'such small deer,' are assumed to soften a tragic horror, *otherwise* unmitigated! The effect produced on the mind by all this compromise, is an immoral effect; that of seeing a high-minded and accomplished man, whose only fault, among a set of illiterate and half-savage feudal nobles, was that of indiscretion (superinduced by the indiscretion of a queen), subjected to a cowardly butchery—intended as 'the moral.' It seemed a horrible reality on the stage, and was probably very like the fact,—without its cause. Of the dramatic abilities displayed by the author, no sort of disparagement is intended; but only to object to his principle of tragic composition, in this instance, as weak, erroneous, and destructive of the true aim and influence of tragedy."

It is exceedingly natural, however, that when an actor has the choice of plays to be produced, he should err on the side of accepting such plays as make such concessions to the presumed weak-mindedness of an audience. This reflection comes in as an additional reason for the legitimate rule of the poet being again substituted for the usurped authority of the mere performer, whatever his merits as such—nay, whatever his amount of taste. For, be it remembered, that taste is not genius.

The actor is, of course, interested in what shall be immediately effective. It is more than doubtful, however, whether a great tragedy requires not a considerable space of time for its appreciation.

"Of all characters," remarks Mr. Horne, "made known to us by the most entire, subtle, and diversified means possible—which is by genuine dramatic literature—their value as studies of human nature is to be estimated in an exact ratio with the elevation, the originality, and the completeness of their creation. If you can walk round them to see the back of the head, as well as the forehead—with all its insecure pretension and display (taken singly), and look into their thoughts and sensations far beyond the words they utter, then they are as certainly great studies, as it is certain that no man, of whatever intellect, by a casual reading, can judge of how much is to be gained by their existence, or what accession they offer to our stock of knowledge. If, on the other hand, they be mere flat-fronted transparencies, of which you



see nothing but heads dressed and faces made up for a passing occasion, no deeper thoughts and insights suggested than the actual amount of plot-meaning conveyed by the speeches 'put into their mouths,' no extraneous expletives can help out the deficiency. But for the 'perilous stuff' comprised in a really great tragedy, to what bounds of time and scrutiny shall we limit our study of it for a discovery of the secrets of active nature? It has required the profound study, the elucidation, the arguments, and illustrations of most of the finest intellects that have arisen since the time of Elizabeth, in order to obtain any due estimate (apart from the excitements of representation) for *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, &c., and to render even their more obvious revelations generally appreciable. Were any works of a similar order to appear for the first time in the present day, they would be estimated in a far less period of time, though still, perhaps, in some cases, requiring forty or fifty years. The other great dramatists of the Elizabethan age—Webster, Marlowe, Decker, Chapman, who are by no means so actable in themselves, have had no pains whatever taken with them to render them actable; and, though containing scenes of the highest genius, have been comparatively little studied—where is their estimation? The spirit and the genius that penetrated the heart of man, and could enclasp the stars, has not yet passed the English channel! Their mighty creations of passion have never been heard of throughout the little span of Europe. Even the public of their own country has scarcely any cognisance of their works. Yet these men were all inspired dramatists; which fact whoso denies, should certainly never pretend to estimate the yet higher and more complex creations of Shakspeare. Are we, then, so indolent?—have we no room for more?—is life too short?—or is it not rather that new studies can only begin with acted dramas, and that a series of new and great acted dramas can only begin with a free stage, and the abrogation of all patent monopoly?"

Apart from all the objections that lie at the theatres against *printed* dramas—no argument can show more strongly the injustice which the dramatic author suffers by being driven to the press instead of the stage for his primitive medium of publication. We have been told that public opinion, strongly expressed in favour of *The Roman Brother*, will *force* it on the stage. Psha! How is this public opinion to be expressed? Is it by a riot in the theatre, demanding its production? Not at all a feasible mode of doing the business! Is it by the public purchasing a certain stated number of copies? How many? And what chance of many? An unacted play never sells! The public are no judges of its stage-eligibility—and the experienced critic can seldom judge of its exact effect on the stage, previous to its performance. If the public are to be induced to purchase such a work, it will be as a dramatic poem, rather than as an acting drama. Neither of these modes of enforcement, then, seem applicable to the state of the case. Shall, then, the voice of the critics in the daily press decide the point? These gentlemen will differ naturally in their suffrages—such difference of opinion arising only from the untried condition of the drama before them. If it be meritorious, one party will acknowledge it to be a dramatic poem—and another, an acting drama. Shall you synthesize or antagonize these opposite decisions? Then, who are to be the judges? The unwilling actor and manager! Is it probable that they will sum up the case fairly, and give the author the benefit of a doubt? And if they do, in what manner will they produce the disputed piece? How was Mr. Bucke treated in the days of Edmund Kean, and at old Drury? No—no! The wrong done—the injustice committed—is of the

deepest, darkest character—wrong and injustice of the irreparable class!

But at all events, whatever answer may be given to these inquiries, Mr. Horne's position is abundantly proved, that no *great* play gets on the stage, unless the writer has the means of *enforcing* it. This is the root of the evil. Force of some sort is needed! If there be aught generous in the public mind, let them rise, as one man, to destroy this evil—let the great do it—let parliament and the court do it—let Prince Albert and the Queen do it! We appeal not in vain;—we know that it will be done!

We quote Mr. Horne's concluding remarks:—

“It will have been observed, that in the foregoing remarks, I have suggested not only the kind and degree of influence which tragedy has hitherto exercised, but that more deep, diversified, and extensive influence which it would exercise were all its properties called forth. On the latter position, very much more might be said; but at present it would be useless. The relative position of dramatists—the only originators of any genuine novelties on the stage—is so absurd with reference to the actors and managers, whom they should teach (except where previous ability renders it unnecessary, or natural incompetency impossible) how to embody their ideas, that there can be, as yet, no means of attempting anything really new upon the state of the public mind and feeling. The utmost attention a dramatist would find, in so unheard-of a case, would be comprised in an amused condescension, similar to that with which a king and queen might listen to the last new visionary. But new things are always practically possible in the world. If tragedy, and the collective drama, has been assumed in these pages to contain more elements of general nature and individual character than are ever sought to be found and studied, this is no more wonderful than may be observed in all other subjects, wherein the more we search the more we find. One of the chief excitements to the world's progress is its discoveries,—little as we may be aware of our ignorance in any given particular *previous* to the discovery. As to the acceptance or rejection of any really original drama, such a work never appeals to individuals seated in cool-headed criticism in order to think of its effects; but to the excited feelings of large masses of men. This excitement is the only test of contemplated effects: from reading is derived individual opinion only, given under disadvantages. But as there are no other ready means of prejudging the fitness for representation, of course the double difficulty of the circumstances produces a double lock; and the waters have not yet risen in sufficient strength to burst through the barriers.

“While considering the kind and degree of appreciation awarded to actors, in comparison with dramatists (who are the soul of all that the stage embodies; the producing power which all its intellect and energy are required to illustrate), I am certainly not anxious to increase the passion for ‘actor-worship,’ which has for so many years been a peculiar characteristic of the play-goers of this country. But it is only just to the feelings of those who are hardly to be blamed for any exclusive appreciation they may receive, to admit, to the full extent, the elevating usefulness of all genuine actors. A great actor does not wholly die (as it has always been said) when he is ‘seen no more;’ his noble ardours live beyond the grave, and exert an influence on men's characters and emotions, more enduring than we are at all able to estimate.

“Such are the chief grounds of a belief in tragic principles, and the influence of tragic compositions. Let the modern dramatist be assured at least of the sincerity of this belief, by one who would account it no small ambition were he thought worthy to be a champion of the fallen race. These few pages could not, of course, pretend to offer elaborate arguments, illustrations,

and demonstrative reasons for 'the faith that is in us.' An attempt has, however, been made to grasp the main pillars of the ancient, high, mysterious Temple—long darkened and debased by ignorance and idolatry, or shrunk and disjointed by sensualism and a withered will—and to shake the whole fabric to its base, so that mankind may be roused to examine the lofty branches of its power, and search into the depths and breadths beneath, which support its awful structure."

We have produced the subject at so much length, as scarcely to leave room for sufficient observations on the fine tragedy which follows. It is evidently written with a more decided view to the stage than the author's previous production—nevertheless, the scenes are still too many. The character of Gregory VII. is artistically sketched. We think, however, that it should have been kept unstained. His apostolical feelings, in the last scene, are scarcely in keeping with his more worldly motives in the first. But what of these specks? We have a grand whole before us—the work of an artist. It is also a poem of the historical class. Herein the poet cannot do precisely what he likes. The symbols are given to him—he can only translate them into exponents. He works not from the idea—but from the type. The intractability of matter is an old discovery—the dramatic chronicler feels the oppression of the physical, beyond all men.

In answer to all objections as to the degree in which the author may have succeeded, we may reply, that it would have been greater had his previous production been rewarded by its performance. Development in the theatrical direction can only be attained by coming into contact with the stage. All the faults and defects of the present drama would probably have been avoided by such acquaintance. Under the present system no apprenticeship is allowed—the poet must start master at once. And what then? Why, even because of his mastery, he is rejected.

Let, then, all the friends of Dramatic Reform lend a helping hand to the obtainment of a free stage; this obtained, let the true poet be placed at the head of one or more of the establishments; we may then hope to have realized in England, what was lately witnessed in Weimar, when Goethe and Schiller directed the performance of the plays that they had written. Let, too, but our court assist and patronize such eminently virtuous undertakings, and dramatic poetry will flourish as in the Elizabethan period, when plays were written by command, and performed of special privilege. Thus inspired, and thus patronised, the muses will prosper, and the blessing of Apollo spread sunshine round the land.

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## OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

*Indian Life. A Tale of the Carnatic.* By MRS. COLONEL HARTLEY. In three Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

It cannot be denied that life in the East Indies offers many salient points for the use of the novelist. The customs and manners of the natives—their poetical mythology—their curious systems of government and philosophy, are all supremely applicable to the purposes of fiction. At the same time, Europeans who have taken up their residence under the burning skies

of our eastern possessions being no less peculiar in their habits, are no less fitted to figure in the pages of such a work. Any novelist, therefore, who knew how to combine these elements properly, could hardly fail of success. We think that Mrs. Hartley has done this: having produced a book, in which, without the aid of mawkish sentimentality, the interest of the reader never flags. In some parts we desiderate a little more graphic description, and characteristic dialogue, but altogether we think the work worthy of every commendation.

*Canadian Scenery.* By N. P. WILLIS, Esq. Illustrated with a Series of Views, by J. H. Bartlett. Part II. Virtue. 1840.

This work continues to deserve all praise, for the beauty of its pictorial, and the excellence of its literary, departments.

*The Works of Josephus.* Translated by W. WHISTON, A. M. Part I. London: Virtue. 1840.

A correct and cheap edition of the Jewish Historian.

*The Merit of the Whigs, or a Warning to the People of England.* By a Member of the House of Commons. London: Fraser. 1840.

A very clever, although antagonistic pamphlet. We must own, however, that we are more solicitous to reconcile sects and parties than to decry any. We wish for peace and unity—harmony and good will to prevail among all mankind.

*The Life and Times of Martin Luther.* By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living," &c. &c. Glasgow: Hedderwick. 1840.

The author of this little book has hardly allowed himself sufficient space to do full justice to the "Life and Times of Martin Luther;" but what he has accomplished seems to be tolerably complete. The work is, of course, a compilation, and like all such made-up books, is better calculated for amusement than instruction. There are, however, fictitious scenes introduced—the propriety of which is doubtless.

## THE GREEN ROOM.

### THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

We have had so many dramatic articles of late in the body of our Magazine, that we have neglected to give specific notices of several of the theatres. We can, however, no longer omit a favourable critique on the Olympic. Since the brilliant reign of Vestris—since the Olympic revels, and the Olympic devils, alternately rhapsodized and horrified us, there has not been a more showy series of plays enacted in Wych Street. The manager is sufficiently sagacious—the company spirited and diversified, and the parts very happily cast. Among the pieces we have lately seen performed with most pleasure at this theatre, are the Ladies' Club, The House of the Ladies, Bamboozling, Angeline, La Somnambula, and Gwynneth Vaughan. We have no space to criticise the merits of several of the actors and actresses who deserve high commendation. But we would add a few words in special panegyric on Mrs. Stirling, who is the Alma Stella Vesperis—the evening star of the Olympic. Among the dazzling constellation of cotemporary actresses, she shines conspicuous; luna inter minora sidera—her excellence consists in the graphic precision and strong relief which mark her delineations of character, and a skilful adaptation of those minuter touches of tone and expression which no second-rate actor ever hit. But Mrs. Stirling's forte, after all, is the rapid yet graceful transition from the gay to the pathetic; the instantaneous yet

mellow mingling of the lights and shades of thought and feeling. No one so well illustrates these two lines of Tom Moore :—

“ The tear that affection can gild with a smile,  
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.”

For the information of our readers, we add a few notes with relation to Mrs. Stirling's history. The notes are written in what Charles Lamb used to call the *style clippish*—short and sweet, like—we won't say what. Mrs. Stirling was born at London, July, 1816, was educated at Mrs. Grey's Roman Catholic seminary, Brook Green; is the daughter of the late Captain Hale, of the Guards. First appeared at the Coburg Theatre, under Davidge's management, as Miss Fanny Clifton—then at the Pavilion; there she married Mr. Edward Stirling (manager of the Adelphi Theatre), a gentleman favourably known to the play-going community from his admirable adaptations of Mr. Dickens's popular works; then left town for the provinces; became an *immense favourite* in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, *Preston, Chester, &c. &c. &c.*; made her first appearance at the Adelphi under the management of the *Bonds*, 1st of January, 1836; made a *hit*, playing all *Mrs. Yates's* and *Mrs. NESSITT's* characters; joined Hammond at the Strand; gained *great fame*; became the leading *STAR* at the St. James's with *Braham*; *starred* in the provinces most successfully; engaged by Hammond for *Drury Lane*, as his *principal comedy actress*; and at the close enlisted under the banner of *BUTLER*, where we now find her drawing crowded houses.

#### THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Saturday, the 23rd of May, was signalized by the production of a new tragedy by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. Our space is so confined that we cannot now criticise it. Let it suffice, at present, to record that it was successful. It is called “Glencoe, or the Fate of the Macdonalds,” and relates to the massacre undertaken by command of William the Third, to force the allegiance of the Highland chiefs, who were strongly attached to the cause of James II. The chief fault of the piece consists in the characters being so numerous that the poet has not allowed himself room for the full development of more than one; in consequence of which its monodramatic effects have displeased some of the critics. It is, however, much to be commended for its purity of style and simplicity of construction. Both the writer and his work, nevertheless, will suffer in estimation from the present lamentable state of dramatic affairs, under which, not only authors, but actors, now are suffering severely.

No man is better calculated than Mr. Serjeant Talfourd to assist in the cause of dramatic reform; and Mr. Macready will win more fame, ay, and profit, by facilitating than by retarding its progress, though the result may be to bring two or three performers besides himself into more prominent notice. Generosity is wisdom.

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## ADDRESS TO THE READER

### ON

### CONCLUDING OUR THIRD VOLUME.

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WE have now concluded our third volume, and, we hope, are becoming better and better understood by an increasing number of readers. We desire that our Magazine should be specifically accepted as a *new work*, though with an old name. There is, in fact, little, or rather, no connexion between the three volumes now completed and those which

preceded them—nay, the ground that we have occupied was altogether untried and unattempted. Our enterprise, sooth to say, in this divided country, was not a little perilous—it was no less than a benevolent attempt to reconcile all men, of whatever sect or party, by bringing all in subjection to *the One Philosophy*—a philosophy that has God for its head, and acknowledges Him as the Source of universal Being, and the Giver of Life to all that is. To Him, as the Supreme Disposer of Events, our humble prayer has ascended, that he would heal the breaches that now distract both Church and State, and in such manner order the movements of the times, that our present sorrows may be but as the passing clouds of a troubled dawn that not seldom precedes, and is often indeed the most certain advent of, a glorious day.

The difficulties that now beset the Poet, the Philosopher, and the better class of literary men, must and will soon disappear. Clearer perceptions are becoming more common of the Fit and the True. The public have, for instance, refused to support the absurd pretensions of theatrical managers, and the merely personal interests of particular actors. The State of the Stage is, as it should be under the circumstances, in the worst possible condition. One theatre is bankrupt and the other insolvent. *Richelieu* has proved a gross failure at the Haymarket—and managers are at their wits' end, yet, without the wit to trust to *the Poet* for their salvation. That is an avatar yet to be; but it will be, and ere long. The whirligig of time is rapidly bringing in its revenges. Meanwhile the State of the Drama is flourishing; dramatic authors in abundance are pressing into the field, and putting actors to the blush. “Ye,” say the former to the latter, “have not the power to embody our conceptions! We need the Garricks, and the Kembles, and the Keans—where are they? where? And Echo answers, where? Ye shall, therefore, rule no longer over the domain of dramatic taste—we will make a public of our own, while the public is rejecting you—and thus it shall be proved, that dramatic Genius still lives. Nay—in the long run—we Poets will make, too, the actors that we want; and, instead of our fitting characters for you, ye shall learn of us how to act the characters you are; to us you shall come for the very elements of your art, whereof ye are now, with one or two exceptions, as ignorant as the beasts that perish!”

Our efforts in this field have made a deep impression. On another topic, also, we have dwelt with much advantage—Education, and particularly as viewed in connexion with Normal Schools. Several communications on this subject have reached us. We hope that “A Lady” received our reply and inclosures safely—let us remind her, that we had reason to expect further correspondence. Another lady has written to us the following epistle—relating both to our article in the April number of this Magazine, and a Lecture that we have since delivered a short distance from town. The reader will find reason to be pleased with it.

“MY DEAR SIR,

May 5, 1840.

“HAVING had the privilege of attending your Lecture here on Monday, the 27th, and reading the leading article in your last Monthly on Education, I have been led into a train of thought on the subject. I fully appreciate with you, the difference between Education and Instruction; and am per-

sueded that it is to the too far losing sight of the *former* while we are endeavouring to *impart* the *latter*, that many of the evils of our social and domestic state are attributable. Society, in general, has hitherto been satisfied with acquiring for their children a certain routine of useful attainments and scientific knowledge; and if to these were added a few, even frivolous accomplishments, the person was considered *well educated*, although the moral training and culture of the mind—the power of thinking justly, and of acting uprightly, and the important art of *self-government* (which alone could enable them to make a right use of whatever they had learned) had been wholly neglected. This neglect, which so generally prevails, to the great injury of society at large, is particularly baneful in its consequences in reference to *females*—the earliest and most important of educators—as I firmly believe that the character of every human being is, in a great measure, formed during the very earliest years of life. The *infant* mind is as a piece of wax in the hand of the mother to mould, even as she wills; for, the virtuous father may command respect, and the child by his authority and example may be deterred from evil by the deformity of its nature and the fear of its consequences. It is the mother, most especially, who, from her constant influence, and the overflowings of her affection, can entwine her principles round the infant *heart*, and become the honoured agent of the Divine Spirit to implant and cherish that *love* of truth, of righteousness, and of God, which shall, through the desert of this world, effectually resist the encroachments of Satan, and be within the soul ever as a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life.

“I feel desirous, as an individual, to give my testimony to the value of this species of early culture, as to its influence, next to that of a merciful and superintending Providence, do I attribute all that is of any value in myself; but I had the misfortune, in my sixth year, to be deprived of one, who from her moral worth and intellectual attainments, was eminently calculated to carry forward the good work, and whose amiable feelings would have delighted in the task, blending, as she was ever wont to do, her instructions and admonitions with the outpourings of a mother’s love. But her spirit has departed to its rest, and her young plant was thrown upon a desert soil and upheld by the mercy of God, through a long course of tyranny and domestic affliction, by the vitality and gradual maturity of the principles *she* inculcated. But for that I will not repine, for, if early adversity be the school of thought and wisdom, then verily has that school been mine. But this is but the intrusion of private feeling; and what has it to do, you will ask, with the general subject of Education. Alas! it is the record of a lonely heart; it is a *woman’s* digression, and you will excuse it.

“Your system, Sir, of educating the sexes together, however it may appear impracticable, and be opposed to the generally received opinions and customs of society, has some most important advantages over the present exclusive system; one of the greatest evils of which, in respect to the male sex, is the confirming and strengthening that obstinate stubbornness of disposition which most predominates where the mental culture is deficient, and is generally called in to uphold injustice and error, which transforms the man into the domestic tyrant, and destroys the happiness of social life. The custom of sending boys to large schools, where they are almost entirely withdrawn from the influence of female sympathies, is especially generative of this evil; and however impracticable it may at present be to carry your plan into full effect, yet I think that a due proportion of worthy female teachers and governors should, at all times, be provided in a boys’ establishment. But the advantage of a constant, virtuous, and well-regulated intercourse of the sexes, is especially important in reference to *females*. For, as in the economy of Divine Providence, it has been ordained that the majority of females should become mothers, it is essential to educate them expressly for fulfilling the duties of this high office; and to this end, it is requisite that they not only be established in good principles and just feel-

ings, but that a greater firmness of character should prevail, and a more generally philosophic and thoughtful inclination of mind be cultivated than the narrow prejudices of many will admit. And how can this be so effectually attained as by training the weaker with the stronger; that, like the oak and the vine, they may grow up together, the former imparting strength, the latter grace and beauty, to the other.

"I apprehend, Sir, that your proposed Normal School is contemplated only for the training up of persons to fill the office of teachers in free or public schools; consequently, that the benefits of such training would only be felt by a portion, that is, the poorer part of society. But I conceive that the whole system of Education in this country requires to be established on a different footing. In medicine and surgery, which relate only to the preservation of the body, we have colleges established by authority (which, however they may require reformation, are excellent in *principle*), wherein all persons who have to exercise that profession in society are required to undergo a strict examination, and are not permitted to practise without their license; and, surely, if such a superintending authority is requisite to protect the lives and health of the public from the presumption of incompetent persons, how highly important is it, that a similar tribunal should be established in the science of Education, in order that parents might have confidence in the integrity and ability of those to whom they entrust their children (which many who are engaged in business, in London especially, find it difficult to ascertain;) and that the minds and morals, and the truly and enlightened christian training of the rising generation might be carefully attended to, and not, as now, exposed to mere chance, and too often sacrificed to the cold-hearted selfishness of the mercenary.

"Great care would be required in the construction of such a competent tribunal; but this, though difficult, is not impossible; and when fully established, I would have no person, whether male or female, permitted to exercise the profession of an educator, whether in reference to the children of the monarch or the peasant, unless they had undergone a strict examination, and were duly licensed by such society. It is not, of course, meant that all persons so licensed should possess an equal amount of learning; but the license should particularly express their *degree of capacity*. In the case of infant schools for the poor, a knowledge of the first rudiments of instruction would be sufficient, and an ascent might gradually be made until the system be brought to include the highest amount of intellectual attainment and capacity; but in no case whatever, whether high or low, should any person be granted an educator's license on the merit of their *learning*, whose character did not bear the strictest scrutiny, and unless the most satisfactory evidence was given that they had so far successfully cultivated the higher and better faculties of their own minds as to enable them to develope and cultivate those moral and heaven-directed qualities which are the brightest adornments of humanity; but which, alas! are too much suffered to lie dormant in the minds of the people.

"In writing the foregoing, dear Sir, I do not presume to expect that it is at all worthy of insertion in the talented journal of which you are Editor; but if any of the remarks it contains should serve as an impulse to other minds, and in any way promote the good cause you have in hand, I shall be much gratified; and if it is unworthy of notice, shall be satisfied that it cannot possibly retard it.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours most respectfully,

"A READER OF THE MONTHLY.

"To J. A. Heraud, Esq."

"P.S.—Since writing the above, I learn that your Lecture has given great offence, on the ground that your theory of Education is entirely unfit for the present state of society, to some of *rather* enlightened minds, who,



interpreting that in the *letter* of the senses, which is promulgated in the *spirit* of the mind, would turn it altogether into lasciviousness, and a most dangerous and depraved state of morals would ensue. This I do not altogether hold with; and even granting it to be true, consider the discussion of such theories (however ideal) to be beneficial, as it is only by pointing to the opposite extreme that society can be made fully aware of the evils of the present system, and be induced to the discovery and adoption of perhaps a better suited medium. But in practically dealing with the institutions of society, especially in reference to mind and morals, it does not appear to be well to have too good an opinion of the materials of which it is composed; and the truth, however melancholy, must find a response in your feelings—that the mental tendency of the majority is *downwards*; and they who can soar into the regions of the imagination, and delight in the ideally beautiful, are ever destined to lament it. The carnal mind perceiveth not the things of the Spirit; neither can it know them, because they are spiritually discerned.”

The above postscript embodies some useful warnings. We have been mistaken, it seems, as recommending a theory which would lead to lasciviousness, forsooth. So far are we from doing this, that the joint education of the sexes is especially proposed as the means of counteracting the licentiousness that already exists. Besides the predicated Education is designed for a Normal School—for a school that shall prepare young men and women for Teachers in the world at large, and to forearm them against the dangers of being then suddenly thrown together for the first time—dangers which have wrecked many a fair and noble vessel!

We have no design to limit the business of the Normal School to the education of free or public Teachers; but aim to enlarge its plan, as means arise, that it may include every species of attainable benefit. Every Teacher, whether public or private, should be Normally educated in obedience to the moral and divine law, of which the intellectual and physical constitutions are but ultimate exponents.

We must beg, also, to correct our fair correspondent on another point—the instruction of the poor. Stint not your charity in this direction—the higher the kind and degree of Education granted to the poor, the higher will be that demanded for the rich. And thus, from the base to the summit, society will be elevated. Bestow all your solicitude on the foundations—the superstructure will then stand firmly enough, and bear whatever improvements may be desirable whether of use or ornament. The caution, however, as to the *materials* with which we are dealing, is well-timed. We ought not to have too good an opinion of them—yet we should be careful that we have one good enough. Man is fallen—yet man is redeemed. Let these two truths go together—and with their enunciation we close our third volume, recommending them as of the utmost practical importance to the attention of the generous reader.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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